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The January

25 Cents

American Magazine

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Ten Things The Boss Doesn't Know About

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There was a wise lady who lived in a shoe,
For her many small children she knew what to do:
She made them most happy with Wrigley's for all—
It kept them in trim at a cost VERY *small!*

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

REAL Peppermint Flavor

Get the new Wrigley's Double Mint and have a delicious, lasting treat—*REAL* Peppermint—full strength.

Easy to remember: Double Mint. And hard to forget—once you've tried it.

The *satisfying* confection.

···After every meal···

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"A wonderful achievement—of deep significance to music and musicians."
—LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI.

The symphony orchestra is *really* an orchestra on the New Orthophonic Victrola

A RUSTLE of programs . . . a dramatic hush as the conductor raises his baton . . . a faint shimmer of violins, mounting up and up . . . the symphony has begun!

Only a fortunate few can attend the concerts. But, through the Orthophonic Victrola, you can bring the great symphony orchestras to your home, *precisely* as you would hear them at the public performance!

Realistic! You can almost *see* the rise and fall of the violin-bows . . . the pulsing beat of the padded hammers on the kettle-drums!

In no other way *can* you hear music reproduced with such fidelity to tone and timbre. For the Orthophonic Victrola is based upon "matched impedance"—the new, scientific, Victor-controlled principle of smooth, uninterrupted sound-flow. The result is *flawless* reproduction, *correct* volume, *natural* tone.

Entertainment of highest quality and broadest scope

The new Orthophonic Victrola is always waiting to play for you. All the music of all the world is yours on demand, played or sung as you have never heard it before. Superb symphonies. Immortal operas. Delightful songs. Lively dance music. Choose your own program. Have as many encores as you wish. Matching the perfection of the Orthophonic Victrola are the new Orthophonic Victor Records, recorded electrically. They have new depth and richness—tones that are round, mellow, natural—neither too soft nor too loud. Unpleasant scratch has been eliminated! For music at its very, very best—the new Orthophonic Victrola and the new Orthophonic Victor Records! These records play on *any* instrument . . . and greatly *improve* it!

Near you is a Victor dealer who will be glad to demonstrate this amazing advance in the reproduction of music. See him today. It will be a musical experience. There are many beautiful models of the Orthophonic Victrola, priced at $300 to as low as $95. Silent electric motor ($35 extra) eliminates winding. You play . . . and relax.

The Orthophonic Victrola furnishes the finest music for the home. The Credenza (above) is $300.

The New Orthophonic **Victrola**

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

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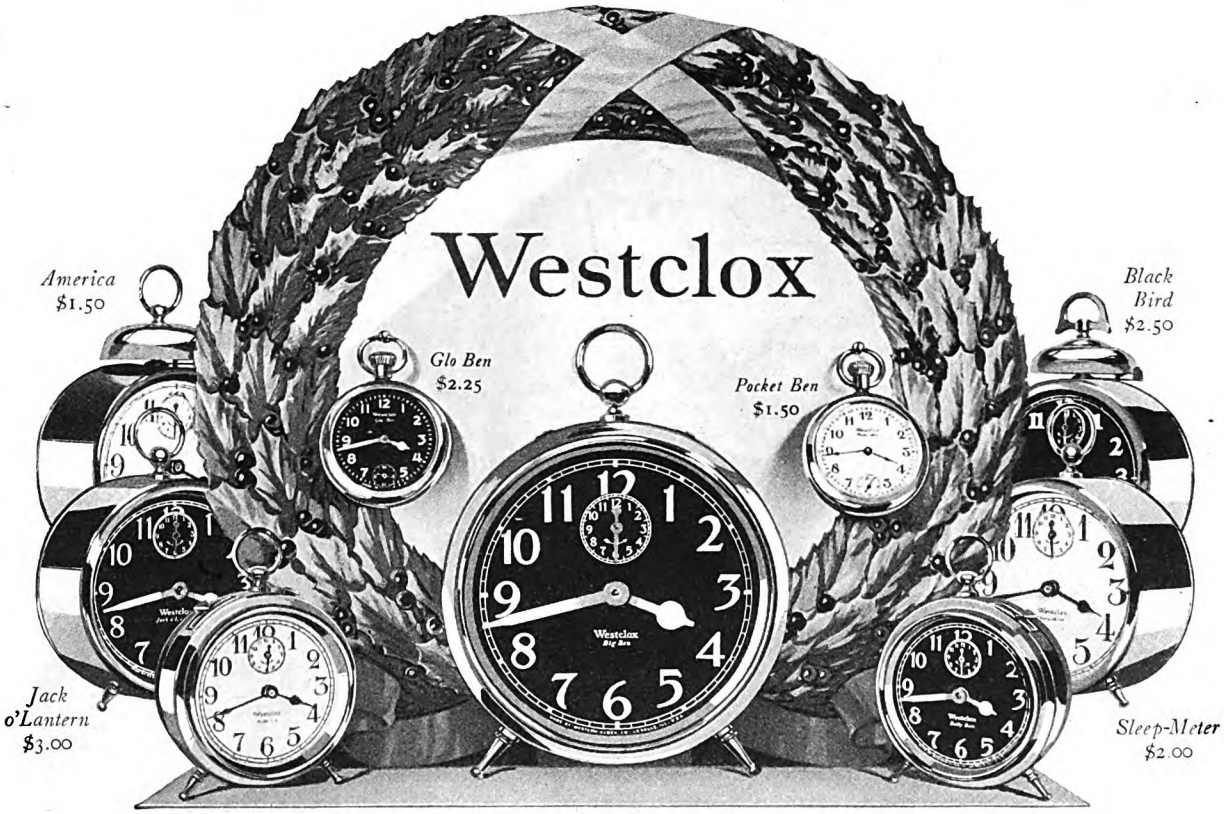
Useful gifts are best—
A Westclox will be appreciated



Baby Ben $3.25 — *Big Ben Luminous* $4.50 *also Plain* $3.25 — *Baby Ben Luminous* $4.50

YOUR friends will welcome Westclox as Christmas gifts, because they are useful and dependable.

There's a place in every home for another Westclox; and there's many a man or boy who will be glad to have a Westclox watch.

A variety of models, varying in design and price, but uniform in quality. The name "Westclox" on the dial is your protection. Luminous dials from $2.25 to $4.50. Plain dials from $1.50 to $3.25. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: **Peru, Illinois.** ***In Canada:*** **Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.**

A Merry Christmas from the whole Westclox family

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The American Magazine

January, 1927

MERLE CROWELL, *Editor*
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Managing Editor*

Vol. CIII

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ONE OF THE IMPRESSIVE FACTS IN THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY TODAY IS THE LEADERSHIP, IN PRACTICALLY EVERY PRICE CLASS, OF CARS EQUIPPED WITH BODY BY FISHER

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

BODY by FISHER

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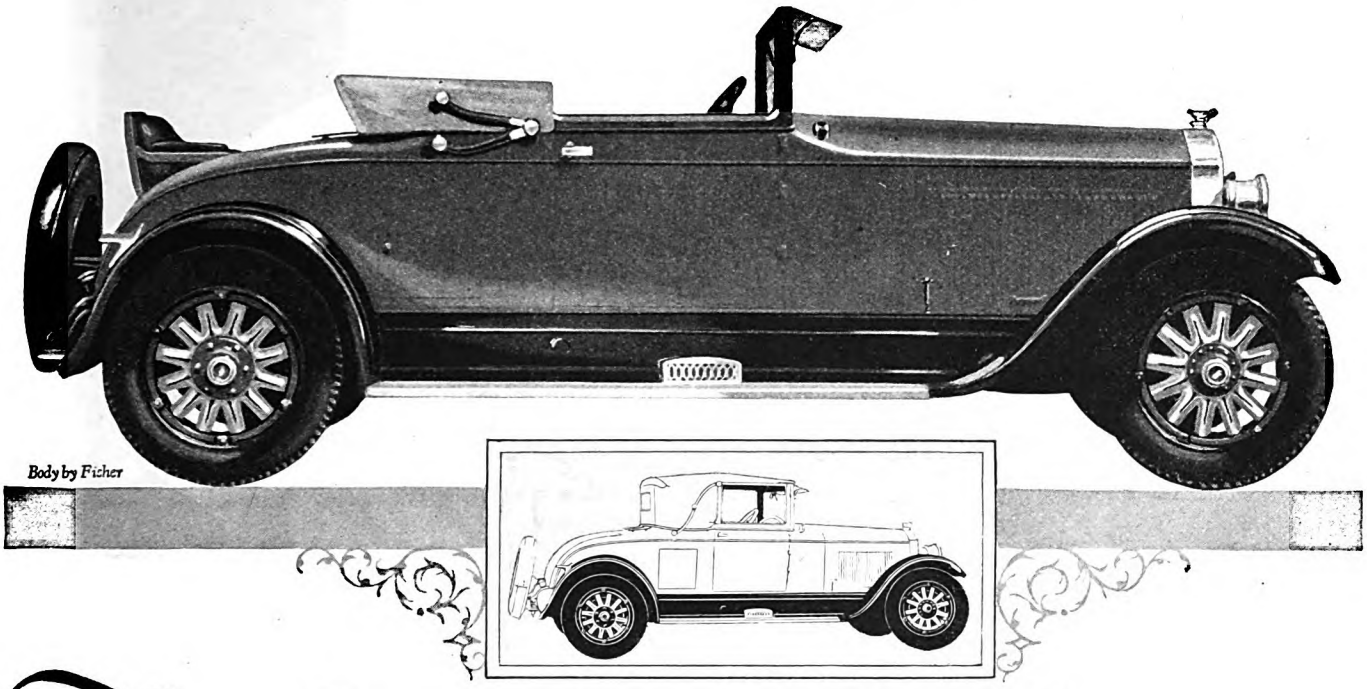
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



The Convertible Coupe

- - a new and very charming version of *Buick Beauty* - - -

A car in a thousand, is this princely new open-enclosed Buick—the Convertible Coupe.

The name describes its adaptability and versatility. The top lowers for fair days. It raises in a moment, when the weather blusters. An open car today. Tight, closed-car comfort tomorrow.

Either way, the Convertible Coupe is a very charming motor car—style for those who ask for the grace of the thoroughbred in the car they drive.

The colors of this newest Buick are in Coronation Duco—the year's smartest custom effects; the upperstructure is of Lenox grey, dual-texture top-weave; the upholsteries are of hand-buffed leathers, in tones to match the body colors; the windows raise even though the top is folded, and serve as wind deflectors.

The Convertible Coupe is built on the Series 128 chassis—and the engine is *vibrationless beyond belief.*

The performance, style, utility, and moderate price of this exquisite new Buick will win your warm approval.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The GREATEST Buick EVER BUILT

VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

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If you are like Jane –

Betty's soap costs five times as much as Jane's.

Can it be five times as pure—or five times as dainty?

No, not one jot purer or daintier!

Then why does it cost five times as much?

Well, there will always be girls, like Betty, who are casual in their choosing and lavish in their spending. Soaps with bright colors, elaborate wrappers and "expensive-sounding" names will always be made for them.

But there are a great many girls, like Jane, who are brought up to recognize and choose the fine, the exquisite, the genuine, whatever its price may be. They instinctively look for purity, gentleness and honest value in the soap to which they are willing to entrust their precious complexions. And so, Guest Ivory is made for these girls.

This dainty, smartly turned-out feminine cake is really genuine Ivory Soap. Ivory-white, Ivory-pure, Ivory-gentle, Ivory-honest. And, with its comfortable shape, its smoothly-rounded edges, its rich, cleansing lather, an altogether perfect soap for the most fastidious of women.

Its cost? Guest Ivory's price is unbelievably low, thanks to its enthusiastic reception by millions of women. You can buy a trio of Guest Ivory cakes, in their fresh blue wrappers, for the modest sum of fifteen cents. Or, if you prefer, a single cake for five cents. You can buy no *finer* soap for a *dollar*.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

For the face and hands
As fine as soap can be

5¢

99 44/100% Pure
It Floats

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
January, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

In The Valley Of The Shadow I Found The Golden Key

By W. O. Saunders

I THOUGHT I was poor. I thought I was so poor, I pitied myself. And all of a sudden I find I am richer than Crœsus or Henry Ford. I have discovered the key to the greatest gold mine on earth.

I had thought I was a friendless mortal. I have actually lain awake at night oppressed by the idea of my friendlessness. I would spread my hands upon the coverlet, and try to name ten persons whom I could call friends, crooking one digit after another as I named them. I could never name more than five or six.

It happens that I occupy a very peculiar position in the town in which I live. I publish a rather fearless, outspoken, independent, weekly newspaper. It was more so yesterday than to-day, and will be less so to-morrow. The sharpest blade dulls with the years.

Most newspapers are run by fellows who have some especial qualification for newspaper making, or who have had newspaper experience, or who are in the empioy of someone with a well-defined idea of how his newspaper should be conducted.

A regular newspaper man's training consists partly of learning very well what not to print. I never had any such training. I was a country newspaper publisher at the age of nineteen, without previous newspaper training; and without even so much as a high-school education.

One idea dominated me: that was to print the news, regardless of whom it might offend, and to say exactly what I thought at the moment on any given subject, about anything or any person. Now, that was a very dangerous idea for a young and inexperienced head to set to work with. It couldn't be done very well to-day.

But one could do a lot of things twenty-five years ago that one can't do now. There have been vast economic changes in twenty-five years. A quarter of a century ago, any chap with the itch to write could get together what in printers' parlance was called "a vest-pocket printing press and a shirt tail full of type," and start a country newspaper. America was full of such newspapers, produced from hand-set type on small flat-bed presses, the editor frequently setting his own type and running his own printing press.

The inside pages of his paper were printed by a syndicate, and sold to him at about the cost of white paper, the syndicate making its profit by selling advertising space on the pages which it printed. The country publisher's complete outfit cost only a few hundred dollars.

My first printing plant I leased at a nominal rental; my next cost about nine hundred dollars brand-new, a third of which had to be paid down with three hundred dollars cash, which I borrowed somehow. How the rest was paid would make a long and embarrassing story.

To-day I have a multiple magazine type-setting machine, the operator of which draws more money in a week than I could make as publisher in a month in the old days. I have had to buy another type-casting machine that is almost a type foundry in itself. Instead of a little press printing two small pages at the rate of a few hundred impressions per hour, I have a web perfecting press printing from a continuous roll of paper, printing and folding a complete eight- to twelve-page paper at a speed of several thousand copies an hour. Any man who undertakes to publish even a weekly newspaper in any considerable small town in America to-day must have an equipment costing many thousands of dollars, and requiring a heavy pay roll to operate.

I wouldn't bother to tell all this before showing you into my recently discovered gold mine, but for the fact that it is a very significant and important economic and political fact that it might be well for you to know.

THE newspaper to-day, whether it is a big daily or a small-town country weekly, is a highly specialized business, demanding a considerable investment of capital that must be jealously safeguarded. Its business depends upon making friends of other business interests, and selling service in the way of advertising to these other interests. If it offends the banking, traction, public service, or any big real estate or mercantile interest in its field, it stands to lose heavily thereby.

That is why newspapers to-day are generally so conventional, and why they have to rely so much upon social scandals

"I No Longer Have Time for Hate"

"I STILL walk down the streets of Elizabeth City," says Mr. Saunders, "and to all outward appearances I may seem the same to my neighbors. But I am not the same. My little excursion into the Valley of the Great Shadow, and the revelation of the beauty of human nature that it brought me, has softened me, and made me a more humble, a more grateful, and a more reverent individual.

"There has come back to me a line which I read years and years ago, and which had little meaning for me at the time: 'In a world where death is, I have no time for hate.'

"I am no longer so much interested in yardsticks for measuring the mentality of folks. What they think and don't think doesn't matter so much any more. It is what they feel that matters. God grant me the wisdom and the understanding to look yet closer into the hearts of men!"

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and strip comics to give occasional life to their pages. It often happens that the biggest news in any community to-day is not published, because it wouldn't be good business to publish it; the publisher has too much at stake; and perhaps the banker has a mortgage on his high-priced printing machinery.

But it wasn't so much that way when I started out twenty-five years ago as a free lance, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, and with only my own most unbusinesslike idealism to guide me. My wife never knew when she kissed me good-by as I went down to work in the morning whether I would come back that night with a broken head, a blackened eye, or some other disfigurement.

I printed the news. I exposed every malpractice and every political, financial, and social disorder in town. I made enemies of almost every important business man in town, and his hostility toward me carried his own large personal following with it. There were years when I didn't print so much as a page of local advertising in my paper.

I was beaten up time after time, ordered to leave town by a mob of angry citizens gathering unmasked in front of my home, shot at from ambush, sued for libel on numerous occasions, and once barely escaped an application of tar and feathers. Again, I was sentenced to a six-months' term to work the roads of my county with ball and chain, a sentence in those days that was inflicted only upon negro criminals.

I NEVER served that sentence, and won every one of the numerous libel and slander suits, on appeals to the Superior Court of the State, thanks to the high caliber of the Superior Court judiciary of North Carolina. I printed things recklessly, but I was always scrupulously truthful. Still, I didn't discover my gold mine; I was covering it up all the time with cinders and brickbats.

Even the preachers in my town—some of them—assailed me from their pulpits, because they represented the established and highly respectable social order which I so ruthlessly offended. That brought me into a war with the preachers, and the preachers had the long end of it for years, because they had discovered that I was, in their opinion, an infidel, an atheist, and all the rest of the eternally damned.

Now, I wasn't an atheist at all, and I think I was just as religious-minded as any of the preachers who attacked me.

Every evangelist that has been to town in fifteen years has made me the object of his special prayers or most vitriolic attacks, as the case might be. The last of the big ones became so personal in his attacks upon me that I replied in kind, with the result that it looked for a season as if I would have to leave town.

When the congregations of seven small-town Protestant churches are united against a man under the exhortations of a welkin-ringing evangelist who has had them under his spell for six warm autumn weeks, that man may well feel uneasy. I did. But I steadfastly refused to be saved by any such process. The end of me seemed near when the evangelist prayed for God to make a demonstration of his wrath and remove me from the midst. This same evangelist had made a prayer like that in the next town, and a hard-headed citizen who had refused to close his store for the revival had dropped dead.

But I didn't drop dead. Instead, two of the best and most orthodox churchmen of the town and county dropped dead within a week, while the evangelist was still exhorting God to strike down the infidel. That was somewhat disconcerting. It was also obscuring my gold mine, and I was getting poorer and feeling more friendless all the time.

IT IS hard to live in a small town where everybody knows everybody else, and publicly expose yourself as differing in your religious views from your neighbors. You can't give greater offense to a small town than that, and this was my offense.

No matter that some of the leading ministers in the town believed in me and sympathized with me; no matter that even so eminent and universally accepted a divine as Dr. S. Parkes Cadman had once said of me: "In this man Saunders, Elizabeth City has a citizen who has a passion for righteousness." No matter that I believe in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and reverently accept the leadership of Jesus. No matter that I have tried always to deal honorably and truthfully with my fellow man and live a life so ordered that it would bear close scrutiny. No matter that I paid my debts, contributed of my time and means to every community enterprise, including the church.

The town's worst bootlegger, who had been selling poison hooch to the youth of the town for years; a vicious and intolerant old citizen, who had cheated and robbed his neighbors and led the youth of the town into gambling; another vile and diseased old debauchee who had led a drunken, dissolute, and immoral life for fifty years—these all professed to believe, and were taken into the fold of the righteous.

But I was left squarely on the outside. Some whom I had considered my best friends deserted me utterly. Others of whom I had a right to demand something of friendship assured me that I was a fool to buck the currents of conventionality. Hundreds of subscribers canceled their subscriptions to my paper. Many business houses withdrew their advertising. The fact that some assured me they would come back as soon as the storm blew over was but cool comfort.

The experience galled and embittered me. I had a lot of hard thoughts about my neighbors in those days, and would have told anyone that a small town anywhere in America is no place for an intelligent and independent spirit to abide.

But, as is usually the case, I had been guilty of misjudging my neighbors. I was sitting on a gold mine that was to yield me fabulous wealth, and I thought I was sitting on a dross heap.

And here is how I had fallen into such a colossal error and gotten into so much trouble and misunderstanding all my days: I had been mining human intellects all my life, and striking little pay dirt. I had a lot of information that most of my neighbors did not possess, and I had made the mistake of talking to them in a language they could not understand about things that had no meaning for them. I had been wearing myself out looking for something in the heads of humanity, when I had only to pause from my strenuous labors to discover that the rare gold of human nature is not in human heads at all, but in human hearts.

Now I am going to tell you how I at last discovered the golden key with which I unlocked the greatest gold mine on earth, a gold mine of inexhaustible veins that yield more treasure and reveal newer possibilities of imperishable riches the more one explores them.

There was an epidemic of influenza in town, and I thought I had been caught in it. But on the third day the doctor sent for a trained nurse from a nearby city. My fever was 104°; there was a frightful pain in my right side, and I was coughing up mucus tinged with blood. Another doctor was called in, and I observed the worried looks of the pair of them as they went over my chest and back with a stethoscope. I was even then in a stupor, but I knew very well what was going on. The doctors didn't tell me the truth, but I knew I had pneumonia.

And when I realized that I had pneumonia, I was sure that would be the end of me. I had been taught to dread pneumonia. Every member of my family that had ever had it, died of it. And in recent years I had developed a diabetic tendency that kept me on a low carbohydrate diet, and specialists had repeatedly warned me to guard against pneumonia. I just knew I was going to die.

But even then I was too weak and ill to give it much thought. I had never thought about death before; but with it confronting me I felt I ought to think about it. My first thoughts were of things I had left undone that I should like to do. For years I had intended making a will, but had put it off, as most young men do. I worried about that.

THERE were many debts I had not paid, and my business property was still encumbered by a mortgage. My brain was muddled and not functioning very well, but I did a lot of calculating in my head: There was my insurance. A more comforting thought could not have come to a dying man. With the proceeds from my insurance, my wife could pay off all my debts, have my home and a going business intact, and a few thousand in cash besides.

A few thousand dollars isn't much; but with my other property my wife could carry on, because she had been associated with me in my work for years, and in that time had developed into an astute business woman. I was glad then that I had taken her into my business and business confidence.

I was happy in these thoughts. What lay before me in some after world didn't bother me. I had never in all my life felt any concern about the hereafter. But on what might be my deathbed, perhaps I should think more upon these things. I dozed off into a feverish, fitful sleep. I felt myself sinking, sinking, sinking. Down, down, down into pitchy blackness I went. There seemed to be no end to the descent. After a long time I landed upon a cold, flat surface that seemed like a rock jutting out over a yawning chasm. I couldn't see so much, but I had the feel of it.

All about me were fluttering creatures excitedly whispering. Their whispers were shrill and tremulous with fright. I won-

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dered why they whispered so and why they were so frightened. I wished they would quit their fearful whispering. It was cold and cheerless enough down there without these fluttering, excited creatures forever whispering.

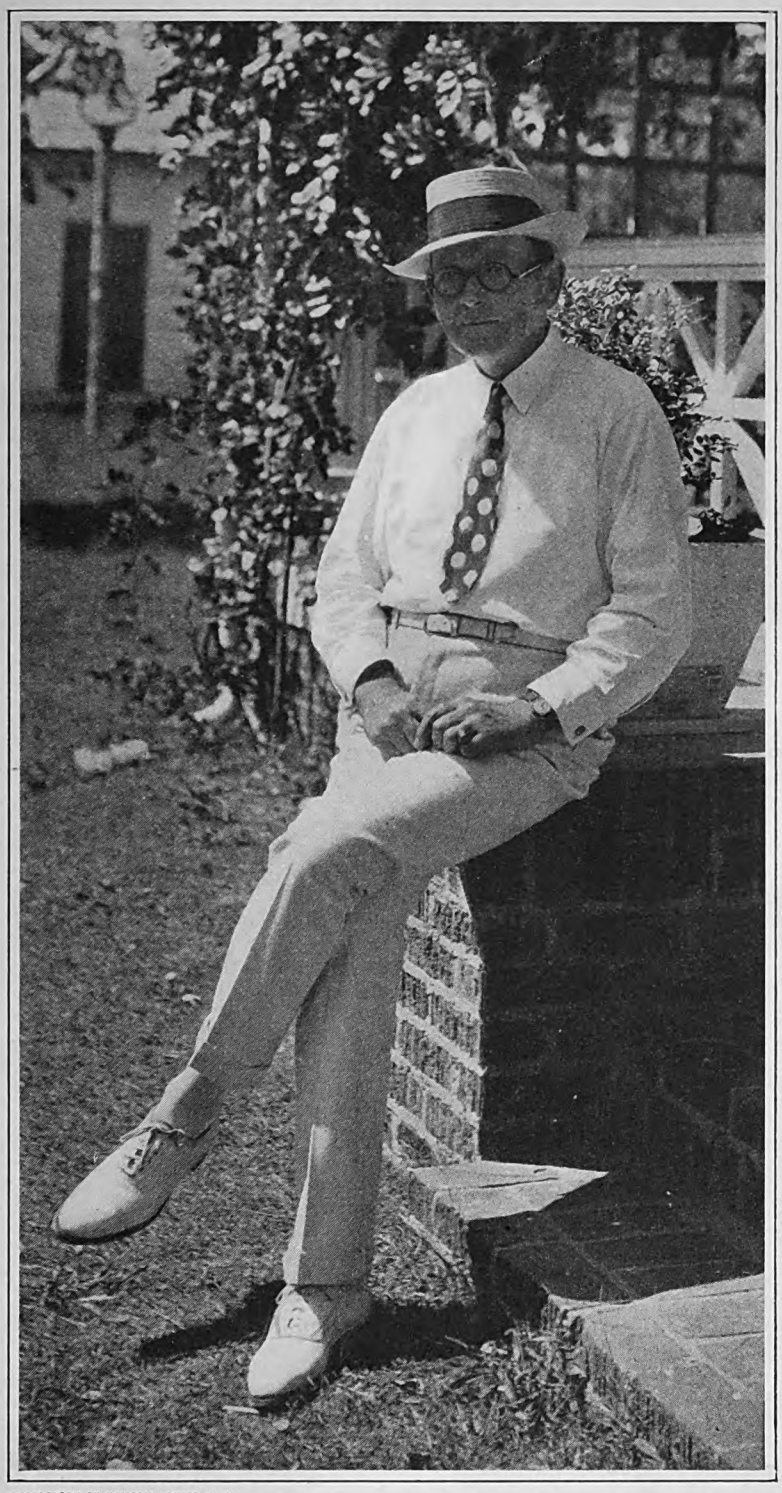
And then came a still, warm presence that made itself felt by my side. I did not see it in the inky blackness, nor did I have any contact with it. But I sensed its presence, and felt assured thereby. It did not speak in audible words, but it seemed to say to me: "Behold, there is the Valley of the Shadow of Death; there is nothing in that Valley to fear."

Immediately, all the worrisome little whispering voices ceased; there was a great silence, my heart felt at ease, a tired and feverish mind was comforted. I slept. No more did I think or care about what might lie beyond. I have since recalled that I have seen many die, and of all that I have seen die, not one found anything to fear in that approaching shadow of the sable wing of Death.

DAYS later I regained consciousness sufficiently to note in detail the objects about me. The room was filled with flowers, and the air was sweet with the odors of hyacinths, roses, and white narcissus. It was still days before I could understand what all the flowers were about. And still the flowers came. My wife would open them now as they were delivered by the florists, and tell me that these were from this friend, and those from another. There were flowers from many whom I would never have regarded as friends.

Flowers and telegrams and letters. They began to let me see the letters and telegrams. I was overwhelmed by the love and tenderness of these messages. And then at last they let me see the newspaper clippings telling of my fight with death, and of my victory. Then and not until then did I realize why all the flowers and telegrams. For days my pillow was wet with tears of gratitude and appreciation for the goodness and compassion of my neighbors. Men whom I had grossly offended by rudeness or indifference sent me flowers.

And the churches! the churches that I had scorned and held aloof from and whose adherents had oft been offended by my outspoken disbelief in their sincerity, had prayed for me in my illness. While the Protestant churches prayed, the Catholics held mass for me, and down in the negro quarter of the town, the colored people held special prayer services for me in their church, in their own fervent way.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HAMBLIN, SUFFOLK, VA.

W. O. Saunders, of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, Editor of the Elizabeth City "Independent"

In a few days my wife placed in my hands a little book containing the names of scores and scores of neighbors who had come in person or telephoned to my home offering every assistance to my family in my illness, and conveying every good and sincere wish for my recovery. With tears trickling down her cheeks, my wife told me that she could not have endured the strain of my terrible illness but for the prayers of the town and the goodness of neighbors from far and near.

And then I began to see life in a new and lovelier perspective. I, who had thought the world cold, stupid, indifferent, and friendless, came out of a long illness to find that I actually had thousands of friends whom I had never appreciated, and whose inherent goodness I had never discovered.

MEN and women who had never received a favor at my hands in all their lives put themselves out of their way to comfort my wife and children, and seek an opportunity to help me. A humble working man who remembered that I had always spoken to him in passing spent his hard-earned money to buy fruit for me which I could not eat.

Another rugged soul, who was himself sick with a cold, shouldered his gun and tramped through fields of snow and slush to kill some birds that he thought I would enjoy in my convalescence. One of the few foreigners in our town sent me flowers. Some very little girls in the primary department of one of the Sunday-schools were moved, by the prayers they heard made for me, to make up a purse of pennies and buy a potted plant for my sick-room.

A good fellow who had seen his blood relations mercilessly flayed in my iconoclastic editorials, and who must have had many bitter thoughts of me, had two bottles of precious pre-war whisky hidden away in his home. He liked his whisky, and had high anticipations of enjoying his last two bottles of the old-time stuff some day. You can't buy drug-store whisky in North Carolina. But he heard one of my physicians say that a little pure stuff would be good for me. He sent me his whisky. I could cite dozens of similar instances, of men and women, who had no cause to be friendly to me, putting themselves out to help me when they thought I needed their help.

And I thought that all the suffering and inconvenience I had experienced in those dreary weeks in bed were worth all they had cost in physical (*Continued on page 94*)

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Jim sprang forward and knocked Dillon down. "It may take more'n that," he said in slow accents, "but I told you who I am. An' that's somethin' you didn't tell me!"

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"Nevada"

A romance of the West

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

Synopsis of the Two Preceding Instalments

JIM LACY was notorious as a "gunman," from Lineville, his old hangout, across the desert wastes of Nevada, clear to Tombstone. But two years of friendship with Ben Ide in California had opened a new life before him. He had been known to Ben and his sister Hettie only as "Nevada;" they had loved and trusted him; they had taught him the beauty of love and friendship and faith; and in return Jim had given all his devotion. He had helped Ben in his wild-horse hunting; he had won Hettie's love, and then had come his chance to serve. He had saved their ranch for the Ides, by killing Less Setter and the two accomplices, who had plotted their ruin. He had made Ben and Hettie rich—but Nevada was once more Jim Lacy, who had killed his man, and a fugitive from justice.

After a time of hiding in the mountains he rode back into Lineville, where he had known Less Setter of old. He was resolved to be true to Hettie Ide's ideal of Nevada, even though he could never hope to see her or Ben again. They must never know that the Nevada they had loved was Jim Lacy. He resisted all attempts to draw him into brawls in the "Gold Mine" (the gambling hell of Lineville); he refused all invitations to drink; he tried to help Lize Teller, but ignored her overtures leading to any relationship which might give Link Cawthorne, her lover, ground for jealousy. About this time a man named Cash Burridge came back to Lineville, and begged Nevada to go with him to Arizona, where he purposed to turn from cattle "rustling" to honest cattle raising, and had already bought a ranch. Nevada had decided to go—and then he came into the Gold Mine to find Lize Teller dying at the hands of Link Cawthorne. In Jim Lacy's code there was only one thing to do—he shot Cawthorne dead. And once more he was a fugitive from justice.

As Nevada did not forget Ben and Hettie Ide, so they did not forget him. By his sacrifice a reunion was effected between Ben and his father, and Ben was enabled to marry Ina Blaine. For four years Ben and Hettie hoped for Nevada's return, and then decided to sell the California ranch and move to the wilder country of Arizona. In both hearts was the unspoken hope that in this newer country they might find Nevada. They took "California Red," the wild stallion Ben and Nevada had captured, all the other horses, a few of their men, and Ina's brother, Marvie Blaine, and journeyed overland to Arizona.

Near the town of Winthrop Ben bought a ranch and ten thousand head of cattle from Cash Burridge. They were getting settled here when a neighbor, Tom Day, rode over to see them. To Ben's consternation, he learned that Burridge had cheated him in the count of his cattle, and had passed on to him liens upon the stock he had. Also that the whole country was infested with rustlers, that not even Franklidge, the boss rancher of the country, knew which were the honest ranchers and which the thieves—and that Tom Day had never heard of a cowboy named "Nevada."

SOME eighteen or twenty miles from Tom Day's ranch, Judge Franklidge maintained the last outpost of his extensive cattle ranch.

This property, called the Chevelon Ranch, had come into his possession, as had many another, by the failure of a homesteader. At some time or other Franklidge had lent money or staked cattle to every poor settler in that part of Arizona. His kindness and generosity had for many years made him a mark. But though he had never been known to drive a hard bargain or force a payment, he had prospered through most of his transactions. Chevelon Ranch, however, was a losing proposition so far as actual cattle raising was concerned.

The hundred and sixty acres which comprised the ranch lay in a strip along the rim of Chevelon Canyon, one of the deep wild gorges that constituted part of the brakes of the Mongollons. Cabins and corrals, built of logs, showed the weathering of years of storm and heat. The main cabin stood on the rim, and the wide porch ran to the edge of the gray rock wall. On this mid-August afternoon the porch was a shady and cool place to lounge and rest. The deep canyon was densely green with oak and cedar; a low roar of running water floated dreamily from the depths; the drowsy summer air was redolent with a sweet, dry fragrance.

JUDGE FRANKLIDGE had just arrived on one of his rare visits to this margin of his vast cattle interests.

"Jack," he said to the cowboy who had driven him out, "I'm to meet Day here. Put the horses up. I'll stay all night. Then find Day, if he's here, and come back yourself."

"Yes, sir. An' how aboot Stewart?" replied the cowboy.

"Stewart? Tell him I'll send word when I want him."

"All right, sir," said Jack, and slapping the reins he drove away toward the barn.

"Humph. I'd forgotten about that foreman," muttered Judge Franklidge. "Darn the cattle business, anyway. . . . I'd like to forget it and enjoy the peace of this wild place."

The judge fell into a day dream that amused as well as made him sigh. Presently a jangle of spurs and thud of footsteps interrupted his reverie, and he looked up to see Tom Day and the cowboy approaching. Day had his hand on the younger man's shoulder, and was talking earnestly. That reminded the judge of the strong friendship Day had always evinced for this young man the range called Texas Jack. How good to see two men he could swear by!

"Howdy, Judge; I'm shore glad to see you," said Day, as he heavily mounted the porch, with beaming smile and extended hand.

"How are you, Tom? Pull up that bench. We're in for a good long talk."

"Wal, it's aboot time," returned Day, as he deposited his huge bulk on a seat, with back to the porch rail.

The judge laughed, and then glanced sharply at the cowboy waiting at the step.

"Jack, you've got something on your mind," he said.

"Yes, sir, but it can wait. No hurry, sir."

"Wal, Judge, if you'll take a hunch from me you'll not let it wait too long," interposed Day.

"Come up and sit in with us, Jack," was Franklidge's reply.

THE cowboy did as he was bidden, but he made no reply. He sat near the porch rail and leaned over to gaze down into the green canyon. The judge's appraising eyes took stock of the lithe figure, the service-worn garb, the lean bearded face that was half hidden under the wide sombrero.

"Stewart was in town last night, drunk," said Franklidge casually. "Is he here today?"

"Yes, sir—an' he's all right now," rejoined the cowboy.

"Judge, your foreman *may* be all right, as Texas Jack says; but I've my doubts," put in Day. "I cain't find anythin' agin him, 'cept the drinkin', but I've just come to distrust the man. Mebbe I'm wrong. It shore is a distrustful time."

"Mr. Franklidge, I hunted up Stewart, an' found him an' Dillon off under a cedar, talkin' deep an' quiet," said Texas Jack.

"Dillon? Who's he? That name's familiar."

"Dillon is young Ben Ide's foreman," replied Day, with interest. "He's held jobs all over the range the last two years. Fine cowman. Engagin' sort of chap. Everybody likes him. I shore do."

"Which ought to be recommendation enough for Ide, or even me, sore old cattle man that I am. . . . Well, Tom, have you considered the offer I made you some time ago?"

"Reckon I have, Judge, an' I'm acceptin' with thanks."

"We're partners, then," replied Franklidge. "We'll throw these ranches and all the stock together. I'll have papers made

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out when I get back to town. . . . Now, get what's troubling you off your chest."

"Wal, boss, the situation heah has grown from bad to wuss," returned Day seriously.

"Where do you mean by here?" demanded Franklidge.

"All this range thet haids along the wild brakes of the Mongollons. Say, fifty miles in a straight line. Reckon it takes in a good many ranches, countin' everybody, an' mebbe two hundred thousand haid of cattle. But Ben Ide's range an' this one of yours an' mine have come in fer the wust of the rustlin' this last month."

"We've always had rustlers to deal with. We always will have. What's the difference between, say, a year or five years ago and now?"

"Wal, Judge, fer a big cattle man, you're shore poor informed. The difference I'd calkilate offhand to stand you an' me an' Ben Ide around ten thousand haid!"

The judge's boots came down off the porch rail with a crash.

"What?" he demanded, incredulously.

"Boss, I said ten thousand, an' mebbe thet's conservative. Shore, most of this rustled stock belongs to Ide. But we've lost a good deal, an' stand to lose more, or all, unless somethin' is done. You see, Ide proved an easy mark. He bought out Burridge, who had some stock, nobody knows how much. Wal, young Ide's cow outfit was green an' raw fer Arizona. I gave him two of my best riders. One of them, Sam Tull, was found daid in the woods. Shot! We've never found out aboot it. The other cowboy, Rang Jones, had a quarrel with Dillon an' quit. I cain't see thet Dillon has changed matters fer the better. But I reckon no one man could at this stage of the game."

"So they've hit young Ide hard," muttered Franklidge darkly. "Funny he didn't complain to me. I've seen something of him lately."

"Ide's not thet kind, Judge," replied Day warmly. "He's as game as they come. An' his sister—say, she's a thoroughbred. She stands to lose most as much as Ide."

THE two men, warming to the subject, might have been alone for all the notice they took of Texas Jack. He leaned far over the porch rail, his face hidden, his long, lithe form strung like a whipcord. It was the strained position of a listening deer.

"Tom, I admire Miss Ide very much indeed, and her brother too," responded the judge. "I regret exceedingly the reception Arizona has given these two fine young people. I am ashamed. We all ought to be ashamed. We must end this wholesale cattle stealing."

"Ahuh! . . . Boss, I reckon I feel it more than you, as I've come to be friends with the Ides. Why, he paid Burridge's debt to me. Four thousand! An' then I'm a son-of-a-gun if he didn't send for Elam Hatt, an' pay the lien he had on Burridge. Don't know how much. But the Hatts were drunk fer a week or more. An' ever since then the rustlers have been bolder than I ever have seen them yet in Arizonie."

"Who are these rustlers, Tom?"

"Huh! If I said what I think it'd be old to you. But I reckon there is a new leader workin' now. Shore, they're all workin'. But there's some big thief who's keen as a wolf."

"Where are these stolen cattle driven?" asked the judge, wonderingly. "I've been twenty years in this business. Yet this beats me."

"Reckon the stock gets drove everywhere," replied Day.

"Not to the railroad?" queried Franklidge, aghast.

"Shore to the railroad. Not to Winthrop. But, man, there's other stations along the line. Then I had a Mexican sheep herder tell me he'd seen herds of cattle drove over the Rim, down into the Tonto. Thet's a wild country. Shore no cow outfits are followin' rustlers down into the Tonto."

"Tom, the Hatts are a bad outfit," rejoined the judge thoughtfully. "Some years ago I had trouble with Elam Hatt. The Stillwells are another. Surely these backwoodsmen run with these rustler outfits."

"Shore they do," snorted Day. "But I reckon the Hatts ain't the ringleaders. Cedar Hatt is the wust of thet bad lot."

"Cedar Hatt?" mused the judge. "Yes, I know of him. Bad name. Gun fighter. . . . How many Hatts in the family?"

"I KNOW the whole outfit," replied Day. "Elam an' me always got along pretty good. But I've no use fer Cedar. He's the oldest son. Then there's Henny and Tobe—pack-rats, if I ever seen any in the woods. An' last there's a girl, Rose. Reckon she'll be aboot sixteen. Pretty slip of a lass, whose mother died when she was a baby."

"What a pity! No mother. No decent home. No schooling. Why don't some cowboy take this Rose away and marry her? She might turn out a good woman."

"Shore she might. An' so I've said often. But I ain't hit on any cowboy yet who cared to risk his skin down there in the brakes."

"What has Ide done in regard to the raids on his stock?" asked the judge, curiously.

"Aboot all any man could," replied Day admiringly. "He's spent a lot of money hiring extra hands to trail stock. He took over this Dillon at a high salary. An' I reckon he puts a good deal of confidence in Dillon. Funny about Ben Ide, though. He gets sore when the rustlers make a raid. But he really don't care aboot the cattle. He's shore afraid fer hosses, though, 'specially thet California Red. There's a grand hoss, Judge. I'll bet if the rustlers got thet stallion, Ben Ide would hit the trail himself. Strikes me he's seen some wild life. He shore is a rider. Strange sort of chap Ben Ide is. I'm just gettin' acquainted with him. He always struck me as a rancher whose heart wasn't in his ranch. There's somethin' he wants. But he worships his wife an' kid, an' thet handsome sister. It ain't thet. I cain't explain what I don't savvy. But I've a hunch young Ide has been hurt. Mebbe he killed someone over in California, an' had to get out. I've often wondered if thet could be it. Then it might be he's *lookin'* fer some man.

"Say, mister, I reckon you ain't acquainted with Cedar Hatt," declared the girl, almost with scorn. "You're sure a stranger in these parts"

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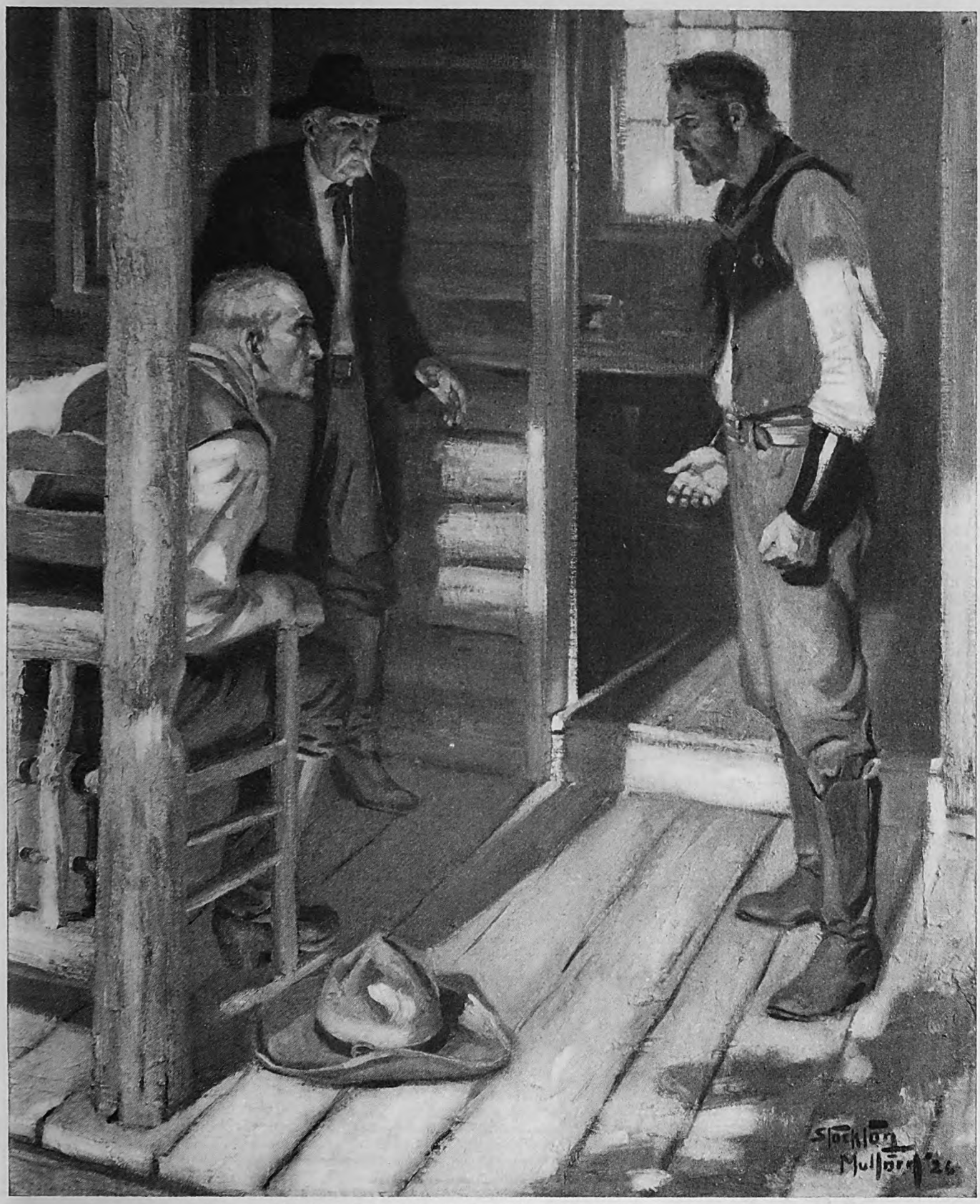

"Man, you're forcing me against my will," said the judge, rising to his feet; "I don't want you to attempt this thing alone. It's a wild cowboy idea"

Like a Texan, you know, who never *forgot.*"

Before the judge could reply to Day's earnest statement, the cowboy, Texas Jack, whirled around with a silent wrestling violence that indicated a suppressed and poignant passion. Under the shadow of his broad sombrero his eyes gleamed like clear coals of fire.

"I'm—heahin'—all—you say!" he burst out, pantingly.

"Suppose you are, Jack?" queried the judge, in kindly surprise. "If I'd minded about being overheard I'd have sent you away."

Tom Day stared, and it was evident he was not so surprised as expectant. He had lived with cowboys all his life.

"Wal, what ails you, son?" he growled.

Jack whirled away in the same sudden violent action with which he had faced them, only now it seemed there was added a fierce struggle of mind over body. But in a moment he turned toward the men again, to present a remarkably transformed front.

"I'm shore (*Continued on page 66*)

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When I Need Quick Action I Go To The Men At The Top!

By E. Alexander Powell

FOR lack of a better term, I might describe myself, I suppose, as a professional onlooker and reporter, with the wide world as my assignment. In the pursuit of my profession I have observed the Passing Show from a front-row seat for something over a quarter of a century. The scenes have been laid in European chancelleries and Oriental palaces, in steaming jungles and on sun-drenched deserts.

To some who read the following pages it may appear that I have placed too much stress on my acquaintance with those who sit in the High Places. Yet I have scant patience with those who boast that they have "grasped the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan." If I allude with what appears undue frequency to my relations with personages whose names and faces have been made familiar to everyone through the daily papers, you will remember, please, that it has been my business to cultivate their acquaintance, that I have sought their confidence as a means of earning my livelihood.

Disabuse yourself once and for all of the idea that the really great are unapproachable or haughty. On the contrary, they are usually the simplest people in the world, who, were they occupying humbler spheres, would be described as "just plain folks."

One of the kindliest and most thoughtful men I have ever known happens to be a king. He is the sort of man with whom you would enjoy smoking a pipe beside an open fire. The cleverest and wittiest woman of my acquaintance is a queen. It isn't her fault, but her job. She was born to it. Her greatest ambition, she once told me, was to be a *good* queen, to win the love and respect of her people. Marshal Joffre, the victor of the Marne, has an immortal place in history. Most people, seeing him pictured in a uniform ablaze with decorations, think of him as a remote and lofty figure. Yet those who know "Papa Joffre" are well aware that he is happiest when wearing a disreputable suit and fishing in a French river.

I became acquainted with Eleutherios Venizelos, the greatest statesman modern Greece has produced, when he was mayor of an obscure village in Crete. Though he has played a great part in shaping the destinies of the Near East, he remains as unaffected as when he dwelt in a four-room cottage in the outskirts of Candia. Thanks to a letter of introduction given me by his nephew, a bootblack in an American city, I met M. Danev, the Bulgarian premier who guided his country through the first Balkan war. Was he ashamed of his nephew's humble occupation? Not at all. "Any occupation that is honest," he remarked, "is honorable."

We have at present in the White House a model of simplicity and directness. Calvin Coolidge doesn't know how to put on airs. It takes time to get to him, naturally, for he is the busiest man in the world and must be protected from the merely curious, but once reach him and you will find him as easy as an old shoe. And it is the same, as I have said, with other men in high places.

THAT is why I maintain that you will nearly always get a friendlier hearing and quicker action by going to the man at the top. It is a rule that I have followed, and in this article I shall tell you how the rule has worked for myself and for others.

When a party of American war correspondents, one of whom was John McCutcheon, was arrested by the Germans in Belgium in 1914, they went over the head of the Chief of the Great General Staff and sent a telegram of protest directly to the Kaiser. And it got quick action. They were released with apologies and thereafter treated with every consideration.

I recall a personal experience which illustrates the efficacy of going to the man at the top.

In 1914 I represented a syndicate of American newspapers in Belgium. Brussels had been occupied by the Germans, and Antwerp, though it still held out, was virtually a Belgian island in a sea of German bayonets.

In October of that year dispatches of the most urgent nature were received at the American consulate-general in Antwerp from President Wilson, addressed to Brand Whitlock, the American minister at Brussels. It was imperative that they reach Mr. Whitlock at the earliest possible moment. A friend, Mr. Manly Whedbee, who was then engaged in business in Antwerp, and I volunteered to take them through the German lines to Brussels.

We had no passes from the Germans and no means of procuring any. But I attached a large American flag to the front of my car, painted in staring white letters on either side of the hood the words "Amerikanische Konsulardienst" (American Consular Service), and off we started. Whedbee was the representative in Belgium of the British-American Tobacco Company, and from his stock we filled the tonneau of the car with packages of cigarettes, thousands of them. It was an exciting journey; but, thanks to the cigarettes, we got through, for whenever a sentry or an officer halted us to inspect our papers we tossed him a few packets of cigarettes—and went on. The dispatches were duly delivered.

When we were ready to return I went to General Bissing, the German Governor-General of Belgium, and asked for a pass through the German lines to Antwerp. He bluntly refused it. The more I remonstrated, the angrier he became.

"How did you get into Brussels?" he demanded.

Thinking that the story of the cigarettes might touch a latent chord of humor, I told him.

"You came here without our permission," he said angrily, "and now you are going to stay. I'm not going to have any interfering Americans trotting back and forth telling their Belgian friends of our military dispositions."

"Does that mean, Herr General," I asked, "that you won't give us a pass to leave Brussels?"

"Exactly!" he snapped. "I forbid you to leave the city."

He turned on his heel as an intimation that the interview was ended.

Feeling very downcast, I went out to the car, in which Whedbee was waiting.

"We're virtually under arrest," I told him. "Von Bissing has refused point-blank to give us a pass."

"Well," suggested Whedbee, who was an incorrigible optimist, "let's go anyway. We may be able to bluff our way through, and even if they arrest us we won't be much worse off than at present."

WE EXPERIENCED no particular difficulty, for most of the units we encountered were those among whom we had distributed cigarettes two days before. But when we drove into Louvain we found, to our dismay, that the garrison had been changed.

"Let me see your papers," demanded a brusque young captain of a Prussian guard regiment, holding up an imperative hand, while two of his soldiers covered us with rifles.

To admit that we had no papers was to invite arrest. Our only hope lay in carrying things off with a high hand.

"I wish to see the commanding general," I said, with as much arrogance as I could summon. "This is not a matter for subordinates."

Before my colossal assurance the officer wilted.

"But certainly, *mein herr*," he agreed. "I will myself escort you."

He entered the tonneau of the car and motioned to his soldiers to stand on the running-board. I don't think he was suspicious, but he was taking no chances.

We drew up before the Hotel de Ville, which was German headquarters and, after a brief delay, were ushered ceremoniously into the general's office. He was a jovial old fellow with apple cheeks and rapidly whitening hair. I gave him

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no opportunity to ask me for our papers.

"General," I said, "we are traveling on urgent business of state. We have just delivered important dispatches from the President of the United States to the American Minister in Brussels, and are now returning to Antwerp. It is imperative that we should not be delayed. But, unfortunately, I am not certain of the road. As our business is pressing, may I ask you to lend us a staff officer to pass us through your outposts and put us on the road to Antwerp?"

"But—" he began doubtfully.

"I left General von Bissing only two hours ago," I said nonchalantly. "If you need any authority, I would suggest that you ring him up on the telephone."

It was a magnificent bluff, but it worked.

"I AM only too glad," the general assured me, "to assist any friends of the governor-general. My only regret is that I have no staff officer that I can spare you. They are all out at the moment, save my personal aid. But I should be glad to place a sergeant-major at your disposal, if that is agreeable to you."

He rang a bell, and a Prussian N. C. O. entered and stood stolidly at attention.

"You will pass these gentlemen through our lines," barked the general, "and set them on the road to Antwerp. They are on a very important mission. You will afford them every assistance.

"Now," he said, "I will go down and see you off. It is a great pleasure to help you. I was once in America myself. Chicago, Niagara Falls, Coney Island—how well I remember them all."

I seated myself at the wheel and the sergeant-major took his place behind. I stepped on the throttle and the great car leaped forward like a frightened horse.

"*Auf wiedersehen,*" called the general. "And good luck."

"Good luck to *you,*" said I.

I never learned what happened to the general when von Bissing heard of our escape. Von Bissing did not forgive mistakes. The story is not an important one, but it illustrates my text. If you want quick action, go to the man who has the power to act!

Shortly after the German invasion of Belgium, the Belgium Government decided to send a mission composed of distinguished men to the United States, to lodge a protest with President Wilson against the treatment accorded by the invaders to the civil population. None of the members of the mission spoke English; but the wife of the chairman, Emile Vandervelde, was an Englishwoman. She was, moreover, very beautiful and appealing.

"Why don't you take your wife along?" I asked M. Vandervelde. "Dress her in a black gown and let her tell to American audiences the story of Belgium's sufferings. She could win more sympathy and support than all your frock-coated statesmen put together."

"My wife is very eager to go," he told me, "and I should like to take her, but the prime minister has refused his permission. He says that this is a matter of life and death for our country, and that a woman would be a hindrance—that she should be working in the hospitals."

"Then why not write to the King?" I suggested. "If His Majesty were acquainted with the facts I'm certain that he would let Madame Vandervelde go."

The cabinet minister raised his hands in horror. To go over the head of the premier, to appeal directly to the sovereign, was impossible, unthinkable, it simply wasn't done.

"Then I'll write to King Albert myself," I assured him. "Lots of things are done now that weren't being done a few weeks ago. And if His Majesty gives permission, I'll cable to the owner of my newspaper, and ask him to arrange for Madame Vandervelde to address a mass meeting when she reaches New York."

Having been brought up in the school of European statesmanship, which teaches that deviousness is more effective than directness, he shook his head, as though deploring my ignorance of the etiquette which hedges rulers, and passed on.

King Ferdinand of Rumania, with his daughter Marie, Queen of Yugoslavia, and his younger son, Prince Nicholas. Colonel Powell (at the right) relates in the accompanying article an interesting experience he had with this royal family

BUT I wrote to the King, just as, in a similar emergency, I would have written to the President. I explained that I was unable to address him through the usual diplomatic channels because the American minister, Mr. Brand Whitlock, was shut up in Brussels, which was occupied by the Germans. I stressed the important part played by women in shaping American public opinion, reminded him that Madame Vandervelde spoke English as her mother tongue, and urged that she be permitted to accompany the mission.

Madame Vandervelde sent for me while I was at breakfast the next morning. I entered the room to find her in the midst of packing.

"Everything is all right!" she cried exultantly. "I am sailing to-night for America. As soon as he had read your letter the King sent me word that I had his permission to go. He is paying my expenses from his privy purse, and the Queen has given me a message which I am to read to the women of America."

Some of my readers doubtless recall the sensation created by Madame Vandervelde wherever she appeared in the United States—a tragic and appealing figure in her black garments, a personification of desolated Belgium. I learned afterward that certain diplomats were scandalized at my breach of etiquette in writing direct to the King. (*Continued on page 121*)

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The Road You Follow To-day Is Part Of Your Goal

Axel Gulbransen worked for other men until he was forty-five; but these years were far from wasted, for he was always accumulating the experience that eventually led to the founding of an enormous enterprise

By Neil M. Clark

EVERY pack of boys likes someone to pick on, and in the Illinois village of Mendota, Axel Gulbransen's arrival was, for bullies, a gift of the gods. His yellow hair, slight figure, and laughable attempts to speak the English language, all conspired to make him a fit object of ridicule.

Axel's father had a job at the organ factory, and Axel helped him every day after school and all day Saturdays. One Saturday morning, he was going to work as usual along a narrow plank sidewalk, looking sharp lest he miss his step and plunge into the ditch, when, a good ways off, he espied Billy Jenks coming. At the same moment, Billy saw him.

"Ya, you, Swedey!" cried Billy gleefully from afar.

Billy, three or four years older than Axel and much bigger, was one of the chief tormentors. Billy now approached with mimicking gestures, sticking out his tongue, and calling names. Usually, he tried to add spice to the entertainment by a bullying shove, which, if it sent the smaller boy sprawling into the mud, filled full his cup of satisfaction.

Axel marched steadily forward. For some time he had been considering, in his small, eleven-year-old head, what he had better do about this Billy Jenks. The fact that Billy was so much bigger made a resort to fists—one kind of language that every boy understands—precarious. But this tormenting could not go on much longer, and in spite of his small stature Axel possessed the courage born of injustice.

Billy was quite close now. Axel estimated the distance carefully with his eye. Suddenly his fist shot out. Billy, having anticipated no turning of the worm, was licked before he got into action. He lost his balance and toppled into the ditch, where he lay in ludicrous surprise and terror.

"Yah, *you*, Beely Yenks!" said Axel.

With this ample remark, the victor went on. Never again did he encounter Billy returning from the cow pasture, nor did he ever again have to submit to his bullying.

Boyhood experiences bite deep. Axel Gulbransen, now in his sixties, looks back on a career crowded with achievement, yet he reckons his encounter with Billy Jenks one of the significant episodes of a lifetime. Only eleven, he met a cruelly hard situation and mastered it. To-day, the lesson of that incident is almost a motto with him:

"*Finish the job fast; do it thoroughly; go on to something else.*"

Before and after this time, Gulbransen encountered far more than his share of vicissitudes. Up to the age of forty-five, he had accumulated a wealth of experience, but little money. He was still working for others at a salary which in these days would be considered small, although he was in charge of important operations. But the fire of ambition burned steadily, and the steel of character gradually took a finely-tempered edge.

Twenty more years passed, and in the interval, this happened: Venturing with little capital into an established industry against a host of competitors, Axel Gulbransen built a business that is to-day the biggest in its field, registered fifty important patents in his own name, and by his example helped to revolutionize an industry.

Gulbransen manufactures pianos, chiefly player-pianos, and he has taken out many patents on devices which enable people who never studied music but have an ear for it, as well as those who are fair musicians, to manipulate pedals and levers and give individual expression to roll-played music on what he calls the registering piano. Last year his company, young as it is, is said to have made as many pianos as any other one company in the world.

THERE were good reasons, of course, for this astonishing growth. At no given moment did Gulbransen "succeed." "The road which leads us to our destination," says an Eastern philosopher, "is part of our goal." Because of the spirit in which he approached his work, Axel Gulbransen was a "success" at twenty, at thirty, at forty, though as a boy he did not dream of creating such a business, nor did he dream of it as a young man, nor even in middle age. His energy was spent on working in a certain way on tasks *in which his interest was passionately absorbed;* the business was an inevitable result.

Physically, Gulbransen is five feet seven inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds, is white-haired, always dresses immaculately, and is given to sudden silences. His slim, sensitive hands belong to a man at home with small tools on fine work. The gray eyes seen through his glasses resemble (*Continued on page 103*)

Being the Boss Doesn't Mean Being Excused

"MY FATHER'S failure in Oslo," says Mr. Gulbransen, "made a deep impression on me. I wondered about it, and used to ask him frankly why he hadn't done better. His replies were evasive. He said conditions had been unfavorable.

"The time came when I understood the real explanation without being told, and by that time I had seen foremen and friends drop by the wayside for the same reason. I think it's one of the great secrets; but so simple that few pay any attention. My father got a number of others working for him, then imagined he did not have to work himself: he felt that being boss meant being excused. I determined that, whatever happened, I'd keep on working."

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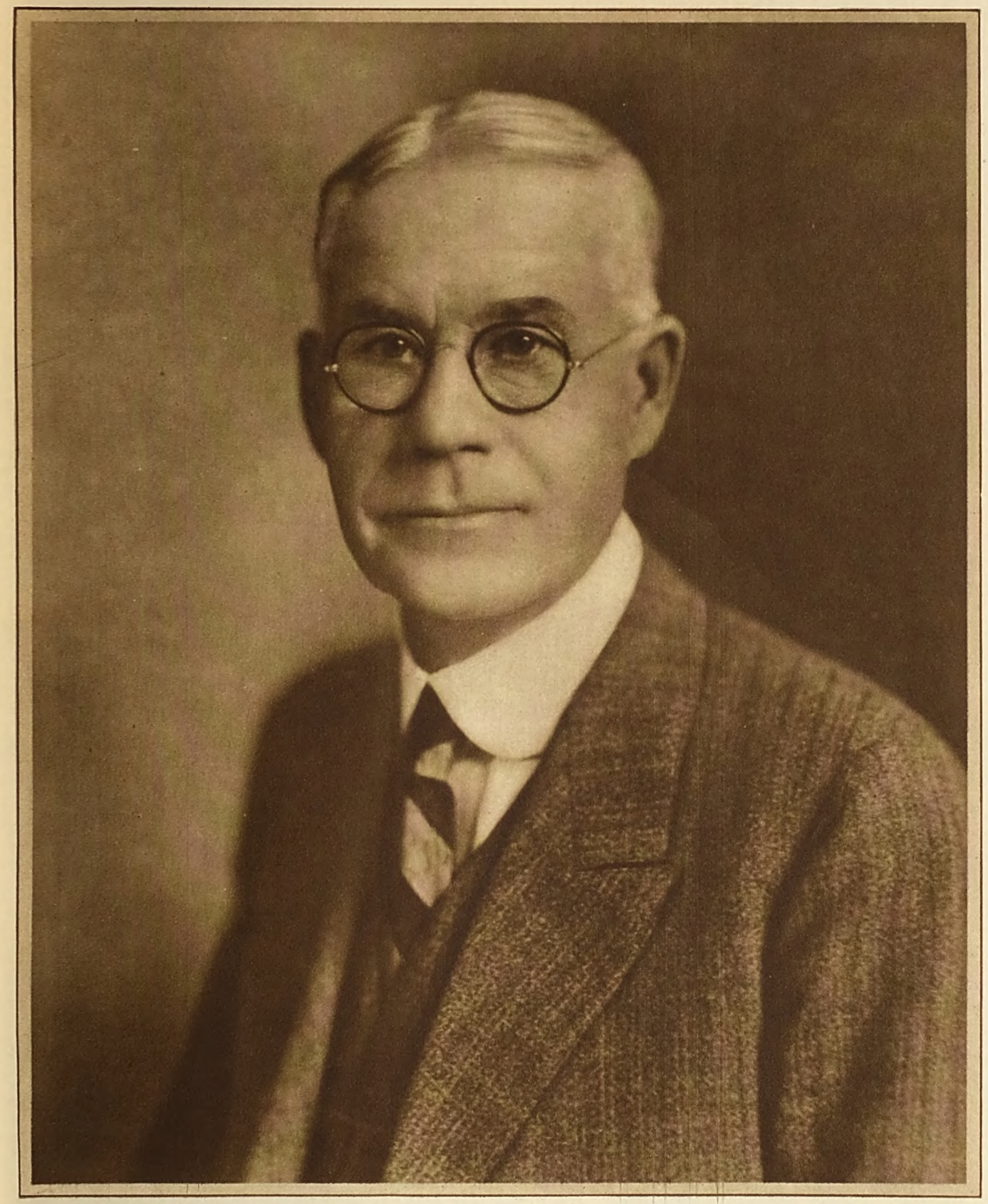

Moffett Studio, Chicago

Axel Gustaf Gulbransen

MR. GULBRANSEN, one of the pioneers in the manufacture of player pianos, is head of the tremendous piano manufacturing establishment which bears his name. He was born in Norway in 1862, and lived there until his family emigrated, nine years later, to the United States. The elder Gulbransen found work in an organ factory at Mendota, Illinois, and here, at the age of ten, the boy began to learn the wood-working trade. During the next thirty-five years he held positions in various musical-instrument factories, and then he ventured into the piano-making business for himself. Mr. Gulbransen's home is in Chicago.

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Photographs by Henry Freulich, Hollywood

Colleen Moore

COLLEEN MOORE, popular motion - picture star, is very fond of dogs, and particularly of the big Saint Bernard that appears with her above. Miss Moore began her screen career at the age of fifteen. The first picture in which she made an outstanding hit was "Flaming Youth." There followed in rapid succession stellar rôles in such important productions as "So Big," "Sally," "Irene," and "Twinkletoes." She was born in Michigan, but grew up in Tampa, Florida. In private life she is Mrs. John E. McCormick.

Miss Moore is seen here in the charming flagged garden of her home in the Wilshire section of Los Angeles.

Despite her busy career as a First National Star, Colleen Moore often finds time for her favorite game of tennis.

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Be Prepared For The Best— It May Come Your Way!

The story of a remarkable girl who gained fame before she was twenty

By Allan Harding

STORIES about movie stars! Thanks to an army of busy press agents, that is one crop which never fails. Hired to get publicity, and fired if he does not get it, the average press agent diligently cultivates his own fertile imagination. But here is one movie story which was garnered from the field of fact.

The story goes back to the time, about a dozen years ago, when the actress about whom I am going to tell you was a young girl in Tampa, Florida. She was a dark-haired, dark-eyed, vivid little creature, just entering her teens.

Then, as now, youthful feminine hearts yearned for a career in motion pictures. But this particular girl was different in one vital respect. Instead of merely yearning to be a movie star, she was blandly certain of becoming one.

Her most cherished possession was a scrapbook in which she pasted pictures of her favorites in the screen world, pictures and clippings cut from newspapers and magazines.

But right in the middle of this portrait gallery of stars was one blank page! Its very blankness made it the most conspicuous one in the whole book.

As a mark of special favor, the little girl would show this volume to any visitors who seemed worthy of the attention. And when, in turning the leaves, she came to the single blank page, there would be a solemn and dramatic pause.

"That," she would say impressively, "is for *me!* When I grow up, I am going to be a famous motion picture actress. Then I'll cut out my picture and my notices and paste them on that page."

This story happens to be true. It happens also to be true that the little girl's dream has been realized. Yet the blank page in her old scrapbook is still blank! She could fill a score of such volumes with her pictures and her printed notices. But she likes to keep that blank page as a reminder of *the power of thought.* For she believes that her faith in herself and in her dream has helped her to *realize* that dream.

This little girl was called Kathleen Morrison. I can imagine you vainly searching your memory for a Kathleen Morrison—but how about Colleen Moore? You have seen that name many a time in huge capitals and in electric lights.

Indeed, the name was chosen, by no less a person than David W. Griffith, because it *could* be shown in electric lights. When he decided to give the fifteen-year-old girl a chance to act in pictures, he also gave her this shrewd advice:

"You may or may not become a star," he said; "but you'd better be prepared for the best, not for the worst. If you do reach the top, your own name is too long to go in electric lights. . . . Let's see! We might change Morrison to Moore."

Having performed a surgical operation on Morrison, he turned his attention to Kathleen. It was a nice name, but it had been preëmpted by two other promising candidates for stardom.

In searching for a substitute, Griffith discovered that the young girl's grandmother, true to her Irish origin, had fallen back on "Colleen" as a pet name for her adored grandchild.

Instantly the great producer seized upon it. Here was something which fitted the electric-light yardstick. It was easy to say, easy to remember, and nobody else had filed any claim on it. So the Kathleen Morrison of Tampa, Florida, became the Colleen Moore of the screen.

I MET her on her latest annual visit to New York. With her straight dark "bob," her half-gay, half-serious little-girl look, and her slender figure—she weighs only one hundred and eight pounds—I could easily have believed that she was still only fifteen years old.

There was, however, one convincing argument to the contrary. This argument was about six feet tall and was introduced to me by Colleen as "my John." Three years ago, he provided the much-named young lady with still another title, by making her Mrs. John E. McCormick; and to her, this third name is the best one of all.

When we had sent her John off to attend to his own business, we settled down for a good long talk. Colleen—you just naturally can't help calling her that—curled up in a big chair, which became her temporary stage; for, as she talked, she seemed to be, in turn, every character in the story she told.

She was her mother, her grandmother, her aunt, her father. She was producers and wardrobe women and famous stars. She was a head waiter at the restaurant where she and her John did *not* eat a memorable dinner. Every incident, in her telling of it, became as vivid as reality.

Yet she is as natural and as unaffected as any girl I ever have met. As I watched and listened to her, I remembered something which one of her friends had told me.

"When I am with Colleen," he said, "I have to keep reminding myself who she is! Most girls who are movie stars never allow you to forget that fact. You are always expected to kowtow to them. But Colleen doesn't carry any pedestal in her personal baggage! She is simple and sincere and genuine.

"At the First National studios, where she works in California, everybody is her friend. If we are shooting scenes late at night, for instance, we often have the studio cars wait to take some of the people home; and by perhaps two o'clock in the morning the chauffeurs are not in a particularly sunny humor.

"If a driver is told to wait for certain actors or actresses—I won't name them—he will grumble to beat the band. But ask any one of these drivers to wait for Colleen Moore, and he will say, 'Sure! Tell her to take her time. I'll be right here.'

"Plenty of movie actors want to be the whole thing in a picture. Haven't you seen films which looked as if half the footage was devoted to close-ups of the star? Some of these stars have almost killed their popularity by that form of vanity.

"Colleen doesn't make this mistake. For one thing, she has too much common sense. She wants to make good *pictures,* not just good pictures of herself! An actor who plays as her leading man can always count on getting a good break. So can the rest of the cast. And because of this, there are fewer changes in her unit, or company, than in any other I know of."

ALL this came back to my mind as I sat opposite Colleen herself and felt the charm of her personality. In telling her experiences, she referred repeatedly to her "luck" in having friends who helped her. But friendship is not given without cause. It has to be earned! And one reason why she is now a half-million-dollar-a-year star is that she has wanted and has won a host of friends.

Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Michigan, but her parents moved to Florida when she was a baby. That was her home until she was fifteen years old.

It was there that she attended school. It was there, too, that she made her scrapbook with its one blank page; there that she determined to become what she is today, a famous movie star.

"Did you let your father and mother into the secret of your plans?" I asked.

"Of course!" (*Continued on page 151*)

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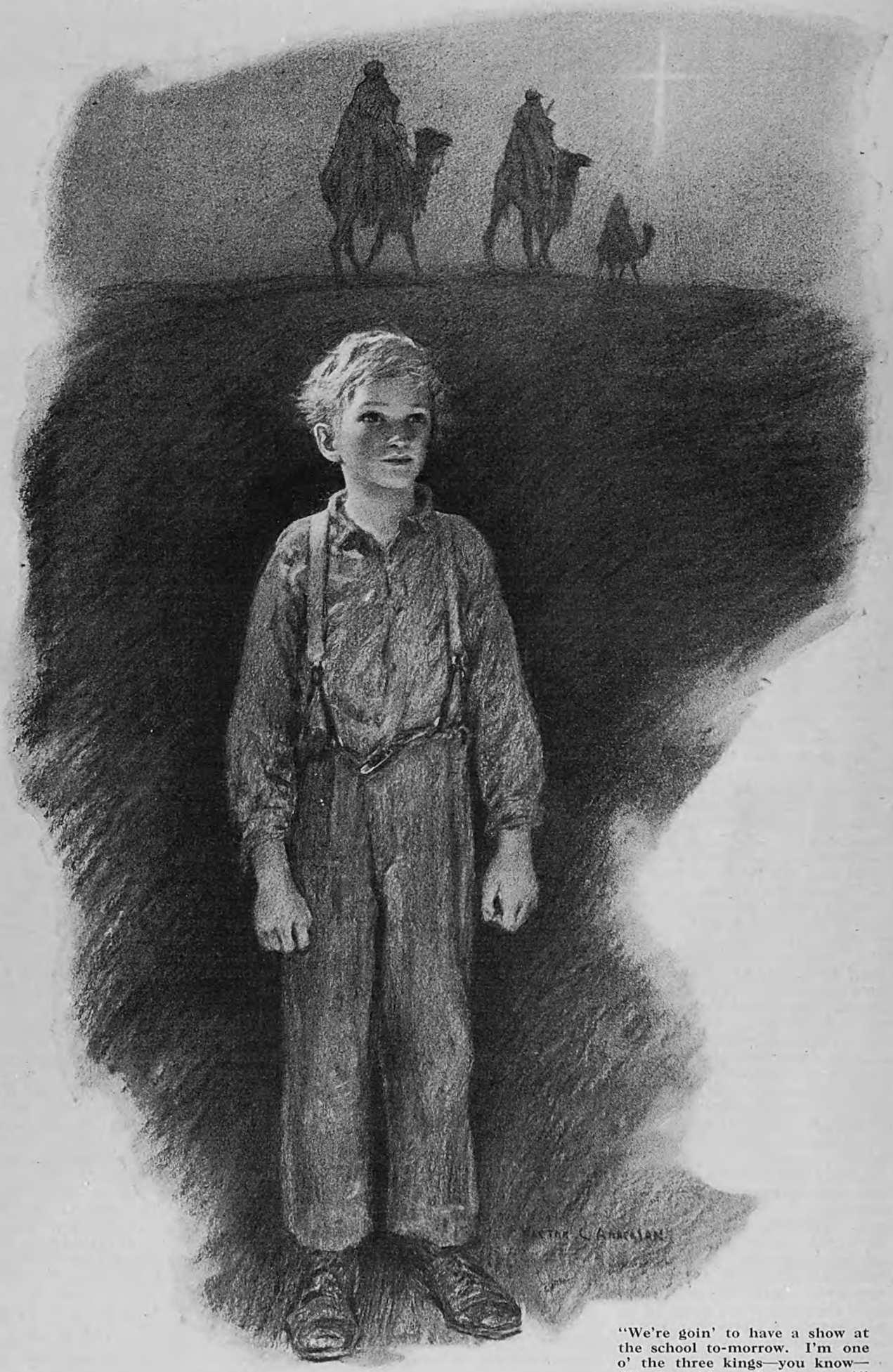

"We're goin' to have a show at the school to-morrow. I'm one o' the three kings—you know—'We three kings of Orient are'"

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David's Star Of Bethlehem

A Story

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

SCOTT CARSON reached home in a bad humor. Nancy, slipping a telltale bit of red ribbon into her workbasket, realized this as soon as he came in.

It was the twenty-first of December, and a white Christmas was promised. Snow had been falling for hours, and in most of the houses wreaths were already in the windows. It was what one calls "a Christmasy-feeling day," yet, save for that red ribbon in Nancy's basket, there was no sign in the Carson home of the approaching festival.

Scott said, kissing her absent-mindedly and slumping into a big chair, "This snow is the very limit. If the wind starts blowing there'll be a fierce time with the traffic. My train was twenty minutes late as it is, and— There's the bell. Who can it be at this hour? I want my dinner."

"I'll go to the door," said Nancy hurriedly, as he started up. "Selma's putting dinner on the table now."

Relaxing into his chair Scott heard her open the front door, say something about the storm and, after a moment, wish someone a Merry Christmas.

A Merry Christmas! He wondered that she could say it so calmly. Three years ago on Christmas morning, they had lost their boy—swiftly—terribly—without warning. Meningitis, the doctor said. Only a few hours before the child had seemed a healthy, happy youngster, helping them trim the tree; hoping, with a twinkle in the brown eyes so like his mother's, that Santa Claus would remember the fact that he wanted skis! He had gone happily to bed after Nancy had read them "The Night Before Christmas," a custom of early childhood's days that the eleven-year-old lad still clung to. Later his mother remembered, with a pang, that when she kissed him good night he had said his head felt "kind of funny." But she had left him light-heartedly enough and gone down to help Scott fill the stockings. Santa had not forgotten the skis; but Jimmy never saw them.

Three years—and the memory still hurt so much that the very thought of Christmas was agony to Scott Carson. Jimmy had slipped away just as the carolers stopped innocently beneath his window, their voices rising clear and penetrating on the dawn-sweet air:

"Silent night—holy night. . . ."

Scott arose suddenly. He *must* not live over that time again. "Who was it?" he asked gruffly as Nancy joined him, and understanding the gruffness she answered tactfully, "Only the expressman."

"What'd he bring?"

"Just a—a package."

"One naturally supposes that," replied her husband, with a touch of sarcasm. Then, suspicion gripping him, he burst out, "Look here! If you've been getting a Christmas gift for me, I—I won't have it. I told you I wanted to forget Christmas. I—"

"I know, dear," she broke in hastily. "The package was only from Aunt Mary."

"Didn't you tell her we weren't keeping Christmas?" he demanded irritably.

"Yes, Scott; but—but you know Aunt Mary! Come now, dinner's on and I think it's a good one. You'll feel better after you eat."

But Scott found it unaccountably hard to eat; and later, when Nancy was reading aloud in an effort to soothe him, he could not follow. She had chosen something humorous and diverting; but in the midst of a paragraph he spoke, and she knew that he had not been listening.

"Nancy," he said, "is there any place—any place on God's earth where we can get away from Christmas?"

She looked up, answering with sweet gentleness, "It would be a hard place to find, Scott."

HE FACED her suddenly: "I feel as if I couldn't stand it—the trees—the carols—the merrymaking, you know. Oh, if I could only sleep this week away! But . . . I've been thinking. . . . Would—would you consider for one moment going up to camp with me for a day or two? I'd go alone, but—"

"Alone!" she echoed. "Up there in the wilderness at Christmas time? Do you think I'd let you?"

"But it would be hard for you, dear, cold and uncomfortable. I'm a brute to ask it, and yet—"

Nancy was thinking rapidly. They could not escape Christmas, of course. No change of locality could make them forget the anniversary of the day that Jimmy went away. But she was worried about Scott, and the change of scene might help him over the difficult hours ahead. The camp, situated on the mountain a mile from any neighbors, would at least be isolated. There was plenty of bedding, and a big fireplace. It was worth trying.

She said, cheerfully, "I'll go with you, dear. Perhaps the change will make things easier for both of us."

This was Tuesday, and on Thursday afternoon they stepped off the northbound train and stood on the platform watching it vanish into the mountains. The day was crisp and cold. "Two above," the station master told them as they went into the box of a station and moved instinctively toward the red-hot "air-tight" which gave forth grateful warmth.

"I sent a telegram yesterday to Clem Hawkins, over on the mountain road," said Scott. "I know you don't deliver a message so far off; but I took a chance. Do you know if he got it?"

"Yep. Clem don't have a 'phone, but the boy come down for some groceries and I sent it up. If I was you, though, I'd stay to the Central House. Seems as if it would be more cheerful—Christmas time."

"I guess we'll be comfortable enough if Hawkins airs out, and lights a fire," replied Scott, his face hardening at this innocent mention of the holiday. "Is there anyone around here who'll take us up? I'll pay well for it, of course."

"Iry Morse'll go; but you'll have to walk from Hawkinses. The road ain't dug out beyond. . . . There's Iry now. You wait, an' I'll holler to him. Hey, Iry!" he called, going to the door, "Will you carry these folks up to Hawkinses? They'll pay for it."

"Iry," a ruddy-faced young farmer, obligingly appeared, his gray work horse hitched to a one-seated sleigh of ancient and uncomfortable design.

"Have to sit three on a seat," he explained cheerfully; "but we'll be all the warmer for it. Tuck the buffalo robe 'round the lady's feet, mister, and you and me'll use the horse blanket. Want to stop to the store for provisions?"

"Yes. I brought some canned stuff, but we'll need other things," said Nancy. "I've made a list."

"Well, you got good courage," grinned the station master. "I hope you don't get froze to death up in the woods. Merry Christmas to yer, anyhow!"

"The same to you!" responded Nancy, smiling; and noted with a stab of pain that her husband's sensitive lips were trembling.

UNDER Ira's cheerful conversation, however, Scott relaxed. They talked of crops, the neighbors, and local politics—safe subjects all; but as they passed the district school, where a half-dozen sleighs or flivvers were parked, the man explained: "Folks decoratin' the school for the doin's to-morrow afternoon. Christmas tree for the kids, and pieces spoke, and singin'. We got a real live schoolma'am this year, believe *me!*"

They had reached the road that wound up the mountain toward the Hawkins farm, and as they plodded on, a sudden wind arose that cut their faces. Snow creaked under the runners, and as the sun sank behind the mountain Nancy shivered, not so much with cold as with a sense of loneliness and isolation. It was Scott's voice that roused her:

"Should we have brought snowshoes?

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I didn't realize that we couldn't be carried all the way."

"Guess you'll get there all right," said Ira. "Snow's packed hard as a drumhead, and it ain't likely to thaw yet a while. Here you are," as he drew up before the weatherbeaten, unpainted farmhouse. "You better step inside a minute and warm up."

A shrewish-looking woman was already at the door, opening it but a crack, in order to keep out fresh air and cold.

"I think," said Nancy, with a glance at the deepening shadows, "that we'd better keep right on. I wonder if there's anybody here who'd help carry our bags and provisions."

"There ain't," answered the woman, stepping outside and pulling a faded gray sweater around her shoulders. "Clem's gone to East Conroy with the eggs, and Dave's up to the camp keepin' yer fire goin'. You can take the sled and carry yer stuff on that. There 'tis, by the gate. Dave'll bring it back when he comes. An' tell him to hurry. Like as not, Clem won't get back in time fer milkin'."

"I thought Dave was goin' to help Teacher decorate the school this afternoon," ventured Ira. He was unloading their things as he spoke and roping them to the sled.

"So'd he," responded the woman; "but there wa'n't no one else to light that fire, was they? Guess it won't hurt him none to work for his livin' like other folks. That new schoolma'am, she thinks o' nothin' but—"

"Oh, look here!" said the young man, straightening up, a belligerent light in his blue eyes, "it's Christmas! Can Dave go back with me if I stop and milk for him? They'll be workin' all evenin'—lots o' fun for a kid like him, and—"

"No, he can't!" snapped the woman. "His head's enough turned now with speakin' pieces and singin' silly songs. You better be gettin' on, folks. I can't stand here talkin' till mornin'."

SHE slammed the door, while Ira glared after her retreating figure, kicked the gate post to relieve his feelings, and then grinned sheepishly.

"Some grouch! Why, she didn't even ask you in to get warm! Well, I wouldn't loiter if I was you. And send that kid right back, or he'll get worse'n a tongue-lashin'. Well, good-by to you, folks. Hope you have a merry Christmas."

The tramp up the mountain passed almost entirely in silence, for it took their united energy to drag the sled up that steep grade against the wind. Scott drew a breath of relief when they beheld the camp, a spiral of smoke rising from its big stone chimney like a welcome promise of warmth.

"Looks good, doesn't it? But it'll be dark before that boy gets home. I wonder how old—"

They stopped simultaneously as a clear, sweet voice sounded from within the cabin:

"Silent night . . . holy night . . ."

"My God!"

Scott's face went suddenly dead white. He threw out a hand as if to brush something away, but Nancy caught it in hers, pulling it close against her wildly beating heart.

"All is calm . . . all is bright."

The childish treble came weirdly from within, while Nancy cried, "Scott—dearest, don't let go! It's only the little boy singing the carols he's learned in school. Don't you see? Come! Pull yourself together. We must go in."

EVEN as she spoke the door swung open, and through blurred vision they beheld the figure of a boy standing on the threshold. He was a slim little boy with an old, oddly wistful face, and big brown eyes under a thatch of yellow hair.

"You the city folks that was comin' up? Here, I'll help carry in yer things."

Before either could protest he was down on his knees in the snow, untying Ira's knots with skillful fingers. He would have lifted the heavy suit case himself, had not Scott, jerked back to the present by the boy's action, interfered.

"I'll carry that in." His voice sounded queer and shaky. "You take the basket. We're late, I'm afraid. You'd better hurry home before it gets too dark. Your mother said—"

"I don't mind the dark," said the boy quietly, as they went within. "I'll coast most o' the way down, anyhow. Guess you heard me singin' when you come along." He smiled, a shy, embarrassed smile as he explained: "It was a good chance to practice the Christmas carols. They won't let me, 'round home. We're goin' to have a show at the school to-morrow. I'm one o' the three kings—you know—'We three kings of Orient are.' I sing the first verse all by myself," he added with childish pride.

There followed a moment's silence. Nancy was fighting a desire to put her arms about the slim boyish figure, while Scott had turned away, unbuckling the straps of his suit case with fumbling hands. Then Nancy said, "I'm afraid we've kept you from helping at the school this afternoon. I'm so sorry."

The boy drew a resigned breath that struck her as strangely unchildlike.

"You needn't to mind, ma'am. Maybe they wouldn't have let me go anyway; and I've got to-morrow to think about. I—I been reading one o' your books. I like to read."

"What book was it? Would you like to take it home with you for a—" She glanced at Scott, still on his knees by the suit case, and finished hurriedly—"a Christmas gift?"

"Gee! Wouldn't I!" His wistful eyes brightened, then clouded. "Is there a place maybe where I could hide it 'round here? They don't like me to read much to home. They" (a hard look crept into his young eyes), "they burned up the book Teacher gave me a while back. It was 'David Copperfield,' and I hadn't got it finished."

THERE came a crash as Scott, rising suddenly, upset a chair. The child jumped, and then laughed at himself for being startled.

"Look here, sonny," said Scott huskily, "you must be getting home. Can you bring us some milk to-morrow? I'll find a place to hide your book and tell you about it then. Haven't you got a warmer coat than this?"

He lifted a shabby jacket from the settle and held it out while the boy slipped into it.

"Thanks, mister," he said. "It's hard gettin' it on because it's tore inside. They's only one button," he added, as Scott groped for them. "She don't get much time to sew 'em on. I'll bring up the milk to-morrow mornin'. I got to hurry now or I'll get fits! Thanks for the book, ma'am. I'd like it better'n anything. Good night."

Standing at the window Nancy watched

Scott's face went suddenly dead white. He threw out a hand as if to brush something away, but Nancy caught it in hers

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"No, he can't!" snapped the woman. "His head's enough turned now with speakin' pieces and singin' silly songs"

him start out in the fast descending dusk. It hurt her to think of that lonely walk; but she thrust the thought aside and turned to Scott, who had lighted a fire on the hearth and seemed absorbed in the dancing flames.

"That's good!" she said cheerfully. "I'll get things started for supper, and then make the bed. I'm weary enough to turn in early. You might bring me the canned stuff in your suit case, Scott. A hot soup ought to taste good to-night."

She took an apron from her bag and moved toward the tiny kitchen. Dave evidently knew how to build a fire. The stove lids were almost red, and the kettle was singing. Nancy went about her preparations deftly, tired though she was from the unaccustomed tramp, while Scott opened a can of soup, toasted some bread, and carried their meal on a tray to the settles before the hearthfire. It was all very cozy and "Christmasy," thought Nancy, with the wind blustering outside and the flames leaping up the chimney. But she was strangely quiet. The thought of that lonely (*Continued on page 98*)

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Ten Things The Boss Doesn't Know About Us

THE following information is copied from my last year's income tax return:

Business position: Chief clerk in a manufactory. Total income from all sources: $6,250.

Married: Yes.

Dependents under 21 years of age: Two.

While the Government does not require the taxpayer to state his age, I shall complete the picture by stating that I am forty-five.

It seems only fair to begin my story with this frank portrayal, for there will be some readers who will say: "What's the use of listening to a middle-aged chief clerk?"

Such readers have a right to be warned at the outset so that they can pass on to something more to their taste. But there are others who may find my thoughts interesting. Most of them will be employees, like myself; but I hope a few will be bosses. For in the articles I have read it is always the Boss who tells how he picks men and why, or the reasons for firing them, or the different traits which distinguish profitable from unprofitable subordinates. But what a lot of things there are which we, who may never be bosses, know, that the bosses ought to know, and don't!

Partly because I was the youngest of the family, partly because my health was never robust, I was surrounded from babyhood with a solicitude which was as poisonous as it was kind. The other boys rode the farm horses, tumbled down from the hay mow, jumped fences, camped in the woods at night, and disported themselves as healthy boys should. But I must not ride, for fear that I might fall. I must not camp out, because the night air was dangerous.

Everything possible was done to kill my initiative, to prevent me from ever taking a chance. As I grew older I realized that my mother was afraid of life, and she passed that fear on to me as a heritage.

I mention these things casually and by way of explanation. But I want no sympathy, and I am entitled to none. I know that I shall never be anything bigger in business than I now am. But, whatever the world may think about my career, if such it can be called, I know in my own heart that I am a success, in spite of my limitations. I am a success because I have learned that success is not a matter of position or money; it is a point of view, a philosophy of living, an inner peace. One has to live quite a number of years to find this out; at least, I had to.

With good health, I shall hold my position for another ten or fifteen years. By that time my children will be started in the world, and my wife and I can retire to the little place in the country for which we have been paying month by month. But I shall retire as an ex-chief clerk.

However, this is to be an article about Bosses, and I have already talked too much about myself.

My first employer was a graduate of the little fresh-water college to which I went because my parents wanted me to be a "white collar" man. I met him when he returned for his twenty-fifth reunion. We green youngsters of the graduating class were greatly impressed by his outward evidences of prosperity and by his big talk about his "interests."

He dropped into my room on the evening after Commencement, when I was packing my trunk and wondering where I should go from there. Settling himself on the edge of the bed, he lit a large cigar and viewed the proceedings with benevolent interest. It required little encouragement on my part to start him talking, and before the evening was over he had offered me a job. Just what my duties were to be was not altogether clear to me, but he conveyed the comforting idea that somehow he was going to "make me." My life problems, therefore, seemed settled at the very outset. I had found a wonderful boss and my future was in his hands.

However, the "interest" to which my employer had referred so grandiosely proved to be a very little factory in one corner of a very large factory building. But his letter-heads bore a picture of the *whole* building. This white lie was typical of all his operations. Always his imagination ran a bit ahead of his veracity. The things he told you as facts to-day were not facts, but only hopes. Yet they were very real to him, so real that he would have been astounded had anyone accused him of prevarication.

ONE night, after I had been employed by him for a couple of months, he found me working in the office all alone, and took the occasion to open his heart. He was getting along in years, he said, and his hope was that he might retire before very long and turn the business over to his "boys." The thing that had prevented him from this benevolent course was the lack of any associate who could head up the enterprise. That lack was now filled by me, for I was young, a college man, and he would train me to be his successor.

I left the office that night in a spirit of high exaltation, which continued for four days, until I inadvertently confided my secret to one of the other men in the office. Then my balloon collapsed, for I discovered that there were at least five others who had been taken up onto the mountain top and given the business as their inheritance.

The instance is symbolic of his whole career. Old customers left him by the back door as fast as he could bring in new ones at the front, for his present service was always skimmed by the large measure of his future promises. His employees left him without compunction whenever a better chance came their way. Those who remained were a pathetic group who had stayed too long and had lost the courage to make a change. When the collapse came their lot was pitiful indeed, especially as some of them had put their life's savings into the stock.

The boss passed out ten years ago, just a few steps ahead of the sheriff. His money was gone; his friends had drifted away; the people who had believed in his dreams had lost their investments. But he died still believing.

A fascinating, tragic figure, this first boss of mine. He taught me the hard truth that the imagination, which is such a wonderful servant when under control, can be a man's undoing if it gets the upper hand. With a little less belief in the future, and a lot more hard work in the present, he could have been a great citizen.

MY SECOND boss was the son of a rich man who had bought the boy a daily newspaper. I stayed in that job two years, until the opposition paper, which was run by a hard-headed, experienced ex-reporter bought us out for a song and "consolidated" us.

We had all the advantage of plenty of money, better equipment, social connections; but the opposition had the one great asset which overshadowed all others —it understood human nature. Our young boss didn't have the sense to put a practical man in charge of his paper—a man who had a grip on the daily lives of its readers—but tried to run it himself. And what that young fellow didn't know about the ins and outs of the newspaper game and human nature would fill several volumes. The cards were stacked against him from the start.

No one can read biography without being impressed by the fact that Nature is a very queer old lady with a peculiar sense of humor. She seldom favors one family for very long, and she appears to take a keen delight in frustrating the well-laid plans of her elect.

This is nowhere more apparent than in the records of the sons of geniuses, of famous men and of the rich. The great man, having won his own laurels, tries to pass them on to his son. He hires the best tutors; he shields the boy from all the hardship and disappointment which embittered his own youth; he lays large plans. With what results? Not one famous man in a thousand has had a famous son. The softness and adulation which surround the children of the rich and famous rob them of the stuff of which strong character is made.

It used to strike me as a bitter bit of irony, this unwillingness of Nature to let her favors pass from father to son; but it is a wise and just provision. The rich man's son may be able to keep what his father has gathered, but he seldom adds to it. His sons and daughters divide the in-

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heritance, and promptly begin the process of losing it. In three generations, or four, the money is all spread around again, and another family has its chance. Thus the game is kept forever interesting, and those of us who have achieved little in our own lives have the consolation of knowing that our sons will probably have a better chance on that account.

All of which is more or less apropos of the almost inevitable fate of this second boss of mine. He knew as little about his employees as he knew about his newspaper. And that was next to nothing.

ABOUT a month before our paper was taken over by its competitor, I called on the president of one of the principal industries in our city. In order to shield myself from possible discovery, I ask the privilege of a little poetic license in saying that the company manufactured shoes. As a matter of fact, it makes something quite different, but I am still its chief clerk and I must take care. The president was a big advertiser in our columns, and a frequent contributor of anonymous articles regarding his own civic activities. The purpose of my call was to straighten out a little dispute over our bills for advertising.

It was a matter which ordinarily would never have come to his attention, but he had issued orders that all emissaries from the newspapers, no matter what their errand, should be shown into his office. He received me courteously, but with considerable reserve, since he was under the impression that we had tried to put something over on him. Fortunately, I had all the facts and, when the debate became a little warm, and he took to commenting on our way of running our business, I spoke up briskly:

"You may be right in your political theories, Mr. Evans," I said, "and you know an awful lot about many things of which I'm absolutely ignorant. But when you talk about accounting you hit me where I live. I'll tell you one thing you don't know, and it is this: your accounting department is absolutely punk."

He gasped and blustered, for it was no part of his philosophy that the boss should be addressed in language so frank.

But I had at my command facts to prove it, and the argument ended in his offering me a place in his accounting department.

"Prove that you can straighten it out and I'll make you head of it," he said. Which he did after a year or two, and subsequently I became chief clerk. And that brings me right back to the place where this story started, so I am ready at last to discuss some of the things which this very representative employer does *not* know about fifteen hundred people to whom he refers so grandly in his public speeches as "my family," a phrase, by the way, which most of us do not like at all.

HE IS a good average representative American boss. That means, first of all, that he is self-made. If we have heard the story of his early struggles once we have heard it five hundred times. He was born on a farm and used to get up before breakfast to milk the cows. (When I heard the story for the first time there were three cows, but the herd has grown considerably in the intervening years.) At night he used to fall asleep with a book in his hand. When he was twelve years old he ran away from home and became an errand boy in a department store. He got the idea that the selling (*Continued on page 110*)

If You Ask Me:

Men must speed up to hold their time-honored rank

FIFTY years ago a divorce was almost a scandal. Now divorce is a commonplace of our national life. There must be a reason—a logical reason—for such an alarming increase in the number of unhappy marriages.

People who delight in theories attribute the increase to prosperity, to poverty, to the restless life, to jazz music, to a newly-developed scorn of law, perhaps to sun spots.

Yet the cause that is most obvious and most prolific of unhappiness seldom is mentioned.

To understand this cause it is only necessary to examine the motives of men and women who marry, and to understand the hopes they entertain when they begin the great adventure.

It is obvious that all those who marry expect by so doing to increase their happiness. It is obvious, also, that the genesis of all divorce is unhappiness.

Now, what is required to make the average normal man happy in the state of matrimony, and what is required to make the average normal woman happy?

The typical American does not marry in the hope of "bettering himself;" that is, he is not influenced by a desire to obtain property, or win a higher place in society, or make himself more secure against misfortune.

He marries because he has found a woman he loves. She may be poor, unknown, even homely; no matter. His love asks only the right to cherish and protect and share life with her.

His masculine pride, however, demands more. It demands the right to feel superior to her. Is he not a glorious male, the lord of creation, and by immemorial right boss of the premises? Very well; he must be respected, leaned upon, and consulted.

Find a man whose wife can beat him at tennis, swimming and bridge—who is better informed than he, and able to make more money, and you have found a man who has little acquaintance with happiness—unless, indeed, he lacks a man's native pride.

Here, then, is half the story: The happy husband, whatever his pride in the glorious and gentle creature who is his mate, must feel superior to her.

The other half of the story is equally simple.

The sex game is a woman's game. While the young man is dreaming of fame and fortune to be won, the young woman is dreaming of a man with fame and fortune who will come a-wooing—an ideal man, brave, handsome and chivalrous. She does not dream of marrying an inferior, or even an equal, but always of marrying a man she can respect, admire, revere. The miller's daughter dreams of a prince.

In other words, the average woman looks upward for a mate—never down. Her normal desire, whatever her skill, learning, and practice in the art of caring for herself, is to find a man worthy of her adoration.

Well, there was a time, not very long ago, when she could find a "superior" without great effort. Custom had made her timid, had kept her ignorant, had denied her the opportunity to develop self-reliance. She needed a man to lean upon. She watered the flowers, did fancywork, developed "accomplishments," and waited. When she was wooed and won, she was happy.

Her nature craves the same thing still; but superior beings are not so easily found. They are, in fact, rare.

This does not mean that men have gone backward, but only that women have gone forward—a great way forward, while the progress of men has been relatively small.

The young woman of to-day who is educated, self-reliant, able to make a living, at ease, and unafraid wherever chance may find her, does not meet many men who inspire in her any feeling akin to awe.

She may yearn for a superior, but she is a lucky girl if she finds one.

If the men would establish and maintain the relation on which old-time connubial felicity often depended, they must, in the vernacular of this bewildering age, "step on it"!

Robt Quillen.

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Only A Cop

Charlie Sands isn't a captain, a lieutenant, or even a sergeant—"I've had chances to move up," he says; "but promotion for me would have meant giving up things I like better for some gold braid on my uniform and a bit more money in my pocket"

By Mary B. Mullett

CHARLIE SANDS is a policeman; *only* a policeman, if you want to put it that way. Just a "cop." He isn't an inspector, or a captain. Oh no; nothing so grand as that. A lieutenant? Certainly not. A sergeant? No, not even a sergeant.

He is just one of the thousands and thousands of patrolmen who make up the rank and file of the New York Police Department; just one of the millions of "plain folks" who make up the background of our lives.

He has been a policeman for fifty years, and he never will be anything more than that. He is past seventy now; and at that age a man doesn't look for a new job. He doesn't even expect promotion in his old one.

Does this make you feel that you ought to work up a little pity for Charlie Sands? If so, you may save yourself the trouble. He needs no one's pity. Indeed, if we were to sum up the net results of our own lives and to compare them with his, many of us would have to admit that he makes a better showing than we do.

At more than three score years and ten, Charlie Sands has the most precious possessions which any human being can gain: health, happiness, contentment, and friendship. If you are able to say as much for yourself when you have reached seventy, you will be a fortunate man or woman.

To be well and happy; to have youth in one's heart and youth always within sight and within hearing; to have sunshine and beauty and laughter; to have friends, literally by the score! If one has achieved these things, one is to be envied, not pitied. And Charlie Sands has achieved them all.

For fifteen years he has been on duty in Central Park. His "beat" has been the Mall; a walk, fifty feet wide, between double rows of trees. At one end is a great paved circular space; and a bandstand with a stone canopy that looks like a huge shell.

In summer, on Sunday afternoons and on band nights, this space is filled with benches, where thousands sit and listen to the music. But at other times, all the year around, it is an immense outdoor playroom for children. Then it is the prettiest picture to be found in the whole vast city; and no band or orchestra that plays under the stone canopy makes any sweeter music than the gay voices and laughter of those hundreds of children at play. That was what I said to myself the other day, as I came within sight and sound of Charlie Sands's kingdom. Don't think I invented that phrase! People call him "the King of the Mall."

Almost every day, from ten in the morning until six at night, the Mall is his domain. He rules it with absolute authority; and no real sovereign ever received more complete and cheerful obedience from his subjects.

It was a day of brilliant blue skies and sparkling sunshine. The big asphalt circle was a shifting kaleidoscope of color; hundreds of little figures darting about on roller skates, or scooters, or their own restless feet.

Around the edge of the circle was a fringe of benches, where sat an imposing array of nursemaids and a sprinkling of mothers; the nurses gossiping in English, French, German; the mothers reading, sewing, or embroidering.

Babies slept in their perambulators, or sat among their pillows, cooing, laughing, bouncing up and down for the sheer delight of using their strength.

But this encircling fringe of grown-ups was not exclusively feminine. It had a surprising percentage of men—young, middle-aged, and old. They were not reading books or newspapers. They were just sitting there, watching little children at play! And as they watched, the mask which most men wear seemed to slip from their faces, and one saw the hidden gentleness and kindness; saw, too, the boy's love of play, which so often, and for so long, lives on in the heart of a man.

This is the picture of Charlie Sands's kingdom. You must see it and feel it, in your imagination, if you are to add up correctly the debit and credit balance of his life.

CHARLIE SANDS was born in New York City; born on the East Side, where the tenements swarm with human beings as hives swarm with bees. There wasn't a blade of grass, nor the cool green of a single tree. Nothing but the pavement, bare save for the dirt of scattered garbage. Only the walls of brick and stone; the roaring Elevated that shut out the sky and deafened the ears; a confusion of sounds, sights, and smells—all of them ugly.

The only playground, for him and for thousands of other children, was the street. Balls were prohibited. There were too many windows which might possibly be broken.

Other traditional games were out of the question. There were too many pedestrians in the way; too many trucks to be

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Just Folks

A MAN asked me, not long ago, "Who is the best bookkeeper in the world?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he answered his own question. "I figure," he said, "that the smartest bookkeeper in the whole Universe is the Recording Angel. And you can bet I'd like to see what he has put down on the page that has my name at the top!"

The Editor of this magazine does not pretend to be in the Recording Angel's confidence. Neither he nor a single one of his readers has any "inside dope" about this biggest of all bookkeeping jobs. Yet each of us, every day, is keeping books on that cross-section of the human race with which we come into contact.

Your mind is a ledger. There is a page for every person you know and for many you do not know, but whom you admire or dislike from afar. Some of these pages are devoted to the rich or the mighty. Other pages are practically blank, because you have so scant an impression of the persons whose names head them.

Many of the pages that mean most to you deal neither with the great nor the near-great; they concern those who have expressed themselves not in dollars but in deeds, not in laurels but in "the human touch." Just folks! Neither rich nor great nor famous; but men and women who have taken the common everyday facts of life—often the poorest and hardest conditions—and have made out of this commonplace material something to help and inspire their fellow men.

Perhaps among its many and varied articles THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE rejoices most in noteworthy recitals of this kind. Such stories constantly are being told in our pages. But in this year of 1927 you are going to have a special series of them, written by Mary B. Mullett, one of your favorites. Every month we will give you a chance to do some human bookkeeping. Read these true stories of "Just Folks," and decide for yourself how they add up.

The first of the series begins on this page. THE EDITOR.

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dodged. So they made up their own games; and their "playthings" were old tin cans; rusty pieces of iron; even, on occasion, deceased alley cats.

There were no nursemaids to look after the babies and the toddlers. I should say not! There were only those pathetic figures in tenement life, the "little mothers;" girls from six to twelve years old; thin, pale, and prematurely worn; cheated of their own childhood, because the burden of caring for their baby brothers and sisters was put, literally, on their own frail shoulders.

In this drama of childhood there was an omnipresent character—the Ogre. At least, if he wasn't always present, he was always threatening to appear.

This menacing Ogre was the policeman—the cop! Almost the first English words which the immigrant child learned to understand were, "Cheese it! The cop!" Mothers terrified their rebellious offspring into obedience by threatening that the cop would get them if they didn't behave.

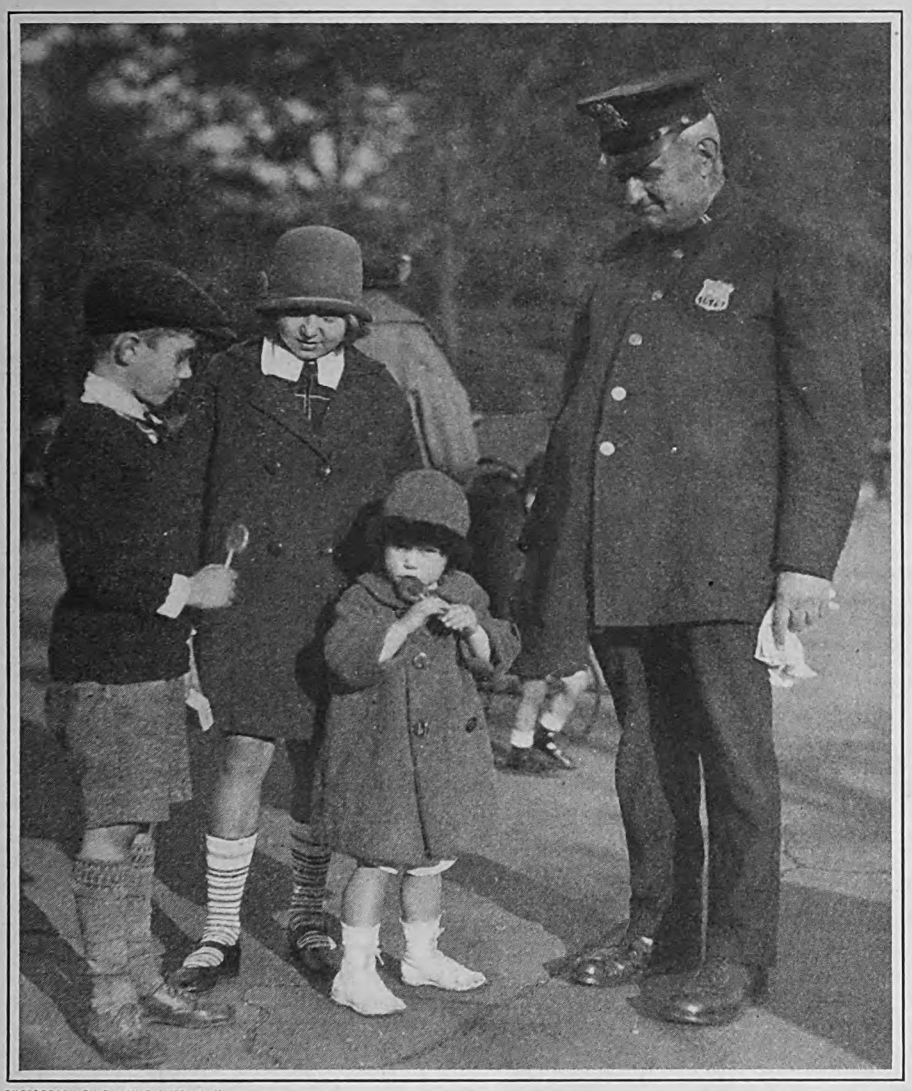
THIS is the picture of Charlie Sands's childhood environment; and you must keep this picture, too, in your imagination, if you are to understand how little he needs your pity, even though he is only a seventy-year-old policeman.

Unlike the common run of royalty, "the King of the Mall" never sits on a throne. In fact, while he is conducting the affairs of his kingdom he doesn't sit at all. A policeman's job, as I soon discovered, is a test of one's ability to stand, literally, on one's own feet. I have had many interviews and under many conditions. But my interview with Charlie Sands is the only *stand-up* one I ever had.

When I reached the fringe of benches which framed that moving picture of children, I stopped to look around for the object of my visit. There he was! A tall, ample, blue-coated figure, standing at one side like some benignant deity, serenely watching the hectic doings of mere mortals.

For the most part, the children played about him as they might have played about the knees of a statue. But every little while, one of them would run up to him—and then I would see the statue come to life. The blue-capped head would bend to the child, but not too much! The king was kindly; but he *was* the king.

After I had joined him, we stood there talking for an hour. It seemed *ten* hours to my unaccustomed feet! And occasionally, for my benefit, he would call one of the children to him: always by name—Gladys, Dorothy, Frank, Bobby, or whatever it might be. He never said anything like, "Here, kid!" or "Say, little girl!" or "Hey, bub!" He knew them as you and I know our child friends—if we are among the lucky grown-up folks who do have child friends.



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER, N. Y.

Charlie Sands and a few of his little friends. Every clear day, hundreds of children play on the Mall in Central Park, New York City, and Patrolman Sands sees to their safety. For fifty years he has been a policeman, and for the past fifteen years his beat has been in Central Park, where he is affectionately known as "the King of the Mall." Mr. Sands has thousands of little friends, and big ones too, in New York

I said that we stood there talking for an hour; but that isn't strictly accurate. We certainly *stood* there for an hour! As for the talking, however, that was an intermittent affair; and as the minutes drifted by, the pauses came oftener and lasted longer.

At first, I was full of questions. Then, gradually, I came under a sort of spell, as if some quiet hand had smoothed out all my restlessness. From beyond the borders of the Park came faintly the sounds of traffic, but softened by distance. And these far-off sounds, by the very contrast which they implied, made our green haven of refuge seem just that much more desirable.

But the real source of that spell was a certain quality in the man beside me. And it is this quality that I want to show you, if I can; for in it lies the secret of Charlie Sands and the reason why I am telling you about him.

The one word in which I can best describe this quality is "*serenity*." I wonder if you realize how rare that quality is. How many of your friends have it? Do you, yourself, possess it?

It is something very different from dullness. It isn't mere placidity, nor quietness of voice and of manner. Have you ever watched a healthy, well-fed animal? That is a perfect example of physical serenity. But the quality I am describing comes from a healthy, well-fed *spirit;* and a good many of us think more about the three meals a day for our stomachs than about giving our souls a good, satisfying diet.

I CAN imagine the puzzled amusement with which Charlie Sands would listen to remarks about a well-fed spirit. Nevertheless, he has one! It "eats and drinks" the things that produce a good "state of health" in his mind and heart.

We are always experimenting with diets for the good of our bodies; giving up certain foods and adding certain others, because we want to be well and strong and comfortable. Why not experiment with a diet that will make us well and strong and comfortable in spirit?

One of the questions I asked Mr. Sands was the obvious one: "How did you happen to become a policeman?"

"Well," he said, "I don't know exactly. When I got through school and had gone to work, my folks thought I'd better be learning a trade of some sort. The one they picked out for me was dentistry—which isn't a trade at all, though I'm afraid that's what it would have been if I had practiced it.

"But I had no (*Continued on page 86*)

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Dot And Will Find Out What It Means To Be Rich

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

OUR crowd got to talking one night about how you'd know when you were rich. Roger Lane said he'd know he was when he could put in a long distance to Chicago, and then wait to ask the fellow at the other end how he was and speak about the weather, without getting nervous, just as though it were a local call. Rosemary Merton said she would when she could let the baby play with the soap in the bath water, and Frank Kirstead said he'd know he was when, if there happened to be half a potato or a spoonful of scrambled eggs left, his wife wouldn't insist on his eating it to save it.

Then we stopped joking and said seriously, we wondered if it wouldn't creep up on you so gradually that you'd get used to having things a little nicer and a little nicer—and there'd always be somebody who had things a little nicer yet—till you might get to where any of us now would call rich, and not even know you were there.

"I don't believe Mrs. Curtis really knows she's rich," I said. "Look at the way she markets for that big house of theirs. I meet her in the cash-and-carry nearly every day, a limousine and driver waiting outside for her while she wrangles over whether carrots are cheaper by the bunch or the pound."

"And the cooking eggs!" said Dulcie, at which we all went into spasms. Mrs. Curtis buys two kinds of eggs, table eggs and cooking eggs; and she always made the servants use the cooking eggs for their breakfasts. But when she got Jennie Durhart, whose father owns the big Durhart farm, to come in and work for her, Jennie wouldn't eat the cooking eggs. She said she'd been brought up on fresh eggs and knew one when she tasted it, which, she'd bet, was more than Mrs. Curtis did, growing up in the city. So, to prove it, Jennie would boil the cooking eggs for the table and the help would eat the table eggs out in the kitchen, and Mrs. Curtis never knew the difference.

It was a letter I had had from Elaine Pepper that started the discussion. Elaine had been in my class, my one year at college, and of all the conceited, snobbish, patronizing cats I've ever known, Elaine gets the brown derby. She'd married a very rich man out in California, and wrote me that she might see me around Christmas time; they were coming East to spend Christmas with her husband's people, and had to go right through Montrose.

"Lita MacEnery writes me that you married your small-town sweetheart, after all," Elaine wrote. "How I'd love to see you again! And Dulcie Dunwoody—did she ever get married? And does she still live near you? We sha'n't be taking a very long vacation, of course—you simply can't imagine how hard it is to pry a city man away from his office, and my husband is one of the very worst. But I tell Gregg that, even if he is one of the directors of about everything in Los Angeles, he has just got to take a little time to play with his wife once in a while. I'm sure he'll be able to arrange for a few hours between trains in Montrose. How I'd love to look in on you in your little home, Christmas Eve!"

I read the letter out loud to the crowd and when I came to this paragraph, Dulcie and I just looked at each other. The letter was so exactly like Elaine.

"What does she mean, 'Married your small-town sweetheart, *after all*'?" Will demanded. "After all what?"

"I'm sure I don't know. That's just Elaine's way of talking," I said, seeing that he was irritated, as who wouldn't be, at being called a "small-town sweetheart."

"Director of everything in Los Angeles!" Dulcie mimicked. "If Elaine married a traffic cop, she'd say he was city director of traffic. 'Did Dulcie Dunwoody *ever get* married?' As though I'd been trying to for years! She knows very well I'm married, sends me a Christmas card every year addressed to 'Mrs. Roger Lane'!"

That was Elaine Pepper all over. There never was a girl who could make so many people mad in one paragraph, all the time being as sweet as honey.

"'How I'd love to look in on you in your little home!'" I reread disgustedly. "How does Elaine know I haven't got a house as big as the new Union Depot?"

"She doesn't," said Dulcie. "She just takes it for granted that everybody's life but her own is the short and simple annals of the poor. She gives me a pain."

"It's people like Elaine that make you feel you'd give anything to be rich, just to show them," I said, which was what started our discussion about being rich.

AS WILL and I were walking home that night—we'd all been at the Kirsteads'—I said:

"If Elaine really does stop off here I'll have to invite her for lunch or dinner or something. I suppose I really ought to give a party. That's what most of the girls do when anybody they've known in college comes through or visits them."

"Well, why don't you?" said Will.

"I suppose I ought to," I agreed.

There was a little pause. And then:

"While you're doing it, make it a good one," said Will.

I had to smile at that, the kind of smile that every married woman knows, sort of behind your hand, so to speak. For it was so funny to hear Will say a thing like that. He usually has no use for putting on dog in any way, prides himself on the "just-put-on-another-plate" stuff. And here he was, actually egging me on to have the kind of party that would impress Elaine Pepper. I suppose every man's got his sore spots, though, and Elaine's "your small-town sweetheart" certainly hit one of Will's.

"Of course I can have a party of some sort and have all the crowd," I said. "But I don't see how I can spring anything so very fancy, now that I can't get Ella Crowninshield any more to come and serve. You couldn't have a dinner party elaborate enough to impress a girl like Elaine, if she knew you got it yourself. It's just like making your own clothes—you may make a dress that is as smart as anything you could buy in Paris, and if she thought it had come from Paris she'd rave over its being so smart and exclusive and everything; but if she knew you'd made it, yourself, she'd just smile patronizingly and say, "My, aren't you handy with your needle!"

WE WALKED on a little way in silence, and I thought Will had let the subject drop right out of his mind. But no; suddenly he suggested:

"Well, why don't you have a dinner party, and have Mrs. Whiting?"

"Oh, Will!" I gasped, the mere suggestion hitting me amidships, as it were.

Mrs. Whiting is a caterer, the only one in Montrose. The rich Harvester crowd have her sometimes for their parties, and when people like the Scoggins or the Curtises give a dinner party, they have her. She does the cooking herself, but she brings a colored man with her who wears a crisp white coat and opens the door and waits on the table like a million dollars. I'd always thought of Mrs. Whiting as being as far out of my class as a private airplane.

"Suppose it costs fifteen dollars besides the food," said Will largely, "it wouldn't break us. It's not like taking on a running expense; it would only be for the once."

Well, when it comes to anything like that, I'm not the kind of pump that has to be primed. The mere suggestion was enough for me. The very next afternoon, I went down to Mrs. Whiting's and engaged her for Christmas Eve. As it was only July, Will asked me if that wasn't being almost too forehanded. Suppose Elaine changed her plans in the meantime, or came some other time than Christmas Eve.

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The one thing that saved the evening for Elaine was showing us the little-finger ring her husband had given her for Christmas, a diamond that looked as big as a soup-plate

"You can't be too forehanded about engaging Mrs. Whiting for around Christmas time," I explained. "With the college people home and everybody entertaining, and family reunions and what not, she's engaged weeks ahead. She was saying just to-day that she did wish she could have some of the jobs she had to turn down last holiday time right now, in the dull season. Along in November, I'll write and invite Elaine very formally, and if she's changed her plans by then, I can just tell Mrs. Whiting, and she'll have calls enough for the extra time." And the way things worked out proved that I had planned right. I invited Elaine the first of November, and she accepted. I told her that I wanted to entertain for her and her husband, and she said they'd make it a point to spend Christmas Eve in Montrose. They could come in on Number Eighteen, which gets in at six-thirty-nine, and go out on the midnight sleeper, and be at her husband's home Christmas morning.

So, six weeks ahead, everything was arranged. I even invited the guests, so as to be able to have just the people I wanted. Dulcie and Roger, of course, and the Frank Kirsteads and the Mertons and Scott and Corinne, just our own crowd. I set dinner for half-past seven, an unheard-of hour; but besides being fashionable beyond words, it gave everybody a chance to get the babies to bed before they came. They all entered into the spirit of the thing, the boys agreeing to wear their dress suits and most of the girls having new dresses for the occasion.

Will admitted that I'd used my bean when I was so forehanded, because we met Mrs. Whiting on the street one day the first of December, and she said she was dated solid; she didn't have an afternoon or evening left from the fifteenth till after New Year's.

MY, THE heavenly freedom of giving a dinner party when you didn't have everything from the fruit cup to the demitasse on your mind! Ten days ahead, I went down to see Mrs. Whiting, and we planned out the menu, and she told me just how much of everything to order and what

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little things, like sage and paprika, I must be sure to have on hand. She would come early the morning of Christmas Eve, and attend to everything, and I wouldn't have so much as to set foot in the kitchen, except to get the babies' dinner.

Not but that I'd be busy enough the day before Christmas. I would have plenty to do with last-minute things and getting the twins' Christmas ready. Of course, being only two and two-thirds years old, they wouldn't really understand what it was all about; but I was going to hang up their little stockings and have a tree for them, just the same.

Then there'd be the house to trim up. Christmas was Tuesday, and Sunday afternoon Will and I would go out to the woods and bring the flivver home full of evergreen branches, and I'd make it into ropes and drape the rooms with it. Oh, I wouldn't sit around Monday and twiddle my thumbs in idleness! But the freedom of not having it on my mind! And knowing that everything would go off perfectly.

Will, appearing from the cellar, said, "Sure, that's the best idea

"IF WE ever get rich, so that I have this sort of thing all the time," I told Corinne a few days before Christmas, "I shall remember how it seemed the first time, so that I'll keep on realizing how lucky I am. I'll never allow myself to get so used to it that I don't notice it."

"Aren't you worried, though, for fear Mrs. Whiting will disappoint you at the last minute? Be sick or something?" Corinne is a born worrier if there ever was one.

"No," I said comfortably. "Mrs. Whiting has built up her reputation by never disappointing a customer—people always say: 'You can count on Mrs. Whiting.'

"She's never sick. And I'm not going to lie awake nights worrying for fear she'll die for the first time on the day of my party!"

So I went blithely ahead, got Will's dress suit out of the moth balls and pressed it and aired it, polished the brass andirons and finished up the gold velour cushions for the end of the divan—did all of the little finishing touches that make a house look just right.

It did occur to me once or twice, what if something should happen to change Elaine's plans, or there should be a train wreck or something that would spoil everything? But a few days before Christmas I got a most reassuring note from her, saying they'd arrive on the six-thirty-nine as per schedule. And then, in the very midst of feeling so safe and comfortable, I had a terrible scare.

Mrs. Whiting came to see me, only a week before Christmas Eve, and asked me if I'd let her off. Her son Jack, who is in the navy, was being transferred across the country and would have three days in Montrose at Christmas.

It was an awfully upsetting thing to be asked, because I knew Jack was her only son, the only person she had in the world who belonged to her, and they were crazy about each other, and he'd been away for nearly three years. And there she was, tied up for every waking second of time; days when she didn't have a dinner that took her all day, she had a luncheon, and then supper for a dance or something in the evening. Not one single minute to be with her boy. And only three days out of three years!

AT FIRST thought I was terror-stricken—it seemed to me that I should have to let her off. And then my common sense came to my rescue. She didn't expect to get all the three days off. As she said, if she could get one day and evening it wouldn't be so bad. And there certainly wasn't any reason why, out of three days, mine should have to be the one.

"And when I engaged you so far ahead, Mrs. Whiting," I reminded her. "I'm sure none of the other people engaged you *in July!*"

She admitted that nobody else had. And the other people who had engaged her were all rich people who had parties all the time; they could afford to give up one much better than I could. So I explained that I was terribly sorry, but that this was a very important engagement to me, and I didn't see how I could possibly give it up. That surely some of her other customers would give up their day. So she said that of course she'd promised me, and she would come.

I knew she would too, and it was fair enough—there was no reason why the person who could least afford to give up should be the one to do it. Of course I realized she asked me first instead of some other customer, just because the others did give more parties, which meant more

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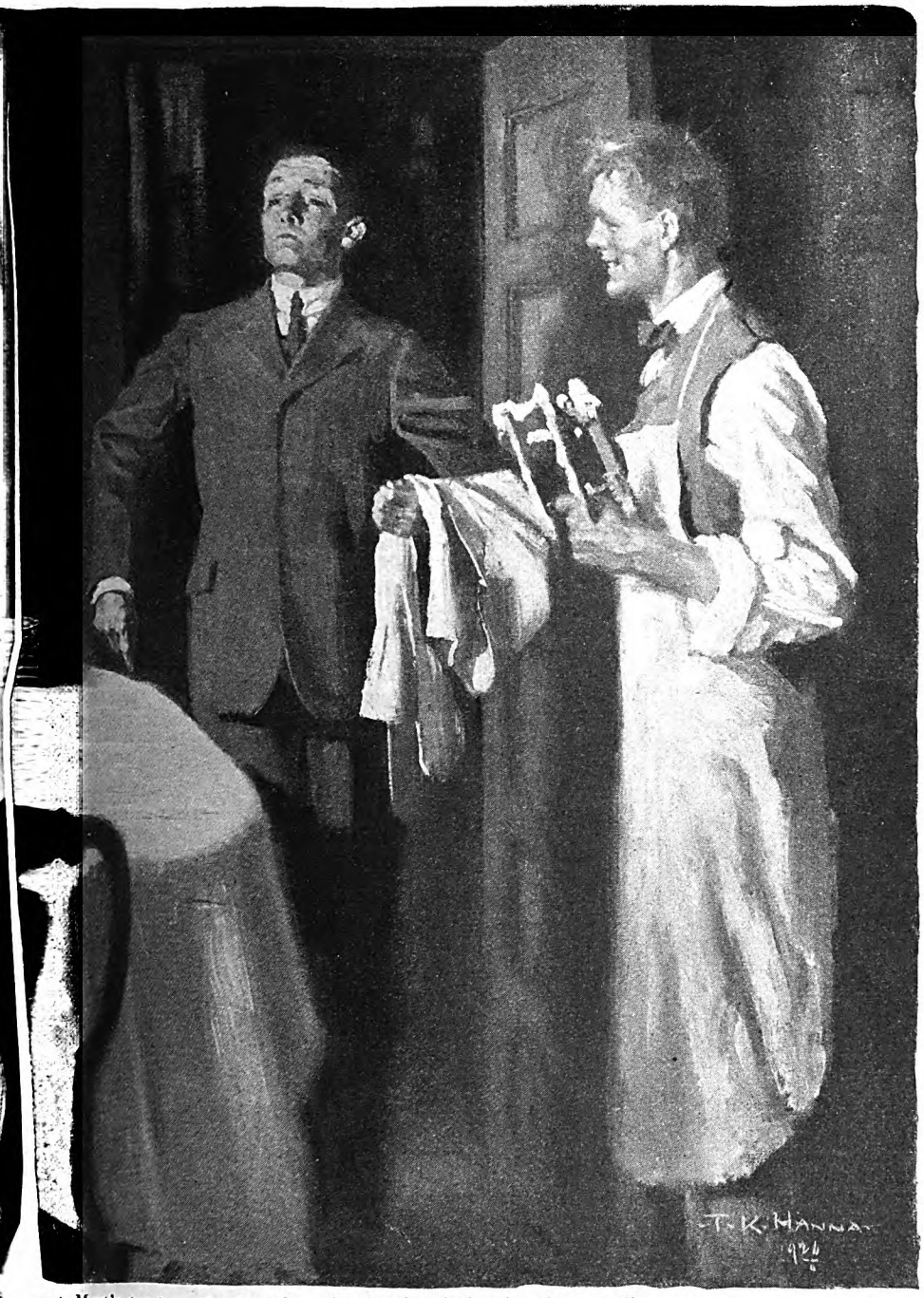

yet. Mert's got just the face for a butler, kind of sad and dumb!"

work for her. But the rights of the thing were on my side, just the same. Nobody else had engaged her in July! Let somebody else let her off.

And it honestly never occurred to me but that somebody else would. I just put the whole thing out of my head, and went on planning for the dinner party.

THEN Sunday morning, the Sunday before the day of my party, we saw Jack Whiting in the church with his old chums, the Harley boys. That recalled the matter to my mind, of course. After church, people gathered in the vestibule talking in little groups, as they always do, and it was evident that seeing Jack there had reminded other people besides me.

I heard Mrs. Curtis explaining to Mrs. Gorson why she couldn't possibly give up Mrs. Whiting Christmas Day, much as she would like to; but her own cook had stayed in on Thanksgiving, with the promise of having Christmas off, and Mrs. Curtis wouldn't dare ask her to stay now. They were having a big family dinner and Mr. Curtis set great store by family dinners. And now that he was so poorly —Mrs. Curtis's eyes suddenly filled with tears. "I don't know how many more Christmases he'll have to enjoy," she said pathetically.

Mrs. Gorson said something sympathetic, and then added that she'd like to have let Mrs. Whiting off, herself, that day, but the children were home from boarding-school and had invited twelve for Sunday night supper, and Clara was too good a maid to take any chances with, such as asking her to stay in Sunday night and get supper for twelve.

"And you know how the young people are nowadays," Mrs. Gorson went on plaintively. "All they want is a good time and excitement. They never want to stay at home a minute. You just have to keep entertaining them all the time, in hopes it will keep them from something worse."

"Where is Mrs. Whiting working this afternoon?" Mrs. Curtis asked.

"At the young Jasons," Mrs. Gorson answered. "They're having a big luncheon. I told Rita frankly that she'd better let Mrs. Whiting off, and just give the luncheon up—they can't really afford half the entertaining they do, anyway. But you know how Rita is. And with Jimmie running after every pretty face he sees, she's more determined than ever to do just exactly what she wants to."

Then they talked a little about how wild young Jimmie Jason was getting, and walked on, leaving me simply sick all over. It was evident that nobody had let Mrs. Whiting off.

WELL, I wasn't going to, that was flat. I told myself, and I told Will all the way home from church, that I wasn't going to. It wasn't my place to; I'd engaged her earlier than any of those other people; they had nifty parties all the time; this was the only one I'd ever had. Anybody would say that it wasn't fair. Just because they, who could afford so well to let her off, wouldn't, was surely no reason why it should be up to me. I just wasn't going to do it.

I wasn't going to do it. I wasn't going to do it. I kept telling that to myself and to Will all through dinner, and all through the afternoon. And all the time I kept saying it, I kept feeling more and more gloomy. I'd think of how she'd feel, Jack home for those precious three days, and then gone again for nobody knew how long. If only I hadn't happened to know that she and Jack were crazy about each other—plenty of mothers and sons aren't; plenty of boys would be only too glad of the excuse not to have to hang around home.

Once in the afternoon, while I was wrapping up presents and my own baby Jack got hold of a piece of tissue paper and held it up in front of him and then looked around it with that funny, roguish look he gets on his face, and said "Peek—boo!" and I caught him up and hugged him, all soft and warm and sweet, I thought of sometime, maybe, when I'd have him only three days out of three years. It was almost too much; I had actually started to telephone to tell Mrs. Whiting she needn't come; but I controlled myself in time.

In order to strengthen my determination, I got out Elaine's letter and read it through—smug, patronizing. There was that "your small-town sweetheart"—Will felt just as strongly as I did about it. I saw Mrs. Whiting's colored man in his crisp white coat, all of us in our evening clothes . . . it wasn't fair. All these rich people had that (*Continued on page 156*)

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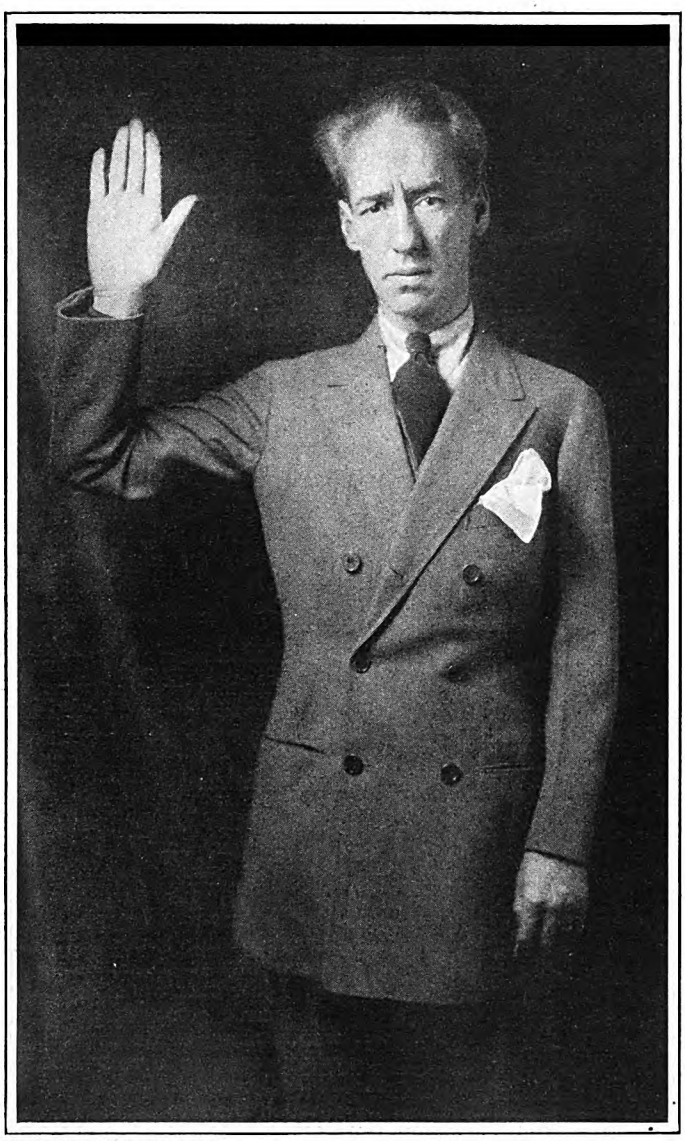
I've Sworn Off Saying "Yes"

By O. O. McIntyre



PHOTOGRAPH BY BLANK AND STOLLER

"Never again will I say 'Yes' when I mean 'No'," says O. O. McIntyre, one of the best known newspaper syndicate writers in America. "All my life I have been an amiable, foolish 'yesser'," he declares, "and the weakness has caused me no end of trouble, and lost for me a great many friends." Mr. McIntyre was born in Plattsburg, Missouri; but now lives in New York City

I HAVE made one New Year resolution which I am praying will click. I have sworn off saying "Yes." Most of my life I have belonged to the spineless breed of "Yessers"—there are many of us—and I have reaped the inevitable whirlwind. It has not been pleasant.

The "Yesser" is almost always in difficulty. He offends when his sole aim is to be kindly. He finds himself involved in a helpless snarl over some triviality, when a firm "No" at the beginning would have cleared the atmosphere like a clap of thunder.

The ability to say "No" at the proper time saves friends, money, and worry. We "Yessers" try to soften the blow, but make it harder. Some people have acquired naturally a calm negative state, but the rest of us flounder around making ourselves and others miserable.

It is in inconsequential matters that most of us "Yessers" adopt the easiest way. We drift along until we are suddenly snagged by the realization we have offended a friend, bought a worthless bond, or even injured our reputation, and for no possible gain for ourselves save the specious desire to be agreeable. The easy-going fellow is always likable and has many fair-weather friends, but he is rarely taken into the firm or given an important executive post.

I know a man who holds down a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year position in China. The day he arrived he was asked to join a convivial party that evening.

"I didn't come over here to play," he said; "I came to work."

The head of a big shipping concern overheard him and was impressed. Three weeks later he sent for the man and gave him a position. The newcomer went like a shot from one job to another until he became general manager. In a few years he will be able to play as he pleases.

My resolve to stop "yessing" was the result of a jolt, not undeserved but nevertheless upsetting. I had joined a group of friends to discuss a proposed jaunt together. All the arrangements were perfected and I had agreed to go.

I departed, and at the elevator discovered I had left my cane. I went back for it. Out in the hall I heard someone mention my name, and then one of the talkers said, "You cannot count on him. He always says yes."

THAT cold analytical view was far more chilling than it sounds on paper—for it was the truth. I had not seriously intended to go and the truth often hurts.

It was the old story. My judgment told me to say "No," and my lips had murmured "Yes." The world makes too many excuses for little white lies. They get you into just as much trouble as big ones.

I was in a business man's office recently when his 'phone rang. In response to a query he replied firmly, "No; I am not interested in that charity. I do not think it gets anywhere. I would not contribute a cent."

Then he talked of other matters pleasantly and hung up. It was easy to realize he was talking to a friend and had not offended. I cannot tell you how tremendously I was impressed by his casual manner. I would have quibbled—backed and filled and wasted time.

FOR many years I accepted invitations to functions I knew at the time I did not care to attend. At the last moment I would wiggle out, and leave someone, who would have accepted "No" at the outset, without a thought, a trifle miffed.

I have often sent last-minute telegrams to dinner parties to which I had been invited from ten days to two weeks in advance, announcing my inability to attend. A polite regret at the start would have been agreeably accepted; but these last-minute excuses often offended.

In one instance I grievously offended a dinner host. A telegram arrived several hours late announcing I would not be there. He replied tartly, "You kept our dinner waiting until ten o'clock. It was a mean thing to do." He was right. When he sees me now he bows coldly, and no regrets of mine, I fear, will ever change that attitude.

I am not parading this weakness for any purpose other than to show, if I am able, its sheer futility. The Editor of this magazine knows I waited a long while before consenting to write about it. It seems the supine in spinelessness constantly to be in hot water over trivialities easily avoided.

If I can save others the mental annoyance I have experienced because of a sheer lack of directness, this article will have more than accomplished its purpose.

Analyzed, the sole object of my vacillating attitude has been to be kind. But it has been far from that in results; and has cost me many hours of sleep and a number of friends.

It is only fair to say I am not a he-Pollyanna, gadding about to shed sweetness and light in a troubled world. I have a streak of selfishness as large as that of the average man. My temper is not always amiable. Yet I do not know of any other person who suffers so much from offending another as I, though this appears to be what I am constantly doing.

There are many homes to which I am no longer invited, and deservedly so. There are also many who consider me totally unreliable in fulfilling engagements. The wife of one of my closest friends recently told me: "You are welcome at our home any time you care to visit, for lunch, dinner, or to remain all night; but I shall never tender you a special invitation."

I do not believe I am a willful prevaricator nor do I believe my friends regard me as such. In matters of importance and in my work I try to cleave to the truth.

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I do not think my derelictions classify me as dishonest. I pay my debts and have never knowingly taken advantage of my fellows.

Yet I continue to quibble in unimportant matters to the annoyance of myself and others. I am not a "Yes-yes man" as we know the term. Editors with whom I deal consider me a little hard-boiled. I have been able to take care of myself.

It is in a misguided consideration for the other fellow that I err, and I have found the land filled with thousands with the same jellyfish tendencies who are constantly rolling up trouble.

TAKE it from one who knows, you never help a person by saying "Yes" when you mean "No."

Indeed, I have never known a person to be offended by a direct and straight-from-the-shoulder reply. In their sudden disappointment they may appear provoked, but in the end you have their respect. As one who has floundered about willy-nilly I have come to believe directness of speech is one of the supremest of human virtues.

Every once in a while I find myself avoiding someone to whom I have given an indirect reply about something essentially unimportant. They had asked me to play golf, and I don't play golf; but I had given the idea that I would take it up just to please them.

A "No" would have meant nothing in their lives but much in mine, for it would have saved me peace of mind. Durable friendships are built on mutual consideration, and such trifling lack of consideration will often mar them.

It is largely true that the friend who is offended by an honest answer is not worthy of friendship.

As a reporter I am politely asked to many affairs. It is all a simple gesture toward the press, and means nothing; but I usually intimate it will be the biggest moment of my life to attend, when, as a matter of fact, I would not attend most of these affairs on a bet, and the hosts, in turn, do not give a hoot in Hohokus whether I am present or absent.

Frankness is such a simple thing, and always effective. I have a convivial friend who suddenly turned from the cup. He sent a little note to his friends announcing his decision to stop drinking, and he says not one of them has ever asked him to take a drink since.

He explained he had never been able to resist the plea to have just "a little nip," and one invariably meant several. Being frank saved him from these invitations.

This ability to be direct in little things is bigger than it often looks. About ten years ago a reporter wired me from a distant city that he had been dismissed, and was desperately in need of a job. It was the period of summer lay-off in New York and I felt certain there was not a job on any of the local newspapers, especially for the stranger. But I was not direct enough to tell him that. I knew the despair of being jobless—nothing quite equals it—so I wired him consolingly: "Will do my best. Don't worry!"

I buoyed him up without good reason. It would have been far better for him to face the facts as they were at the beginning, even though it added temporarily to his unhappy state.

I did scurry around among the few executives I knew, trying to place him. It was hopeless. He waited about a week, pawning everything he owned. In the end, I sent him word of conditions as they were at the start. It would have been fairer to have wired him, when I received his first message, "There is no chance of a job here. Look elsewhere."

It would have saved what happened. Toward the end of his wait, the reporter went off on a spree and was in an alcoholic cure for a month. I feel I was partly responsible. He has forgiven me, but I have not quite forgiven myself.

I can cite an illuminating case in my own experience of directness bringing financial profit to another. I visited a tailor several years ago with an idea I had for a suit of clothes. He was not enthusiastic and tried to talk me out of it.

It was irritating, and I insisted upon my idea being carried out. Finally, he told me quite frankly he did not want the order. "I would lose you as a customer and you would probably cause me to lose other trade," he said.

I left him hopping mad, and another tailor made the suit as directed. I tried it on, looked in the mirror, and promptly gave it to a floor waiter at my hotel, who probably dropped it in an ash can on his way home. It was terrible. The first tailor lost the sale of that suit; but I have bought possibly fifty suits and overcoats from him since.

One of the most popular men I know is a bachelor noted for his blunt speech. He is a kindly gentleman and extremely loyal to his friends; but he can say "No" the easiest of any person I know, and he rarely offends. He salvaged this virtue out of several failures in life.

I once called him up to say I was dropping in to see him after dinner. "I am giving a dinner party to-night," he said, "and it will not be convenient to see you." He was pleasant enough, but firm.

It was like a bucket of cold water, and I left the 'phone in confusion. I decided it would be a long time before he saw me again. He never referred to the matter, but I learned several weeks later that one of his dinner guests was a man with whom I had had a rather serious disagreement. He was saving me and his guest embarrassment, and did not think it necessary to launch upon an elaborate explanation.

I think now he was right. There should be no misunderstanding among friends over directness of speech.

OLDER men, I have found, seasoned by the ripe experience of years are more direct. It may have taken them a long while, but they have found it pays.

E. W. Howe, the popular Kansas philosopher, is as direct as any man I know in action and speech, yet remains beloved by all. I once asked him to an evening dinner.

"I eat my big meal in the middle of the day," he said, "and do not like to sit around a table while others eat. I'll come after dinner." Most men, I believe, would have sat at the table, and perhaps given the host the idea the meal was not appetizing.

I believe it was Chauncey Depew who said he had not learned to say "No" until after he was forty, and it was with the achievement of this virtue he really began to enjoy life.

As I grow older, I am conscious of seeking the companionship of men who are direct. I want them to handle my business affairs and I seek them for advice. That is largely true of most of us, and is indicative of the intangible power directness of speech creates.

In almost every instance where I have loaned money to friends I have had the usual result—the loss of money and the friends. In no case did I want to loan the money, realizing the probable hazards; but I could not steel myself to say "No."

The blunt bachelor friend I have mentioned has an invariable rule for borrowers—no matter how close friends they may be. He demands security and interest for every loan.

When the debt is paid, he refuses to accept the interest. He has never lost a penny or a friend in such transactions, and they have been numerous.

MOST of us can trace a large share of our troubles to a lack of directness in ourselves and others. I spent a lean and depressing year in New York trying to be a business man. I am no more fitted for business than a cat is to play a cornet. My salary was so trifling it was never missed, and I suppose my employer was simply gambling on a prospect, for I came rather highly recommended. He was really gambling on my future, which was, whether he realized it or not, a mean thing to do.

In two weeks he could have told me the truth—blazing away with both barrels. I know at least a dozen men who were turned from the paths of failure merely by having direct employers who told them they were not fitted for the task assigned.

It is far better to be discharged abruptly, and later find suitable activities, than to wear the tag of failure. Most men who lose their jobs find better ones. Their eyes are suddenly opened, and they find themselves. Thousands of employees who have the virtue of industry suffer from a lack of directness on the part of employers. They are permitted to hang on, when they should be cut adrift to seek jobs for which their talents are suited.

Aspiring singers and painters perhaps suffer more from evasiveness than any other class. I once had a distinguished painter tell me in the Latin Quarter of Paris that, of all the hordes of students there at the time, he knew of only twelve who showed any actual talent, and he had been studying their work for many weeks. "The pity of it is," he said, "that no one tells them the truth."

Europe is filled with unscrupulous singing teachers who are always willing to flatter a pupil for the small tuition fees.

Debt is one of the most difficult problems in human experience to face with directness. When we are unable to meet our obligations promptly, most of us suffer sharp twinges of conscience. Somehow we feel dishonest.

Invariably I have found that when a man, through circumstances over which he has no control, is unable to settle a debt at the designated time, he has merely to put his cards on the table to receive consideration.

The head of a credit bureau, extensive in its scope, writes me as follows regarding the matter:

"We do not (*Continued on page 141*)

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"Snap!" Went the Furnace Door And Spencer Got His Big Idea

As night watchman in a sawmill he noticed that the iron door of the furnace heated more quickly in the middle than at the rim—This observation, plus years of patient labor, resulted in a two-million-dollar invention

By Keene Sumner

DID you happen to read, some months ago, that a man named John A. Spencer had been paid one million dollars for a little electrical device which he had invented? You probably did, for the story was printed in hundreds of newspapers.

That story was almost, but not quite, a true one. Spencer did invent a device, which he called the Spencer thermostat. He designed and built the machines to manufacture it. Altogether, he spent more than ten years in perfecting it.

The Westinghouse Company leased the manufacturing rights on a royalty basis. During the life of the patent, which is seventeen years, the royalties will amount to probably more than *two* million dollars instead of the one million mentioned in the newspapers.

But there was one big error in the story. Spencer does not receive all that money! The royalties go to a company which financed and owns his invention.

He will receive a percentage of the royalties, and this will give him a nice income. But his slice of the "melon" is a comparatively small one—five per cent of the net profits of the company he formed, and a substantial salary.

Now suppose *you* had raised a two-million-dollar melon. And suppose that you got only a bite instead of a feast. How would you feel about it?

After you have answered that question, read this story of a man who had to settle it, not in his imagination, but in reality.

"Al" Spencer—for his middle name, Alby, is the one by which his friends know him—is thirty-five years old. He can do almost anything with his hands. He can do extraordinary things with his brain. But his *tongue* is a shirker.

He is a steam engine for work. But in order to get the facts in this interview I had to put him through four hours of the hardest labor he ever submitted to. He is about as talkative as one of the lonely pines in his native state of Maine.

When I asked him where he was born, Spencer gave a puzzled shake of his head.

"It was in a little village north of Bangor," he said; "but I'm never sure what to call it. Some towns, you know, are always squabbling about their dividing lines; and this village was in the middle of a nest of such towns. Sometimes it was claimed by one, sometimes by another.

By turns it was Enfield, West Enfield, South Lincoln—I don't know what else.

"It doesn't make much difference anyway, for my father died when I was three years old, and I went then to live with my grandparents. After that, I moved around so much that I hadn't any settled home.

"My grandfather built sawmills. When his contract took him to a village, I had a chance to go to school; but when he went into the big woods, as he often did, my schooling stopped.

"It stopped for good when I was eleven or twelve years old, for I started to work as soon as I was big enough to lug a water pail. That was my first job—as water boy at a sawmill.

"From that I was promoted—if you want to call it promotion—to washing dishes for the mill hands. The cook had two assistants: the 'inside cookee' and the 'outside cookee.' I was the outside one.

"I washed the dishes—tin ones, of course—chopped and carried wood, and made myself generally useful. But I hung around the mill whenever I had a minute to spare, for I was crazy about machinery.

"I NEVER have taken a technical course in any school. I have learned simply by watching and handling and studying the machines themselves. When I was only fifteen, I was a sawyer in a mill; and that is a job which is seldom given to a man under forty.

"One day the wife of the owner happened to see me, a mere kid, doing this work, and she couldn't get over it. When somebody told her, last winter, that I had got out an invention and sold it for a million dollars, she said:

"'It's no more than I expected! I got *my* big surprise years ago, when I saw him, as a boy, handling the hardest job in the mill. I knew then that he was going to amount to something.'"

This little burst of confidence was so foreign to Spencer's nature that he lapsed into embarrassed silence. I had to prod him into speech once more.

"How did you learn to be a sawyer?" I asked.

"Oh, just by watching and helping," he said. "I was always hanging around, doing everything I got a chance to do. I had a natural mechanical instinct; and I guess I have plain horse sense. By putting the two together, using my eyes and my wits, and always being eager to lend a hand, I learned how to do every job in the mill. The result was that I became a sort of pinch-hitter.

"I might never have invented my thermostat, if it hadn't been for this habit of watching how things worked. I got the germ of the idea back there in one of those Maine sawmills.

"It was when I was a sort of night watchman and had to keep the fire going in the engine-room. During the daytime we used sawdust for fuel; and the furnace was the kind that opened at the top, so that the sawdust could be fed in through this opening. At night we used pine slabs and edgings, which made a hot fire but burned down fast.

"The opening in the furnace had a round iron cover; and this cover would heat more quickly at the center than at the rim.

"The metal would expand with the heat. And since this expansion was greater at the center than at the cooler rim, the difference caused a tension which made the cover bulge in the middle.

"It didn't do this gradually, but all of a sudden and with a loud snap. Then, if the fire died down and the iron cooled off, the cover would snap back again. I could hear this noise even outside the engine-room. It was my signal that the fire needed attention.

"I used to think about this little trick of the metal cover. It seemed to me that the principle which was responsible for it could be used in some practical way.

"I saw the same principle at work in the saws. The big circular ones would heat at the center more than at the rim; and this uneven heating would have made them bulge in the middle, if they hadn't been hammered around the edges before being put in place.

"As I said before, I noticed this and thought about it. But it was years before I saw a way of putting it to some use."

AFTER these glimpses of "Al" Spencer's boyhood, I felt as the wife of his old employer did—not at all surprised that he had made a two-million-dollar invention. His habit of observing and thinking and doing was bound to result in something worth-while.

One of Spencer's friends told me of another field in which young Al trained his powers of observation. At times he acted as guide to hunters in the Maine woods. He was a keen hunter. And here, too, he made good, because he used his eyes and his wits. (*Continued on page 126*)

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John A. Spencer

MR. SPENCER quit school when he was eleven years old, and worked at many varied jobs before he invented the Spencer thermostat, a device for automatically controlling the current in certain electrical equipment. He was born in Maine thirty-five years ago, and has earned his living as a dish-washer, fireman, night watchman, and sawyer in a lumber mill. He has also been a hunters' guide, and has worked in an irrigation plant, a radio company and in various electrical industries. His home is in Revere, Massachusetts.

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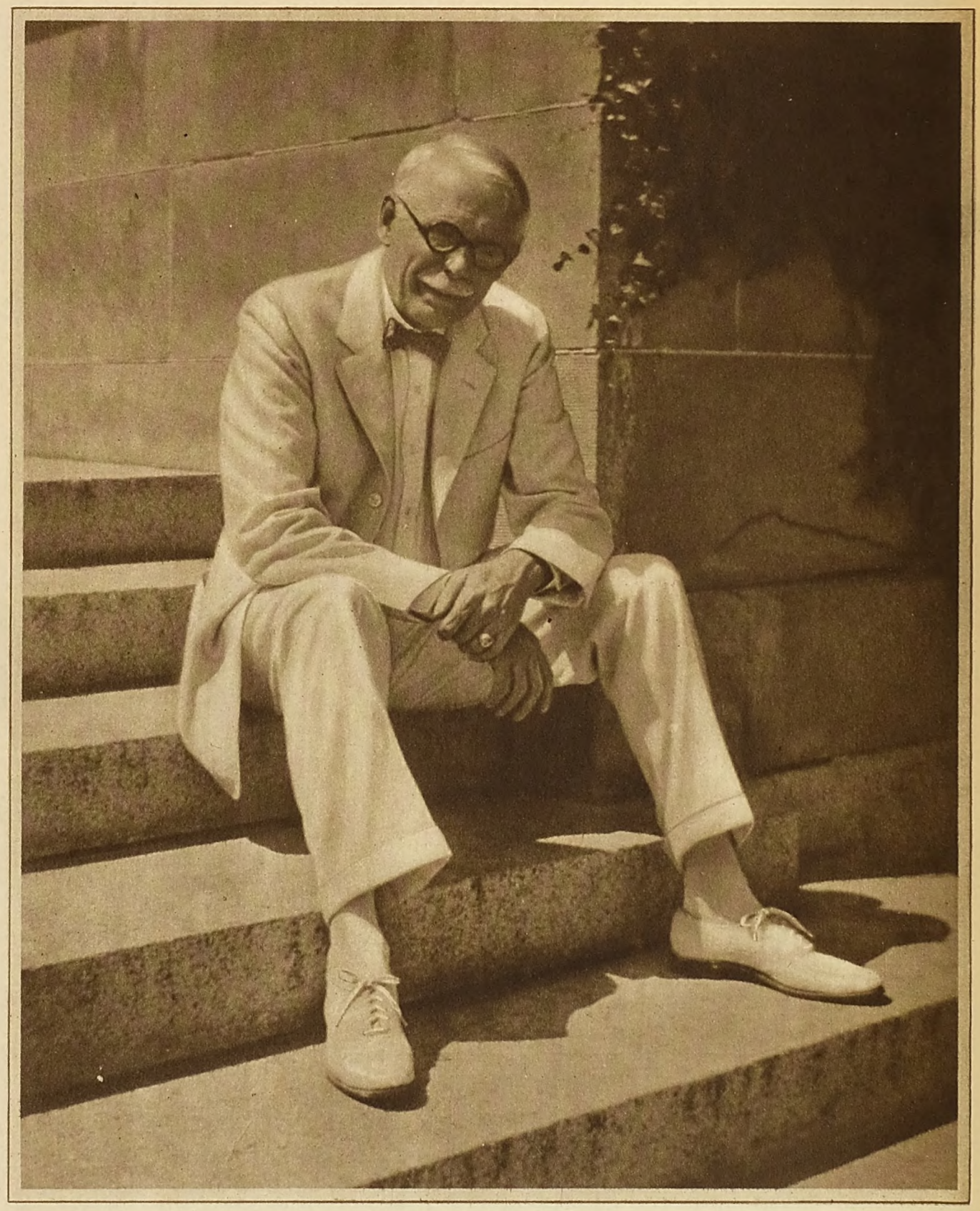

Thomas Arkle Clark

"TOMMY ARKLE," as he is affectionately known to the students and alumni of the University of Illinois, has had an opportunity to see very far into the hearts of the young men and women of this generation. For thirty-five years a teacher, and for fifteen years Dean of Men at the University of Illinois, he has had the friendship of thousands of young people. In addition to his administrative work, Dean Clark is the author of a number of books, including "Great American Authors," "Great English Authors," "The Fraternity and the College," "The High-School Boy and His Problems," and "When You Write a Letter." His home is in Urbana, Illinois.

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Boneheads I Have Known

By Thomas Arkle Clark

WE ARE all boneheads, more or less. Nancy can't sew, for instance, and I've never been able to play the piano. I made one or two serious attempts to learn music, but my progress was pretty discouraging. It wasn't the teacher's fault, either.

"What do you think of my playing?" I had the courage, after some months of daily practice, to ask my teacher.

"Well, you haven't much talent," was his prompt reply; "but you're darned persistent."

I was, in short, a bonehead—at least, as far as music was concerned.

We are wont to argue, and to prove our contention by figures, that the bonehead has little chance of success in the world. And it can be shown beyond question, I think, that a man's scholastic average in college, for instance, is as a rule a pretty safe index to his financial and professional status twenty years after graduation. I myself have often helped to prove it by going over our college records, and I have flaunted the statistics in the face of the intellectual dullard over and over again, in an effort to stimulate his latent energies, when he was sitting across the desk from me trying to justify his lack of accomplishment.

I like to believe that the dullard fails and that the bright boy gets on. I suppose this is partly because I managed in some way to make a creditable scholastic record and wear the symbol of high scholarship dangling at my watch chain. When I grow downhearted and discouraged over the small accomplishments of my life, it is comforting to glance at my Phi Beta Kappa key and to feel a growing confidence that I am bound to succeed.

However, in spite of the theory that the clever and the quick-witted are sure to get there, no matter what business or profession they may take up, and that the slow, plodding dullard must be content with the booby prize, I have known some pretty capable boneheads.

Now, take Meeks, for example. There was no doubt in the mind of anyone who knew him that Meeks was a bonehead. And yet he had an alert, intelligent face that would have deceived the most astute mind reader. He always sat in the front row in my class, and he paid the strictest, most respectful attention to everything I had to say. At intervals he nodded assent to particular statements of mine which seemed especially to appeal to his judgment, and he raised his hand frequently, signifying his readiness and eagerness to recite. He seemed, in fact, intellectually quite on the job.

"Do you understand the principle, Meeks?" I would ask, when I had completed the explanation of some simple problem.

"Yes," he would reply.

"Then explain it to me," I would suggest. But he never could. He could not find the words; his brain refused to function in any logical way. I do not now recall that either in recitation or examination he ever answered a question correctly. He seemed completely a bonehead. The scholastic regulations were not very rigid in those days or Meeks would have been sent to the bench at the end of the first inning. As it was, he hung on for a season or two, and then disappeared.

It was only last year that a middle-aged gentleman called at my office one morning. He was well-groomed, carefully dressed, exact of speech, and on the whole rather distinguished-looking. He gave every evidence of the self-possessed, respected, and able business man.

It was Meeks.

"Do you remember me?" he asked pleasantly.

It was impossible, even with only a trace of human intelligence, to forget Meeks, though when I assured him that I knew him, I hesitated to put it quite that baldly.

He told his story modestly, but it was quite clear that he was getting on very well; in fact, amazingly well. He was at the head of a considerable manufacturing establishment; he had married a woman of education and social experience; he belonged to clubs; he was interested in the work of the schools and of the church in the town in which he lived. He held all sorts of important offices. It was easy to see that he was prominent in his community. He had worked hard; he had character; he was seriously and unselfishly interested in the welfare of his neighbors. Bonehead as he was, he had made good.

"You no doubt thought I got little out of college," he said. "I didn't learn many facts; but I got a vision of things, I had ideals presented to me, I saw that hard work and persistence were necessary if I should accomplish anything."

Meeks made me think that, after all, I might have learned to play the piano if I had kept at it!

I HAD a letter from Johnson a few days ago—a very good letter, too, which of course may have been touched up in spots by Johnson's stenographer. But, even so, it had some thought in it. He is running for office, a pretty important office too, and he wants me to vote for him. From the engraved letterhead, I gather that Johnson is the senior member of a law firm of some prominence and influence.

Now I recall that far back, some years previous to the Spanish War, I attempted to teach Johnson the elements of simple fractions and a few fundamental principles of use in speaking or writing the English language correctly. The boy was old enough to be in high school, and here he was struggling—or at least I was struggling—to get him through the seventh grade. In those days, it was a hopeless task to try to teach him the difference between a noun and a transitive verb, or how many times two thirds were contained in ten; and here he was practicing law, and even his political enemies admitted that he was doing it shrewdly, intelligently, and successfully! He might not be able to do simple arithmetic, or to parse a sentence, but he had an uncanny judgment, and an insight into human nature that was making him comfortably well off.

WHEN I came to college, straight from the farm, Nicholi was running a cobbler's shop on South Neil Street. He was as down in his financial luck as Lazarus, and as stupid, apparently, as a half-wit. No one thought he would ever amount to anything. It would not have surprised me at any time to have learned that he and his family had become pensioners of the associated charities.

It was not through mending shoes that he forged to the front, for he mended shoes badly. But he had an amazing judgment when it came to estimating the value of real estate, and in realizing the possibilities of its future development. He was a remarkably good trader. He could start out in the morning, it was said, with a pair of second-hand shoe strings, and bring up in the evening with a good pair of shoes.

He saw in what direction building was tending. By some financial jugglery, he got hold of a couple of lots on a certain avenue, when no one had any idea that that part of town would ever be a high-class residence district; and he held on to them, and by trading around a little finally paid for them. He sold the lots for ten thousand dollars three or four years ago, and went to Florida for his health—or at least that is what he said he went for.

Last April, a man from our town who had been spending the winter in Miam, came back home.

"Do you remember old Nicholi who used to half-sole our shoes when we were sophomores?" he asked.

"Sure," I answered; "what about him?"

"Well, he's had a town site named for him down in Florida; he's made a million dollars in real money, they say, and a lot more on paper. He and his wife ride around in a big imported car with a uniformed chauffeur at the wheel, and they carry themselves like blooded aristocrats."

"Maybe it doesn't take brains to make money," I said. "A millionaire once told me that it didn't; but Nicholi must have a little gray matter concealed somewhere about his anatomy, even though his head seemed solid ivory when we knew him."

Nicholi was evidently a sort of real estate Blind Tom, who, it will be recalled, was pretty much a flat tire intellectually except when it came to playing the piano.

Whatever (*Continued on page 78*)

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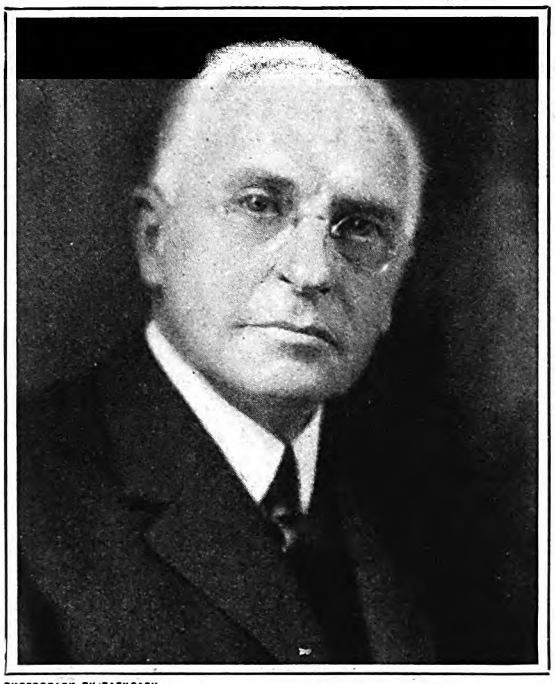


PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH

Dr. Wallace Nutting

"I Never Learned To Live Until I Was Fifty"

The story of Dr. Wallace Nutting, famous photographer of beautiful scenes, and authority on early American homes and furniture—Forced by ill-health to leave the ministry, he turned to the out-of-doors, where he found both health and a new vocation

By Marion T. Colley

IN THE little old-world village of Framingham Center, Massachusetts, there lives a man whom adversity has proved powerless to conquer. He is Dr. Wallace Nutting.

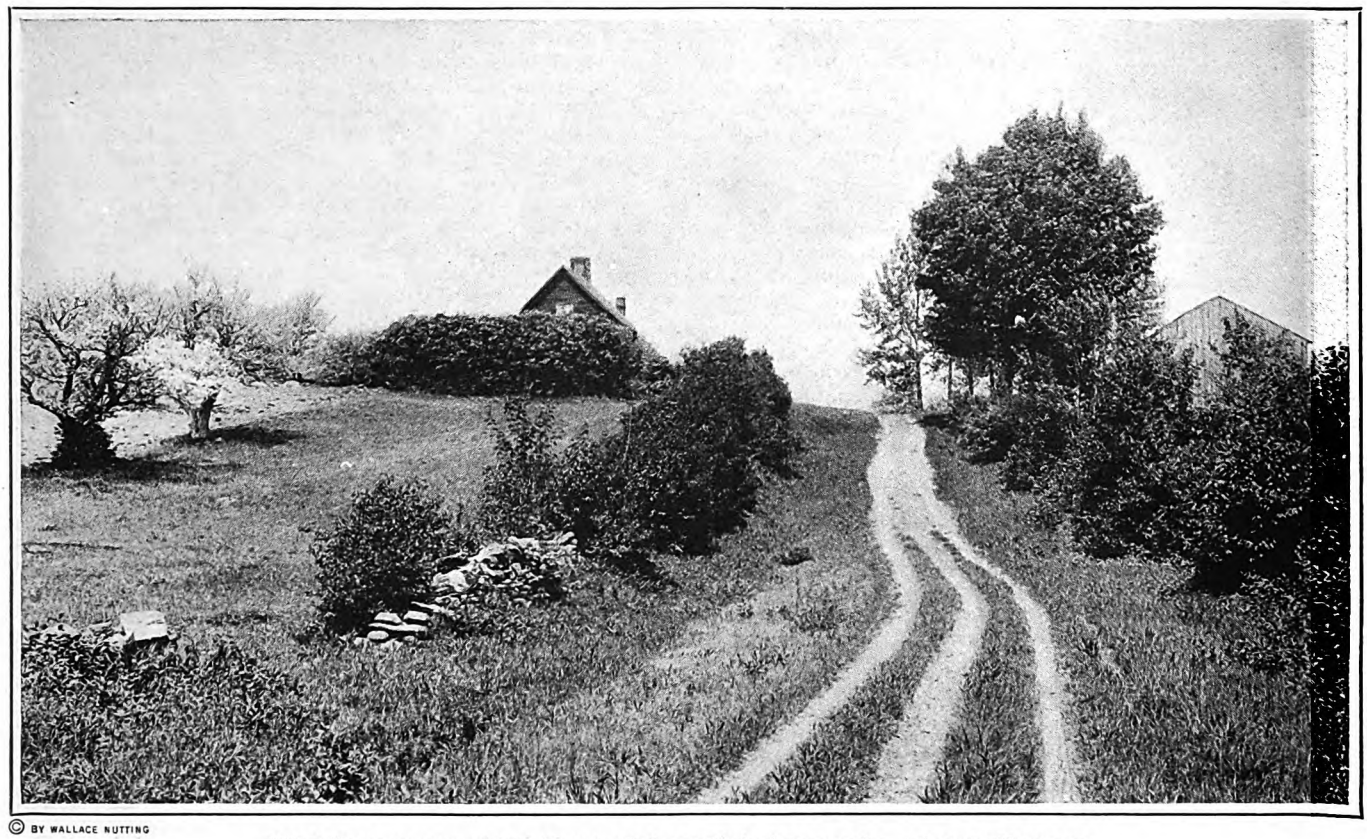
For more than twenty years Doctor Nutting was a minister. Then ill health forced him to give up what to him was a sacred calling. He was forty-six at the time, and for eight years thereafter he never knew what it was to be free from pain.

Yet, within those years, he made a name for himself in three different lines of work, and then, best of all, recovered his health.

Millions know Doctor Nutting through his charming nature pictures. Whoever appreciates the grace and beauty of early American furniture is familiar with his achievements in reproducing certain types of it. His artistic books have become guides to the sequestered, enchanted spots of many states. Few, however, know his life, for he has kept that to himself.

During the years of his ministry, Doctor Nutting preached in a number of cities in the West and East, among them Newark, St. Paul, Seattle, and Providence. His first chapel in Seattle was a barn, erected after a great fire as a temporary place of worship. But so totally inadequate was its space before he had been there two weeks, that the rows of seats were moved closer together to make more room. People stood in the aisles and at the back, for this extraordinarily earnest man had a message to give, and they came to hear it. A larger church was immediately erected, and this, too, was filled to overflowing.

In one week he was called both to Pasadena and to Los Angeles and, in the



© BY WALLACE NUTTING

Lilac Cottage, one of Mr. Nutting's beautiful photographs, taken in Vermont

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This charming and dignified old house near Westchester, Pennsylvania, was once LaFayette's headquarters

very same month, New York and Providence invited him to come to them.

It was in Providence that his health went to pieces. The verdict of the doctors was that unless he gave up the ministry he would die.

"THE thought of resigning almost broke his heart," Mrs. Nutting confided to me. "In those first weeks of his illness, I have seen him go out into the yard on Sundays at the hour of service and, trembling from weakness, stand there and look over at his church with the tears streaming down his face."

Doctor Nutting, however, refers to that experience briefly as the time "when I was turned out to graze—not by the deacons but by the doctors."

At that time, he was supposed to have some serious physical trouble. Scarcely had this begun to clear up, when he had typhoid fever. Pneumonia followed close upon his recuperation from this exhausting disease. The final affliction came to him in the form of an affection of the inner ear which destroys the sufferer's sense of equilibrium, and is accompanied by the most distressing feeling of dizziness and vertigo when the victim attempts to stand. In those years, in going from one part of a room to another in his home, he would sometimes have to crawl upon his hands and knees.

He refuses to talk about these things; instead, he will tell you a joke. No sooner would he recover from one of these illnesses sufficiently to lift his head from the pillow than he would begin to work at something, or to study. The one thing that he positively could not stand was inaction.

But life had never been a time of play to Doctor Nutting. As a very little boy, he had learned what it was to ache in every limb from the weariness of honest physical toil. As a small child he trudged along barefoot in the dawn beside slow oxen, as they plowed the potato fields—prodding them sharply in the sides, from time to time, with the goad he carried, to remind them that they couldn't take forever about the thing. When he was six, he earned material wages in the form of a sheep, for picking up all the potatoes in a six-acre field. Forty bushels was a day's stint.

He knew that when he was grown he was going to be a minister. That was in a way foreordained, for, long before he was born, his mother and father used to talk and dream about him. And always in their dreams he was to be a minister. His father died when he was too young to remember, but the dream lived on, and through every obstacle young Wallace Nutting forced his way to its consummation.

Doctor Nutting is tall and slender and kind. His hair is white, and his eyes very blue and trusting. When he is not talking to you, or showing you the rarest treasures of his wonderful collection of the old Pilgrim furniture of America, there is about him a faint air of remoteness, such as we associate with absent-minded people and dreamers.

"I was born in Rockbottom, Massachusetts," he told me. And he added, with a whimsical smile, "a hard place, perhaps, in which to begin life—but still a good foundation.

"MY FATHER was a most unusual man and an inventor. Almost coincidentally with Elias Howe, he constructed a sewing machine, which Mother used for thirty-five years. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he volunteered, and later became ill, and died before he could be brought back home. After this, Mother took my little sister and me and went to Maine to live with an uncle.

"I was not happy in my new home, for my uncle was a stern, severe man. Being a sensitive child, I was continually wounded by his harshness. I recall his sending me, when I was about five, to get some oats from a storeroom in the barn. I explained that I didn't know oats from the other small grains. He commanded me to shut up, and do as I was told. Unfortunately, I chose rye instead of the right seed. He became furiously angry and, seizing me, dragged me to the house. 'I'll treat you so that you'll never forget again,' he said. His words were prophetic, for not all these years have sufficed to blot out the memory of the punishment he inflicted that day.

"On another occasion, I was thrown

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from a wagon and my head struck on a rock. The blow dazed me for some moments; this incident appealed to my strange uncle as being excruciatingly funny. He laughed uproariously over it and made endless jokes at my expense. Even his humor, it seemed to me, was cruel, though he may not have intended it to be so. He was a gigantic creature, built on the lines of a cave man, and he had double teeth. To the eyes of an imaginative child, he was like the ogre in a story book.

"Mother was very eager for me to have a good education, and when I was twelve she sent me to the high school in Augusta. A very comical arrangement was entered into for my board.

"Uncle sold country produce to the housewives of the town, but he found some of his customers more than reluctant to pay their bills. He now hit upon the novel plan of sending me to the homes of these hopeless debtors to board out the amount due.

"As you may imagine, having a creditor billeted upon them in this high-handed manner was not at all to the liking of these thrifty people. Indeed, the element of cordiality was often conspicuously lacking in my welcome.

"The last debt that I liquidated in this very personal manner was with a boarding-house keeper. Among her lodgers were a number of exceedingly cynical folks whose statements were frightfully shocking to a serious country boy. I felt it incumbent upon me to refute them—an obligation that kept me very busy indeed. This tendency on my part to subject every assertion of others to the acid test of argument was most exasperating to my landlady, who liked her sophisticated boarders. I wore on her nerves and she earnestly desired to be rid of me. There was no way, however, for either of us to effect a transfer until I had consumed the last crumb to which her bill entitled my uncle.

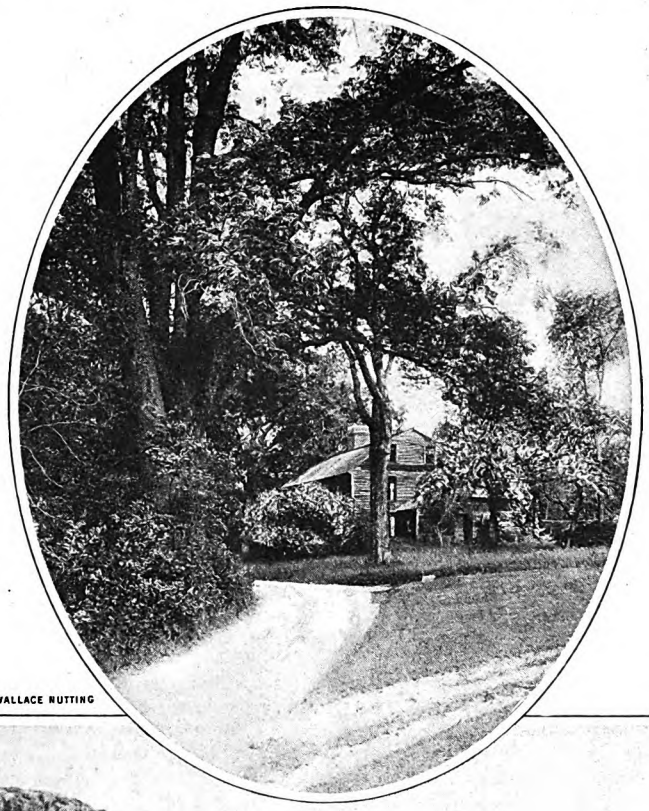
"WHEN I was sixteen, I was the unfortunate object of another of my uncle's rages. This occurrence hurt me so deeply that I could no longer remain at his home. So I left and never went back there again to live. Shortly afterward my mother followed me.

"I had stopped school a year before to clerk in a store; but as soon as I had saved up enough money my longing for an education resulted in my going to Phillips Exeter Academy. Later, I worked my way through Harvard also, and formed many pleasant friendships. I received my training for the ministry at the Hartford Theological Seminary. Early in my ministerial career, I married Miss Mariet Griswold.

"I have known very brilliant ministers who devoted a great deal of their attention to church suppers and entertainments, but with me the pulpit was everything. Often I have sat up night after night trying to put into a sermon the thing that I felt in my soul, and throwing each attempt away as too mediocre. In order to do my best work, I had to become deeply stirred. For this reason, I probably put too much intensity into the effort. After every sermon, I was entirely exhausted. Whatever it amounted to, I had given to it all that I had and was.

"Even now when I preach—as I still do every now and then—I am not very much good for the next day or two. But once a preacher—always a preacher. It goes into you, and you cannot get away from it. I would rather do it than anything else on earth."

After his breakdown, as soon as he was strong enough to get about a little, Doctor Nutting



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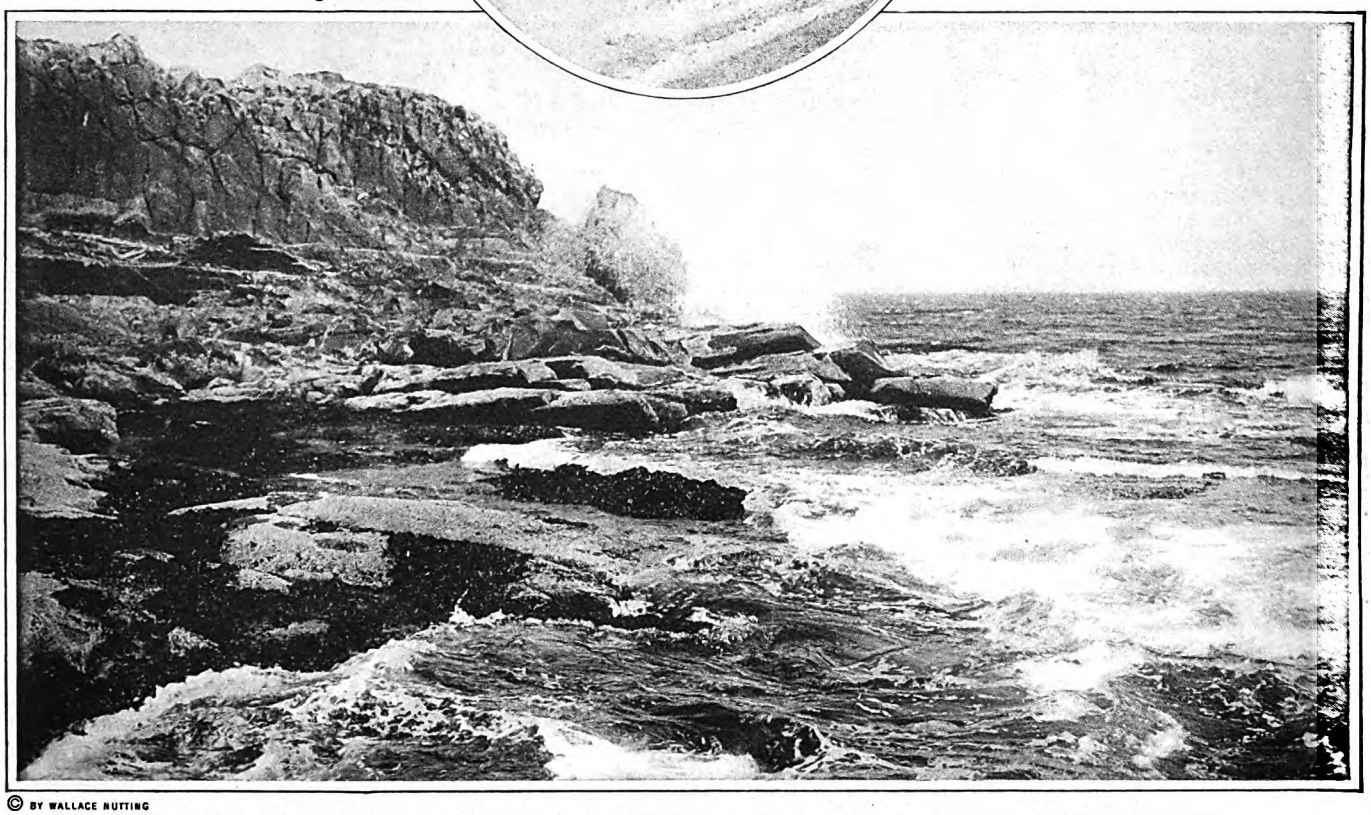

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The Endless Battle of the Sea, photographed off Gloucester, Massachusetts. (In the oval) The Old Brown House in Framingham, Massachusetts, which still speaks of the peace and leisure of Colonial days

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would mount his bicycle and go for a ride along the country roads. With him he took his camera, its purpose being not only to record pictures but also to prevent him from riding at quite so nervous a pace. Absorbed for many years in the spiritual welfare of people, he had forgotten, in some measure, the breath-taking beauty of the world's rebirth each spring. But now he began taking pictures of all the enchantment about him. After a little, he decided that he would try to sell some of these.

"I was compelled to earn my salt," he explained. "You can't live on beauty alone in this material world."

A woman friend suggested coloring one of these photographs, and the effect pleased him very much. He got her to do others, and placed a number of them in art shops. People liked the pictures and they sold. They were studies of familiar scenes: deep shadow-haunted pools, and misty hills; an old stone mill crumbling into ruin on the bank of the river; and apple trees, flaunting their ethereal loveliness against a mountainside, or bending to see their reflection in a brook, or lighting up a quiet country road like a tree with a thousand candles.

BECAUSE they were pictures of the kinds of places that everyone knows and loves, they had the faculty of waking old memories of spots dear to childhood and youth. Passing the windows where they were displayed, people would pause, overcome by their recollections. And then they would go in and buy them.

"In a year I sold so many," Doctor Nutting informed me, "that a few people actually accused me of leaving the ministry in order to make money. In the ensuing years, the demand for my pictures became so widespread that I employed as many as a hundred women at a time to color them. But I never had any technical training as a photographer. I was an amateur who became a professional through necessity.

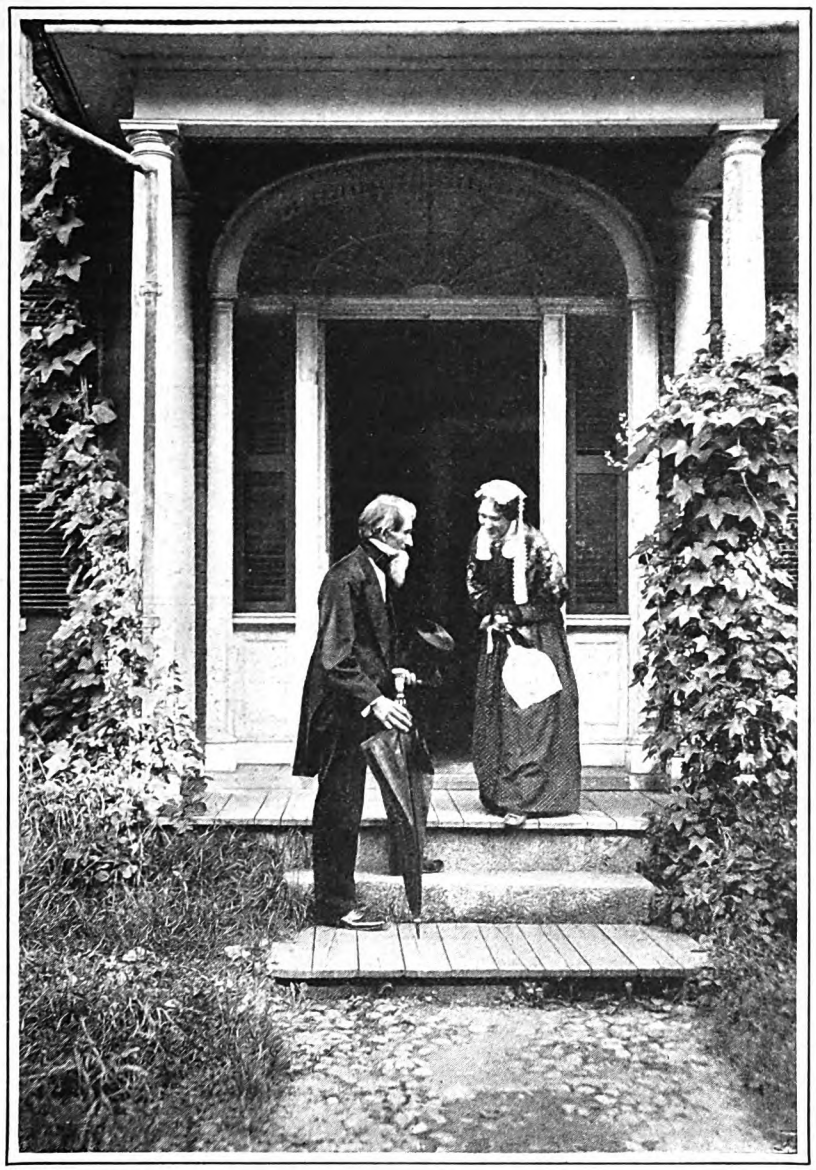
"I had some amusing experiences marketing my first pictures," he related. "Once, during those early months, I took a few prints I had made to an art dealer to see if he would buy any. An art publisher chanced to be present, and after looking over the photographs he asked if I would sell him a hundred negatives every year at five dollars apiece. I readily agreed, and at once went to work.

"When I carried the first hundred to him, however, he fussed over them, picked out fifty and said, 'I'll take these. The others don't interest me.'

"'You agreed to take a hundred,' I reminded him.

"'Well, I've changed my mind; I don't want them,' he answered.

"'Then I shall consider our contract at an end,' I told him. And I packed up my plates and took them away with me.



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One of the New England scenes in which Doctor Nutting has preserved for us the very spirit of the past

"Several days later a merchant who dealt in art objects offered me three hundred dollars for these negatives. As I was badly in need of funds, I let him have them for that sum. Some months afterward, hearing that he was about to fail, I went to see him to find out if the report was true.

"'Yes, it is,' he informed me, brusquely, 'and your negatives are partly responsible. You thought they were very fine, but they've been of no value to us. We still have them on our hands.'

"'Do you want to sell them?' I inquired.

"'Certainly I do,' he retorted impatiently; 'but who on earth will buy them?'

"'I will,' I announced; 'I'll give you exactly what you paid me for them.'

"He thought I was crazy, but he handed them over at once before I changed my mind. The following week I sold them to an art firm for six hundred dollars. Learning later that *this* company was hard up, I dropped in to inquire the cause of *their* difficulties.

"'Your negatives are the cause—that's what,' they said. 'We've done our best with them, but they won't sell.'

"I OFFERED them their original price, took the plates, and the following week sold them for fifteen hundred dollars. With this money, my wife and I went abroad to Jerusalem, hoping that the trip would improve my health. On our return, I called at once upon the publisher who had my negatives to find out how he had succeeded, for I was eager to see my pictures on the market. But it almost seemed as if that little batch of plates had a curse upon it.

"'We haven't done anything with them, and we don't intend to,' I was informed. 'We've decided that it would ruin our business with other photographers if we showed you this favoritism.'

"Once again I bought my negatives back at the price which I had received for them. Taking them home, I went over them carefully, and destroyed almost half, keeping only the best. For these selected ones, I was offered four thousand dollars the following week, but refused to accept it. I had made up my mind to put them out myself. I did this, and in the following years those rejected pictures became known to millions of households, and paid me much more than a hundred times the price for which I had first contracted to sell them.

"The bad luck experienced by the other publishers was due to the fact that they tried to put out the pictures in black and white. People like color. The work of painting these photographs must be carefully done. I have got my best results from women who never before held a brush in their hands; but they were willing to learn, were very painstaking in their efforts, and kept the background soft.

"One blossomy (*Continued on page 116*)

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Nobody Graduates From Bill Hanley's University

"My school is the Universe," says this old-time cattle man, whose great store of wisdom was gained while "ridin' the range, an' readin' the Book o' the Open Sky an' Plain"

By Magner White

ONE day, in the year that Bill Hanley was nine—and that was more than fifty years ago—his father met the boy on his pony. Young Bill was riding down the road which led from the schoolhouse that served the sparsely settled Oregon valley in which the Hanleys and a few other pioneer families lived. Although it was still early in the forenoon, the boy had his books under his arm.

The elder Hanley reined in his team. "Here, young fellow," he called. "What does all this mean? Why aren't you at your place in school?"

The boy halted his pony, stood up in the stirrups, and nodded his head back in the general direction of the schoolhouse from which he had just come.

"Paw," he said, "*that's* too slow a way to git it!"

The elder Hanley's stern face softened into a smile. Fortunately, he understood the unusual temperament of this third child of his.

"All right, Bill," he said quietly. "Go on in to the ranch, and get to work."

Bill has never gone back to school. Since 1879 he has lived on ranches in eastern Oregon. The railroad reached his home town—Burns, the county seat of Harney County, Oregon—only last year.

And yet, Bill Hanley is an educated man. He is a happy man too. Yesterday, while we were having a glass of cider and a cheese sandwich on the front porch of his big ranch, which he calls the "Double O," I said to him:

"You seem to have caught up with something that most of us spend our lives in chasing. Where did you find this extraordinary spiritual calm of yours?"

He stepped off the porch, and I followed. As far as we could see in any direction, we were looking at the Hanley acres. The floor of Harney Valley was stretched out before us, losing itself against the vague outlines of distant rim rocks. The intoxicating fragrance of wild sage honey came to us on a gentle breeze.

Hanley waved his hand at the beautiful setting—at the valley, the distant hills, and the sky—and then he answered my question.

"Why, I *live* in beauty," he replied. "What I put into my heart and mind, I get right here—out of this vast universe all around us."

BILL HANLEY is called "the sage of Harney County." He looks the part of a sage. A short, sturdy figure of a man; features that have braved wind and rain and, at times, adversity, for half a century, and yet have remained kindly; over all, a crown of gray hair, thin on top, but thick and bushy around the edges and at the back. Hanley talks the language of the cow countries—a language that sometimes requires the use of blanks, dashes, and asterisks in its transcription to the printed page. Perhaps you will be surprised that I asked him this question:

"Do you ever pray?"

"Sure, I do," he replied. "This here, all around us, is my church, an' my university too. Sure, I pray." He chuckled, a characteristic habit, and added naïvely: "But I don't do it up in *prescriptions*, like some fellers does."

Bill has lived off the railroad on great cattle ranches all his life, but he has had contacts with the outside world. Indeed, his kindly hospitality, and especially his philosophy, has attracted to his fireside some of the most distinguished figures in America.

James J. Hill, the great railroad builder, was an intimate friend of Bill Hanley's, as is his son, Louis W. Hill, to-day. Carl R. Gray, president of the Union Pacific, has been a guest at Hanley's ranches. So has Irvin S. Cobb, the writer; C. E. S. Wood, the Pacific Coast artist; Ralph Budd, of the Northern Pacific—and so on.

I said just now that Bill has never gone back to school—but that isn't true. He goes back every now and then, to the University of Oregon, to high schools, to colleges. But he doesn't go as a student; he goes to make talks at graduation exercises!

"My university is the Universe," he tells the students. "So far we've never held any graduatin' exercises; an' I don't suppose we ever will. But I've learned a few things as I've gone along, ridin' the range and raisin' cattle. Here's what I've learned about books:

"Remember, young folks, th't the guy who writes a book holds out a lot on you. He don't tell you all he knows. In order to git up even with him in knowledge, you got to *go outside* o' his book and supplemint what he tells you. Th't's one thing about the Book I read—the Book o' the Open Sky an' Plain: The Guy who written it didn't hold out nothin' on me. It's all there, waitin' for me t' read it, an' understan' it an' apply it. . . ."

HANLEY is one of eastern Oregon's largest land owners. He has three ranches, the Double O—his favorite because it is still untouched by the inroads of "civilization;" the Bell A, where Mrs. Hanley has her residence in a beautiful home; and the Juntura ranch. There are between 25,000 and 35,000 acres in these three properties. Up until a few years ago,

"The World is Safe From Aristocracy"

"THE first time I was ever in New York," says Bill Hanley, veteran cowman, "the thing 'at struck me was that people run in herds in the city, jess like cattle. An' if you want to study folks in a big town, all you got to do is to find the spots where they water and nibble. Why, I hadn't et two meals in New York before I knowed everybody there—an' nobody knowed me!

"Another thought I got in New York was th't the world is safe from aristocracy. I trekked up to Brooklyn Bridge, where there's lots of youngsters, an' then way back up to the highfalutin' streets where there's one-chick families, or else they're plumb dry. An' I thought th't they ain't anything so sure an' certain as it's sure an' certain th't the future o' this country is in the hands o' the common herd."

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Hanley was manager of 175,000 acres of ranch lands, from which cattle were taken to market by the thousands.

The Hanleys have no children; but scores of children, mostly boys, have been raised on the ranch. Many a boy has lived at the Bell A, board-free, while he went to school in Burns, four miles away.

MR. HANLEY'S father came into the Western country from Missouri with the early mining migration. His mother was a Tennessean. After the pioneer period of the mining rush, the elder Hanley invested his modest savings in a few head of stock. He and his boys herded the cattle on the Rogue River Valley, Oregon, which was then open domain. Bill was born near Jacksonville, in the Rogue River Valley, and he had three brothers and two sisters. He declined to give me the exact date of his birth.

"You know birth is continuous, an' time is only an invention o' man's," he said. "I ain't fully born yet.

"An' as to how old I am, sometimes, when I am in Portland or New York City at some club or something with a baldface shirt on, I'm registerin' up around sixty an' seventy; but when I'm off on a bench lookin' down on a herd o' purty little steers in a valley, I ain't got any age at all—I'm just contemporary.

"I never carry a watch. If I was to, I'd spend too much time lookin' at it, I suppose. Time was made to *live* in, not to *look at*."

Bill took his place as a cowboy on his father's ranches the day he left school. When he was twelve, he was made a foreman. Often, with one or two men to help him, he went on long trips with cattle to the railroad at Reno and Winnemucca, in Nevada. In this work he got a comprehensive knowledge of the stock business, and its relation to the country's economics.

Bill Hanley is one of eastern Oregon's largest landowners. He was born in the Rogue River Valley section, and has lived always on cattle ranches. As a young man, he tamed a herd of wild mountain cattle, and thus got his start as a cattle man. (Above) A glimpse of Hanley's favorite ranch, the "Double O"

When he was seventeen, his father lent him two hundred head of cattle and started him off with an elder brother, who also had two hundred head, to find a range of his own.

"FATHER rode with us for a while when we left the home range," Hanley said to me in one of our chats at the Double O ranch-house. "When he started to leave us, he said, 'Boys, keep on goin' until you find a big country. Remember, you can't get any bigger than the country you adopt. Never min' worryin' about transportation; the timber in Oregon is goin' to bring the transportation. Some day this country will be holdin' the last stands o' timber.'

"Now, it's been a long time ago since Father said th't, but he had vision. Dreamers, they sometimes called those old pioneers who saw ahead. Dreamers? Mebbe so, but not the kind th't jess set still an' let the other fellow sweat to make their visions come true!

"DID you ever stop to think," he went on earnestly, "th't ever' other livin' thing in the world excep' man himself has got its purpose already mapped out for it? But when God made man, he left the matter o' decidin' what his purpose in life would be *entirely up to the individual man.* Man is the only animal th't has that privilege.

"When those old Middle-Western plainsmen decided th't their purpose was to pioneer a new country, they ruled out ever' other consideration. And when they done *that*, they could no more resist pushin' on west ag'inst ever' kind of discomfort you can think of, than I c'n resist goin' to the window of the Bell A ranch office when the boys here drive a bunch o' purty cows by.

"An' havin' ruled out all other considerations, the old plainsmen had clear minds to look ahead with. They didn't stop on the way an' try to raise cotton, they stuck to what they was doin'.

"An' th't's when the visions comes to you—when you're stickin' to your job, an' lookin' ahead with a mind th't ain't focused on anything else. The visions is *always there*, but you can't see them 'less you're lookin' where they are at.

"You take most people th't is unhappy, an' it's usually because they didn't pick out a purpose and stick to it. Or somebody else whose life had a bearin' on theirn failed to pick out a purpose.

"A man who fails to pick out some purpose an' follow it through c'n make his whole family (*Continued on page 147*)

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"Treasures!"

Jen Culliton helps Ollie to find them

By Nelia Gardner White

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN PFEIFER

OLLIE CREWE lay on the grass beneath the Pound Sweet tree. He felt lazy, but through his laziness he seemed to see everything with a sharp new vision. Overnight, the red new leaves of the maples had become soft green and the sweeping branches of the great elm outside his bedroom window made delicate green patterns against the May sky. The azalea bush out by the well—Aunt Jen said she and Uncle Steve had planted it the first spring after they were married—was a big pink flare. Ollie didn't remember ever thinking much about spring before. He wondered why he was thinking about it now.

Yesterday he had gone over to the field, where Zeb, the hired man, had been plowing, and the smell of the plowed earth had seemed new to him. It had made him remember one spring when he was a very little boy, and his mother had let him dig a place with a trowel out by the back fence in the city. He had put the seeds in himself. And one other spring, the first one here with Aunt Jen after his mother died—Zeb had let him drive the horses in from the field. It was a warm day and the horses' flanks glistened with moisture. The horses had seemed very big, and Ollie very powerful and important.

Down here in the orchard it was the same. The smell of the apple blossoms made him think of things he had thought quite forgotten. He puzzled about it with boy thoughts. Maybe, when you turned sod over, it let out old springs. Maybe the sap in the trees kept things in it, and every year let them out in blossoms. Ollie flushed, all alone there—that was a silly idea.

He'd always thought poetry foolish. What was the sense of poetry, when you could play football, or Indian massacre, or knights conquering dragons? But only this week in school, Leo Gates, the schoolteacher, had read them a piece called "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." It was about Lincoln, by somebody called Walt Whitman. Leo Gates had looked different as he'd read it. It had hurt Ollie so that once, in a terrible agony of shame, he had looked out of the window so that no one could see his eyes. He had taken the book off Mr. Gates's desk at recess time and found the place. He couldn't get that thing about the thrush out of his head. "Sing on there in the swamp, O singer, bashful and tender—" He wished he hadn't read it again. It had seemed to hurt Leo Gates to read it, too. Queer! Peter, his little blind brother, had always been after Ollie to read verses to him, and he'd laughed at Peter, and had always read things in a silly singsong. He wished now that he hadn't.

He wondered why you always felt restless in the spring. . . . He couldn't stand it here much longer. He and Joe, maybe, would beat it off as soon as school was out.

He pulled the head off a violet, and then jerked up on an elbow a little resentfully. Joe, his twin, and Molly Parsons were coming across the field. Ollie hated girls. But there was one thing about Molly—she never paid any attention whether you liked her or didn't. They were laughing about something. They dropped down on the grass beside Ollie.

"Where's Peter?" Ollie asked.

"Oh—up in the hammock!"

A train rumbled along far down the slope. The sound intensified that restlessness in Ollie. He felt it like a physical ache.

"Look—it's Santa Fé!" Joe said lazily.

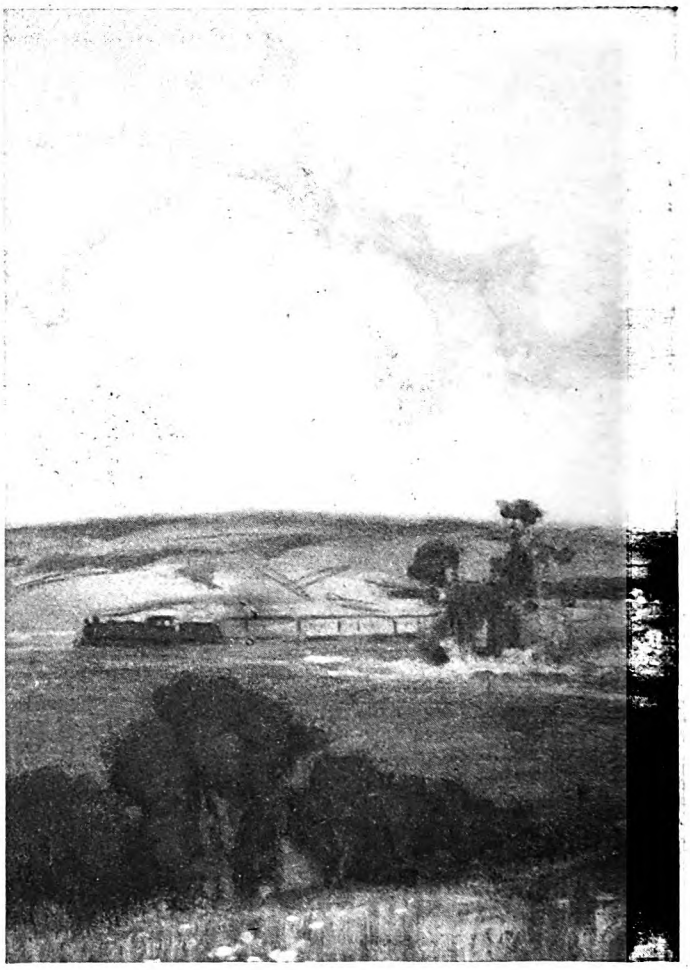
"'Tis not!" contradicted Molly. "It's San Francisco! *San Francisco-Northern Pacific-Canadian Grand Central-Shamut-Rio Grande—*"

OLLIE heard her voice as a kind of chanting. She was lifted up on her knees in the grass, one hand shading her eyes. She was like a boy, with her short hair and khaki bloomers. Even she seemed different to Ollie. He'd always thought her a bother, but now it seemed kind of nice to have her there. He wished she would go on with her singsong from the box cars.

"Golly!" he raised himself up farther, jerked backward across the green grass till his back was against the Pound Sweet tree. "Golly! I'm going to go to all of those places one of these days!"

"How?" asked Molly the practical.

"Walk—bum my way! You'd get all kinds of adventure. Don't tell, but maybe Joe and I'll beat it out as soon as school is over."



A train rumbled

They had talked of it vaguely. Ollie felt a surprise at himself for being suddenly sure of it.

"Why, Ollie Crewe! You will not! You wouldn't dare!"

"I would so! I hate school—Aunt Jen thinks we'll go off to college! Not me! I'm going to hop a freight and get off to Santa Fé—honest—soon as school is out."

"You wouldn't be anything but a tramp!"

"Well, maybe. Maybe I'd be like Captain Kidd or Daniel Boone or somebody. There's still treasures around—lots down in Mexico and South America!"

"Treasures! Silly!" scoffed Molly.

Molly's dark, thin face, with eyes a little shy above the unafraid mouth and eager lifted chin, came between Ollie and the blue above apple-blossom pink. He didn't want to talk to her, but he found himself saying things—queer things, that made him uncomfortable to know were inside him.

"Well, there are! You're a silly! Wait till I go—I'll send you home a—a—"

Molly laughed clearly. When she laughed, she put her head back. Her throat looked very white beneath the tan of her face.

"Yes—a what? I'd rather stay here and go to college and play football, if I were you. Why, what do you want to be?"

"*Be? Be?* I don't want to be anything—just myself! Why in the dickens do you have to be something?"

"Well, why in the dickens shouldn't you? Everybody does."

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along far down the slope. The sound intensified that restlessness in Ollie

"Yes—I know it—but I won't!" Inside, Ollie felt his heart pounding as it used to nights when he was afraid of the dark; but he kept on: "I don't know why you have to be like everybody else! If you're a doctor, you have to fuss over other folks' pains from morning till night. If you're a lawyer, you have to fight for folks you know are crooks. Or, if you work in a store or a factory, somebody's always bossing you. I just want to be myself, not be under anybody's thumb! If I went to college, I'd do some of those things and I'd hate it!"

Ollie saw Joe's slow grin, Molly's suddenly serious, dark little face. He wished Joe would go up to the house.

"That doesn't sound sensible," Molly said slowly; "but I don't just know why! I know what you mean—that feeling. When it's spring I feel like that too, and I don't even want to help do the dishes, or go down after rhubarb, or anything. But I feel different in the fall. Then I want to be a—a singer—or something like that, and I'd just as soon work terribly hard to get to be it!"

Molly, also, was sitting now with her back to a tree, her brown arms about her knees. She didn't look like a boy any more.

UP THROUGH the orchard Ollie saw his Aunt Jen coming. She had on a blue gingham dress, turned in at the neck as a man turns in a shirt. Aunt Jen looked different to him too. He had always thought her homely—kind and good enough—but too big. Homely, that was the word that had always been in his mind about her. He shut his eyes against her, and then flushed a little and looked sharply at Joe to see if Joe had seen him do it.

Aunt Jen looked beautiful—yes, *beautiful* was the surprising word that came into his mind. Her big figure in its clean blue came along so easily under the apple trees. Ollie had always thought she combed her hair queerly, but it didn't seem so now. It would have looked strange, curled and fluffed out. Ollie thought of a picture in a book of myths at school. It was of a Saxon king. Aunt Jen looked like that king. Then he saw that she had a letter in her hand and her kind eyes were troubled.

"Boys," she said abruptly, "I've just had a letter from your father!"

Ollie scowled a little. His father never wrote much—just sent a little money now and then. Aunt Jen ignored Molly. She always treated her like one of the family anyway.

"He wants one of you to come live with him, soon as school is out. I don't deny it kind of knocks me all in a heap—I've got used to you around, and you're a big help too; but he's lonesome, and I guess it's no more than right for one of you to go to be with him for a spell."

Her voice was brusque and deep, as always, but Ollie thought suddenly of his mother. After one of them had disappointed her, her voice used to be hurt like that. He hadn't thought much before about whether Aunt Jen liked them or not. He knew now that she did, a lot.

"I don't want to be the one to say which'll go," he heard her saying. "It'll have to be one of you, of course—he couldn't manage about Peter. I guess you boys'll have to decide between you."

Ollie felt Aunt Jen's shrewd blue eyes upon him. He didn't want to look at her, but he had to.

"She wants *me* to stay here!" he thought, with surprised, disturbing certainty.

THEN he saw Aunt Jen going back up through the orchard. Her shoulders looked so broad and strong. Once, when he'd fallen out of a tree, she had taken him in her arms as if he were little. He'd been eleven. He remembered the sure strength of her, the strange comfort of putting his cheek against her. He flushed at remembering it. Then he saw Joe's eyes, sullen, defiant.

"I sha'n't go back!" Joe said.

Molly looked startled.

"I should think you'd want to live with your father!" she said.

Both boys were silent. Molly grew red under her tan. Ollie wanted to tell her things, about how his father had always left them alone; but the words seemed pushed back into him. Molly scrambled to her feet.

"I've got to go help with supper," she said. The boys sat still and let her go. Ollie watched her white middy till she was far across the fields. Once an end of red tie blew across her shoulder.

That night Ollie lay awake a long time. The moonlight made a path across the floor to the bed. The elm branches traced

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"Listen, Joe; let's go away now. We'll go down by the water tower and hitch a freight when it stops to get water!"

a quivering design across the path. Joe kept his back turned. He was asleep. But Ollie could not sleep. He thought about his father. His father was thin and sober. Ollie remembered once when he'd taken them to the Zoo. They'd gone about so silently. When his mother went, they would get so excited about the baby deer and the pelicans. Ollie couldn't remember his father ever talking to them.

HE THOUGHT about Aunt Jen. She was a queer woman—but beautiful; yes (sleep hovered)—yes, she was very beautiful. He wished Molly would sing off some more names of cars—it sounded like magic—the pass words they'd fixed up for getting into caves. Suddenly he sat up with a wide-awake jerk. He shook Joe.

"Joe!" he said.

"Huh?" said Joe, quite wide awake. That almost frightened Ollie—to know Joe had been lying there wide awake; it was almost as if Joe had been listening to his thoughts.

"Listen—let's go away now. Shall we? We'll go down by the water tank and hitch a freight when it stops to get water! I sha'n't go back to the city—get stuck in an office! I'm going to get out and see the world. I don't want to be bossed by anybody!"

"Now—to-night?" Joe whispered.

"Next week. Will you?"

"Sure!"

Ollie lay down again. There seemed no more to say. He wondered why he hadn't said, "Yes—now—*to-night!*" Well, it was Peter's birthday next Sunday. Peter always counted a lot on birthdays. After a long time, he went to sleep.

Ollie couldn't look directly at Jen in the next days. But every time a train went rumbling past far away, he felt that queer inner rumbling, as if he were being drawn along on the train, and couldn't help himself. Once he dreamed that, and found himself wanting to drop off the train and wait for his father, running along behind. But he didn't dare let go. In the dream, though, his father looked big and powerful—like Aunt Jen.

Out in a hole in an apple tree, Ollie had a rabbit's foot and a stone that was round as a compass circle. The stone had a hole worn in the middle of it. There was a key there—a strange brass key that Zeb had turned up in plowing. There were three porcupine quills in a little box that used to hold pencil leads; a big green glassy, clear as lake water; a willow whistle with his name scratched on it with a pin. One day Ollie went out to the apple tree, and put all the things inside a handkerchief and stuffed them into his pocket.

On Friday he asked Professor Gates if he could borrow that book for over Sunday.

"I'll write and have Molly take it back," he thought.

Professor Gates looked at Ollie curiously over his glasses.

"Well," he hesitated, "that seems a little mature for you, Ollie! Why did you want it?"

"Oh," Ollie felt very embarrassed, "never mind! I just kind of thought I'd look over that poem you read us." He turned away abruptly, as if poems were really of small matter to him. But Leo Gates called him back.

"Here—take it!" he said. "Only, don't try to understand it all."

Ollie put it between his other books, so the boys wouldn't notice.

ANOTHER letter from his father had come.

"He thinks he'll come up here in about two weeks or so, and one of you can go along back with him," Jen said. "You haven't decided which one's going, have you?" She looked from one to the other sharply.

Ollie shook his head, and went at once out on the back porch, where he began to whistle. His Aunt Jen had been crying and the knowledge disturbed him, made him feel guilty, though about what he did not know. They had decided now on Sunday—Sunday night. There was a fast freight went through at eleven. It always stopped at the water tower. Ollie seemed to swell inside, just thinking about it. The whole world to see—no one to hold him back! Maybe they would get on a steamer after a while, a cattle boat, maybe, and go across the ocean.

Peter came out and sat down on the top step, his chin in his palms, in a lonely little posture peculiar to him; he stared down toward the orchard as if he were seeing it. Ollie felt angry at Peter, just for sitting there like that, and he went down the steps and away from Peter toward the barn. But at the barn door he looked back, and there was Peter sitting there in just the same attitude, his wistful mouth drooping, his curly mop of dark hair making him look like a picture out of a book.

"He hasn't any business looking like that!" Ollie thought, and then went back up to the house, sat down on the step below Peter.

"I'll get you a pail of pollywogs," he said. Peter's face grew boyish, eager, happy. But Ollie, if he hadn't been fifteen, would have thrown himself on the grass and cried.

THEN it was Sunday—all gold and blue. Ollie woke to the sound of the orioles. He shut his eyes and tried to sleep again. But he tingled all over. *This was the day!* To-night they were going. Mexico—ranches—mountains—cattle boats—and *no one to boss!* It seemed to Ollie he could not bear it another day unless he could be his own master. Well, he wouldn't have to! When he dressed for Sunday-school, he grinned at himself in the glass. Next Sunday he'd be, maybe, a thousand miles away.

When he went down-stairs Aunt Jen was standing by the table in her black silk. She looked up at him, a puzzled line between her eyes.

"I've been looking at this book you brought along from school," she said. "Couldn't think at first where I'd heard that name before—it's just come to me! Your grandpa used to know this Walt Whitman—did you know that?"

Ollie found a queer lump of excitement going up and down in his throat, and he could not answer.

"He was a nurse in a hospital where your grandpa was sick, in war days. He was always saying poetry—or your grandpa said it was that. We used to laugh at him—it didn't have any rhyme or anything. But I been looking this over, and I guess Grandpa was right. It does have something about it, doesn't it? Toward the last your grandpa was kind of childish, and he told about war days over and over. He liked to talk about this Walt Whitman. There was one line I can remember yet: 'I will plant companionship thick as trees

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along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the Great Lakes, and all over the prairies.' We'd laugh at it, but it *did* always sound kind of grand to me, like the Gettysburg speech we had to learn in school!"

Ollie found his hand going out to touch his Aunt Jen; then it dropped back to his side. He thought again of the Saxon king whose picture Aunt Jen sometimes looked like. He had never before seen his Aunt Jen reading, in all the four years he had been there. Seemed queer she'd even know how to say a thing like that. He thought, not of the Gettysburg speech itself, but of Abraham Lincoln, as he looked at her.

"Well, shall we get along to church?" he asked embarrassedly.

"Yes. I guess it's time. Joe ready?"

IN THE afternoon, Ollie took Peter up on the hill after mountain laurel. Joe didn't want to go, and Ollie somehow felt glad.

"Kind of thought I'd go down and see Tub Pierce," Joe said. Ollie heard a note in Joe's voice that frightened him. Was Joe backing out?

He took the book from school along. He had a notion of making up to Peter for all the times he had read poems to him in that silly singsong. They had to go slowly, on account of Peter. Ollie kept Peter's hand tight in his. When they came to the little creek, he said:

"Hang on, old-timer. I'll carry you over."

Peter wasn't very heavy, he thought. He kept thinking about it, all the way up across the hillside. He tried to push the thought away, but it stuck, as flies did in berry time. They came to the woods.

"Let's lie down and rest a while!" Peter's voice was tired.

"Sure!" said Ollie. They stretched out in a spot that was sunny. Peter loved the sun. He lay very still and let it beat down on his face and on his thin little body. He didn't look eleven. Ollie lay beside him. The clouds went billowing past like great ships. It was very quiet there —just the birds. Far below were the roofs of the town. Ollie wished he could sleep there a while. When Peter was little he used to play a game with him—the magic carpet game. He suddenly wanted to play it now. He swallowed hard and slid a little nearer in the grass so that his elbow touched Peter.

"Here we go a-sailing!" he said suddenly. Peter lay very still, but about his mouth trembled a small, warm smile. "All on? Look, there's the Methodist steeple! See the creek? Gosh, aren't the willows pretty, all yellow-green like that? There's a bluebird! Wow—we almost bumped into a cloud! Hang on—we're terrible high! See the hill down there? That's the laurel that's so pink—and there's the white birches! See them bend under the wind! Doesn't it feel great to have the wind in your face? Isn't it warm? Look how the creek twists around down on the flats! There's Aunt Jen's! See the barn? Here comes a flock of birds! Bet they're from the South—let's be the leader! Here we go—hang on, Peter, hang on! Feel that wind!"

Peter was sitting up now, crosslegged, his face uplifted to the blue sky. There was a look in his face as if he really were leading a thousand birds across the blue, against the warm wind. Ollie pulled his elbow away so that it did not touch Peter. He couldn't bear to feel like this—so tight inside. "Steady, now—she's coming down! Gently, old boy! Right there in front of the birches! Steady! There!" He scrambled to his feet. You would suddenly have known them to be brothers. "Come on—let's get some laurel. A bushel of it! It's better on up. Here—now we're 'most up the mountain! Gee, that's a deep gully! You sit here on this log. Whistle, so I can find the place all right. I'll bring the laurel here!"

He began whistling himself, unsteadily, striding off through the trees. He paused presently—faint but clear came Peter's whistle. Ollie threw back his head suddenly, went back.

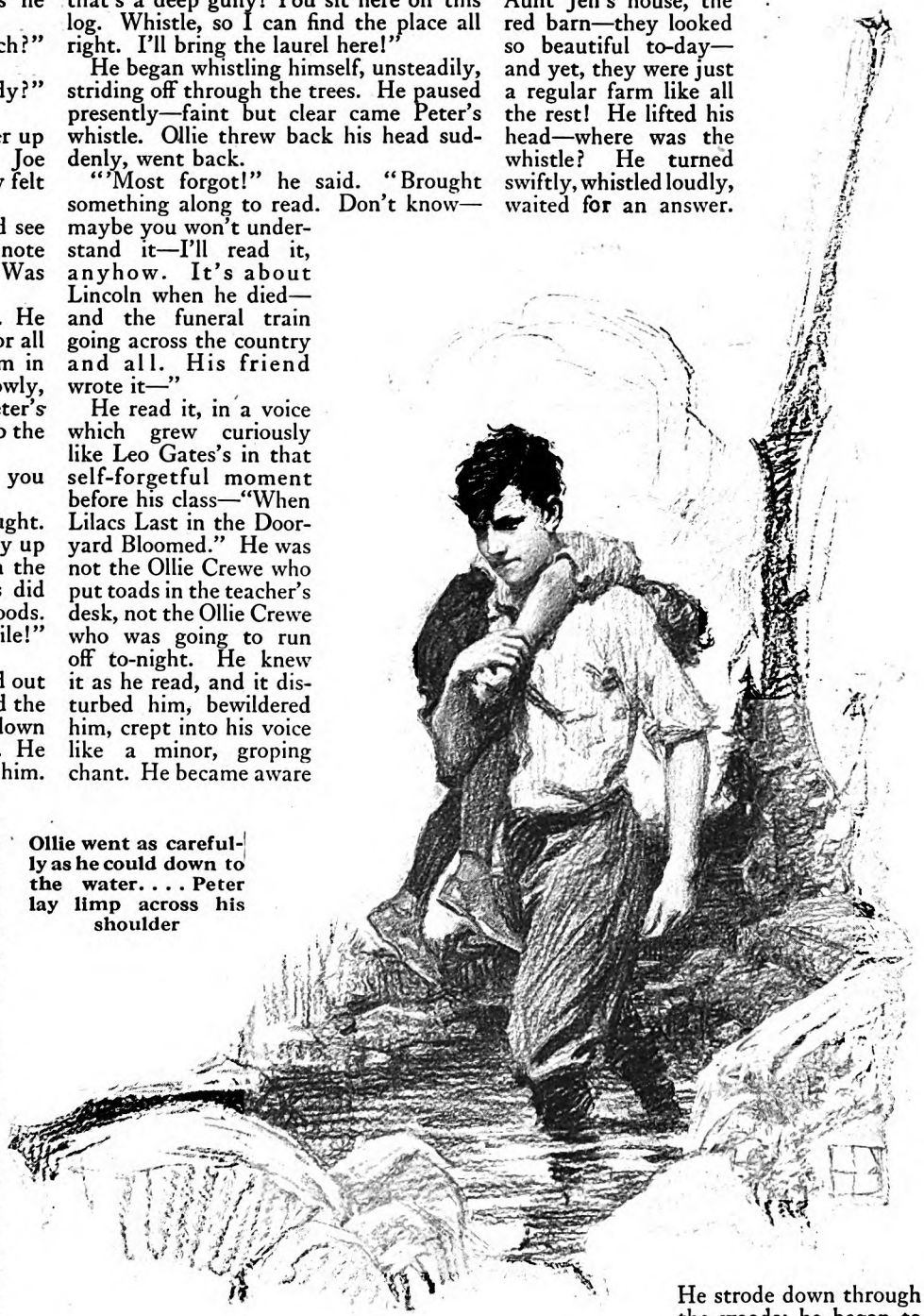
"'Most forgot!" he said. "Brought something along to read. Don't know—maybe you won't understand it—I'll read it, anyhow. It's about Lincoln when he died—and the funeral train going across the country and all. His friend wrote it—"

He read it, in a voice which grew curiously like Leo Gates's in that self-forgetful moment before his class—"When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." He was not the Ollie Crewe who put toads in the teacher's desk, not the Ollie Crewe who was going to run off to-night. He knew it as he read, and it disturbed him, bewildered him, crept into his voice like a minor, groping chant. He became aware of tears running down Peter's blind face. Something stung down his own face and he closed the book abruptly.

"Now sit right still, old scout! I'll be back with the laurel in a jiffy!"

He was off again. A few rods away he paused. There it was, clear and sweet, that childish whistle. Ollie went on. Something seemed to pull him back, and he tried to jerk away from it, escape it by running. *To-night, at eleven down by the water tank.* There was laurel, great sweet pink masses of it. He scrambled after it, began to break it off. Gee, it *was* nice out in the woods this time of year! Peter's whistle came. Ollie thought of the thrush of the poem—"singer bashful and tender."

He thrust on toward a brighter burst of fragrant pinkness. His arms were full, but he leaned against a tree for a long moment, staring down through the woods to the valley below. Aunt Jen's house, the red barn—they looked so beautiful to-day—and yet, they were just a regular farm like all the rest! He lifted his head—where was the whistle? He turned swiftly, whistled loudly, waited for an answer.



Ollie went as carefully as he could down to the water. . . . Peter lay limp across his shoulder

He strode down through the woods; he began to call in a sudden panic of fear, "Peter—oh, Peter!"

He still clung to the laurel as he ran. Peter did not answer. He came to the log—looked this way and that to be sure it was the same place. Peter was gone. Ollie dropped the laurel.

"Peter! *Peter!*" (*Continued on page 143*)

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The Best Story I Ever Found In Real Life

By Leroy Scott

IT CHANCED that all of us were writing people. During the dinner, the talk had touched lightly upon a score of themes, but with the coffee and cigarettes and the leisure that came with them our scattered talk had drifted to, and then focused upon, one subject—heart stories which we had never written. True stories that, perhaps because of too much coincidence, would be utterly incredible if related as fiction. Some dozen of these heart stories were told. At the end it was our opinion that such stories, if ever told, would gain credence only if told as the truth, and if granted the license for strangeness that is permitted truth.

My contribution to the evening's informal symposium was the true story of The Little Old Lady From the Poorhouse.

Some twenty-five years ago I was a cub reporter on the Chicago "Journal." Finley Peter Dunne was the editor, and Gilson Gardner, since noted among Washington correspondents, was the city editor. They had given me the job of covering the Harrison Street Police Station, for the reason that stories not valuable as strict news but with a strong human interest in them were forever turning up there, and Dunne and Gardner had discovered that I had a knack of digging up and putting some kind of throb into the human-interest stories.

Since this little story had the Harrison Street Police Station—it no longer exists—as its atmosphere and stage setting, it and its neighborhood require a few words of description. That grimy brick building, with its rows of cells in the basement, its police court, its women's annex, was the center of the most vicious district that has existed in any American city in the past fifty years. I have known San Francisco's Barbary Coast, New York's Bowery in its heyday of vice, and corresponding regions of Paris, Berlin, and other continental cities; but nowhere have I seen such hideous degradation as that which, years ago, all but naked, crowded cajolingly on every doorway and window in Customhouse Place and the adjoining streets.

As I had been on daily duty at the Harrison Street Station for many months, the officials were all my friends, and I had the free run of the place.

One morning when the cells had vomited their night's taking of human offal up into the court-room—thieves, thugs, drunks, brawlers, knife-fighters and gun-fighters, heavy-eyed wrecks from raided opium dens, those hideous Loreleis from Customhouse Place—I was at the magistrate's elbow while he meted out his justice at the rate of about one minute per head. The magistrate liked to have me beside him; he found a humorous satisfaction in referring some of his cases to me for decision.

The line of dregs filed steadily by us, usually saying little in response to the arresting officer's charges and dully accepting the magistrate's decree. Justice clicked on, as if regulated by a metronome. Then, after half a dozen of sleepy, unwashed, tinseled houris of Customhouse Place, as alluring in the dirty morning light of the court-room as the last leavings of sin, a bent little woman was led before the bar of justice.

I fairly gasped at the contrast. She was perhaps seventy-five. Her hair was snow white; on it was a little black bonnet, about her shoulders was a gray shawl—she was somehow clean, although she had spent the night locked in a big cell with these unwashed sisters of the night—and she greeted the judge with a smile that to me seemed an irradiation from the heart.

"What's the charge, Officer?" asked the magistrate.

"Your Honor," replied the policeman, "I picked her up drunk yesterday afternoon over on State Street. She was staggering drunk."

"Martha Hollingsworth"—the magistrate had glanced at his docket to get the name—"what have you to say to the officer's charge?"

"I wasn't drunk, Your Honor. The officer made a mistake—though I'm sure he thought I was drunk." The voice was as gentle and simple as her smile; here was that marvel of marvels in a police-court, a prisoner interceding in behalf of the man who had arrested her. "I've never had a drink in my life, Your Honor.

"It was like this, Your Honor. I live out at the Cook County Infirmary"—which was the euphuism by which Cook County and Chicago designated the poorhouse. "They let us come into Chicago once in a while to sell the fancywork we make. That's why I was in town yesterday—to sell my fancywork. I'd just sold the last of it and was going to start back to the infirmary when the officer arrested me. If I seemed to stagger, it was because I had forgotten to eat anything all day, and I was pretty weak. And then I'd forgotten to bring my specs, and I don't see very well without my specs, and perhaps I did stumble quite a lot. That's all, Your Honor."

ALREADY I was in love with the little old woman who had spent the night in a vile cell beneath me, and yet who was clean, and could smile.

Behind his hand the magistrate whispered to me, "How about her?"

Behind my hand I whispered back, "Hold the case for investigation, and let me do the investigating."

"All right." Then, aloud, "Case held for investigation."

I saw there could be no story for me among what remained of that morning's grist of drunken and drugged derelicts, so I accompanied my charge to the Women's Annex, which was a separate building adjoining the police station. The matron was another good friend of mine. I telephoned the Cook County poorhouse; my little old lady had been telling the truth—even to the detail that they had discovered she had come to the city without her spectacles.

Then I had a talk with my charge. Soon she was telling me in her simple, winning, smiling way about the thing that was nearest her heart. That was her boy—her wonderful Jimmie—her one child whom she had not seen in more than thirty years.

She and her husband and Jimmie had lived in a small town in western New York. Jimmie had always been a good boy, and he had always loved her. Jimmie had always been crazy about horses. When he was eighteen he had slipped over to the county seat and spent the entire week at the county fair watching the races. Not that he bet. He just wanted to see these fine horses in action on the track, see how they were rubbed down, fed, bedded.

WHEN Jimmie came back from his week at the fair there was a terrible scene with his father, for his father was very religious, and he believed that race horses were a sin. In consequence of that quarrel, Jimmie had run away. There had followed a year of silence. Then a letter had come to her from Jimmie; he was in Chicago, and had a job as hostler in a stable of fine horses. Within a few weeks after her Jimmie's one letter had come, she and her husband moved to another town, leaving no address behind them of their new home. A few weeks later her husband had died.

She had no other relatives, and so she decided to go to Chicago to make a home for Jimmie. She told none of the strangers among whom she lived of her purpose, and she did not write Jimmie of her intention. She wanted to surprise him. Anyway, she never was much of a hand for writing letters.

Just as she was ready to start, the great fire had swept away the city. When she reached Chicago, she found that Jimmie's address no longer existed, that the inhabitants were scattered as the sparks had scattered. Nevertheless, amid that ruin, she started out to try to find her Jimmie. Presently her little money gave out, and she had to go to work. But, working, she kept on searching the new Chicago that was rising from the ashes, for her Jimmie.

For more than twenty-five years she kept up her ceaseless search for her son, never losing hope. Then, her days of self-

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respecting hard toil all behind her, she had finally been carried away to the poorhouse. From a poorhouse one cannot very well conduct a search for a missing son; but every time she was allowed to come to Chicago to sell her fancywork, she eagerly scanned the hurrying faces for a face that might be Jimmie's.

That was my little old lady's story. It was all Jimmie; her beloved Jimmie, of whom she had lost all trace in the great Chicago fire.

"I have only one wish, and that is that I could see my Jimmie just once before I die," she ended with a wistful smile. "Then I wouldn't mind dying."

THAT one wish of my little old woman stirred a wild desire in me. I hurried down into the courtroom, still busy with its dull grind of drab justice, and whispered a brief summary of my findings to the magistrate. Against Mrs. Hollingsworth's name on his docket he wrote "Discharged."

"But I don't want her discharged," I protested. "I'd like to have her held until we can try to locate her son."

"Then I'll discharge her in your custody. She goes free when you say so. About your crazy idea of finding that son, better get Captain Denny to help you."

I went into the office of Captain Denny, who was in charge of the Harrison Street Station. He was another good friend. To him I told the story of the little old lady, of Jimmie, and of my desire to trace the boy.

Captain Denny stared at me in amazement: "Son, don't you realize that if that boy was eighteen in the late sixties, he's fifty or more today? Very likely he's dead. But if he's alive, and if he was a hostler at eighteen—say, don't you know what hostlers turn out to be? Drunken bums, some of them! Even if we could find the son—and it's a million-to-one shot we can't—you want to bring before that mother, who's got an idealized picture of her boy, a grimy, bent, blear-eyed, gray-haired, drunken bum, and introduce him to her as her son?"

"Anyhow, I'd like to have a try at finding that son," I persisted.

Captain Denny meditated for a long space. "Ed Splain is our best bet for help. He knows more hostlers and stable men than any other man in Chicago. Been mighty good to his own help, and has been a good friend to a lot of men who have never worked for him. Know Ed Splain?"

Of course I knew of Ed Splain. Almost every person in Chicago did. In that city of live stock, he was the most prominent breeder of blooded horses, and was reputed to be worth his millions. And he was respected in every way by everyone.

"We're pretty good friends," continued Captain Denny in a genial grumble, "and since you're bug-house about finding that boy, I guess I might as well start off with Ed Splain—though he may be a thousand miles from this town."

He reached for his 'phone. Fortune was with him, and in a few moments he was talking to Ed Splain himself. Captain Denny briefly told of the old lady up in the Women's Annex, told of Jimmie Hollingsworth, who had run away from home when eighteen, told of the mother's losing trace of her son in the Chicago fire, and told of the mother's long search. Did Ed Splain know of a broken-down hostler, aged about fifty, working in any of the stables or stock farms around Chicago?

CAPTAIN DENNY listened for a moment, then hung up. "I told you Ed Splain was good to all the old boys who work around horses. He's coming straight over here to look into that case himself."

I hurried back to the Annex and my little old lady. Within an hour the matron called me and introduced me to Mr. Splain. He was a tall, deep-chested man of perhaps fifty. There was nothing "sporty" or typically "horsy" in his appearance. He looked the man of solid substance and real achievement: proud, self-contained, reticent, with his own high code of life.

This floor of the Annex was one large room. The rear was portioned off by bars into a detention pen, and in this moped and sulked and glowered some dozen tousled sirens from Customhouse Place. He shivered at sight of them, then followed me to the front of the room. I introduced Mrs. Hollingsworth to Mr. Splain, and the three of us sat down.

At my suggestion my little old lady started to retell her story. But before her story had gone far Mr. Splain interrupted it with questions about the lost Jimmie's early life. My little lady answered every question fully, giving intimate family details. Particularly did she go into details over Jimmie's week-stay at the county fair, the quarrel with his father, his running away from home.

THEN I began to note a change that had come upon Ed Splain. His self-contained face was now gray granite; its hardness was that of a clamping self-control. The big hands were gripping each other with the straining tensity of wrestlers' grips.

The truth went through me with the stupefying and thrilling awe such as must have benumbed the beholders of the miracles. This was Jimmie! Those two facing each other were mother and son—after thirty years of separation, meeting at last in the country's most infamous police station! And the drunken bum of a hostler whom Captain Denny had been afraid to discover was the great Ed Splain!

And the chance, the coincidences, the miracle that had brought about this meeting! My little old lady coming to town to sell her fancywork—the blunder of a stupid policeman in arresting her for drunkenness—her catching my eye as I sat beside the magistrate—Captain Denny's telephone call, which by one chance in a million was the right telephone call!

Though Ed Splain knew the truth, I saw that the mother, who couldn't see well without her specs, had no idea that this handsome big stranger she was talking to was her lost Jimmie.

She went on with her story; but I heard little more of it. My mind was trying to supply and explain that silent son's half of the story. I knew that intention on his part had had no share in this separation. As to the change in name, the reason seemed simple. Perhaps on arriving in Chicago he had changed his name out of anger at his father, who believed blooded horses were lures of the devil. Or perhaps he had changed it (*Continued on page 142*)

The Most Remarkable Coincidence I Ever Heard Of

Prize Contest Announcement

THE story told in the accompanying article is true, except for the names. But it involves such a remarkable coincidence that the author, Mr. Scott, has never dared use it in fiction, for fear that no reader would believe it! That weather-beaten platitude, "Truth is stranger than fiction," is admirably illustrated in this story of "The Little Old Lady From the Poorhouse." The author says it is the best story he ever ran across in real life—and the most unusual. Can you match it with some coincidence that you have heard of, or have been a party to? Even if you cannot quite equal this wonderful happening, very likely you can relate one that deserves to be classed as extraordinary. In this contest THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE invites you to relate your best story based upon a coincidence. Everyone knows such a story; everyone is fond of telling of strange happenings. Here is *your* chance.

For the best letters of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes January 20th. Winning letters will appear in the April issue.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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The Courage Of The Wild

By Archibald Rutledge

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

WHAT first made me notice this wild mother was the gentle swaying of a green fern that drooped over the old trail that I was following up the slopes of the Tuscaroras. It was late in June. The air was calm. The sky had the deep halcyon blue of early summer. The mountain woods were full of wild fragrance, wild beauty, wild stillness. I had been listening for the singing of birds; but only a warbling vireo and a towhee were heard. Then I saw this fern sway. Next I heard the faintest of elfin pipings, hushed almost as soon as heard.

Stepping forward, I flushed a mother ruffed grouse, a beautiful bird; indeed, I think there is no finer in the whole world. Ordinarily, such a bird will be gone in flight far through the thicket, or will rocket over the tree tops. Only the surest shot can kill it in the brush. But this bird was a mother. Forgotten were her dreadful feats of man; at least, they were overcome by love.

The Bible, I find, knows exactly what it is talking about: "Perfect love casteth out fear." Assuredly. Here was the wildest of birds, the very essence of timidity and wariness and intelligent elusion, about to stand me at bay. She whirred to the top of a tiny hemlock, four feet from the ground. She spread her wings, lowered her head, made curious clucking, menacing sounds. She was threatening me.

I took a step forward, knowing well that her babies were near. From the shelter of the grass, the old leaves, the ferns, they ran, shadowy little things; tiny chicks of the mountain wilderness; balls of down enclosing palpitant hearts. They vanished almost as soon as seen. My chance to see them, close as I was, decidedly was not good. As soon as the first one disclosed itself, the wild mother flew straight at my head. With curious foreshortened speed she circled me, buffeting my coat with pitiful strength—but with superb courage. A dozen times I could have reached out and caught her. Well she knew her danger. But she was willing deliberately to jeopard her life for the safety of her little ones. The true heart of the Mother was there: wild, but the genuine maternal heart, ready, eager, to sacrifice all for her little ones.

WE RATHER expect this conduct from domestic things that have only a half-fear of man; and we expect it from the greater members of the animal kingdom that are often more than sufficiently strong to cope with man. But the appeal of such actions comes most sharply when we find a helpless and most sensitive mother valiantly throwing herself between death and her children.

An incident of this kind makes us ask ourselves the question: Are wild things really timid? Of course they are notoriously afraid of man, and they have grim cause to be. Yet I believe they have great courage, often sublime courage. I think some careful discrimination, however, is necessary just here. Some animals are apparently born with more courage than others. It would be a great mistake to attribute the same degree of dauntlessness to all alike. I know, though, from actual observation, that many animals are coolly courageous when they are facing

I saw the buck foreshorten his neck so that it bulged, and his antlers were lowered artfully, so that the tips of their keen points looked straight into the bull's eyes

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some situation that can be coped with.

That is about all that can be said for man. We human beings are likely to get frantic when some monstrous force, like an earthquake, comes along. As a rule, when men know that courage is futile, they will make no effort to display it. To be definite: What man on earth, unarmed, will attack the African lion on his native veldt? There might be such a man; yet we should call him foolhardy rather than brave, unless, perchance, he might be advancing to try to rescue a human victim of the lion. When a man goes after lions, he takes a rifle that will kill at long range. Even the savage carries his assagai.

When we think of the courage of wild things, we have to remember that they have no artificial weapons. They attack, and they defend themselves, with the weapons that the Creator gave. We bring against them whole arsenals of death and destruction. When we deal with wild things we hit below the belt. It is as if in a football game one side should arm itself with poleaxes and cleavers. Under those conditions, could we blame the other team for showing a rather retiring disposition?

For a good many years, I have been watching wild things in their native haunts, and it has not appeared to me that they lacked in the great quality of courage. I remember, for example, the behavior of a stag on Murphy's Island, South Carolina. Many deer live there, and likewise many wild cattle, the descendants of a small herd liberated in the wild jungles of that solitary place nearly a hundred years ago. I was in the edge of a dense red-cedar grove watching a small herd of deer coming out on the marsh to feed, late in the afternoon. A splendid buck led them. A little way off I saw a black bull, a huge creature with a massive neck, and short, sharp, polished horns. His mien was decidedly menacing. One of the does, for some reason or other, was limping slightly; she lagged behind the others, and the buck appeared to be shielding her.

FOR some reason best known to himself, but probably merely because of sheer truculence, the bull lowered his head, lolling it from side to side, rolled his eyes, bellowed softly but terribly, and advanced toward the crippled deer. It frequently happens, among wild things, especially with surly old males, that one will attack the other without provocation, or merely because an advantage seems to be offered. I saw the bull start toward the doe. What his purpose was, I cannot be sure; but certainly his approach was not Chesterfieldian. In the matter of reassurement it left much to be desired.

The deer saw the monster coming. The stag might have weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, possibly a little more. The bull weighed nearly a ton. Yet the buck turned, lifted his proud antlered head, dipped forward his ears, opened wide his black nostrils. The bull, mumbling ferociously to himself, and not watching carefully where he was going, so busy was he with the matter of creating a dread impression, came within twenty feet of the buck ere he saw that a champion was in his path.

To see two antagonists of this sort face each other seemed almost pitiful; like pitting a baby against a brontosaurus. But the bull halted, ceased his bellowing, lifted his head high, and looked thunder and lightning at the beautiful lithe gentleman in his pathway. The crippled doe, meanwhile, had taken advantage of the diversion created for her, and was a good way off in the marsh. The bull took a step forward. I saw the buck foreshorten

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I am told by a reliable observer that he has seen the kingbird put the bald eagle to ignominious flight

his neck so that it bulged, and his antlers were lowered artfully so that the tips of their keen points looked straight into the bull's eyes. Thus they stood for several moments, the stag refusing to give an inch, the bull uncertain of the etiquette of the situation.

After a time, the buck standing steadfast, the bull lowered his head and pretended to browse, whereat the deer turned and with quiet dignity followed his comrades. Once or twice he looked back. But the bull made no pretense of pursuit. He evidently found the succulent grasses more to his liking than the promise of an encounter with a buck that appeared quite ready to take care of himself and of those under his protection.

That the deer may become, under certain circumstances, almost absurdly courageous, may be attested by the following story:

One day I stopped to see Peter Lincoln, one of my boyhood friends, who lived on a fine old place on the highway between Georgetown and Charleston, South Carolina. His yard was most ample, two or three acres in extent, with here and there a huge live oak or a scuppernong vine. As I went in the gate, a full-grown doe jumped up from beneath an oak and came stepping toward me, her attitude clearly indicating that she doubted my right to enter the yard. When a deer means trouble, it has a very peculiar walk and an eccentric way of lowering its head and of making its hair stand out, so that its size is very apparently increased. When an animal is menacing, the Pennsylvania Germans say, "It makes ugly at me." The description is a good one.

About this time my friend appeared, and together we went toward the house, closely followed by the doe, which seemed to have lost her enmity but to have retained her curiosity. Seated before the fire inside, Lincoln told me about the deer.

"That's my watch dog," he said. "Nothing comes into this yard without her knowing the reason why. And she's always awake at night. I raised her from a fawn, and she can't be persuaded to leave the yard. I have had her out; but the minute she's on the other side of the fence, her whole nature changes. She's just a deer once again, flighty and timid. But in the yard she's not afraid of anything.

"She always investigates visitors. A dog can't cross the fence without her being on his back. The other morning, about daylight, I heard a dog yelping. Looking out of the window, I saw the doe by the fence, jumping on something. By the time I had on my clothes, the business was over. But I am satisfied that a stray dog had tried to come through a wide panel in the fence, and that the deer caught him and mauled him before he could get away. I found signs of the struggle.

"Her scent is so keen that she knows long before I do that something is coming. She's both a barometer and a watch dog. Often I see her winding something; and after a time it will come into sight. The other day she ran some razorbacks out of the yard, and that's more than some dogs can do."

THIS incident, authentic in every detail, appears to me to prove that, given anything like a fair chance, a wild creature cannot only show courage of a rather high order but can also develop it rapidly. Wild things, as this tale of the doe illustrates, have a deep love of a certain place; possibly a certain sense of possession (that in us is acutely developed). They will not only defend their own lives but also their own rights and property. I know with what amusement I have watched a mockingbird make everything in feathers stay clear of his castle.

As long as I can remember, a mockingbird has had his home in a cedar, covered with smilax, close to our front porch. Of course this has not been the same bird, for generations come and go with the years, but always there has been one there with a strongly developed family trait. It is exclusiveness. This mocker is really an artist, a great solitary. Things that merely twitter and cheep and caw drive his esthetic spirit to distraction. He lurks in the shadow of the cedar most of the time. When he appears, it is either to sing divinely, or else, with the harshest cries, to drive away intruders who would profane his sanctuary.

It does not appear to matter to him what disturbs him; he protests just the same. I have seen him chase blue jays, dogs, brown thrashers, cats, crows, and even a little hawk! One day a mule sidled up to the cedar to rub off the flies; then, feeling relief in its inmost soul, it began to bray with amiable idiocy. Out of the tree flashed the mockingbird, straight at the mule's head, buffeted its ears, screamed harshly at it, and then darted with defiant grace back into the secreting shadows. I suppose we have no right to expect an

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artist to listen placidly to a mule's braying—and right in the studio too, as it were.

Than the mockingbird there are others even more dauntless; indeed, one of the standard sights every summer afforded to watchers of the sky is the David-and-Goliath encounter of the kingbird and some huge antagonist—crow, hawk, buzzard, or black vulture. I have been told by a reliable observer that he has seen the kingbird put the bald eagle to ignominious flight!

But I remember seeing one day something that impressed me with the eagle's spirit. I was a few miles from the tip of the Santee delta, in a huge wasteland. A storm was rolling up from the southwest—not an ordinary storm, but the "lunatic fringe" of a West Indian cyclone. The inky sky took on a greenish tinge, then an angry saffron. A greenish-yellow sky usually impends disaster of some kind. Things looked so bad that I decided to spend the night where I was rather than risk the wrath of the river. Yet I wanted much to be at home. I looked at my small boat; then at the stormy and menacing sky; then at the distant mainland. I was afraid to take the risk, with the twilight falling and a wild tempest lording it over the world.

But as I looked for a last time at the crazy sky, I saw a bald eagle, that doubtless had been cruising far up the river all the day long, making his way back to his roosting tree on Cedar Island, at the very point of the delta. There was grandeur in the way that he rode the storm. He was heading for home; the hurricane had intercepted him. Yet he would not turn back.

It is a common sight to see birds fleeing before a storm; but here was one beating his way powerfully and heroically through the very heart of a gale. The old bird wanted to get home—just as I did. "But," you say, "he had the advantage; he had wings." Yes; and he had something more, to make him plunge dauntlessly toward that green-bosomed storm: he had a great heart; a certain elemental valor which we should do well oftener to associate with these children of the wild. They are no cowards; we have no right to adjudge them so by considering merely their attitude toward us, entrenched as we are with weapons of destruction. If stags carried high-powered rifles and hunters were weaponless, I imagine that the popularity of deer hunting as a sport would wane somewhat.

AMONG my acquaintances of the wildwoods none was more ferocious-looking or more interesting than a gigantic razorback sow that wore a tinkling bell. Just who decorated this grim chimera with this absurd appendage is beyond me; certainly it was as incongruous as a pearl pendant on a rhinoceros. Nor did the bell have the effect of domesticating the rugged old giantess. Frequently, while deer hunting in the wildest swamps near home, I used to hear this eerie bell; and although my negro driver knew that the hog wore it, he had apprehensions about it. On one occasion, while trying to suckle nine pigs, and when both she and the pigs were famished, she came to the plantation fields. I heard the bell, then a great outcry among the sheep. Running over to where they were bleating foolishly, I saw the sow making off with a lamb in her mouth. I ran her down and made her drop it. But her boldness and her savagery impressed me; indeed, her attitude toward me was anything but conciliatory. Even after I had the lamb in my arms, she followed me truculently, champing her jaws. Tall, lank, starving, she was a really dangerous wild creature; and the tinkle of the dainty bell only heightened the horror of her.

IT WAS this same razorback, however, that my negro hunter saw held at bay by another wild thing, which has the reputation of being timid. He was out in the turpentine woods in mid-May, when one is likely at any time to come upon a baby fawn. But he did not see the fawn first. He heard the old sow's bell. As he was alone, as it was late in the afternoon, and as he had a somewhat respectful attitude toward "hants," he walked up the wreckage of a pine that had been thrown down by a storm. From this point of vantage he saw what he later reported to me. I shall give the story in my own words, for you would not be able to interpret his low-country speech—a language in which many native African words survive; for example, "bofemba" is rabbit, "machinchie" is small, "bungiewala" is dragonfly, and "jubrocroo" is thicket. "I saw the old sow," he said, "coming down the side of a little watercourse, and she did not seem to have anything on her mind. She was just grunting and moving along. When near me she stopped, but not because she saw me.

"Just then I saw something suddenly jump up in front of her. It was a doe. She did not run off, but turned to face the razorback. I did not know then that she had a little fawn lying there by her. The deer lowered her head, looked at the sow, and advanced toward her, stepping high, and now and then pawing. She tried to make herself look like an angry bull.

"In the wild forest deer and hogs usually pay no attention to each other; but here was a doe telling a famished old razorback to keep her distance. By this time the sow saw the fawn. It was so little that she could easily have caught it and carried it away, just as she caught that lamb; and perhaps in a fight between the doe and the razorback, the doe might get the worst of it. But the doe put on the airs of a bully, advanced to meet the sow, and brought that old hog to a halt. The two stood facing each other. The doe curled back (*Continued on page 135*)

"Reared up against a big tupelo was the bear, facing me—just waiting for me, daring me to come"

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It's Fun Being A Father

By Clarence Budington Kelland

MOST fathers go wrong at the very start of their careers as parents. As soon as the doctor comes down to announce that it is a boy, the new father rushes to the telephone to spread the news over a breathlessly waiting world. He is so convinced that he has achieved something remarkable and unique, that he straightway begins to swell with pride.

And that's where the male parent gets off on the wrong foot. The new father is so vain over the miracle that he never quite recovers from it. His point of view lops over into his relations with his son. He says to him, "I am the very remarkable fellow who made himself your father, and it's your business to reverence me." And there you are! Dad starts out with the full belief that he is entitled to the profound esteem, if not the reverence of his offspring.

"Honor thy father and thy mother" is a fine commandment, and states what the lawyers call a splendid *prima facie* case; but I, personally, believe it has been misinterpreted for a couple of dozens of centuries. From time immemorial, parents have read into it a meaning which no intelligent lawgiver could have intended should be there; which is, that the mere fact of being a parent entitles you to the honor of the children of whom you are the father or the mother. To me that's a heap like the lazy man saying that the world owes him a living.

Nobody owes you anything until you have delivered some kind of goods to create a debt.

HENRY JAMES once defined life as that predicament which precedes death, and certainly nobody owes you a debt of honor or gratitude for getting him into that predicament. But a child does owe his father a debt, if Dad, having gotten him into this peck of trouble, takes off his coat and buckles down to the job of showing his son how best to crash through it.

We're leaving mothers out of this discussion. It applies only to fathers, for the sake of argument. My parental experience having been exclusively paternal I feel myself unfitted to cope with the feminine portion of the problem. But I'll venture to wager a small red apple that what I say about fathers and sons applies equally well to mothers and daughters.

Along about the year 1918 the divine right of kings came a bit of a cropper, and passed into innocuous desuetude; the divine right of parents ought to take the same journey. Fathers are living on an inherited fortune of worn-out and absurd traditions. In my capacity as a father I'm trying to get rid of them.

Once upon a time, and not so long ago as time is counted, a father had the right of life and death over his children and his slaves. Up until very recent times fathers have tried to maintain as much of this right as they could. A relic of barbarism, of course; but what would you? Even so young and tender a shoot as myself can remember when it was fashionable for sons to be afraid of their fathers. And by this I mean *afraid*.

Father was a potentate in the house, and the dish he wanted served up three times a day was not love but fear. He maintained his position by force of arms, as all tyrants do, and his sons looked forward eagerly to the day when they could throw him over a five-bar fence. Deference and implicit obedience and awe were what fathers demanded and got—or resorted to the gad. They used to run around cutting off their sons with a shilling, and deriving great satisfaction from the pastime. It was divine right gone mad.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BLANK & STOLLER, N. Y.

Clarence Budington Kelland demonstrates for his two sons, Tom and Horace (shown on the opposite page), the proper way to handle a medicine ball

This, in its most virulent form, has passed—save in enough individual instances to give a decided leaven to the loaf. But it hasn't gone far enough or fast enough to lose all the nonsense which clung to it. The good old commandment needs to be revised so that it will read, "Honor thy father and thy mother—if they are worthy of it."

Before I gained any experience as a father I had had a noteworthy career as a son. Being a son is the finest way to prepare for being a father. A son is the raw material of the parent's job, and anybody who tries to manufacture ought to know how his raw material feels about it.

I had one father and one mother, and I remember very distinctly my relations to my parents and my reactions in various sets of circumstances. I've always thought how lucky I was that the stork dropped me down our chimney instead of the chimney next door.

NOW, as this article is about fathers, and not mothers, I'll touch only on some of my dad's methods, and just say in passing that Mother was a humdinger, and I can't see that to-day she has lost an ounce of what she had in stock when I first became acquainted with her, forty-five years ago.

She was father and mother to both Dad and me, and no dynamo ever built can shoot out as much electric power in a day as she. I have known a number of remarkable women in my time; but of them all I think two—my mother and my mother's mother—stand at the top. For personality, sturdiness, ambition, tenacity, tirelessness. . . . If my mother reads this, and it is dollars to doughnuts that she does, I may know again the sensation of being laid across parental knees under a slipper.

But we are on the subject of dads. I have, so far as possible, modeled myself in my capacity as a father, upon *my* father. With this difference—I have theories; Dad didn't bother with any. He was a parent by ear, and a wonderfully correct ear he had, too. Instinctively, he went in for the catch-as-catch-can system of fatherhood, just as I have gone in for it because I believe it is the only workable system.

Dad started out with a fine foundation—a real love of children, male or female, white, yellow, orange, or black. If it was a child, Dad loved it; and his idea wasn't to improve it right away but to make it happy. He was one of those almost extinct men who used to carry pink wintergreen candies in their pockets. I suppose he still does. He was as young as I when I was six, and now that I am in the middle forties he is a great deal younger. Why, only a couple of weeks ago he almost cut his foot off with an ax while playing he was a Boy Scout or something!

He enjoyed being a father. I believe he enjoyed walking the floor with me nights when I was cutting teeth—and that's more than I did when my sons were in the same predicament. He enjoyed everything, and everybody enjoyed him.

As I say, he went in for the catch-as-catch-can system of being a father. I don't remember that he ever recited a

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moral precept to me, or told me that this or that thing was wrong. But, every once in a while, when he saw an opening, he would dash in and get a hold in approved catch-as-catch-can style. And when he let go I'd have something I didn't have before. He didn't tell me how to live; he lived, and let me watch him do it.

Dad never was a money-maker, and, as nearly as I can make out, he never wanted to be. He worked mighty hard when he worked, but his real job was living. Oh, he and I would have been a slick pair of vagabonds if our wives hadn't needed to eat three times a day. To-day he's an elder in the Presbyterian church, and every time I think of it I have to chuckle. I bet it's Mother's doing; and every week I expect to hear a scandal about his inveigling the minister off Sunday morning to catch black bass instead of staying home to preach good Presbyterian doctrines.

He had—and has—the quickest temper I ever met. But, quick as it is, he never lost it with me, not even when I was at the eighteen-year-old stage and for a while thought myself his social and intellectual superior. I guess he just grinned some.

DAD taught me to enjoy the everyday things of life. He used to take me walking every Sunday afternoon—not to unload facts about natural history, nor to work off any pet theories, nor even to amuse me. He did it because he liked to do it, and had the idea that if he liked it I would like it too. He took me to circuses because he liked circuses, and to baseball games for the same reason. He didn't play down to me, and he never made me feel that he was being noble for my benefit, or that he was sacrificing himself to give me pleasure.

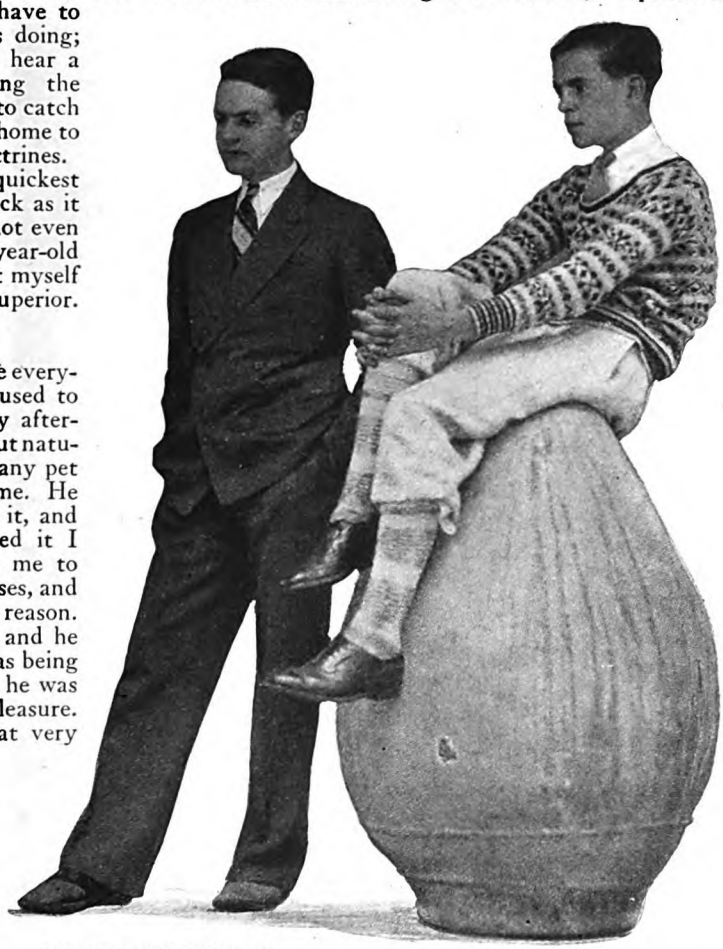
A lot of us fathers do that very thing. We take an afternoon off to do something for our kids, and then spend the rest of the summer bragging to them about what wonderful fathers they have, to do so much for them. The next worse thing to doing a favor for somebody is to keep on telling him about it.

Dad never made me feel uncomfortable when I was with him; he never tried to put over any "heavy father" stuff. He didn't preach, but he managed to impress upon me without ever putting it into words, his ideas of how a boy should behave. They were good ideas too, though not orthodox. I am even less orthodox than he, and I'm glad of it, because it has worked out in practice.

I've told you all this about my Dad so that you may get an idea of the groundwork I had to build on. Now, I'm going to talk about myself, and a lot of you fathers may start out to make trouble for me, or say I'm just one of those literary lunatics. Go ahead; I don't mind.

I scandalized the head master of the school my sons are attending by saying that nothing would horrify me more than to see my boys honor students. I told him I thought you could go too far with education, and make it the end and aim of existence. Nobody ever got anywhere merely by *knowing* a fact; the way you make a dent in the world is by *using* a fact. Schools have much more important and interesting things to teach than how to discover the cubical content of a cylinder.

Every boy of ordinary intelligence is bound to pick up a groundwork of education as he goes along. A great deal of it he forgets, and some of it isn't any good, anyhow. But learning is mental exercise, and therefore it has real value. A while ago my younger son came home with a report card that wouldn't win him any medals; and he rather expected to hear language about it. But he didn't. I didn't even tell him he ought to do better, because he knew that without being told, and he has sense enough to know I knew he ought to do better. So, why talk about it? I wasn't especially interested in that side of his school life.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BLANK & STOLLER, N. Y.

BUT I was keenly interested in other things. I wanted to know how he got along with his masters—if they liked him, and if he liked them. More particularly I wanted to know what were his relations with the other boys in his dormitory. Now that, to my mind, overshadows everything else in importance. Why? Because that is life, and life is made up of contacts with other human beings. If he was learning how to get along with the other fellows, I was satisfied. It is what I sent him to school to learn. Anybody can teach him what a verb is. You can learn it out of a book, sitting alone in a cave. But you can't learn how to meet and to know other human beings without bumping into them in everyday life.

I wanted to know why he liked or disliked certain boys. That is a mighty significant thing—why your son likes or dislikes folks. And it is a vitally important piece of education to get into his head what sort of people he ought to like and whom to dislike.

He passed a pretty good examination on it, too. Of course he didn't know he was being examined; he thought I was just interested—which was sixty per cent true. We discussed things as if we were both thirteen, and immediately got on a common footing.

You know, a thirteen-year-old boy understands facts and events with the perceptions and experience and point of view of thirteen years. That's how he ought to understand them. Where we fathers go wrong is that we look at things from the age of forty-odd with the mind of forty-odd, while our sons look at them from the angle of thirteen, or fifteen, or eighteen. We may be perfectly right in our viewpoint; they may be perfectly right in theirs—and that's where the rub comes.

YOU must dig back in your memory so that you can reproduce your sensations at thirteen, and then talk from that viewpoint. Your boy can't leap forward to forty-odd. If, to thirteen, an act seems fair and square and fine, then it is fair and square and fine, no matter how foolish it may seem to you. If your boy has done something of which his immature sense of ethics approves, then he has done a good thing, no matter how ridiculous it actually may be, and he deserves a pat on the back for it.

Words mean a different thing to thirteen from what they do to fifty. You can't speak Greek to a boy who understands only English, and get riled because he doesn't know what you are talking about. You mustn't expect your son to strap on stilts and stand at your height. It puts him in a false position, and all the time he knows he is on stilts, and that his legs actually are not that length. He is pretending to something he hasn't got, and we fathers never know it, unless we watch out.

A good memory is the best asset any father can have. If you can't remember your own boyhood, you want to walk mighty softly, or you have no more chance of being a proper father than a hen has of scratching over its own grave.

As I was saying, it is a heap more important to know how to live than it is to know how to find the square root. It is a heap more important to be a gentleman than it is to be able to conjugate irregular verbs. It is a whole lot more vital to learn how to think than it is to memorize like a parrot. The school that teaches your sons these things really educates him; the school that only drums into him lessons out of books is as (*Continued on page 144*)

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In the silent heart of the Wisconsin forests, the strain of those last hectic days in Chicago dropped away from them

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Last Instalment

Masquerade

A thrilling mystery romance

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON

"THAT you, Celia?" Phil's voice called from somewhere.

"Yes," she answered. "I came on ahead of the others to change my dress."

She could hear him now splashing in his bath, and she laughed when he said, "I'm glad you haven't got the whole bunch with you."

The queerest thing about it was that her feelings were exactly what they ought to have been if she had really been his wife. It was nice to know that he was in there getting dressed for the wedding and was sure to be ready on time. Her shivers had disappeared at the first sound of his voice. It was perfectly delicious to be shouted at through the door, to have him inquire whether she wanted him in regulation rig—morning coat, and so on—or not.

"Of course!" she said. "We don't have a wedding every day."

The twinge she got out of the reflection that it was his own wife he was going to see married lasted only an instant. Celia was not his wife, and never had been—legally or otherwise.

Now he wanted to know what she was going to wear.

"I don't know," she answered. "Any choice, Phil?"

He did not answer that question immediately.

"Why, I have one," he said at last; "but I don't know that I dare mention it."

"Why not?"

"Well, you know what it is—the Venice dress."

Her heart gave a jump at that.

"I don't believe I want to wear it to the wedding, Phil," she told him; "but I'll put it on for you afterward, if you like."

"That will be better," he said gravely.

It meant something, then. Something apparently that Celia had always denied him. She was getting scared again.

HE BROKE the tension by calling, "Hollister was surprised, all right, but he said he'd come. I asked him to be a little early. That's what you wanted, wasn't it? So he may be along almost any minute."

The news just about knocked her flat. She had simply forgotten all about Tommy; had not thought of him for twenty-four hours. It took her a minute to remember what she had wanted him for.

But she recovered her poise very quickly. "All right," she told Phil. "I'll be ready for him."

She was dressed and answered the 'phone herself when they announced him from down-stairs. "Send him up," she ordered.

Phil opened his door to speak to her. "I can be dressed in a minute if you want me," he told her. "But you want to run this show yourself, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, if I can." She added, with a smile, "You've always been nice about letting me do that."

The remark apparently puzzled as well as pleased him, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered now.

She opened the door for Tommy and led him straight down the corridor into the drawing-room.

"It was very nice of you to come," she told him. "I hoped you would."

BETWEEN curiosity and embarrassment, with fright in the background, he was simply squirming. Apparently he considered it a possibility that she meant to make up with him after all.

"I didn't quite see why I was asked," he began.

"To my sister's wedding? Sit down, Tommy. You've been interested in Cynthia for a long time, you see. Ever since you read a letter of hers, years ago, up in Fred's room in the fraternity house."

He jumped as if he'd been stung.

"A letter of *hers!*" he cried.

She nodded. "I thought you'd better understand that. It was she Fred married, not I."

"The answer he wrote was addressed to you, all right," he asserted, getting himself together a little.

"No; it wasn't," she said. "I never saw the answer. The outer envelope happened to be addressed to Celia Howard. That misled you. It's always a mistake to jump to conclusions, Tommy."

"Look here," he demanded, "why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I didn't owe you any confidences. It happened to be important then that the marriage should be kept secret. It's not important any longer. Her guardian knows all about it. He's come on for the wedding."

His expression of bewilderment was so ludicrous that she did laugh a little.

"It's all exactly as I tell you," she assured him. "You wait and see."

"But if it was Cynthia who got married to Fred, why is she getting married again to-day? Who is it she's going to marry, anyway?" He thought of the answer to that question in the moment he asked it, and jumped to his feet! "Fred? Is Fred coming here?"

"Yes," she said. "He doesn't know you've been invited to his wedding, but I'm sure he'll be glad to see you."

The telephone rang just then, and she added, "I guess that's them now, Fred and Cynthia and her guardian." She noted that Phil was answering the telephone, and turned back to Tommy.

Fred must have frightened him terribly that morning at the Club.

"What did you get me up here for?" he asked. His lips were actually trembling. She was half-way sorry for him.

"Not to do any harm—really not. I wanted to make perfectly sure that you had the pair of us, Cynthia and me, straight in your mind so that you never could mix us up again. I thought if you saw Cynthia and Fred married it would save a whole lot of explaining. Excuse me just a minute, won't you? I've got some introducing to do."

"This is Phil, Cynthia," she said, and wondered, during half a breath, whether the ceiling would fall or not.

It didn't. The other introductions got themselves made somehow. She led the bride down the passage to her own bedroom, leaving Phil to take the men into his room to leave their overcoats.

Celia sat down on the edge of the long chair and looked around. "I hate this place," she said. "I've always hated it. It seems as if I'd been away a year. Can you realize, Cyndy, that it's been just a week? That it was only last Wednesday afternoon that I met you at the Blackstone and gave you the key to the flat?"

Cynthia delayed her reply for a moment. She was standing near the door, and she heard steps, light, rapid steps, going down the passage. Then the outer door of the flat opened and shut. Well, thank heaven, that was the last of Tommy Hollister.

"No," she answered, "I can't."

SHE had one more hurdle to take. "There's one thing I want to ask you, Celia, and I may not get another chance. Do you remember that I promised you the other night not to tell Phil—the truth about us, you know—unless you told me I might? Well, I want you to set me free from that promise."

"You'll be perfectly crazy to tell him," Celia warned her.

"I want to be free to, anyhow. If I'm going to be Celia, I want to be able to keep her secrets in my own way."

"Once this is over, you can tell him anything you like—as far as I'm concerned," Celia said.

The telephone rang again. "That must

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be the minister," Cynthia observed. "Let's go out."

Fred and his bride were catching the five-o'clock train, so there was no delay after the arrival of the minister.

Cynthia stood through the reading of the service like one in a trance. Liturgical ceremonies are rather hypnotic, anyhow, and the implications of this one were too queer to bear thinking about. She concentrated her mind upon wondering how she was going to cook Phil's dinner, with presumably none of the materials for it in the house, till this train of thought was routed by the surmise, a devastating one, that Uncle Henry Pyncheon might expect to be asked to dinner, and perhaps to let them put him up for the night.

She came out of this nightmare with a start to realize that everything was over, and the handshaking and kissing had begun. The queerest, most dreamlike thing of all was to see Phil gravely and ceremoniously follow the example of the other men in kissing Celia. He produced some coffee and biscuits, passed the cigarettes. The minister took his leave. Fred looked at his watch and said he guessed they'd better be starting.

The nightmare about Uncle Henry didn't come off, for he promptly said he must be going, too. He'd promised himself for dinner with some old friends on the South Side.

Phil tossed a handful of rice while they waited for the elevator, the elevator went down, and the two who were left went back through their open door and closed it behind them.

"Well," he said, "good luck to them. They're off your hands now, aren't they, Celia? That job's finished?"

THE words were commonplace enough; but his voice was vibrant with a feeling he could not disguise. The unworded question, "Now, what about us?" sounded as clear as if he had spoken it.

It was high time she settled that question, she knew. But for the moment she felt helplessly unready for it. She couldn't think at all. He was looking at her, and she couldn't speak. Panic was mounting in her.

He turned away and looked at his watch. "Would you mind my going back to the office for an hour?" he asked. "There are some things on my desk that ought to be signed tonight. I'll be back in time for dinner."

She was not for a moment taken in by his excuse. He had seen she was frightened, and meant to give her time to get herself together. Perceiving that this was true she was frightened no longer. The panic subsided as suddenly as it had surged up.

But she did not tell him not to go. "I can use a couple of hours myself," she said. "I don't believe there's anything in the house for dinner."

He was putting on his overcoat. "Yes, there is," he told her. "I did the ordering this morning myself. But don't you bother about it. Take it easy till I come back, and then we'll do it together, the way we did the other night."

She grinned at him. "I won't bother about a thing."

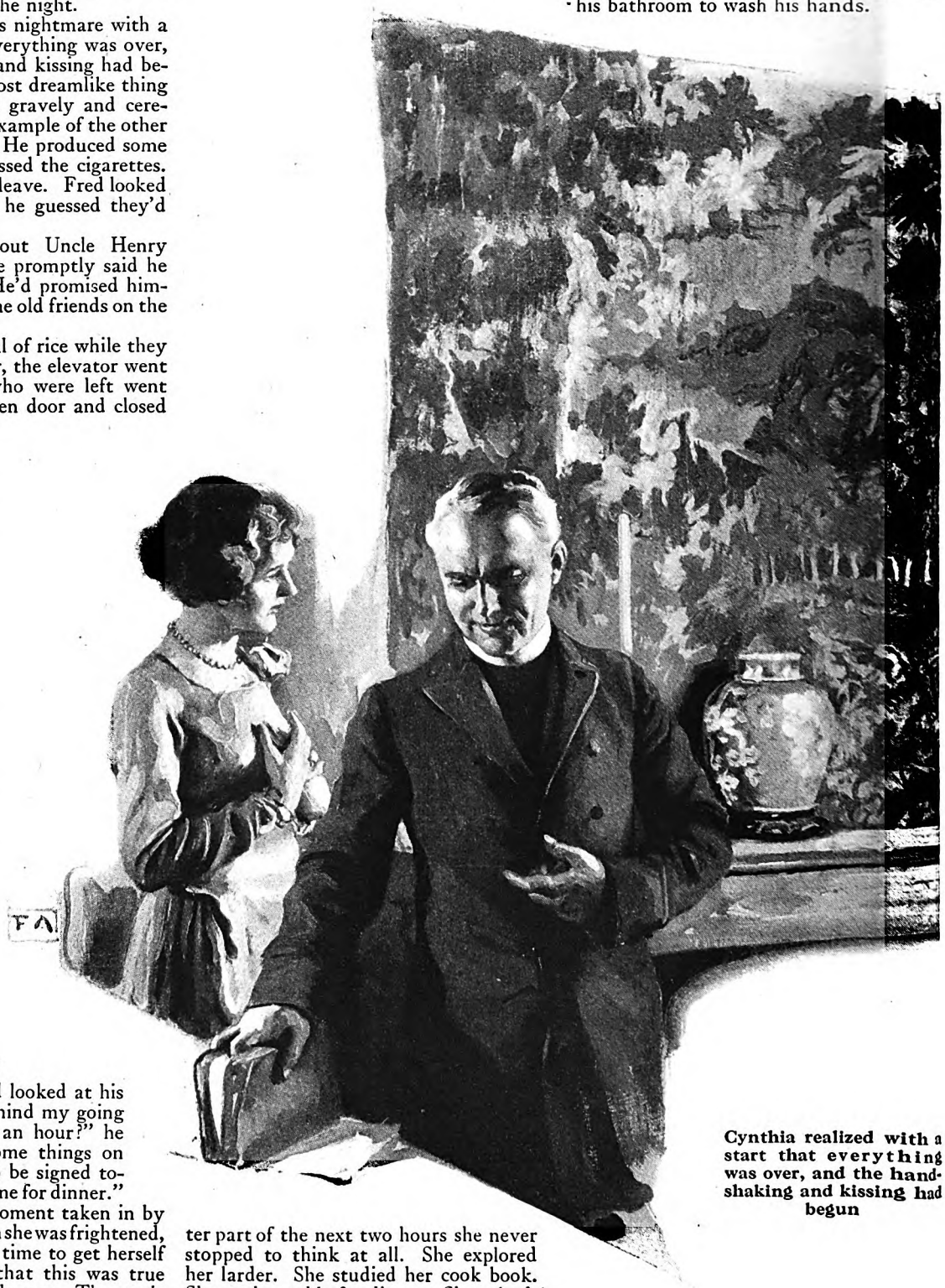
She was out of her wedding dress and into a pinafore before he'd had more than time to leave the building, and for the better part of the next two hours she never stopped to think at all. She explored her larder. She studied her cook book. She set her table for dinner. She salted, and stirred, and tasted, and watched. She flew from one thing to another, averting disaster now and then by the mere breadth of a hair.

It was quarter-past six when she turned down all the flames to the simmering point, satisfied that the meal was ready, and went to her bedroom—it was hers now if it was anybody's—to put on the Venice dress and get herself ready for Phil. She hoped he wouldn't be late.

He was not. She was only half dressed when she heard him letting himself in.

"Dinner's ready," she called to him; "and I will be in a minute."

"Is that the way you keep your promises?" he wanted to know as he went into his bathroom to wash his hands.



Cynthia realized with a start that everything was over, and the handshaking and kissing had begun

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"Yes," she said. "I promised I wouldn't bother, and I haven't."

"How long is a minute?" he asked outside her half-opened door. "If I put the dinner on now, will you be ready?"

She told him she would, and came into the dining-room in her Venice dress, just as he, with two plates of soup, pushed open the swing door from the pantry.

"Oh, don't drop them!" she cried, and the catastrophe did not quite happen. She rescued one of the plates and he managed to put the other right side up in its place.

"CELIA—" he began, but waited so long she asked, "What is it?"

"If I—if I came around the table now and kissed you, would—would the whole building go up in smoke, like in one of the Arabian Nights tales?"

"I don't know." She smiled at him as she said it; but her voice was grave enough. "I think I'd rather you waited till—till after dinner. I think it might be—safer for both of us."

For a moment it was doubtful whether Phil was going to accept the decision. Then he too, smiled, and the tension of his body relaxed. When he came around the table it was only to hold her chair for her.

"I wasn't frightened at *our* wedding," he remarked, conversationally, after he'd gone back to his own seat, "and I was rather surprised to find myself getting frightened at this. I couldn't think at first what it was I was afraid of. Then I got it. I realized that unless Mr. Pyncheon had another invitation to dinner, we'd have to ask him to stay here!"

"That was my nightmare, too," she acknowledged. "I thought I simply couldn't bear it. It isn't that I don't like him, but I've had a good deal of him today. I had to meet him at the train and tell him all about my sister before he saw her. . . . And now," she went on, "I'm going to tell you everything I told him."

"Don't you want to let that wait till after dinner, too?" he asked.

But she said she didn't. She'd rather get it over with. Really, the little informal digressions of the dinner with its necessary excursions to the kitchen made the telling much easier. She could hardly have plodded through the long lie in cold blood, and even with this help she felt she was telling it mechanically. She did not see how he could fail to perceive that she was lying to him.

He didn't, though. He listened gravely but alertly—without preoccupation.

She thought she had waded through to the farther side of the morass when she came to the end of the story she had told Uncle Henry Pyncheon, but in the thoughtful silence that succeeded it she perceived she hadn't. She had not yet accounted for Tommy Hollister.

Was it telepathy? He said, "I suppose Hollister was the one person who had found out about it?"

Luckily for her, she could always smile over the thought of Tommy, and the feel of the smile made it easier for her to go on.

"It wasn't what Tommy thought he'd found out," she said. "He saw the letter she'd written to Fred, saying it couldn't be a real marriage and asking him to agree that it never had happened. It wasn't signed with anything but her initial, but Fred's answer to it was lying on the desk—sealed up in an envelope—and addressed—under cover—to Celia Howard. I sent it on to her, without knowing what was in it, of course.

"But Tommy thought that it was I who had married Fred. He said nothing to Fred about it, but he remembered the name. Fred thinks he probably wrote it down—filed it for reference. Anyhow, when he met me and found out where I'd been to college, and that my name had been Howard before I married you, he thought he had something that he could use. It was just after he'd told me about it that you came in and kicked him out."

THIS was where the ice was thinnest. She hoped it wouldn't break through till she got to the end. It held. He didn't ask her why, since Tommy was wrong, she hadn't merely laughed at him. Instead of that, he said, with a blue-black gleam in his eyes, "I wish I'd kicked him all the way to the street!"

"I knew he'd mixed us up, of course," she hurried on. "I'd never seen Fred. But I didn't want to give Cynthia away to him—nor to you. He threatened to tell you about it, but of course he didn't. He told it to James Beale, instead.

"I didn't know he'd done that until after Cynthia was hurt. He spoke to me outside the hospital; wanted to ride home with me, and I let him because I saw he was a little drunk, and I thought I might find out something. I did; but I couldn't make out exactly how he'd made his mistake nor how much he'd told Beale; whether it was (*Continued on page 131*)

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

"Dead-Shot" Stanley is Still Blazing Trails

FIFTY years ago it was no uncommon sight for loungers in the neighborhood of the old Barnum Museum, in New York City, to see Indian scouts dressed in chaps and sombreros, with wicked-looking six-shooters at their belts, and hair growing long about their shoulders.

One of these scouts was King Stanley. And the small boys who followed in the wake of their heroes recognized him from his picture, which graced the pages of the old McGuffey's Fifth Reader which some of them studied at school. The caption of the picture was "King Stanley—Indian Scout," and the text told of the heroic conduct of this intrepid Indian fighter at the battle of Wounded Knee Creek, where he won the name of "Dead-Shot" Stanley.

He is now known as Colonel Stanley. He is seventy-three years old, but still every inch the fighter, from the crown of his sombrero to his sturdy legs, encased in leather leggins. He has a florid complexion, and a sandy mustache, the fierceness of which is counteracted by the lines of humor around his eyes and mouth. His once long, waving, reddish hair has been shorn. From beneath the brim of the wide hat gaze eyes as blue as the burning sky over his beloved plains, eyes that have the farseeing expression of one used to long distances.

"Were you born in the West?" I asked him, as we sat talking in a New York hotel during his visit to that city.

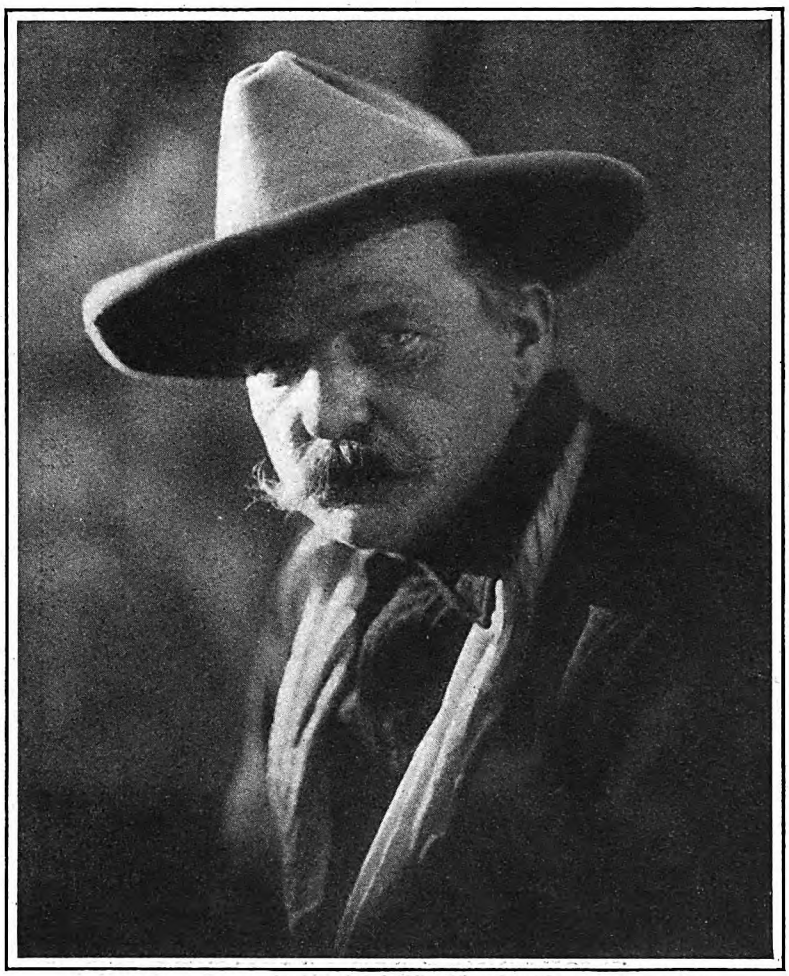
"I was born traveling, and I've been at it ever since," he replied.

One January night, way back in the 50's, King Stanley was born on a prairie schooner which was traveling back East from California.

"When I was two months old," Colonel Stanley said, "we started back to California, and that completed the first of fifty-nine round trips I have made from coast to coast during my life. The second trip I made on a bicycle. I wanted to go back East, and see the places where my father and mother had lived. When I got to Boston I sold the bike and footed it around the New England states."

He finished his exploration of his ancestral states at Bath, Maine, where he bought a horse, and rode back to California, which he calls his home.

In the years between 1855 and 1880, when Stanley was growing up on the Western frontier, a boy was considered a man among those rough and hardy pioneers from the time he was twelve years old. He dressed like the men—in hickory shirt and corduroy trousers tucked into high top boots. He carried a gun, and was supposed to be able to look after himself and anyone else who was dependent upon him for protection.



When he was fourteen, King Stanley piloted wagon trains across the Rockies to California. He won the title of "Dead-Shot" Stanley in his fights with the Indians. At the age of seventy-three he is opening new roads to develop the West

King Stanley's parents had what was a large amount of money, for those days, through the sale of family property in New England. They traveled from one state to another, looking for the perfect location for a homestead. A few years of this life dissipated their funds; the elder Stanley died, and at fourteen, the boy, thrown on his own resources, was making his living piloting wagon trains across the prairies from Kansas and the Dakotas, over the Rockies to California.

These were exciting days, for hardly a trip was accomplished without an attack from hostile Indians lying in wait for the settlers.

By the time young Stanley was sixteen, he knew every inch of the country through which he traveled, and no grown man could be better depended upon to follow the trail, to use keen judgment in emergencies, and to shoot straight and fast in the face of danger.

On his body, Colonel Stanley bears sixty-two knife and bullet wounds—souvenirs of these days. At the Battle of Wounded Knee Creek, he was cut off from the rest of the command, but shot his way out.

Two days before the Custer massacre, Colonel Stanley was crossing what is now a part of the state of Montana, with a wagon train in which there were about forty men besides the women and children. Suddenly, when they were in the neighborhood of Pompey's Pillar, they were ambushed and attacked by a band of about two hundred Indians. Throwing his little force around the wagons to protect the women and children, Colonel Stanley prepared to fight as long as there was a man to fire a gun, for he knew by experience the fate of anyone who fell alive into the hands of red men on the warpath.

The determined defense of the little band of settlers routed the Indians. Last year, while the colonel was driving through the Arizona Desert, he met an old Indian brave, who told him he was one of twelve who had escaped from the battle of Pompey's Pillar.

But this man has been something more than a fighter. He has used his influence and knowledge to promote friendly relations between the Indians and the Government. He learned the dialects of the different tribes when he was still a child, so he could meet them on their own ground. The army officers were always on the lookout for men of this type—fearless in danger and faithful to their trust. In the attempt to bring about a better understanding between the Indian and his white brother, Stanley was taken

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into the Arapahoe tribe of Indians, and was made a medicine man.

Somehow, during those years in the saddle, riding over the plains, the colonel found time to study medicine. Accidents and wounds were a part of the existence of the day, and on the long, slow journeys across the country there were many cases of illness among the women and children. There were times without number when a little medical knowledge on the part of someone on the spot might save lives or alleviate suffering. So "Dead-Shot" Stanley took a regular medical course.

And somehow, in his varied career, the colonel, who never had a day of proper schooling in his life, found time to study botany, biology, and archæology. The ancient cliff dwellings, Indian mounds, fossilized skeletons of prehistoric animals, wild animals, birds, and plants have been his objects of study.

"The Arizona Desert is a rich storehouse of archæology," said he. "I can't see why Americans should go abroad to dig up ruins, when our own are so interesting."

In 1898, pioneering, in the old sense, was practically at an end, and the automobile was emerging from a dream to a reality. Not to be left behind in the march of progress, the colonel got an automobile.

"You would hardly call the first car I drove an automobile," he said, smiling. "It was one of the first cars by R. E. Olds—the 'Olds curved-dash runabout,' and he wanted me to drive it around the country to prove its practicability. On it, I painted the slogan which I have painted on every one of the twenty-six different makes of car I have driven since—'En Route from Here to There'—and I became a trail-blazer for the generation of tourists which was to spring up over the country."

The colonel calls himself a trail-blazer. He never had a home but once in his life, and that was in Hollywood, when he was acting in Western pictures and collaborating on scenarios. Yet he is vitally interested in the civic problems of all the towns he visits. His advice and experience are welcomed at the meetings of many a good roads committee in the Western towns, where he is well known. Sometimes he puts on his own entertainment in the town hall, or in the vacant room back of the post office. Here he lectures on various subjects—better roads, tourist camps, new trails, civic progress—illustrating his talks with pictures he has taken and colored himself. He is a member of 468 automobile clubs.

One of Colonel Stanley's pet projects is to conduct a caravan of cars to the beauty spots which he has discovered in his million miles of travel.

HELEN HULETT SEARL

People Stop at Hotel Hayes—And Often Stay for Life

FOR over thirty years, the Hotel Hayes in Woodlawn, on the south side of Chicago, has been known for its homelike atmosphere. Many of its guests have lived the greater part of their lives within its hospitable walls.

Perhaps nothing will show the attitude of the hotel's guests so clearly as a note of thanks addressed to the Hayes brothers, John and Frank, by a young woman living there:

To the HAYES BROTHERS: I think I know now—or did last night—why people come to Hotel Hayes, and live the rest of their lives without trying to find another home. I knew it when that lovely blooming potted plant was brought into my room, and on the card was written, "Hayes Brothers."

Of the kind remembrances which have come to me, truly, I have not received one with more appreciation.

With that in mind, I think I shall grow strong sooner.

Sincerely,
LUCY ADAMS.

John Hayes, Senior, built the Hotel Hayes thirty-four years ago to accommodate visitors to the World's Fair of 1893, held along the Midway, a few blocks distant. The hotel was hardly established when John Hayes, Senior, died, leaving his widow, Mrs. Minnie Hayes, and her two small boys, John and Frank, with the burden of management and a twenty-four-thousand-dollar mortgage to pay off on the hotel.

"Mother was up at half-past five," says John Hayes, telling of these early days, "and she worked often until nearly midnight. I can picture her now, sewing comforts in the evenings.

"We lived in the hotel then, Mother, Frank, and I. It was our home and it was a home for everyone else who stayed there. Home-making is a woman's gift—Frank and I have had to learn it. Mother looked after the personal comfort of her guests; and if any of them were ill, it was she who took care of them. She had the same pride in her kitchen and in her rooms that any good housekeeper has. Everything had to be just right, not according to hotel but to home standards, for they were the only ones Mother knew.

"When Mother turned over the management of the hotel to Frank and me, in 1905, she did so with the sound advice that we keep the help with which she had surrounded herself as long as they lived, or cared to stay. We could not keep the hotel homelike, she said, by changing the faces about the place. We have abided by that wish of Mother's, and a number of our helpers have spent their lives here, just as have many of our guests. Our former housekeeper was with us thirty-one years. Our head waiter is rounding out his twenty-eighth year of service. Our bell captain has been with us now for twenty-one years.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ATWELL, CHICAGO

John and Frank Hayes, who have made their hotel into a real home. Many of the helpers and guests have spent their lives within its walls

"Luckily, Frank and I were wise enough to take Mother's advice and to continue her work of building up a homelike hotel. Even though this part of Chicago was growing rapidly, and we have since built two additions to the original hotel, we have tried to strengthen that reputation.

"Our present housekeeper is a woman who knows this hotel as her only home. She and her husband have lived here for twenty-five years. She had never been in hotel management work before she took up her present duties. She was one of our guests, and thought of Hotel Hayes as her home.

"Consequently, when she undertook to buy pictures for our newest addition, she chose them with all the care she would have used in selecting them for her own home. In decorating, she thinks of each room as a part of her house. It is an individual room to her—not merely a number.

"But the most comfortable hotel room in the world is, after all, a rather lonesome place to stay in. It is in our lobby that we give our guests the opportunity to find the friendship and sympathy which everyone instinctively wants.

"You have seen the high-backed chairs in hotel reception-rooms that seem fitting only for a dowager queen? Most people shy away from such chairs, and you will find none of them here. We told the hotel-furnishing people that we wanted comfortable, inviting furniture in our lobby. They came back with the usual layout—beautiful, perhaps, but by far too stiff and formal. It was not until three sets of plans for furniture had been submitted that we found what we wanted.

"Our guests are no different from the guests of other hotels. It is simply that they find here an opportunity to develop their social side. There is Paul Cadieux, a young French-Canadian, who works in a

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railway ticket office down-town. He has a splendid baritone voice. In our lobby, Paul finds his chance to sing. All of us, guests and management alike, want to hear him sing.

"There is Miss Lincicome, who does secretarial work. She is a talented whistler. Ethel Tomlin is a school-teacher; but our guests know her as a 'cello player. Leo Dillon works in an office. In our lobby he sings tenor. Nearly every one of our guests has some accomplishment he likes to air, and we encourage him to air it.

"Over in the corner of our lobby is the best grand piano that we could buy. There is always a group about it. You see, people will make themselves feel at home if you just give them half a chance.

"It is not unusual for hotels to broadcast over the radio these days, as we do. What is unusual in our broadcasting is the fact that we do not hire our talent. It all comes from among our guests. On every other Saturday afternoon we bring additional chairs from our ballroom into our lobby, where the greater number of our guests will congregate to listen to their friends over the radio. In the winter we have a dance one night a week, and on another night a card party. Last winter we flooded the roof and turned it into a skating rink for our guests. In the summer we convert this same roof into a roof garden and social center.

"In the last analysis, I think these methods would all fail, if it were not for the spirit which prompts them. When any one of us here inquires after a guest's welfare, we do it because we are really interested. The thought prompts the words.

"The flowers we send to the funerals of our guests' relatives, all over the country, or to the sick-rooms of our guests, would be a mere formality unless we backed them up every day with our sincere interest.

"We have learned that people *do* want friendliness. They *do* want sympathy. And because they get these things in this hotel, it becomes a home for them."

C. B. SPAULDING

She Trains Baby Orchids in the Way They Should Grow

ELINOR ALBERTS, of Louisville, Kentucky, is a young woman who, instead of wearing expensive orchids, grows them. She loves the beautiful blossoms so much that she now has 48,000 young plants, besides other thousands of older plants, under glass in a city back yard. She has even learned to cross-breed orchids to obtain unique and beautiful colorings in these mysterious plants from the tropical forests. Flowers from the Alberts's greenhouse are bought as far east as New York City, as far south as New Orleans, and as far north as Chicago.

Miss Alberts is one of the few women in the United States who breed and grow orchids for the market. To do this successfully she has had to study orchids intimately from the time the tiny seeds are sown until the full-grown plants open their gorgeous blossoms. Orchids are slow in coming into bloom. From seven to nine years are required by the plants to grow and display their delicate flowers, so, naturally, few florists are willing to work and wait for a crop of these expensive blooms.

"My father has been a lover of beautiful flowers all his life," says Miss Alberts. "When I was still a small child, he built a little conservatory at the side of our home. He filled it with the usual greenhouse plants. Then one day he bought an orchid or two.

"The peculiar beauty and delicacy of the orchids fascinated me. In a short time I became eager to understand these elusive beauties more intimately and thoroughly. They were so completely different from any other plant I had known that I felt they were worth an enormous amount of close and critical study. I read everything I could about orchids in greenhouses and in their own home in the tropics. I questioned florists, to find out anything they might happen to know. At that time nobody in this country had been successful in growing orchids from the seed, so I decided to solve this knotty problem if it were possible. With 48,000 baby orchids under three years old right here in our own back yard, I can safely say I have succeeded in solving the matter."

To-day Miss Alberts is the thoroughly well-trained and self-appointed nursery governess to the many thousands of baby orchids growing in the back-yard greenhouse. Practically all of her waking hours are spent tending the tender young plants, which must get their start in life on a special cotton. When the tiny seeds open they appear as little green specks on the smooth surface of the translucent culture.

Miss Elinor Alberts raises rare and beautiful orchids in her own back yard in Louisville, Kentucky. She started growing them as a hobby in her father's conservatory. Now she does cross-breeding to secure new varieties, and ships her blooms to florists in many cities

For months the painstaking and methodical nurse watches over and handles the glass flask incubators until the minute, slow-growing orchids are old enough to be transplanted into other flasks, in which a mixture of peat and moss takes the place of the culture. When the babies are about eighteen months old they are transferred to small pots, in which they can take care of themselves. This specially prepared culture in which the young plants begin life is a carefully guarded trade secret.

The most fascinating part of developing orchids from seed of one's own growing lies in cross-breeding to secure wonderful combinations of color and shape. Miss Alberts feels that she is painting in living colors when she is doing this most delicate work. In order to secure exactly what she needs in the way of parent plants for cross-breeding, Miss Alberts grows, buys, and even imports exceptionally fine and beautiful orchids. She recently imported a gorgeous specimen from England, the seed of which cost one hundred dollars. It will be reared in her back-yard nursery, so that in seven or nine years Miss Alberts may be able to see what the cross-breeding gave her in color and in size of bloom.

Originally, Miss Alberts was merely an amateur, greatly interested in orchids because of the pleasure she got in developing them. Now that she has a regular market for her plants and blossoms in widely scattered cities, she must produce vigorous plants and beautiful flowers for bouquets. The fragile blooms must, of course, be packed with the utmost care to reach the retail florists in perfect condition.

The fully grown and ready-to-bloom plants, which are bought for conservatories, can be shipped long distances with safety. Finely colored and extra large blossoms sometimes sell for $3 each; but when a glut on the market occurs they will drop to about $1.50.

"It is easy to find an absorbing life work in your own home," Miss Alberts says. "Orchids under glass in my back yard have given me a business which keeps me constantly alert, and in the sunshine."

JAMES SPEED

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Andy Epple's Dugout Market Attracts Customers From Three States

A BUSINESS that attracts trade from three states is conducted in a dugout just outside the limits of Greeley, Colorado.

This unusual market has a capacity of about forty carloads. It runs back into the cool depths of the earth; but it opens on the sunny highway, where it furnishes a steady stream of customers with fresh vegetables at retail prices.

The owner of the dugout store, and the originator of the selling plan, is Andy Epple, who, sixteen years ago, was a hired hand to a Kentucky gardener. He started in business with no capital but his two hands and the idea that vegetables sold from his dugout direct to the customer would be fresher and better than any other vegetables on the market. He opened his doors to the public, and in a few years Mr. Epple has become a prosperous truck gardener, and owner of fifty acres, with a business so efficient that it attracts not only the retail patronage of a large countryside, but hucksters' wagons from little towns in Wyoming and Nebraska one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles away.

On the outside, this place of large business appears to be an unpretentious cellar; but take a peep inside the doorway (which, incidentally, is never closed until cold weather), and its magnitude will surprise you.

The inside of the dugout is built entirely of spruce logs and poles brought down from the mountains. From front to back a driveway runs through for convenience, and on each post all along its length is an electric light. After supper is the favorite time for customers to drive out and do their marketing.

Each morning the dugout and the roadway in front of it is freshly sprinkled. Then the newly gathered vegetables and melons begin to arrive in trucks from the fields, and, no matter how high the thermometer rises outside, the produce is kept tempting and fresh in the underground market.

In the fall, when all the crops are stored, people buy in large quantities for their winter supply. Mr. Epple does not have to pack his surplus for shipping, as he did at one time. Although he has increased his acreage and varieties of produce, he is so well known that he cannot meet the demand at his door.

He and his wife live in their attractive modern dwelling on the opposite side of the road from his place of business.

Mr. Epple was born at Huff, Indiana. At the age of thirteen he was left with his mother, two sisters, and three brothers to be supported. He quit school and went to work for a farmer at four dollars a month and board. His mother died when he was fifteen and the family was scattered.

He went to work for a gardener in Owensboro, Kentucky, where he learned to love gardening. But he was making only a small wage, and he left gardening and worked on farms in various capacities for two years. At the end of that time he made a visit to Colorado.

"I had heard a good deal about land and opportunity around Greeley," he said, "and I decided to take a look for myself. It was August when I got here, and a real estate agent could not have picked a better time to interest a truck gardener in Colorado, for that is the height of the growing season. As soon as I saw those great green fields of beets, potatoes, and cabbage, and the orderliness of it all, I said, 'This is where I stay.' And I have never changed my mind.

"There was a big crop in that fall of 1909, but the prices were so low that a one-hundred-and-twenty-pound sack of the finest potatoes brought less than half a dollar. Jobs were scarce, and after my temporary work of topping beets, I took a drove of horses to North Park for a man, to pasture them for the winter. The following spring I took a job as helper on the garden tract I now own.

"The irrigating was all new to a gardener from Indiana, and there were a whole lot of other things that were new; but the work interested me mightily, and the climate was so invigorating that, no matter how tired I was after a day's work, I slept like a log through the cool night and woke up full of pep and ready for another full day.

"By the next spring, the man I was working for offered me the place to run on shares, he to furnish everything but the labor. That was the beginning of ten years of truck gardening on shares. I made money, and my employer made more than he had ever made on the place before.

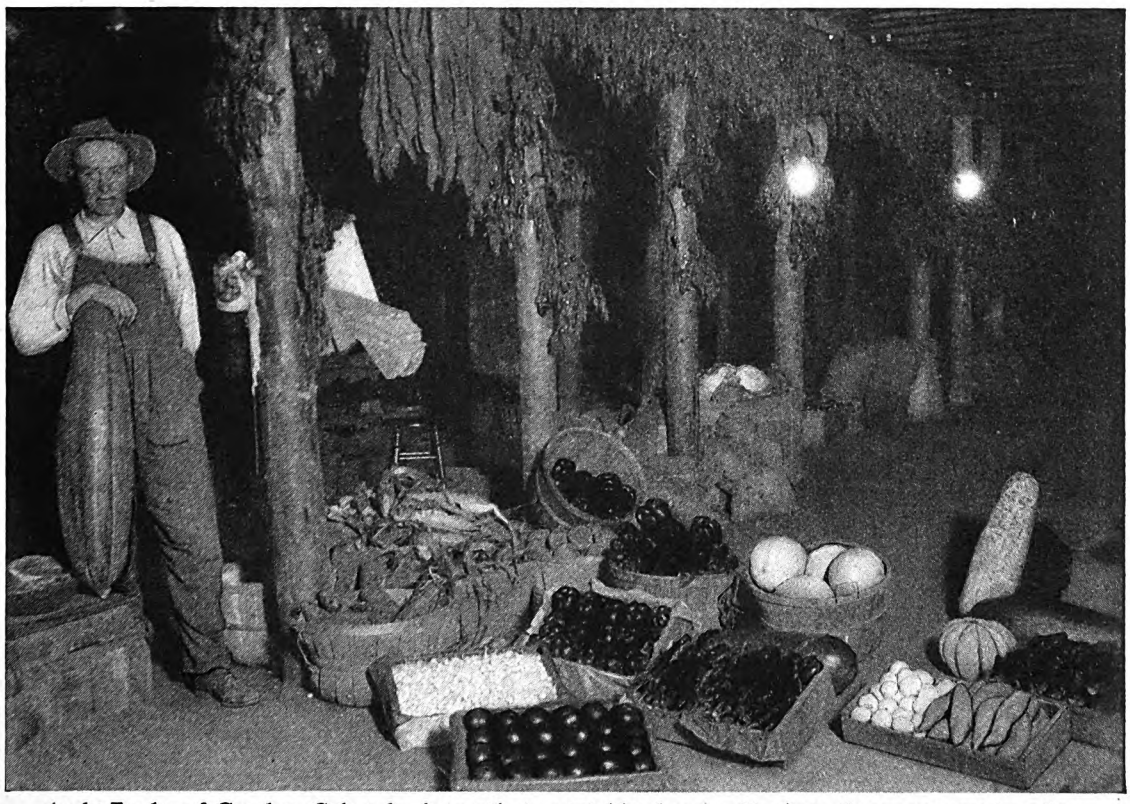
"At the end of ten years, I bought the tract and some additional acreage, and went into the business on a larger scale. I had added not only to the acres, but to the varieties of vegetables."

Mr. Epple has now forty-odd different crops. Hail may destroy a crop when it is too late to replant, or pheasants may damage a sprouting crop of cantaloupe, so that they must be replanted, and mature too late for a big harvest. But if he loses on one kind of produce, he makes it up on another.

One of the largest of Mr. Epple's crops is the Chili or Mexican pepper. He grows about a hundred thousand pepper plants, Chili and mango varieties. After the first frost they keep in the cellar for from eighty to ninety days.

Besides starting his own plants, Mr. Epple sells hundreds of thousands of plants begun in his large greenhouses, and not only vegetable plants but flowers as well.

LILIAN MOSES



Andy Epple, of Greeley, Colorado, knew that vegetables keep well when they are stored underground. So when he went into the truck-gardening business, instead of building a store to sell his produce, he dug a cellar. Now, farmers for miles around sell their vegetables in his dugout

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The Pickups Are Air Pilots Whose Passengers Come Back for More

WHY, there's nothing to it," exclaimed the lady customer, when the roar of the airplane in which she had made her maiden flight had ceased.

When she had left an aviation field at Arlington, Virginia—where tourists may see Washington from the air for five minutes at the price of two dollars and fifty cents—I stepped up to the operators of the machines. Here was a couple, each only twenty-six years old, who in two years had converted a barren waste into a busy site. They had constructed and sold a dozen planes, had flown more than fifteen thousand tourists over the Capital City, had acquired some two hundred regular customers—people who fly periodically. I asked them how they had done all this in so short a time.

Christopher V. and Lalo Pickup smiled.

"By making them say 'There's nothing to it,' just as she did," he told me. "Turn a couple of somersaults with a passenger, and he'll tell you what a wonderful pilot you are; but he'll hug the earth forever after. Moreover, he'll tell all his friends what a scare he got in the air; and they'll never go up. Most people go up in an airplane because they're curious, not brave. Make them feel as safe as if they were in a sight-seeing bus, and they'll wonder why they didn't go a year before. The next day, their friends, having been assured that there's nothing to it, come for a ride too.

"Mrs. Pickup always accompanies me," he explained. "That's another part of our psychology. She can pilot a plane; but her job is not to keep up the plane but to keep up the spirits of the passengers."

"Our customers know I wouldn't be going up if there was any real danger," said Mrs. Pickup. "Even men are silently grateful when they realize I'm going along."

The Pickups build their planes together. Pickup took construction courses at Princeton. Mrs. Pickup studied domestic science at a girls' seminary in Nebraska; but she prefers grinding valves. While he installs the motor, she stitches the wings, mixes the paint, and adds another coat of varnish.

Fifteen years ago she shocked the villagers of Thayer, Missouri, by trundling down the main street on a motor-cycle. Pickup was ransacking his mother's attic for muslin for his kites and airships. One summer he went from Kansas City to the Ozark Mountains, where Lalo lived. He showed her one of his airships, and their flying career was planned.

"I am going to have a real one some day," he confided, and added: "You can come up in it with me."

It took ten years before he could fulfill his promise. A war had to be won, and following the war, air mail had to be perfected. Pickup played a perilous part in each. He was one of the thirty-four survivors of the fifty-seven original mail pilots. He made the first night flights and ninety thousand miles in thirteen months.

In 1921, he helped to inaugurate air mail in Mexico. A bronze tablet has been dedicated to him and placed conspicuously in the post office at Mexico City.

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Mr. and Mrs. Christopher V. Pickup inaugurated mail service in Mexico, piloted a honeymoon special in California, and are now flying on an aviation field at Arlington, Virginia. In the past two years they have themselves built twelve planes, and carried fifteen thousand tourists over Washington without an accident

Mrs. Pickup was the first woman seen in an airplane there. Some of the natives had heard of a great winged bird which would one day come out of the East; but this woman—they felt her arm to be convinced—was real.

The winsomeness which to-day puts her passengers at ease, then won the friendship of the natives.

Outside of Toluca, where they were giving exhibition flights for the Y.M.C.A., they were kidnapped. Their plane had stalled and they accepted an offer of assistance from some Mexicans. But instead of driving them back to the aviation field, as they had promised, the Mexicans sped them on in the opposite direction.

Mrs. Pickup realized the deception and prodded her husband. Pickup questioned his captors, who gruffly told him to be patient. As the car rolled on over strange territory, the Pickups became alarmed. Inquiries, promises, and threats were, however, of no avail.

In the midst of a settlement they finally came to a halt. All of the natives were called out and the Pickups were surrounded. Their suspicions were confirmed when the master of ceremonies pulled out a long gun.

"Shoot me," he said, handing it to Pickup, "if I am not a good man."

He was the Don or land owner of the settlement, a beneficent lord, who had kidnapped the couple to show them off to his settlers.

At Saltillo they were arrested for landing on forbidden ground. After talking to them, the general not only ordered their release but also detailed men to guard their plane.

During their sojourn in Mexico, all their money, invested in a private airplane corporation, was lost by the outbreak of a Mexican revolution. But a mere financial crash could not upset the Pickups. They flew to California to find a new fortune.

They piloted a honeymoon special for the movie stars. It was tremendously successful.

As soon as they were able to fly for themselves, the Pickups purchased a site at Arlington, near Washington. Unlike most flying fields, this one is right on the open road, where it cannot be missed. To bring aviation still closer to the people, they lowered the prevalent rates of five and ten dollars to two dollars and fifty cents.

By playing safe with the public, the Pickups are making money. Even on a mildly windy day they will not carry passengers—not because there is really any danger, but to prove to their patrons that safety is their motto.

Although they have never had an accident, the sign on the field does not reveal this fact.

"Why suggest the possibility of one?" says Mrs. Pickup.

A New Orleans flyer who came to work for the Pickups because his own field was fruitless, said, after the first day:

"Why, Pickup, I'm amazed at you! I know what you can do with a plane; but you're not showing the public a thing."

After the third day he left for New Orleans to try out the Pickup system on his own field.

DUFF GILFOND

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How easy it is to serve the finest tomato soup!

IT IS A well-known fact that the blending of tomato soup to suit exactly the tastes of many different people is a task that challenges the highest skill of the soup chef.

Haven't you had this experience at some time or other? A plate of tomato soup has been set before you. You looked forward to real enjoyment of its refreshing flavor. You took the first spoonful and it tasted somewhat "flat". Something was missing.

Why? Where did your sense of taste get its "education" in tomato soup? The tomato soup you serve regularly at home, the tomato soup which is most likely to be served to you when you are entertained—that has taught your appetite the true blend. Anything less is bound to be a disappointment.

And this blend is a condensed tomato soup—Campbell's. By blending it from an exclusive recipe that produces always the same uniform richness of flavor, and by condensing it so that it is available everywhere to the public in such convenient form, Campbell's lessen the housewife's work in the kitchen and offer even to the humblest table in the land, tomato soup as fine as it can be made.

So people everywhere have learned the important lesson of Soup. The sheer enjoyment of its delicious flavor. The healthfulness and invigoration which are derived from it. Its tonic and stimulating effect upon the appetite. More and more people every day are realizing that this hot, liquid food called soup, encourages the flow of the digestive juices and increases the benefit from all the food we eat.

Tomato is an ideal soup—appropriate for formal occasions, a wonderful standby for the regular family menus, splendid for the children, and unfailing in its invitation to the appetite. And housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for added tastiness in spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables. Delicious mixed with roast beef gravy. Of course, it makes the most tempting Cream of Tomato Soup!

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

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"Nevada"

(*Continued from page 13*)

beggin' pardon, Mr. Franklidge, an' of you too, Tom," he drawled, in slow, cool, easy speech. "I couldn't help heahin' all you said, an'—wal, it knocked me off my balance."

"Wal, see heah, you long, lean, hungry-eyed Texan," spoke up Day, forcefully, "jest *why* did I knock you off your balance?"

"Tom, I reckon I happened to hit on a way to fix the rustlers," replied Jack, nonchalantly.

Judge Franklidge sat up with a jerk.

"Wal, what is this idee you hit on?" demanded Day.

"Shore it's as simple as A B C," rejoined the cowboy, blandly. "Somebody has got to ride down into the brakes an' get thick with the rustlers, then shoot up the Hatts an' mebbe the Stillwells. An' kill some of that Pine Tree outfit—in particular the hombre who's at the haid of it."

"Is thet all? My lord, Jack, you're loco!" exploded Day. "Shore you hit on the way to fix the rustlers. Shore! But who's goin' to do it? Was you figurin' on us hirin' some fancy gun-slingers to do the little job? Kingfisher from Texas, huh? An' Wess Hardin? Or mebbe you had in mind some new Bill the Kid, or Pat Garrett? Or more like, perhaps, Jim Lacy, who, they say, has been hidin' quiet in Arizona for a long time!"

TEXAS JACK'S tan appeared to become a shade less brown. He grew tense, steely-eyed.

"Tom Day, how long have you known me?" he demanded, in a voice that rang.

"Two years an' more, son," replied Day, surrendering to something compelling.

"Would you trust me?"

"I shore would. With my stock, my money, my reputation . . . with my life, so help me Gawd!"

"Judge Franklidge, how long have I worked for you?" queried the cowboy, turning to the other.

"About a year and a half, as I remember."

"An' what is your opinion of me—as a man?" flashed the cowboy.

"Jack, you're the squarest and best man, the finest hand who ever worked for me!" responded the judge, feelingly.

"Thank you. Reckon you can have no idea what that means to me," returned the cowboy. "An' you'd trust me?"

"As well as I would my own flesh and blood."

Texas Jack removed his sombrero and sailed it against the wall. His brow was broad and pale, his clear light eyes seemed to burn with a steady flame; there were white hairs in the long locks smoothed back over his ears; under the thin bronze beard cheeks and lips set hard.

"Wal then, it's my job to fix the rustlers," he said deliberately.

"You! Nonsense," declared the judge. "You wouldn't tackle that alone? Nonsense, I say!"

"Judge," interposed Tom Day, "it shore does look thet way; but wait. This cowboy has got somethin' up his sleeve. I always knowed it . . . Come heah, Texas Jack. Spring it."

What shrewd, hard, comprehending, yet wondering light flashed from the old rancher's eyes!

"Listen," went on Jack, bending to his hearers. "To serve Arizona an' you an' your good friends, I've got to become a rustler. I may have to go a long way to find the leader of this heah Pine Tree outfit. I'll have to drink an' steal an' kill. Shore, I may lose my life finishin' the job. An' I want my secret kept till it's ended. Then, if I come back alive I want my name cleared."

"Who'n thunder *are* you?" asked Tom Day in a low and husky voice.

"Man, you're forcing me against my will," said the judge, rising to his feet. "I don't want you to attempt this thing alone. It's a wild cowboy idea. You'd only be killed. But I admire you, Jack. If you're going to persist in this mad plan, I'll make you a deputy sheriff right here and now."

"No. I'll never be an officer of the law; but I'm shore goin' through with this, whether you stand by me or not," returned the other grimly. "It's too late now. I've got a reason, Judge. But it'd only be fair for you to uphold me—to tell in court, if necessary, that you an' Tom Day were parties to the job I undertook."

"Jack, you misunderstand," replied Franklidge hastily. "Don't make me ashamed. I will give you any support and authority right here and now. In writing, if you want."

"Only your word, Judge."

"There! You have it. And here's my hand."

Texas Jack broke from that handclasp to make the same proffer to the other rancher.

"Tom, will you stand by me—when I come back?"

"Lord, yes!" boomed Day, as he pumped the cowboy's arm up and down.

Abruptly then Jack wrenched clear of the vigorous grasp and wheeled to a post of the porch, against which he leaned and clutched hard. But, whatever the strife was, it passed as swiftly as it had come. Then the cowboy turned again, somehow different, so that the judge and Day had awe added to their surprise.

"Gentlemen, I shore hate to give myself away," he drawled. A smile outshone the strange, steely light in his eyes. "But I reckon it's got to be done. Tom Day, I'm the starved cowboy you once took pity on. But that starved cowboy happened to be—Jim Lacy!"

IT WAS Sunday, and that hour of the afternoon when all the men off duty at the Franklidge Ranch would be anywhere except around the bunk-house. The cowboy Texas Jack, striding in, was relieved to find himself alone. He made for his bunk for the purpose of hurriedly packing his few belongings. An old pair of black chaps, worn thin, hung at the head of his bed, with a belt and gun. An instinct prompted him to flash out his hand. There, as if by magic, the gun whirled in the air.

"Reckon it was fate," he muttered, as he sheathed the gun. "Somethin' never let me stop practicin' that old draw!"

In a few moments his belongings had been tied into a small roll to go behind a saddle, and he strode out into the rude yet comfortable living-room. Something prompted him to step before the mirror.

"Wal, so long, Texas Jack," he said to the image reflected there. "Reckon I been almost happy with you. A shave an' a hair-cut will shore say adios to you forever. . . . An' then there'll be men who'll recognize you as Jim Lacy!"

A QUARTER of an hour later he rode briskly down a trail that led into the cedars. He had taken his own saddle, but the horse he bestrode was one long discarded by the boys at the ranch. Once under cover of the cedars the rider pulled his mount to a walk. It was nineteen miles to Sunshine, and he wanted to reach that station after dark, and board a night train without being seen.

A melancholy resignation had no power to cramp the slow-mounting exaltation in Jim Lacy's breast. Once free of the need to hurry, his mind reverted to the cause of this extraordinary adventure he had voluntarily accepted. Facts were cold, hard things. He had hidden his real identity; he had buried the past; he had risen on stepping-stones of his dead self to honest, useful service; he had earned peace and victory, if not real happiness. And then, like a thunderbolt from heaven, an inevitable, irresistible fate had confronted him.

What he had suffered during the moments when Tom Day had talked to Judge Franklidge about Ben and Hettie Ide! The old wound had not healed. The old love lived in his heart, stronger for the years of denial and repression.

"I shore knew it—all these weeks I knew," whispered Jim huskily. "Ben come to Arizona to find me! . . . Didn't he comb California—didn't he send men to all the ranges in the West? . . . Didn't Tom Day tell me no more'n a month ago how Ben Ide wanted to know if he'd ever met a cowboy called Nevada? . . . That was it—the name Ben gave me—Nevada! . . . He never forgot!"

How terribly sweet and soul-satisfying that knowledge, and yet somehow bitter. In one tremendous moment of decision it had flung him back into the past, once more to own to an infamous name. It had destroyed all he had built up. Only through the power of his dreaded name could he ever bring to successful issue the task he had set himself. What irony of fate that the fame he hated must be his open sesame to the rendezvous of the rustlers who were ruining Ben Ide!

"Like as not in the long run I'll stop a bullet," he muttered. "But hardly before I get the job 'most done. . . . An' shore that'd be better so. Ben would never know I'm Jim Lacy. An' Hettie—*she* would never know. . . . But I reckon that's not my kind of luck. Like as not I'll run

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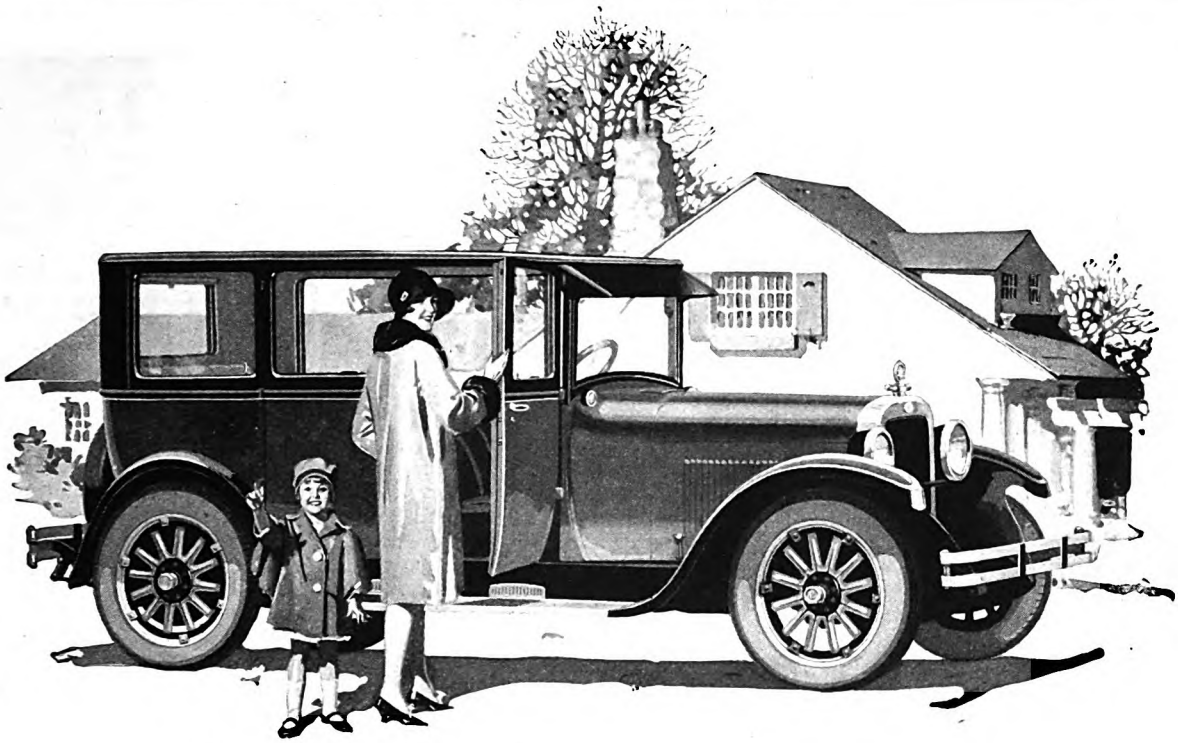

A Story in Nutshells

Review again a few of those well known slogans which Dodge Brothers have published on the Nation's billboards during the last eleven years—

A Good Name
Dependable
Dollar for Dollar
Long Life
World-Wide Good Will
Better Than Ever

To build a product of which these things can truthfully be said, is a record of which any great organization might well be proud.

And it explains the implicit faith that millions everywhere repose in the integrity of Dodge Brothers and in the goodness of the motor cars they build.

Sedan $895 — Special Sedan $945
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DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
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plumb into Ben before it's over. An' Hettie too!"

He rode on through the waning afternoon, absorbed with the strife of his soul. When darkness fell he had reached the outskirts of Sunshine, and he halted under a clump of cottonwoods. Here, removing saddle and bridle from the horse, he turned it loose. That act seemed to sever the last thread which bound him to the ranching life he had followed for long.

It had, too, a singular effect upon the emotions which had beset him. The hour had come when he must plan his return to the old life. Wherefore he sat down beside his saddle and pack, and with bowed head and a wrenching rending of his spirit he slipped, as into a long-unused garment, back into the old personality. And it seemed that the instant this transformation was consummated his plan for the perilous adventure at hand was simple and complete. He had only to *be* Jim Lacy.

The whistle of an approaching freight train inspired him with an idea more satisfactory than the one of waiting for the passenger train. He would steal a ride on the freight, thus obviating any risk of being recognized at the station. To this end he shouldered his pack and saddle and, hurrying to the railroad track, which was only a few hundred paces away, waited beside the slowly halting train, peering through the gloom for an empty car. At length it reached him, just as the train stopped. Jim threw pack and saddle aboard and climbed in.

DAYLIGHT found him across the territory line into New Mexico. When the train stopped outside of a town at a water tank he threw his baggage out, down over a grassy embankment, and got off. He had some money, besides the considerable sum Judge Franklidge had forced him to take. And it was with something of an old familiar zest that he strolled into the town.

Before encountering any riders or cattle men Jim entered a barber shop, from which he emerged a changed man. Next he purchased a complete new outfit of rider's apparel, the costliest he could find. Jim Lacy, he remembered, had once affected something near to dandyism. He retained only his gun and chaps, which were things more intimate than clothes, and were not to be discarded.

His next move was to buy a good horse. Lastly, he led the horse out of town, found his saddle and pack, and was soon riding back across the line into Arizona.

Traveling leisurely, and stopping at ranches and stations convenient to the day's travel, Jim Lacy in due time arrived in Winthrop.

The day was a Friday, toward the close of afternoon. He made his way to Beacham's corrals, where overnight visitors to town usually left their horses to be cared for. Several rangy, dusty-garbed riders had just ridden in, evidently behind a dilapidated old wagon drawn by a shaggy, gaunt team. The driver, a lanky man, dark of face and bearded, clambered down with the cramped movements of one more at home in the saddle. Jim had seen him before, but could not place him. There was a young girl sitting on the driver's seat, and she appeared quite pretty in a wild-rose way.

Jim led his horse somewhat closer to the wagon and, choosing one of the covered stalls adjoining the fence, he leisurely began to remove the saddle, while his eyes roved elsewhere. He noted presently, when the girl jumped down, that her slim brown legs were bare, that she wore beaded moccasins, and that the rest of her apparel showed further indications of the backwoods. As she passed out of the corral with the bearded man, Jim had a closer scrutiny.

"Shore I'll bet that'll be Elam Hatt an' his daughter Rose," muttered Jim. "An' if so, those three riders are the other Hatts. . . . Reckon the ball is openin' pronto."

By the time Jim had turned his horse over to the Mexican stable boy the Hatts had gone into town. Jim got out just in time to see them turn a corner. He followed very slowly. Turning into the broad main street he strolled along, seeing everything while not appearing to be interested in anything. He passed several persons whom he knew well. They did not give him a second glance. The restaurant keeper, standing in a doorway, did not recognize Jim. A cowboy came along on his horse, evidently going home. It was Jerry Smith from Franklidge Ranch. He saw Jim, yet did not look twice.

THE later afternoon hours were the busy ones in the stores of Winthrop, owing to the heat of midday. The saloons were always busy, all day and all night.

Jim had never entered a saloon in Winthrop. He would break that record presently, but not just yet.

He crossed the side street and went on down toward the center of the main block. Presently he came to the entrance of a store, and espied the girl he had taken for Rose Hatt standing in the door.

"Excuse me, miss," said Jim, doffing his sombrero, and stepping up to her. "Don't I know you?"

She looked up at him with big hazel eyes that had not been long free of tears.

"You might, mister, but I sure don't know you," she replied.

Jim decided she was more than pretty, and not such a child as he had first supposed. She had wavy brown hair, rather rebellious red lips, and tanned, rose-tinted cheeks.

"Aren't you Rose Hatt?" he asked.

"Sure."

Jim leaned easily against the door post, smiling down upon her. "Reckon I thought so. Shore there's not many girls as pretty as you in these parts."

"Put your hat back on, mister," she replied tartly. "Standin' bareheaded don't go with such taffy. Besides, I ain't used to it."

"All right," returned Jim, good-humoredly. "Bad habit of mine. I'll get sunstruck some day."

"Say, you'll ketch worse if my dad comes along," she said, laughing, "unless you tell me pronto who you are."

"Wal, Rose, I understand there's a dance to-night," drawled Jim. "I may drop in on it. If I do, I'll tell you my name then."

"Mister, I knowed that was comin," she returned. "An' I'll bet you never met me before!"

"Wal, to be honest, I never did."

"Reckon it ain't no difference. But I'm afeared I can't promise to dance with you. Dad says I can go, but Cedar—he's my brother—he says no. An' Cedar is boss of our outfit."

"Wal, if your dad's willin', why, go ahaid. He's your father."

"Say, mister, I reckon you ain't acquainted with Cedar Hatt," declared the girl, almost with scorn. "You're sure a stranger in these parts."

"Yes, I am, sorry to say," replied Jim thoughtfully. "But what's so bad aboot your brother?"

"He's only a half-brother, same as Henny an' Tobe, an' I hate him!"

"WAL! Why do you hate your own kin, little girl? Shore it's not natural," went on Jim, in his slow, persuasive drawl, so full of interest and sympathy.

"Reason enough! It was his fault that Clan Dillon took to runnin' after me."

"*Dillon!*" flashed Jim, in an amaze too swift and deep to hide.

His tone, his look betrayed to the simple, passionate girl that she had allowed her tongue too much freedom.

"Say, mister, here I am talkin' like an old woman," she cried, almost in affright. "I'm beggin' you to keep mum that slip of my tongue. Cedar would half kill me."

"Shore I will," returned Jim, in his former kindly tone. "Rose, you just happened to run into a man you can trust."

"You look it, mister. I like you," she replied, with relief.

"Thanks. I'm shore the lucky hombre. But I reckon, now, you're engaged to marry this Clan Dillon."

"Marry!" she exclaimed, suddenly almost fierce again. "I wouldn't marry him to save his life, the handsome, smilin'-faced liar. Not even if he wanted to, which he sure don't. I be only a sheep-skin rug to Clan Dillon!"

Jim dropped his head, conscious of an inward shrinking of tingling nerves to the coldness of ice. It had come again—that thing which had not frozen within his breast for years. How life tracked him down! Then he looked again at the girl. She was recovering composure. Manifestly she was a primitive little girl, as much like a wild-cat as a wild-rose. Jim felt intuitively that she was good. The flame left her hazel eyes and the hardness around her lips softened. Jim did not need to be told more about her life.

"Rose, have you any friends?" he asked. "Shore, I mean women-folks who could advise a young girl like you."

"Me? Why, mister, didn't I tell you I live down in the brakes!"

"Haven't you a man friend, then, or even a boy—who's good?"

"No. But I was makin' one fast enough," she replied. "A boy from California! Say, he was nice! But Cedar caught me with him."

"Too bad. What'd Cedar do, now?" queried Jim, much concerned.

"Not much, for Cedar," replied the girl "He drove my boy friend off into the woods. Dodgin' bullets! An' he kicked me till I couldn't set down for days."

"Wal! . . . Look heah, girl, you're old enough, and you've sense enough, to know a friend when you meet him, aren't you? Now, who's this California boy your brother caught you with?"

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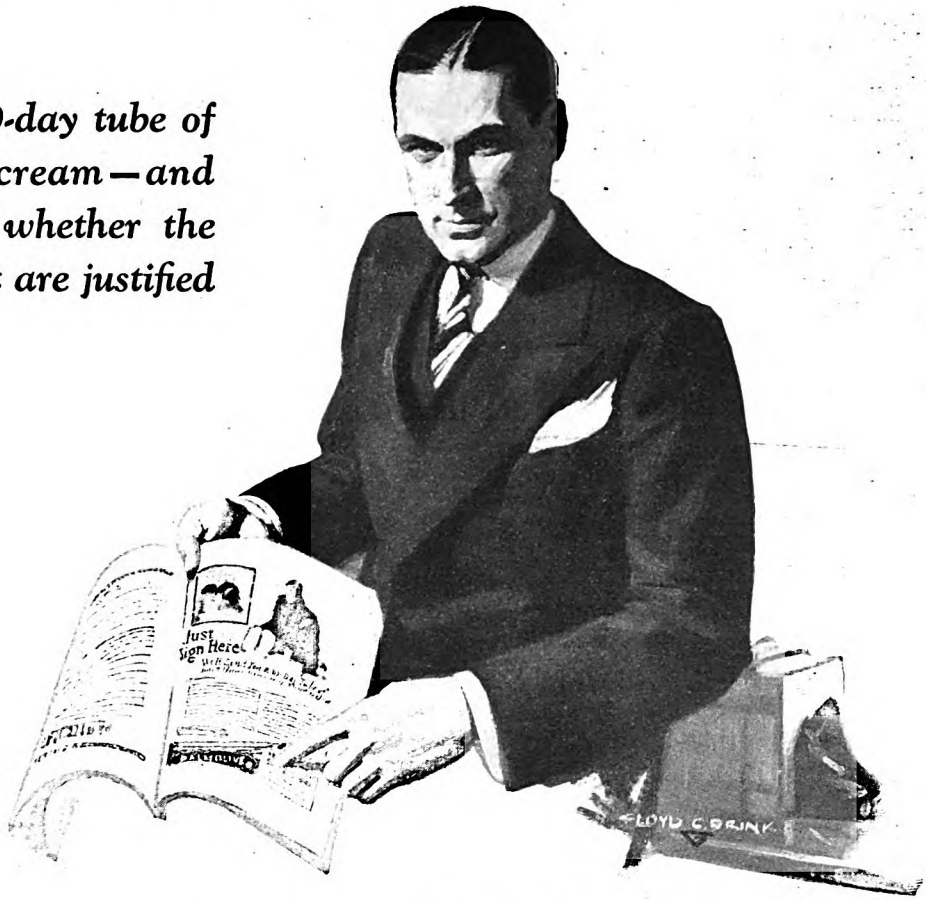

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"Swear you'll never tell?" she returned impulsively, drawn by his potent sympathy.

"Rose, I'll shore keep your secret, an' more. I'll help you to *make* a friend of him."

"His name is Marvie Blaine," she whispered.

Jim Lacy drew a sharp, swift breath that seemed to cut him like a knife as it swelled his breast. He leaned down to the girl.

"Listen," he whispered. "I will be your friend—an' this boy's—if you'll keep your mouth shut."

"Lord, mister, you needn't be afeared of *me*," replied the girl. "I wouldn't dare. Sure I don't know why I ever talked to *you*. But you're different. An' oh, how I need someone to talk to!"

"Shore you've found someone. Me! I'll be goin' down into the brakes."

"But who are you, mister?" she queried, aghast at his assertion.

"Did you ever heah of Jim Lacy?"

Her red lips parted to let out a little gasp, and her brown face paled. "My heavens—are you *him*?"

"Yes."

"Hear of you, Mr. Jim Lacy!" she ejaculated, her eyes dilating. "Ever since I can remember I've heerd of you. Many men ride to my dad's ranch, an' none of them but speaks your name. Some of them have seen you, an' two of them at least knowed you once."

"Rose, I'll tell you their names—Hardy Rue and Cash Burridge."

"Yes—yes! Oh, you *are* Jim Lacy! An'—an' I'm not scared a bit," she whispered. "Why, it ain't so long ago that I heerd Cash Burridge tell of seein' you call out an' kill a man for beatin' a girl. . . . Oh, Mr. Lacy, no one ever taught me about God, but I've prayed—prayed night after night—for someone to come an'—"

"That your dad right heah?" interrupted Jim.

"Oh yes. . . . What'll I say?"

"Nothin', lass. He hasn't seen us. Don't forget. Keep mum. Good-by."

JIM strode out as if he were just leaving the store, and passed Elam Hatt so close he might have touched him. Hatt was walking with a man as rough in garb and hard of face as he was himself. Neither appeared to notice Jim. After a few steps Jim glanced back. The girl had disappeared and the men were passing on.

"Good!" said he to himself. "That lass is game; but she's only a kid, an' I reckon it's better her dad didn't see her with me. Wal, wal! The old luck of Jim Lacy! Half an hour in Winthrop, an' I'm on a hot trail."

He strolled the length of the main street, and, crossing, strolled back again. He had the pleasure of meeting Judge Franklidge face to face in front of the hotel. The rancher saw Jim only as a passer-by.

It would have been the opposite of pleasure, however, for Jim to have encountered Ben Ide face to face; and that was one reason Jim's keen eyes sighted every man first. But accidents could happen. It would be well for Jim, while in Winthrop, to keep under cover of the saloons or places not likely to be frequented by Ben. At most, Jim's hours in town would be few and far between.

He went to a side-street restaurant to get his supper and engage lodgings for the night. As darkness came on he ventured into a store, where he made a few purchases, and then returned to the corral for his pack. This he carried to his room.

The small mirror showed his eyes piercing and light, like points of daggers gleaming out of shadow. He stood an instant, motionless in the chill, lonely silence of the room. He knew that when he went forth again it must be into the raw, evil life of outlaws, gamblers, murderers—all that riff-raff of the Southwest which like a murky tide had rolled into Arizona. He calculated coldly that he must be all he had ever been, all that his name had ever meant. And he must add to these the intelligence which had sharpened in the years of peace.

Before the mirror, with a grim smile on his face, he came at last to the practical business of the matter. Though the success of his enterprise depended upon his cunning and his knowledge of the outlawed men with whom he must throw his lot—and the more of such qualities he exercised the surer his chances—the cold, hard fact was that all hung upon the deadliness of his skill with a gun. This job had to do with death.

SUCH was the wildness of the time and the evil code of outlaws, that he could kill this one and that one, any number of them, and only add to his fame, only give himself greater standing among them. True, by so doing, he must make bitter and relentless enemies; he must face the strange paradox that many an incipient gunman, or notoriety-seeking desperado, or drunken cowboy, would seek to kill him, just because he was Jim Lacy.

Whereupon, with cool deliberation he treated himself to a tense exhibition of his swiftness of eye and hand. In secret he had practiced all through these peaceful months while engaged in honest labor. A nameless impelling force had exacted this of him. He understood it now. And with a dark satisfaction he realized that he had gained in speed, in sureness of hand. Beyond these he had in large measure the gift peculiar to all gunmen who survived long in the Southwest—and that gift was the ability to read his opponent's mind.

"Reckon I might have bit off more'n I can chew," said Jim, as he sheathed his gun. "But from the minute I step out this heah door I shore won't be makin' many mistakes!"

The Lincoln County War in New Mexico had ended recently. It had been the blackest and bloodiest fight between rustlers and cattle men—and many others who had been drawn into the vortex—that had ever been recorded in the frontier history of the Southwest. As such it had possessed an absorbing, even a morbid, interest for Jim Lacy. It had had in its beginning something analogous to the present situation here in Arizona. Jim did not believe there could ever again be such a fight as the Lincoln County War.

But there was no telling. Some of the characters prominent in the Lincoln County War had not been killed. They had disappeared. It was not unreasonable to suppose that one or more of them had drifted into Arizona. To be sure, Billy the Kid, the deadliest of all the real desperadoes of the Southwest, had fallen in the Lincoln fight, along with the worst of his gang. But they had not all bitten the bloody dust of New Mexico.

"Shore I'll run into someone from over there," said Jim. "When I do, I'll shoot first an' ask questions after!"

With that he opened the door, to step out into the dark, oppressive August night.

During the early evening hours Jim Lacy visited some of the main street saloons, steering clear of the Ace High, and others of prominence. He lounged about the bars and tables, agreeable and friendly to anyone who wanted to talk, willing to buy cigars and drinks, while he made some excuse or other for not indulging at the time. Cowboys were all friendly folk, except now and then one whom drink made mean. Gamblers and hangers-on, Mexicans and Indians, attracted by Jim's liberality and presence, added their little to the sum of information he was gathering. At length he left the last resort, intending to hunt up the dance hall.

"Shore that wasn't so bad for a start," mused Jim, as he summed up and sifted the bits of talk in which he had found significance. "Cash Burridge, sold out an' gamblin' his fortune away, spends half his time heah in town. Thick with some Spanish girl. Same old Cash! . . . Clan Dillon one grand hombre, eh? Wal, wal! Tom Day just as liable to be boss of the Pine Tree outfit as anyone. That'll shore tickle Tom.

"The Hatt outfit, except Cedar, just no-good homesteaders, low-down enough for anythin' not really big an' dangerous. Cedar Hatt, though, is a plumb bad man. Not the even-break kind. But crafty as a redskin, treacherous as a greaser. The Stillwells hardest nuts down in the brakes. Never come to town! Now, that's shore worth rememberin'. Last an' perhaps meanin' most to me—what that half-drunk sheep herder told me. Strange riders often seen by herders passin' through the Mongollons. Wal, most of all this sounds familiar, as I think back. But now it comes close."

JIM, by following in the footsteps of hurrying young people, soon found where the dance was being held. It was on a side street, almost at the edge of town, in a low, wide adobe building of Spanish design, very picturesque now with its hanging colored lanterns, its trailing vines over archways.

Presently Jim believed he had caught a glimpse of little Rose Hatt at the far end of the terrace. So he arose to walk in that direction. At the end of the terrace he found her, just stepping out upon the floor. It was a transformed Rose. She had on a gaudy, cheap, flimsy dress, with shoes and stockings to match, but these changes did not detract from her prettiness. She was young and radiant. Her partner was a cowboy not much older than herself. They stood a moment, holding on to each other, self-conscious and awkward, before they began to dance. Rose did not know how to waltz, but she made a valiant effort.

Jim watched the couple until they were lost in the whirl of dancers. This end of the terrace opened into a garden or yard, where a walk wound between clumps of

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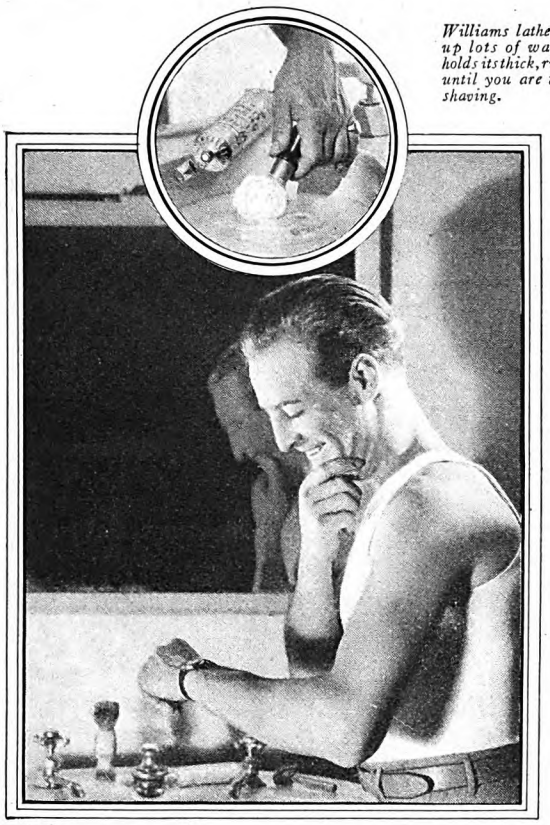

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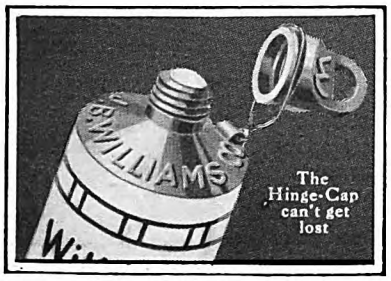

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shrubbery. There were benches at each column of the arches, and some of these were overshadowed by vines. Jim watched the dancers, hoping to see Rose again, and perhaps catch her eye. But he missed her in the whirling throng, and when the dance ended he retreated to a seat on the adobe wall of the terrace.

PRESENTLY a couple approached out of the shadow from down the aisle. As they reached a point beyond, yet near, where Jim sat half concealed, the girl halted.

"Please—let's go outside," begged the man.

His voice prompted Jim to turn so that he could see better. The man had the build of a rider, lithe, tall, small and round of hips, wide in the shoulders. He wore a dark suit and had a flower in the lapel of his coat. His face had a compelling attraction. But Jim, in his quick glance, could not decide whether it attracted him because it was a handsome, unusual face—or because of some other fascination difficult to grasp on the moment.

"No, Mr. Dillon, I don't care to go further," said the girl.

Jim sustained such a violent start that he almost fell off the low adobe wall. That voice! He would have known it among a thousand voices. His cool curiosity vanished in a rushing tide of emotion. He flashed his glance from the man to his companion. She stood full in the soft rose light of one of the colored lanterns. Hettie Ide! His heart leaped. The face that had haunted Jim's camp fires in the lonely watches of the nights! The same rippling fair hair, the deep, earnest eyes, the rich, clear complexion that spoke of contact with the open, the strong, full lips, more hauntingly sweet than ever for the sadness which had come!

So rapt, so agonizing was Jim's attention that he lost something of the words which passed between the two. . . . It was the name "Dillon" that roused Jim from his trance.

"Mr. Dillon," she was saying, "the reason I can't marry you is that I don't love you."

"But, Hettie, you will—you must love me, in time!" he returned passionately, seizing her hand and trying to pull her into the shadow.

"I never will," she said, with eyes and cheeks flaming. "What kind of man are you—that you persist so rudely? I liked you—even admired you until you forced such attentions as these on me. I've overlooked them because my brother Ben thinks so much of you. But, no more, Mr. Dillon!"

Her dignified yet spirited reply might as well not have been spoken for all the effect it had to restrain Dillon. He burst into low, impassioned appeal, and backed her under the overhanging vines against the wall.

"I—I thought you were a gentleman," she burst out.

"No man thinks of bein' over-gentle when he's in love," retorted Dillon. "I tried that with you. And, to tell you the truth, I wasn't so natural then as I am now. I've plumb lost my head. I tell you, I love you, an' I'm goin' to have you! What do you say to that?"

"I say this, Mr. Dillon: We've all got you figured wrong," she flashed.

"Sure you have," he rejoined, with an

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CHRYSLER "60"

Nothing so surely emphasizes the unique value that Chrysler "60" offers as the attempt to compare Chrysler "60" performance with that of other cars in its price class.

The difference is so pronounced—in smoothness of operation, in wealth of power, in alert response to steering wheel and throttle—that anybody driving or riding in the Chrysler "60" recognizes it at once.

An hour behind the wheel, threading easily through traffic, flashing effortlessly past other cars, or in open country sweeping up to 60 miles and more per hour to hold the pace *smoothly* as long as you wish—

Try it and you will convince yourself utterly that the Chrysler "60" is *beyond comparison* with any ordinary type of six, even many that are far higher-priced.

But this is no more than should be expected of a car so designed and built that it can give maximum performance, if required, every mile and minute of its life.

The model number "60" means a 60-mile-an-hour standard of performance. This, combined with characteristic and proved long life of Chrysler products, is made mechanically inevitable by the unique Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality manufacture.

At its new lower prices, the Chrysler "60" stands forth more emphatically than ever—a value not even remotely approached by any other light six in the industry.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

NEW LOWER CHRYSLER "60" PRICES

	Old Prices	New Prices	Savings
Club Coupe - -	$1165	$1125	$40
Coach - - -	$1195	$1145	$50
Sedan - - -	$1295	$1245	$50

Touring Car - $1075 Roadster (*with rumble seat*) - $1175

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

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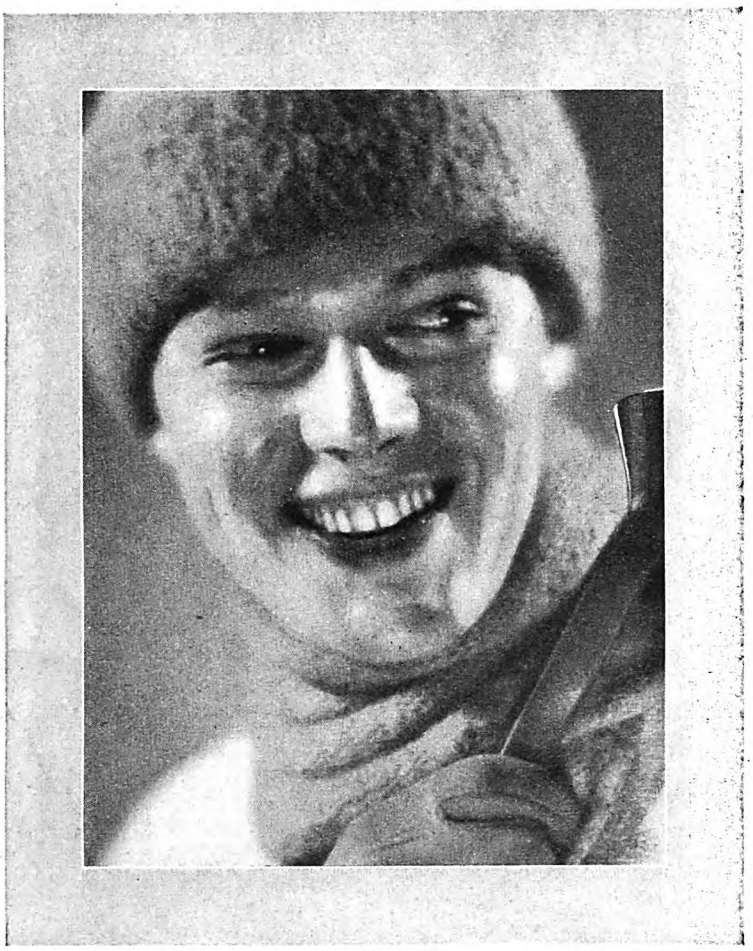

Now . . . your senses say

CLEAN

This dual-action dentifrice brings a new cleanness you can taste and feel

ONE minute after using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, your senses tell you that your teeth are clean—your mouth pure—your breath wholesome.

The touch of your tongue against the back of your teeth, the feel of your lips against the front of your teeth, leave a refreshing consciousness of being *clean*.

Modern hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces. Then it thoroughly washes teeth, gums, tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequalled cleanness—removes the causes of decay.

A normal, healthy mouth needs no drug-filled dentifrice. Visit your dentist at least twice a year. Brush your teeth with Colgate's at least twice a day. Then you need never worry over mental dental ills, for you have done all you can do to keep your teeth healthy and clean.

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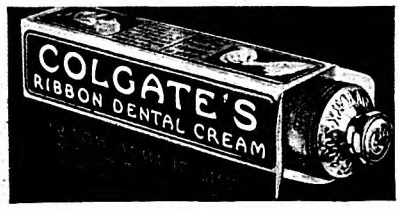
Colgate & Co. Est. 1806—NEW YORK



Free to the readers of this publication — a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 200-A, 581 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Send me a sample of this modern dual-action Dental Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal

exultant laugh. "An' here's how!" With that he attempted to seize her in his arms. But he had cornered the wrong girl. Supple and strong, she wrestled free in an instant, and wheeled away from the wall.

"What do you—think—Ben will do—when I tell him—you've insulted me?" she panted, backing into the aisle.

"IF YOU'VE got any sense you won't tell him," replied Dillon, in a flash changing from an ardent lover to something almost menacing. "Ben Ide's in bad here. Arizona isn't California. There are rustlers here, an' you can bet some of them are the ranchers he thinks his friends. I know this cattle game. I know these men. He's lost most of his stock. If he buys in more he'll lose that too. Hettie, I'm the only cowman in Arizona who can save him from ruin."

"Indeed! Are you aware that I have a share in the Ide ranch?"

"That's news to me," said Dillon. "But it sure makes my case stronger. What ruins Ben Ide will ruin you!"

"The loss of a few thousand cattle won't hurt either my brother or me," she returned, almost flippantly, studying his face with steady, penetrating eyes. She was seeing the man as if he had suddenly unmasked.

"You must be pretty rich to talk like that," replied Dillon.

"Quite well off, thank you. I often wondered if that didn't interest you, and now I know."

He laughed in a way that would have been a revelation to an older woman well versed in the life of the frontier. But Hettie did not grasp what seemed as plain as print to Jim Lacy, crouching like a tiger under the shadow.

"Thanks, you're very smart," he said. "But I'd be crazy about you if you were as poor as Rose Hatt. I tell you, I love you—want you—need you so terribly that if I don't get you it'll make a devil out of me."

"I'm beginning to think the process of making has gone pretty far already."

"You've got cat in you—same as other women," he retorted. "Listen, we're wastin' talk. If you'll marry me, I'll save Ben Ide. If you won't, I'll quit him an' use my influence all over the range. I'll make ranchin' impossible for him in this country. An' I'll get *you* in the bargain."

Hettie Ide turned so pale that her eyes shone black.

"Mr. Dillon, weeks ago, when you first came to us and began your—your attentions to me, I thought there was something odd about you. You were too good to be true, as old Raidy said. Well, I think now you're as bad as you seemed good. I think you're a contemptible, conceited ass. I think you're a deep, cunning scoundrel. . . . You need not return to Cedar Springs to-morrow. Marvie Blaine will drive me home. Right here and now, you're discharged."

Hettie Ide abruptly turned her back upon Dillon and walked away, to disappear in the crowd of dancers.

Jim Lacy strode out from under the vines and the shadow.

"Howdy, Dillon," he said.

A lightning-swift glance took Jim in from head to feet and back again.

"Howdy yourself. Reckon you've got the best of me," returned Dillon gruffly.

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the Nightmare of Inventory

Christmas joys are no longer marred by the nightmare of the year-end inventory that lies ahead.

Burroughs has taken the worry and burden out of inventory time. It has taken "CLOSED FOR INVENTORY" off the doors.

With Burroughs to help you, you can complete this year's annual inventory accurately and quickly. And for all the rest of 1927 you can keep a complete, more efficient record of sales, costs, stock and turnover.

The figures obtained by use of Burroughs Machines tell you which stocks are idle or slow, which are getting low—provide a dependable guide to purchasing and selling—check leaks, losses and errors at their source.

With a Burroughs Portable Adding Machine, the items are listed, extensions made and printed proofs of accuracy provided far faster than you can do the work with pad and pencil. The Portable is easily moved from place to place. A girl can handle it. It takes up little space. It has the standard full-visible keyboard.

The Burroughs Calculator too, is a rapid figuring machine that has greatly simplified inventory work in many large institutions.

Why dream and fret about inventory, when Burroughs will banish the nightmare forever? Put yourself at the helm of your business with Burroughs. Leave worry behind with your pad-and-pencil competitors!

The Burroughs Portable Adding Machine

Adds up to $1,000,000.00—standard full-visible keyboard—one-hand control—slightly larger than a letterhead—easily carried from counter to office, desk to desk, or business to home.

Price only $100—delivered in U. S. A.—easy terms if desired.

The Burroughs Calculator

Adds, multiplies, subtracts, divides. No larger than a letterhead—weighs only eleven pounds—durable, efficient, speedy, unfailingly accurate—costs less than any other machine of its type.

Price only $200—delivered in U. S. A.—easy terms if desired.

What Some Users Say:

"If we used our Burroughs for inventory alone, and then put it away until next inventory time, it would more than pay for itself."
—Bilsborough Shoe Store
San Francisco, Calif.

"During the past four years we have been using Burroughs Calculators on inventory work and have found that these machines effect an almost unbelievable saving of time. We would not consider handling our inventory work in any other way."
—S. S. Kresge Company
Detroit, Michigan

"Inventory never interrupts business in our store. With our Burroughs it is done in a day and a half instead of a week, saving time, labor and many dollars."
—A. T. Vaughn, Inc.,
Greenville, S. C.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6221 SECOND BOULEVARD, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario
Sales and Service Offices in all the Principal Cities of the World

Burroughs

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING AND BILLING MACHINES

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100 questions which only *You* can answer

QUESTIONS about yourself—questions about your health—questions pertinent to your welfare and your very life. Get the questions—write the answers.

How much do you know about yourself and your chances for a long and happy life? Wouldn't you rather know about the little ills before it is too late to head them off—while they can still be prevented from causing big troubles?

Fourteen years ago the Life Extension Institute was founded for the purpose of protecting and prolonging life. To-day the Institute is a powerful national organization waging active warfare against disease and early death.

The Life Extension Institute makes it possible for you to know just how you are. The 100 Questions which only you can answer come from doctors who are familiar with the obscure causes of possible future sickness.

The health examination of the Institute begins with these 100 Questions. Not until these questions are answered does the actual work of examination by the medical staff of the Institute begin—an examination which discloses 75 or more additional facts and physical indications. The examination shows you as you are from head to foot—heart, lungs, vital organs, blood, nerves, muscles, bones, teeth, eyes, nose, throat and ears.

FREE EXAMINATIONS

to many of the policyholders in any one of these 42 Life Insurance Companies:

Metropolitan Life	Guaranty
Guardian Life	Wisconsin National
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Midland Mutual	Ohio State
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Southeastern	Great Northern
Alabama National	Montreal
Oregon	Western & Southern
Ontario Equitable	Midwest
Penn Mutual	Independent
Columbus Mutual	Gem City Life
Volunteer State	Berkshire
Mutual Life of Canada	Baltimore
Cedar Rapids	A. O. U. W. of Kansas
Merchants	West Coast Life

Liberty Life of Illinois
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American Insurance Union
Standard Life of America
Guarantee Fund Life Ass'n.
California State Life Ins. Co.
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Northern, London, Ont.
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Fill out and mail the coupon to see whether you are entitled to a free examination.

Perhaps you are entitled to a free health examination. The progressive life insurance companies listed herewith have made it possible for large numbers of their policyholders to receive an examination by the Life Extension Institute without charge. The report about your physical condition is strictly confidential between you and the Institute. You can be examined in your home city.

More than half a million persons are glad they have applied for this opportunity to make their health better—among them some of the most able men and women in this country. Would you like to see the 100 Questions that they were asked—the same questions that only you can answer for yourself? Send the coupon and we will mail the important data, together with copies of our booklets, "How to Live Long" and "How to Keep Well".

COUPON *Send coupon to* Life Extension Institute, Inc. 25 West 43rd St., New York

Western Headquarters: Tower Building, Chicago
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Please send me, without cost or obligation, your "100 Questions" and your booklets, "How To Keep Well" and "How To Live Long".

☐ I am a policy holder of the _____ Company. Am I entitled to a Free Health Examination?

☐ I am not a policyholder in any of the insurance companies listed, but send me free books and information about Institute's examinations for individual subscribers.

Name _____

Address _____

"Shore. I reckon I have," drawled Jim, with cool significance.

"Who are you?" queried Dillon, sharply.

"I might be Peter Punkins—only, I ain't."

"Pretty smart, aren't you?" rejoined Dillon, feeling his way. He knew men, he knew the West. "Reckon you're more Simple Simon than Peter Punkins. I don't care. But I'm curious about where you sprung from just now."

"Dillon, you're figurin' quick," returned Jim, in slow deliberation. "Wal, I was settin' right heah on the adobe wall."

The man cursed under his breath, and flung his cigarette down so hard that the sparks flew from the stone pavement.

"You set there watchin'—listenin'?" he demanded, with sudden and powerful self-control. "Stranger, where I come from men got shot for such offense."

"I reckon. That's why I'm not apologizin'."

Dillon seemed to accept this as confirmation of the suspicion which had evidently been growing with his thoughts. Abruptly his bullying manner changed. The swift retreat of his personality was almost as remarkable as the new one which took its place. He stood unmasked, as far as his pretense was concerned. Cautious, steady, cold and hard he stood a moment, his strange green eyes trying to pierce Jim's mind. He was searching more for Jim's intent than for other knowledge of him.

As for Jim, he measured Dillon to be a Westerner vastly different from the character he enjoyed in that section of Arizona. He did not recognize a kindred spirit, but he read in Dillon the depth, the cunning, the courage, the desperate experience of a man used to the rawest and deadliest of frontier life.

"Ha! I see you pack a gun, stranger," coolly remarked Dillon. "Reckon you see I don't?"

"Shore. I saw first off you didn't, an' then just now I read it in your eyes."

"Mind reader, eh? Well, it's a helpin' trait for some men."

"Are you meanin' any particular breed?" queried Jim dryly.

"Yes. Spies, gamblers, thieves, gun throwers, an' the like."

"Thanks. I'm shore appreciatin' the way you speak. An', not wantin' to be outdone in compliments, I'll just repeat what Miss Hettie Ide called you. . . . A conceited ass! A deep, cunnin' scoundrel!"

"YOU heard all she said?" snarled Dillon. Deep and crafty as he was, he could not help the rise of passion, though he controlled it.

"Shore. An' I never heard a low-down man called more proper. Tickled me more because only to-day someone else called you a handsome, smilin'-faced liar."

"You're a brave man, stranger," returned Dillon. "But I'm tired listenin'. You excite a little suspicion yourself, considerin' this country is full of outlaws an' rustlers."

"It shore is. That's why I come here," returned Jim meaningly.

For the first time the dark red showed in Dillon's face.

"I'll have you put out of here," he said. "An' I'll tip Sheriff Macklin off that you need watchin'."

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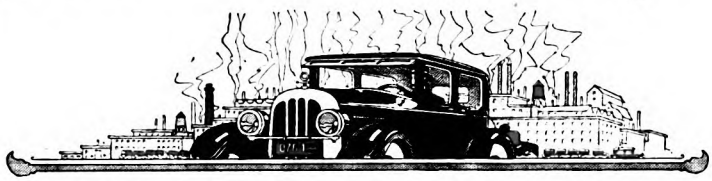
The entire automobile industry urges you not to buy oil indiscriminately.



Your instruction book tells you how much importance the maker attaches to correct lubrication.

609 automotive manufacturers approve the Mobiloil chart ··· because ···

they know that scientific lubricating facts alone form the basis for these recommendations. They know that Gargoyle Mobiloil engineers thoroughly and painstakingly study each make and model of car before the recommendations are made.

Today, 3 out of every 4 motorists who buy oil by name, ask for Mobiloil.

Let the nearest Mobiloil dealer fill up the crankcase of your car with the correct grade of Mobiloil. Then see for yourself how much longer Mobiloil lasts, how it increases power, cuts carbon and repair bills.

30c a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Make this **CHART** *your guide*

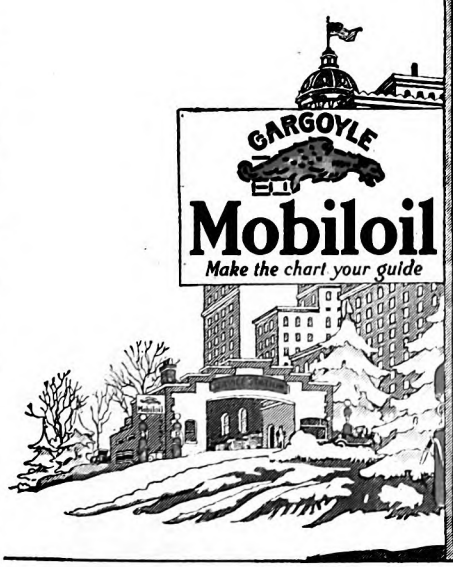
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

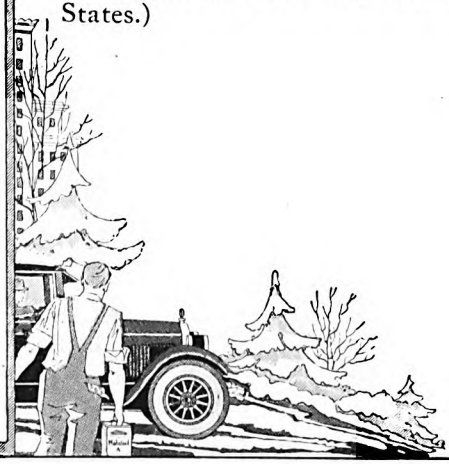
The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil, indicated below, are Mobiloil "E," Mobiloil Arctic ("Arc"), Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil "BB," and Mobiloil "B."

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 4	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	...
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	..
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Oldsmobile (4 & 6)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....





VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas.*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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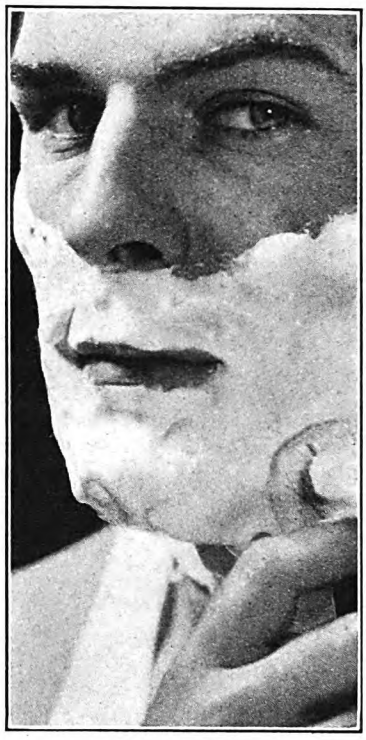
Stiffest Beards yield *to this Small-Bubble Lather*

Feel how easily the razor glides when each whisker is softened scientifically at the base



FIRST fuzz of sixteen, wiry beard of forty—all whiskers yield to this modern shaving cream. It softens beards in a scientific way.

Colgate lather is different in formula, in action, in result, from anything you have used before.

This radical difference is all in the bubbles, as the lather pictures shown below prove. Colgate bubbles are far smaller and wetter. They contain an abundance of water and very little air. For this "small bubble" lather is based on a scientific fact—the fact that the water in the lather is the real beard softener.

How Colgate Lather Works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

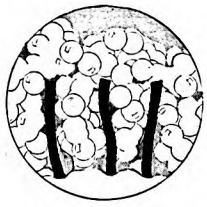
1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair, and floats it away.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right down where the razor does its work.

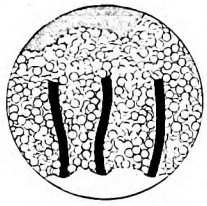
Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. The keen blade glides smoothly *through* the toughest whiskers—not over them. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A Week's Better Shaves—FREE

Once you try this unique "small-bubble" lather, you will never go back to ordinary shaving methods. Prove this for yourself—at our expense. Just clip the coupon. We will send you a generous trial-size tube—free.



ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This lather-picture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream shows how the tiny moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the bottom of every hair, holding water, not air, against the base of the beard and softening it right where the razor works.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806—NEW YORK

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In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd. 72 St. Ambroise St. Montreal

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501-A, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

"Wal," drawled Jim, with his glance cold and set. "Go ahead. But be shore to tip him off that I'm Jim Lacy!"

Dillon's stalwart frame jerked with a perceptible tremor. A slow, pale shade began to blot out the brown of his face.

"You expect me to believe you're Jim Lacy?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Wal, I'm tellin' you; but it's nothin' to me what you believe," returned Jim icily. This interview was about to conclude.

"All right," went on Dillon, breathing hard. "But I still figure you a liar."

Jim sprang forward and knocked Dillon down.

"Wal, shore it may take more'n that," he said, in slow accents; "but I told you who I am. An' that's somethin' you didn't tell me!"

Jim, wheeling away to go, found himself confronted by Rose Hatt, standing on the steps above the terrace.

"Oh—mister!" she cried, as he brushed past her.

The dancers were trooping off the floor. A tall youth, with features strangely familiar to Jim, appeared behind Rose. She clasped his arm, while she stared from Jim to Dillon, who had not attempted to get up.

"My lord! Who was that?" called out someone Jim took to be the youth with Rose. The voice added to the stirring of Jim Lacy's memory. And it urged him faster through the throng of dancers, out into the street.

"It was Marvie Blaine, God bless him!" whispered Jim, as he gained the darkness. "That was shore a close shave for me!"

(*To be continued*)

Boneheads I Have Known

(*Continued from page 37*)

schooling Watson obtained was not from any interest or desire or initiative on his part. He had no enthusiasm for facts. When he entered school, he was led there, struggling and weeping, by a husky and energetic parent who was burning with ambition for the intellectual future of her son.

Watson had no desire for geographical or mathematical information and theories. Literature and history did not allure him. He couldn't spell "laboratory" and he shied whenever anyone tried to introduce him to one. Through the stimulus of harsh words and the lash, he finished the sixth grade by the time he was fifteen, and then he ran away from home for a year or two.

During all his fifteen years, no one had ever seemed to notice that Watson had been almost abnormally interested in seeing things go 'round, and in constructing queer machines. Machinery of any sort held his attention. The old barn back of the house in which he lived was full of curious contraptions run by wind and by foot power and by awkwardly contrived batteries.

He was ignorant of the theories of electricity, but when it came to fixing things, to making balky machinery of any sort function, Watson was at home.

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Tuck him in~ Safe

WHAT a joy it is to tuck him in his warm, fleecy blankets—happy in the thought that everything that can be done to keep him safe from harm has been done.

FORTUNATE are the mothers of today. They can tuck their babies in bed and rest secure in the knowledge that many of childhood's greatest enemies need never touch them. For one thing, their babies probably will never have smallpox. These wise mothers have seen to it that their little ones are protected by vaccination.

How different it was before vaccination was discovered. Then mothers were powerless against this terrible disease. Among children who died, under 10 years of age, smallpox was responsible for one out of three deaths. Smallpox was more prevalent than measles. Few escaped and the children suffered most. Over and over again it swept the world, leaving its thousands of dead, thousands cruelly disfigured, thousands blind and deaf.

Then came the history-changing discovery—vaccination—and the number of deaths from smallpox went down and down. The end would have been reached but for the well-meaning, but misinformed persons who clamored that "vaccination is a crime"—that "sunshine and cleanliness, not vaccination, drive out smallpox".

If such reckless statements are believed and parents do not have their children vaccinated, smallpox may again attack the children as it did a little more than a century ago. In certain parts of the country, smallpox among children is again on the increase!

In the past, when arm to arm inoculation was common and persons were inoculated direct from smallpox patients, there were many deaths following attempts at prevention. Today, vaccination is safe. The only mishaps that can occur are due to carelessness in protecting the vaccinated area. The vaccine now used is produced under the control and supervision of the United States Government.

Smallpox comes from unsuspected sources. Because it takes 12 days to develop, it is possible for immigrants or returning travellers to bring smallpox into the country with them.

Smallpox can be stamped out only by systematic vaccination. Every child should be vaccinated before he is one year old and again during school years. Immunity wears off in time—anywhere from five to fifteen years—*and leaves one again susceptible.* Is it more than seven years since you were vaccinated?

Now—before the danger is upon you—make sure that you and yours are properly protected. Be safe.

Before the Philippine Islands were occupied by the American Army in 1898, thousands of persons died from smallpox every year. Vaccination carried on under the direction of Army officials drove smallpox down to only 273 deaths in one year.

Then came a period when vaccination of children was neglected. As a result, the worst epidemic of modern times broke out in 1918-19 with 60,855 deaths—75 per cent of which were of children under 9 years of age.

Our 48 states can be classified in three groups—those in which vaccination is compulsory, those in which it is optional and those which have no laws for vaccination.

Statistics show the lowest average number of cases per 100,000 of population in the "compulsory" states, the next highest average in the "optional" states and the highest in the "no-law" states.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without cost, booklets which give the facts — "Smallpox" and "The Story of Edward Jenner", the man who discovered vaccination. Send for them.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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"Service Beyond Price"

TRAINING men in industry to become more skilled workmen and helping men and women promote their knowledge of business is service.

Service in the International Correspondence Schools goes beyond the enrolment of students. It is a matter of pride with us to be able to give the student more than the written terms of the scholarship. We view the student as a friend as well as a student.

Between friends there must be more than a mere business relationship. Between friends there must be loyalty and interest in all things affecting one or the other. The interest of the I. C. S. is the interest of a friend.

The student has come to our institution in the hope that we can serve him. That hope is bred of praiseworthy ambition. Such a student is an educational ward of our Schools.

It is our duty to go to the uttermost to maintain this ambition and to help the student in every way at our command to master the course. That we cannot—*will not*—do half-heartedly. The brains and the educational resources and facilities for service of the International Correspondence Schools belong to the student.

We are not content with the service we give, we aim all the time to give more. Our texts must be the best we can obtain; our examination and correction of studies as perfect as human machinery can make them; our students must have prompt service; our viewpoint must ever be forward-looking; ours must be genuine sympathy with the ambition of the student to go onward and upward.

We want no student to stop. We want all students to finish their courses so that they may secure the practical reward that follows increased knowledge, and the satisfaction and strength that come of having mastered something worth while.

So to help ambitious men and women over the boulders and barriers is a fine and constructive work. That is our mission. That is what we mean when we speak of "service beyond price."

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Founded 1891 *More than* 3,500,000 *students*

MAIL THE COUPON FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 7460-E, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Personnel Organization
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Business Law
☐ Banking and Banking Law
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Private Secretary
☐ Spanish
☐ French
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Good English
☐ Civil Service
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Illustrating
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TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering
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☐ Mechanical Draftsman
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☐ Gas Engine Operating
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☐ Steam Engineering
☐ Radio
☐ Architect
☐ Blueprint Reading
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Navigation
☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Mathematics

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

Broken-down flivvers, electrical flatirons, doorbells which had gone out of business, watches that wouldn't tick, he adjusted instantly. He had an electrical and mechanical instinct. He was a genius: that is the only explanation of his having devised without education or scientific training, an electrical system for the control of traffic which has made him a fortune, and which has contributed enormously to safety in congested streets. Yet, at school, Watson was a hopeless bonehead. He had shown only the slightest reasoning powers. He could never understand *why*; but he knew *how*.

"What makes the thing work?" someone would ask him. He could not answer the question, but he knew that the thing would work. And it always did!

I SHOULD not want to leave the impression that all the stupid people I have known have been males, though chivalry might lead me to confine my reminiscences to that sex. I knew a young woman once who was neither good-looking nor smart.

Even Sarah's most ardent admirers never accused her of having brains; that is, brains which could be utilized for purposes of learning things. She was unbelievably stupid in the grades. She gave up trying to learn the multiplication table, and on Friday afternoons, when the children spoke pieces she could never commit the first four lines of "Mary had a little lamb." She stumbled along in high school for a time, and that was the end of her formal educational career. And yet—

There was a gray spot inside of Sarah's skull concerned with cataloguing and managing men. She could look a man over, and tell almost instantly what would most appeal to him. Sarah didn't know anything about mathematics, or philosophy, or literature, or psychology; she wouldn't have known an inferiority complex if she had met one in the road; but she could size up men. She's doing it now quite successfully for one of the big manufacturing concerns in the East. And she has been wise enough during the assorting and sizing-up process to pick out a thoroughly first-class husband for herself.

If a man needs an alert mind and a quick brain to do well in anything, it seems to me that he would need it in business for himself. And yet, there was Anderson. He stumbled into a job some way with a steel company, but he proved hopelessly incompetent. If he were sent on an errand, he would forget before he had gone a block where he was going and what he was going for. If you'd write down the directions, Anderson would lose the paper on which they were written. He was the original dumb-bell.

"Here's an order from St. Louis," the boss would say to Anderson at nine o'clock, "which has been delayed in the mails, and which should get out immediately. Get it to the shipping clerk as soon as possible."

An hour later, the boss would inquire, "Did you get that St. Louis order out to the clerk, Anderson?"

"What order was that?" Anderson would ask, with a face as innocent as an infant's.

"The order I gave you an hour ago."

"I don't remember any order you gave me," he would answer.

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"Detained at the office . . . again!"

THE WORLD does not always pity the "business widow." She, too, may be to blame. Neglect by the husband is often the result of the wife's neglect of *herself*.

For youth and health need not fade with marriage. Modern science provides a simple protection: Sane habits of living, plus the proper practice of feminine hygiene.

But do not *experiment* in so vital a matter as personal hygiene. Use the disinfectant which is safe and certain.

"Lysol" Disinfectant, for over 30 years, has been the standard with physicians, hospitals and fastidious women. It is reliable. Its strength never varies. And it *cleans* as it *kills germs*.

Send for the booklet offered below. It was written for women by a woman physician. It is frank and explicit and tells what feminine hygiene really is. It should be read by every woman.

Just mail the coupon to us and this booklet will be sent to you, free.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole distributors*, Lehn & Fink, Inc., *Bloomfield, N. J.*

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold *only* in the *brown* bottle packed in the *yellow* carton.

Clip the coupon now before you forget

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*
Department 25, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

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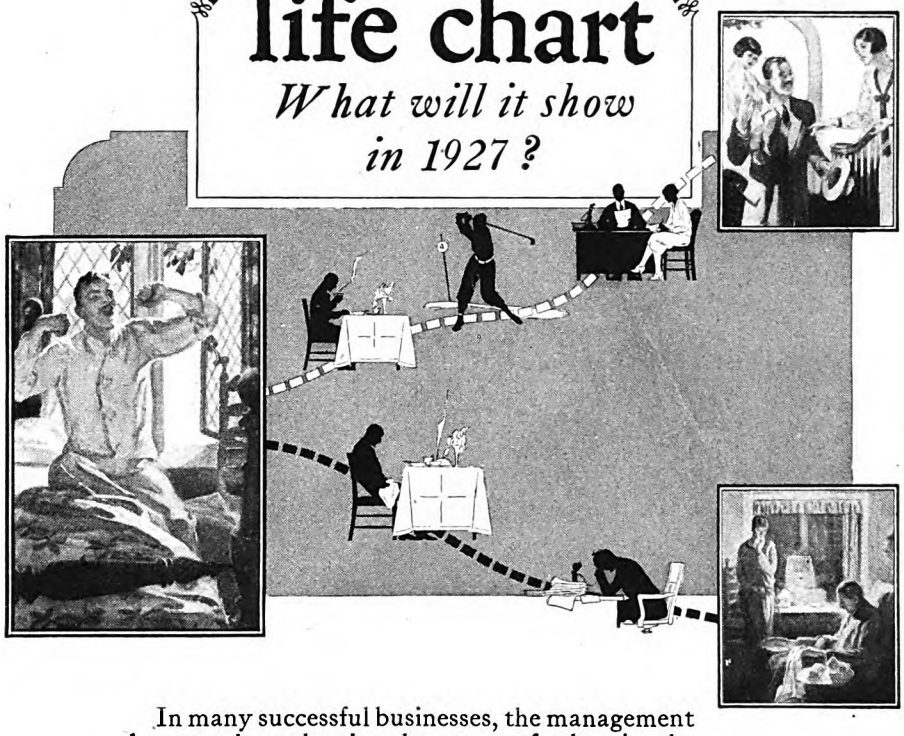
Your personal life chart

What will it show in 1927?



In many successful businesses, the management keeps a chart showing the course of sales. At the end of the year they have a graphic picture—a line whose ups and downs are a record of the past, and a guide for the future.

How reasonable that we should apply some such constructive thinking to our physical health and welfare. How much more important, *to us*, than the welfare of any business!

IMAGINE a chart based on your health and efficiency, day by day. The ups and downs. Picture the path of your health line during a whole year—during 1927.

A disregard of the causes of day-by-day slumps will almost certainly result in the line moving generally downward. What *are* the causes, in your case? Have you experimented, to find out?

One of the most widespread habits is the use of caffein at mealtime. Caffein temporarily deadens the sense of fatigue—*seems* to give new energy. The "new" energy is actually withdrawn from the body's reserve store.

Hundreds of thousands of men have found in Postum a way to avoid caffein, thus safeguarding their reserve energy. It is a satisfying, full-bodied drink made of whole wheat and bran. It doesn't excite the nerves, or interfere with sleep. It adds much to the enjoyment of the meal, with none of the penalties of caffein.

As one way toward removing the cause of slumps in your health line, we want you to make a 30-day test of Postum. Note the results—*then* decide. This test has helped many a man's record. Try it!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, as a start in the thirty-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs less than most other mealtime drinks.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

P.—A. M.—1-27

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada address
CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

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Postum is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

"Do you mean to say that you don't recall that I explained to you about the delayed St. Louis order, and asked you to hustle it out to the clerk pronto?" the boss would shout, growing angry at the man's hopeless stupidity.

"I don't remember anything." Then Anderson would stir up the papers on his desk, and finally discover the order mixed up in a pile of papers.

You can see without further illustration that Anderson had little chance of ever being president of the steel trust. The boss worked with him for a year, and then let him go, with the statement that he'd have either to fire Anderson or to throw over his religion.

I hadn't heard of Anderson for ten years until the other day when I was in Chicago. Then a mutual acquaintance told me that Anderson had developed into a captain of industry and a real man of business. He had sold his proposition to some man who had more money than he knew what to do with, and had started a chain of stores to sell something or other. Anyway, he was making a lot more money than he needed and almost as much as he wanted. People looked upon him as possessing a keen business instinct and remarkable organizing powers. Well, he certainly seemed thick-headed enough when I knew him.

POSSIBLY there is an explanation. We are likely to catalogue our intelligence according to conventional standards. Failing to find what we consider an essential of intelligence we overlook a quality or a characteristic which may lead to a real accomplishment.

Meeks was a genius of a certain sort, as were the others. He had character, which counts for much in advancing a man, and he had a personality so winning that if you did not give him too careful a mental examination you attributed to him all the other mental characteristics of greatness.

Johnson had persistence; he stuck to a thing doggedly until he worked it out. Nicholi had intuition as to the direction a town would take in its development and as to real estate values. He was in his particular way a genuis, and genius works according to no law. Watson knew instinctively how to make things work. He couldn't explain why. They just did. Sarah understood human nature; she never could explain how or why. I can't explain Anderson.

Even the most "hopeless bonehead" has possibilities if he can only get on the right track!

A PERSONAL narrative that will strike home to most folks appears next month under the title of "It's Mighty Hard to Be Honest in My Town." . . . Is it expedient to tell the truth? Should civic and local pride blind your eyes to the failings of your town and townspeople? Must the college you attended be the best in the world? These, and numerous other issues, are forcefully handled by a man who, in endeavoring to follow the poet's advice, "To Thine Own Self Be True," ran up against mistrust, misunderstanding, and dislike.

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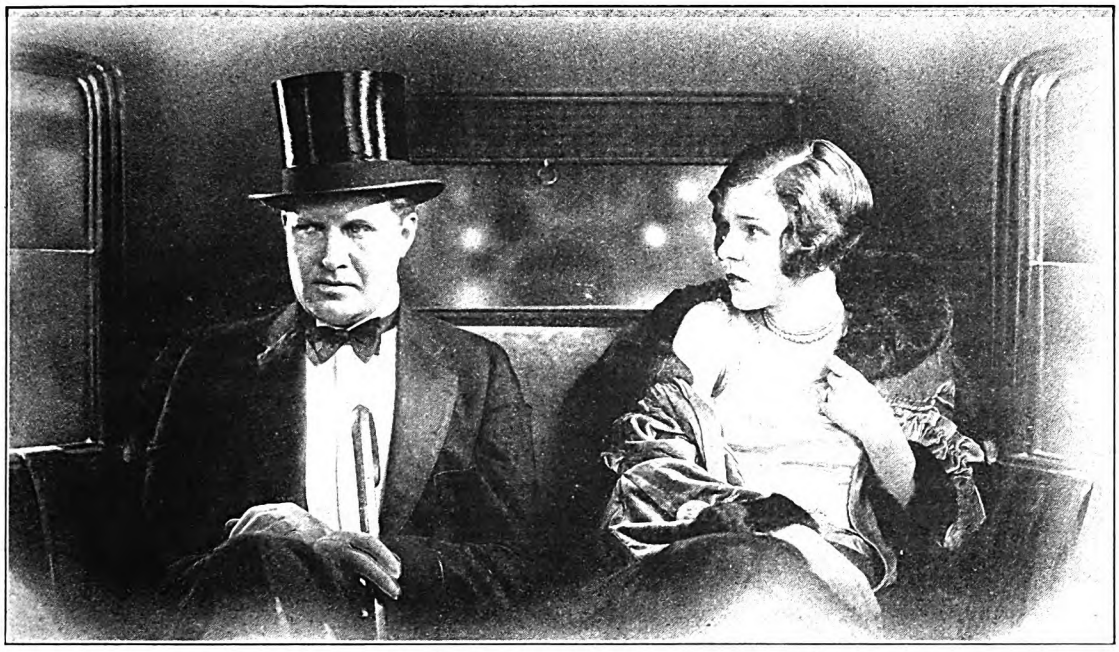

"You Didn't Say a Single Word All Evening"

"HOW could I? I didn't even know what they were talking about."

"Well, Ralph, I wouldn't brag about that."

"But how was I supposed to know that they were going to talk literature and art? If they had discussed real estate, I could have chatted with them easily—all evening. . . ."

"Business, always business! If you were a big enough real estate man you'd know how to forget business and talk of other things in company!"

"I never felt so uncomfortable in my life," he said ruefully. "Couldn't even follow the drift of things. What was all the discussion about some poet who was killed in the war?"

"Really, Ralph—you should keep more abreast of things. I was surprised that you didn't contribute at least one idea or opinion to the whole evening's discussion."

He turned to her, curiosity and admiration mingling in his smile. "You were certainly a shining light tonight, Peg! You made up for me, all right. Where did you ever find out all those interesting things?"

Many Wives are Keeping Pace with Successful Husbands —This Pleasant Way

Peg was grateful for her husband's praise.

But, instead of answering his question, she smiled enigmatically.

He moved closer, glad to have diverted attention from himself. "You were the prettiest and cleverest woman at that dinner, dear!" he said.

"Just for that," she beamed, "I'm going to tell you why I was able to join in the conversation tonight—and you were not."

"Oh, that's easy," he said, man-like. "You get more time to read than I do."

"Is that so!" she retorted. "I don't get the chance to read a good book from one month to the next. But I've solved *that* problem. I have a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book."

"What's that?"

"It's a whole library condensed into one fascinating scrap book. It contains only the best thoughts of the best minds of the last four thousand years—the 'high lights', you know."

"That sounds interesting. Tell me more about it."

The Famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

By the time they reached home, she had told him all about the unique Scrap Book. How Elbert Hubbard, many-sided genius, began it in youth and kept it throughout life. How he added only the choicest bits of inspiration and wisdom—the ideas that helped him most—the greatest thoughts of the greatest men of all ages. How the Scrap Book grew and became Hubbard's chief source of ideas—how it became a priceless collection of little masterpieces—how, at the time of his death, it represented a whole lifetime of discriminating reading.

"Imagine it! This Scrap Book has now been published and anyone can have a copy. Do you know what that means? You can get in a few minutes' pleasant reading each evening what it took Elbert Hubbard a whole lifetime to collect! You can get at a glance what Hubbard had to read days and days to find. You can have the finest thoughts of the last four thousand years in one wonderful volume. If you read in the Scrap Book occasionally, you'll never be uncomfortable in company again. You'll be able to talk as intelligently as any one."

May We Send It to You for FREE Examination?

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book radiates inspiration from every page. It contains ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. It represents the *best* of a lifetime of discriminating reading, contains choice selections from 500 great writers. *There is not a commonplace sentence in the whole volume.*

This Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft book-making. The type is set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape.

Examine it at our expense! The coupon entitles you to the special five-day examination—if you act at once. Just send off the coupon today, and the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will go forward to you promptly. When it arrives, glance through it. If you aren't inspired, enchanted—simply return the Scrap Book within the five-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only $2.90, plus few cents postage, in *full payment.*

We urge you to act now. We want you to *see* the Scrap Book, to judge it for yourself. Mail this coupon TODAY to Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 331, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 331, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

You may send me for five days' free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book in cloth-lined butcher paper binding. Within the five-day period I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation, or keep it for my own and send only $2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.

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[ ] A few copies are available in a sturdy binding of semi-flexible basket-weave buckram for only $1 additional. Please check in this square if you want this de luxe binding, with the same return privilege.

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Taking the hurdles of everyday life—

GRANTED, they may be little tasks: for instance—determining not to roll over for another forty winks when you know you should get up; brushing your teeth; shaving when you have trouble keeping your eyes open; getting under the shower.

All these early morning hurdles when you're still half asleep are not jobs you tackle with eagerness. Still you know they must be done.

But when they are accomplished, how refreshed you feel! And how you rebuke yourself later in the day if you've been lazy and overlooked any one of them.

Particularly tooth brushing: next perhaps, only to the bath; it's not only the most refreshing thing in your morning routine but how important it is to your own well-being!

Still to most of us it seems every day only as another necessary job—one of those little hurdles.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth.

In short, a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people—for in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use.* It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a specially prepared cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

**This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar *which accumulates and starts tooth decay.*

LISTERINE

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"—even for lazy people"

TOOTH · PASTE

-- easy to use

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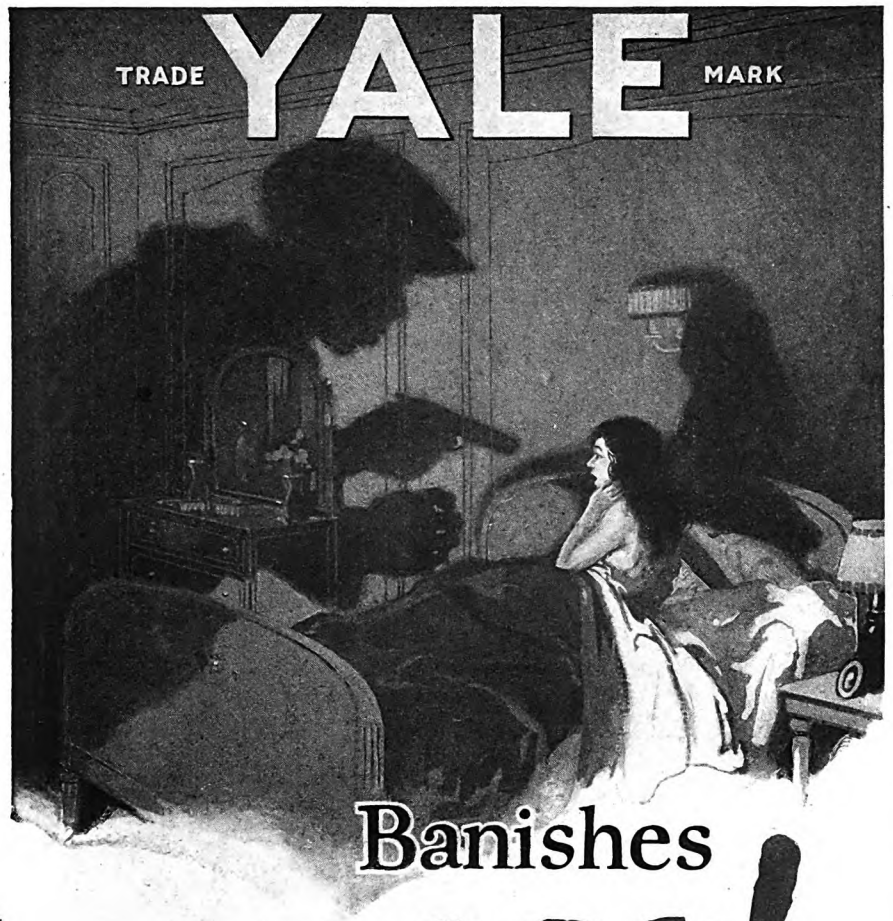


Banishes

Fear!

from your home

Night loneliness . . . the sound of stealthy tampering at the door . . . a moment of helpless terror . . . *Has she forgotten to lock it?*

But the Yale 44 Automatic Deadlatch needs no remembering. When you shut your door, the heavy square latch bolt is *automatically* thrown nearly twice the usual distance into the strike and deadlocked!

Thus it is proof against forgetfulness from within and violence from without. It cannot be left unlocked. It does automatically what you might forget to do manually.

Be sure you have the right locks on all your entrance doors.

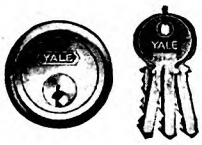
Look for the Yale trade-mark. If it's *marked* Yale it's *made by* Yale. No other locks *are* Yale.

Send for booklet, "Let the Yale 44 Automatic Protect You"

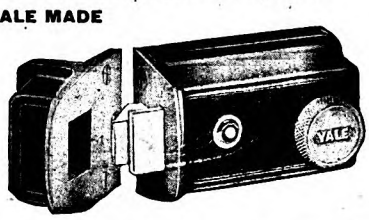
The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.

Stamford, Conn., U. S. A. Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE



Yale 44 Automatic Deadlatch



Only a Cop

(*Continued from page 27*)

taste for it, and still less taste for staying indoors to learn it. I've never had much use for the inside of a house, except to sleep there; and as a young, healthy lad—for I was just short of twenty years old—I wanted to be out in the open. So I joined a professional ball team; and for almost a year, while my family thought I was studying dentistry I was swinging a bat instead. I never learned to make a plate of false teeth," he laughed; "but I scraped an acquaintance with a good many 'home plates' on the baseball diamond.

"Finally my folks found out what I was doing and why I was doing it. They didn't want me to be a professional ball player, so they began to look around for another kind of open-air job; and somehow—I don't remember just how—they got me a chance to go on the police force. That was fifty years ago; and here I am to-day, still a policeman."

"How did it happen that you didn't become a sergeant, or even something higher?" I asked. "Didn't you have the opportunity?"

"Oh yes," he said indifferently; "at any time, after a few years' service, I could have taken the examination for promotion. But promotion would have meant sitting at a desk in a police station. I had no taste for that, any more than I had for pulling teeth in a dentist's office."

"AMBITION," said I, trying to look wise, "often means giving up what we do want, in order to get something we really don't want."

"Yes," he said, looking wise *without* trying, "people trade their health and their happiness for a few gold stripes on their sleeves, or for whatever stands for gold stripes to them.

"That's all promotion would have meant to me; some gold braid on my uniform and a bit more money in my pocket. They're both well enough, in their way; but in order to get them I'd have had to give up things I liked better. My job always seemed more interesting, and suited me more, than the ones higher up.

"If you had watched people as long as I have, you'd know that they're just like these children. A few of the boys and girls here are the leaders. One of 'em says, 'Now we'll do so and so!' And there's always a bunch of children that does it; maybe running around like mad, when they're too tired to run; playing ball when they'd rather be skipping rope, or skipping rope when they really want to be playing ball.

"But there's always a few that don't make themselves miserable, trying to do something, just because the rest are doing it. And that's the way it is with grown folks. Most of them are scrambling after the leaders who tell them, 'This is the thing to do!' There's only a few that go their own way; the way that suits *them*."

"And you were one of that kind, were you?" I said.

"Yes, I guess so," he replied, with his quiet smile. "Being a patrolman was a job I liked, because it kept me outdoors and was full of variety and interesting

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Enter
Health, Energy, Ambition

This simple food conquers constipation, corrects skin and stomach disorders in an easy, natural way

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. J-36, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I BECAME VERY RUN DOWN. As a ballet dancer the demands upon my energy were too great. I suffered from loss of vitality. After a performance I would be so tired I could hardly walk. I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so. In a few weeks I noticed a remarkable improvement. Now my energy is completely restored and I feel well in every way."

HARRIETTE G. BENDLE, New York City.

"FOR MANY YEARS I SUFFERED FROM CONSTIPATION, due to my constant traveling. I am something of a soldier of fortune, having lived in every country of the planet. A friend in the Antipodes advised Fleischmann's Yeast. Those cakes kept me in the pink of condition and my constipation is gone."

THOMAS STAPLETON, San Francisco, Calif.

"FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS I HAD BEEN A VICTIM OF INDIGESTION. Then I began eating three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day. In two weeks I began to improve and now I can indulge myself with *anything* I wish to eat."

J. A. RITCHEY, Baltimore, Md.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

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WILL YOUR WHITE HOUSE BE *WHITE* NEXT YEAR?

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Hour by hour, time tests the paint on your house. More than half the homes in this country are said to be painted white. But mighty few are really white a year after they are painted.

If you want a white house that will keep on being white over a period of years you must use a white paint that will stay white.

40-40-20 is that kind of paint. Its brilliant fresh whiteness lasts during all of its long life. It covers well, spreads smoothly, and wears long. Six years of use have demonstrated it to be a high grade paint. Yet it costs no more to use than other good paint.

40-40-20

REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE NEW JERSEY ZINC CO

The Permanently White Outside Paint

40-40-20 is made by 108 paint manufacturers and is readily obtainable from their dealers. These manufacturers are authorized by The New Jersey Zinc Company to use its registered trade mark, 40-40-20, on paint made from its specified products according to its specially developed formula. 40-40-20 is made in ready-mixed form in white and many beautiful tints, and in paste form for the professional painter's use. Look for the genuine which carries 40-40-20 on the label. Booklet giving full information on 40-40-20, and list of authorized manufacturers will be sent on request.

New Jersey Zinc

The New Jersey Zinc Company
160 FRONT STREET, NEW YORK CITY

New Jersey Zinc

experiences. So I stuck to that job.

"For the first six years, I was on duty in lower New York, near the Battery. The district included the financial and wholesale business section; but it also took in the streets along the water front, and that was a tough neighborhood, where I saw a good deal of the seamy side of life.

"IT WASN'T much like this place here," he said, nodding toward the children who played almost under our feet. "There were drunks and thugs and criminals of all sorts; sailors from all over the world; longshoremen from the docks; a rough lot, most of them.

"I've been shot at more than once. Had a pretty narrow escape one time. I had just arrested a man, and he fired his gun at me through his coat pocket. The bullet went across my chest, cut a button off my coat and made a furrow in the cloth. But I took away his revolver and landed him in the station safely enough.

"Now, that was more interesting than to sit at the station desk and just write the man's name in the record, wasn't it?" he asked.

"After that, I was on duty several years at the courts; and that was interesting too. I heard some of the biggest lawyers in the city and listened to some famous trials. It was like having a free seat in a theatre every day—only I didn't have any seat!" he added. "That's about the only experience a policeman doesn't know much about, the experience of sitting down.

"But I did have even that one when I was assigned to the prisoners' ward at Bellevue Hospital. If a man gets sick while he is in the Tombs, awaiting trial, he is sent to this ward; and as all the patients there are still prisoners, a police detail is always on guard.

"I was there four years. During that time, we had some famous murderers in our charge; men who afterward went to the electric chair at Sing Sing. One of them was Doctor Waite, the dentist who murdered his father-in-law and, if I remember rightly, his wife.

"Maybe," with a twinkle in his eye, "'Doc' Waite had made the mistake which I *didn't* make. Perhaps he hadn't wanted to be a dentist any more than I had. And maybe he came to a bad end because he made the wrong kind of start, the wrong one for him, anyway. If he had become a policeman, and I had become a dentist, who knows?" he demanded, the twinkle in his eye becoming an open smile, "we might have met in Bellevue—but with the situation reversed."

"Instead of which," I said, "he lies in his grave, and you are here; the friend and protector of children."

"Yes," he said; "and it's a good place to be. At any time during the past thirty years, I could have retired on a pension. Of course the longer I served the larger the pension would be. But that wasn't what kept me on the job.

"I love children. I've *always* loved them. And here I have them with me all the time, winter and summer. Even more in winter than in summer, for that matter; because most of my little folks, the regular ones, go away for the summer.

"For some reason," he went on, "the Mall seems to sort of belong to the children of the nicest families. They live close

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UPSON BOARD

IS YOUR CELLAR space wasted? Here is a quick, easy, inexpensive way to make it useful with Upson Board.

Build in a cool-and-dustless fruit closet—a bright, clean laundry—an extra bathroom—an attractive workroom!

Partition off a furnace room, so coal dust won't seep through the house.

One man can do the work, because Upson Board comes in big strong panels, so light one man puts them up, even on ceilings. Then paint, apply wood-trim, and the job is finished. Upson Fasteners (patented) make Upson Board *the one board without ugly nail marks.*

Once up, an Upson Board room should last as long as the building stands. Properly applied, Upson Board *should never warp or bulge.* It can't crack or fall. There are no expensive repairs.

Upson Board resists jars, heat, cold, moisture, fire. Certified tests prove Upson Board 40% to 150% stronger than other boards tested—an excellent insulator, the equal of 11 thicknesses of building paper. Dozens of letters in our files prove it retards fire and resists moisture.

Why not try Upson Board for just one room? See for yourself how easily it reclaims a cracked ceiling—builds in partitions—adds useful rooms in the cellar or attic, saves fuel by protecting against winter-cold or summer-heat.

Ask your lumber dealer or builder today. Or, we invite you to write, describing the work you plan. Enclose 10c for full-sized blue print, painted samples, interesting booklet. Address The Upson Company, 121 Upson Pt., Lockport, N. Y.

UPSON BOARD

For walls . . . ceilings . . . partitions . . . insulation

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"You, too, can enjoy

Instant Sleep

when you go to bed"

Try this delightful, new food-drink from Switzerland that brings all-night sleep—all-day energy

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energies drained by afternoon? Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to overcome this—a way to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

FIRST—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes, and as you sleep you gather strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

Now—more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

© 1926 T. W. C.

I had not been able to sleep well. After taking Ovaltine for one week I could sleep the whole night and fall asleep as soon as I lay down. Ovaltine is the best thing for sleeplessness.
Sol Ellman,
Chicago

Before taking Ovaltine faulty digestion kept me awake at night. After taking Ovaltine two nights I found that I could get more sleep and that sleep came quicker and easier than before.
William Hogle,
Wheeling, W. Va.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 41
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
Name.....
Street.....
City..... *State*.....
One package to a person

Send for 3-day test

by, in Fifth Avenue, Park Avenue, and the cross-streets between. Almost every child has a nurse, sometimes two nurses. Some of my children come in the morning with a German nurse, and in the afternoon with a French one. Some of them have French maids and English governesses.

"Now, I'm not what you might call snobbish; but here's an interesting thing: So long as I have only that class of children to deal with I don't know the meaning of the word trouble! Because those children have been taught to behave themselves; to be gentle and polite and obedient.

"This is the way I figure it out: The nurses and governesses are fond of the children—but they're not too fond! It's their job to teach the children *behavior;* and they teach it to them, the way they would teach 'em to read or to spell. And so long as a child is behaving itself, the nurse lets it alone. She isn't always fussing at it, or over it, either.

"A few children come here with their mothers. Very nice women too, they are. But most of them can't seem to let their little folks have any freedom. You can always see the apron strings," he laughed; "and the little one tied to them.

"They're always calling the child from play, for one thing or another; brushing the dirt off its clothes, putting its little hat on straight, giving it a kiss maybe. They can't keep from fussing over it.

"Now, I've been watching children, right here as you see them to-day, for fifteen years. I've learned the way to get along with them; and I believe it's the way to get along with anybody."

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"Well," he said slowly, "you've got to make them like you and *respect* you. If you can't control yourself, you can't expect to have control over anybody else, even over a child. In a kind of way, you've got to keep yourself *to* yourself, if you understand what I mean.

"You can see that I don't run around after these children, either to correct them or to pet them. But they know I'm here! They know I expect them to behave; that they can depend on me to take care of them, but that they can also depend on me to keep order.

"THAT'S a big thing in getting along with children. They like to feel that you will keep on doing whatever you start to do. They like kindness; but they don't like familiarity. There's something about it that makes them respect you less. They will love you just as much if you don't gush over them, and they will respect you more.

"I wish I could show you two of my children who aren't here to-day; a little boy and his sister. They had a nurse—they called her 'Bridgie'—who had been with them since the boy was a baby. A few weeks ago, she left to be married; and both the children were just broken-hearted.

"The other day, the little fellow ran up to me and said, 'I *love* you!'

"'Do you?' I said. 'I'm glad of that.'

"The new nurse, who was with him, piped up and said, 'Do you love *me?*'

"'No!' he exclaimed. 'I love Bridgie!'

"Now that nurse made a mistake. Love doesn't come for the asking. Nothing does! You've just got to go on, being yourself, and *something* will come to you.

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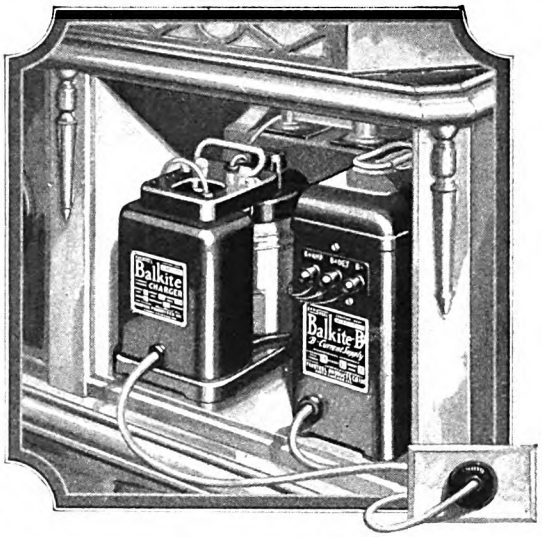
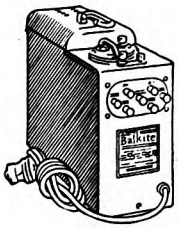


Silent, infallible, permanent radio power *from the light socket* with Balkite "B" and the Balkite Charger

Balkite Trickle Charger

MODEL K. Can be left on continuous or trickle charge thus automatically keeping the battery at full power. In effect converts your "A" battery into a light socket "A" power supply. Charging rate about .5 ampere. Over 200,000 in use. Price $10. West of Rockies $10.50. (In Canada $15.)



Balkite Combination

Supplies automatic power to both "A" and "B" circuits. Controlled by the filament switch already on your set. Entirely automatic in operation. Serves any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring not more than 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—practically all sets of up to 8 tubes. Price $59.50. (In Canada $83.)

All Balkite Radio Power units operate from 110-120 volt AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles. The new Balkite Charger is also made in a special model for 25-40 cycles.

Over 700,000 radio set owners are now using Balkite Radio Power Units because they provide silent, infallible, permanent power from the light socket. They are noiseless in operation and can be used during reception. They employ no tubes. They have nothing to wear out or replace, and no dials to complicate tuning. Other than a slight current consumption their first cost is the last. They are permanent and unfailing in operation. They are based on the same Balkite principle now commonly used in railway signaling, hospital lighting, and numerous other systems where power must be infallible.

One way of equipping your radio set with Balkite is to merely add Balkite "B" and the Balkite Charger. Balkite "B" eliminates "B" batteries entirely and supplies "B" current from the light socket. It is the proved popular "B" power supply. Of the 85,000 now giving satisfactory service, some of which have been in use for three years, to our knowledge not one has ever worn out. The new Balkite "B"-W at $27.50 serves sets of 5 tubes or less requiring 67 to 90 volts, Balkite "B"-X sets of up to 135 volts and 8 tubes and Balkite "B"-Y any standard set.

The Balkite Charger, with both high and low charging rates, when used as a trickle charger automatically keeps your "A" battery always fully charged. In effect it makes your "A" battery a light socket "A" power supply. Used as an intermittent charger, its high rate provides a ready reserve for heavy duty use.

Add these Balkite Units to your radio set. Then it will always perform at its best. Then you will enjoy the last word in radio convenience and economy. *Ask your dealer.*

[Balkite "B"-W $27.50; "B"-X $42; "B"-Y $69; Balkite Charger $19.50, West of Rockies $20. In Canada: "B"-W $39; "B"-X $59.50; "B"-Y $96; Charger $27.50.]

Fansteel Products Company, Inc., North Chicago, Illinois.

Listen to the Balkite Radio Symphony Concerts with Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Saturday Nights 9 P. M. Eastern (8 P. M. Central) Standard Time, over WEAF, WEEI, WGR, WFI, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ, WGN, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, WOC.

Balkite
Radio Power Units

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Doctor Recommends This Tobacco to Pipe-Smoking Patients

There seems to be an unwritten law among pipe-smokers. When one man discovers a way to get more enjoyment out of his pipe, he feels obligated to tell the "pipe-smoking fraternity" about it.

So it is not surprising that when Doctor Gardiner of Florida found a tobacco that really enabled him to enjoy a pipe for the first time, he made a point of recommending it to all his pipe-smoking patients.

You'll find his letter interesting.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

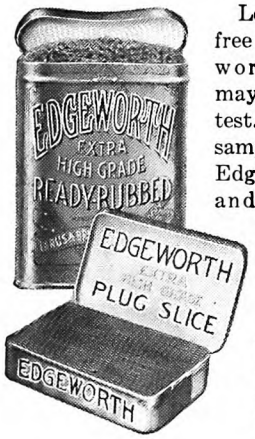
No harm done, I hope, if I feel like I want to say a word of praise for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

I have tried many kinds of tobacco in a pipe, but until I got to smoking Edgeworth I never really enjoyed a pipe.

Frequently I say to patients who must smoke: "If you're going to smoke your pipe, use Edgeworth."

I like it and recommend it whole-heartedly to anyone who enjoys smoking.

Yours truly,
W D. Gardiner, D. O.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3-M S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.]

Whatever it is, it will be the thing you have earned. If it isn't the thing you want, then it's your fault. But you won't get what you want just by demanding it."

"You have what *you* want?" I asked.

"I have!" he said with emphasis. Then, with his slow smile, he added, "It's almost a crime to be getting money for a job like this. I've never had to take a day off for sickness. Living out of doors has kept me well. Even in the winter, I like it. So do the children. They come in all kinds of weather, and they thrive on it just as I do.

"I guess they help to keep me young and interested in life. They're just as different as grown folks are. Do you see that little girl over there? The one with the yellow curls and the big blue eyes? She's a frail little thing, and sometimes I'm afraid—"

He shook his head; and his eyes followed her with a look of grave concern.

"She's been coming here for more than a year," he said, after a moment. "At first, she was very shy with me. But I just went on, as I told you, quietly being myself; and finally, one day, she came to me, and what do you think she did?

"She looked up into my face and said, 'You may kiss my hand.'"

"Did you do it?" I asked.

"I did, indeed!" he replied. "And I've done it many a time since. Sometimes she's here with the nurse and sometimes with her father and mother, for they're very tender of her, because she's not strong. But no matter who is with her, she will leave them, run up to me, and say, 'You may kiss my hand.'

"I don't know where she got the idea. But wouldn't any man be proud to have a delicate little child, like her, come to him of her own accord and say a thing like that? If I'm the King of the Mall, like some folks call me, then she's the little princess.

"YES," he went on, "my life suits *me;* and since I have to live it I guess I'm the one to *be* suited. You'd hardly believe how interesting it is, anyway. There's wonderful music here in the summer. It brings a crowd; but you can be pretty sure that folks who want to listen to music won't give you any trouble. Then we sometimes have big meetings here, and I have a chance to hear good speakers. That's interesting, too.

"Oh, it's never dull! Not even when there's nothing to watch except the trees and the clouds; or maybe the squirrels and the birds. In their way, they're friendly too.

"I've seen some wonderful examples of that," he said. "There's one lady, a Mrs. Smith, who's been coming here to the Park, to feed the squirrels, ever since I was first stationed here. That was twenty years ago, for I was here even before I was assigned to the prisoners' ward at Bellevue. I left there to come back here.

"This lady and her husband, who's dead now, used to drive in the Park before ever I saw them. He'd stop his horses now and then; and she'd get out and walk under the trees and call the squirrels to get their daily ration of cracked nuts. She still comes—by herself now; and it does seem as if the squirrels knew her as well as I do myself.

"Then there's a man named Rice. He tells me he's a carpenter by trade; and that he lives near the Park, just so he can come here to feed the sparrows. Think of that! Most folks don't pay any attention to the sparrows; but Mr. Rice has sort of adopted them. He's hardly missed a day in five years; and he says that the sparrows would have to go hungry many a time in winter, if it wasn't for him. He was born in the country himself. He says he couldn't stand living in New York if he couldn't come in here, where it's green and quiet and peaceful.

"AT THAT," said Charlie Sands, shaking his head, "it isn't so green as it used to be. Hundreds of the old trees have died—more's the pity! But," and his face lighted up with interest, "have you seen the new trees they've been setting out?

"Just come over here a little way and let me show you. See that new planting down there? Eleven trees—and they cost the city six thousand dollars! Thirty years old they are; and they come from miles away, from the Amawalk Nursery; up back of Peekskill. When they were set out last April they brought some elephants from Ringling's circus at Madison Square Garden to lift them into place. Now, *that* was interesting, too! I expect you missed seeing it."

"I'm afraid I did," I admitted.

"You see!" said Charlie Sands, mildly triumphant. "This is really a wonderful place to be.

"I hope those trees do well," he went on. "You'd be surprised, maybe, to see how different trees are. Just like people! Some of 'em can live through anything, and be hale and hearty. Others—well, you can give 'em everything, pamper them and coddle them; but," half pityingly, half contemptuously, "they never amount to anything.

"There's a fine young plantation of pin oaks over there, across the road. Doing splendidly—all except one or two. Funny, isn't it? And around toward the Seventy-second Street entrance there are beautiful, healthy lindens—with elms dying just across the driveway. They get just the same air and sun and rain. But one tree thrives and another one dies. That's something to think about."

"You seem to have a good many things to think about," I said.

"Well, he replied; "I guess it's because I don't fret about hunting for them. I don't run around after something to interest me; and so, like the children here, the interesting things come to *me;* which is the way I like best."

I have set down here the substance of what Charlie Sands said to me; but I have not shown the long quiet pauses, during which we simply stood there, an inarticulate part of the peace and sunshine and happy movement about us.

But those long pauses spoke with their own eloquence. And when I finally turned away—taking the path which would lead by the beautiful lindens—the memory I carried with me was of those silences, during which there had come over my restlessness something of the serenity of Charlie Sands's own mind and heart.

"People," he had said, "trade their health and their happiness for a few gold stripes on their sleeves—or for whatever stands for gold stripes to them."

That, again in his words, was "some-

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What could *you* do with a tooth brush and thirty-five dollars?

—from immigrant to executive

James C. Norgaard

the man—and his letter!

GEO. C. LARSEN, Pres. C. F. STANLEY, V.-Pres. GEO. YUNG, Sec.-Treas.

Farmers' Union Creamery Company

Dealers in
DAIRY PRODUCTS

JAMES C. NORGAARD, Manager Superior, Neb.

LaSalle Extension University,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

When I arrived in New York, in 1914, I had a toothbrush, $35 in cash, a lot of pep, and not an English word in my vocabulary.

My first job, in a Wisconsin creamery, paid me $10 a month and board. At night school, in Green Bay, I learned English.

In the winter of 1919 I took my first course with LaSalle—in Traffic Management. From 1919 to 1921 I pursued LaSalle training in Business Management, and to this course I attribute most of the progress I have since made; as without the knowledge and inspiration it gave me, I am sure I should not have attained the position I now hold.

Naturally I am enthusiastic about LaSalle Training, and do not hesitate to say that any man who is eager to get ahead in business will find it the most profitable investment he ever made.

Very truly yours,

James C. Norgaard

Manager.

DO you feel that Fate has handicapped you by a lack of opportunity?

If you don't believe that all a man needs is determination to *make* opportunity—to start right where he is and land 'way higher up the ladder—consider James Norgaard.

He didn't understand a word of English, as he stood on a New York dock. His equipment for success was $35.00—and a toothbrush.

Today he's an officer of the grain exchange, director in the local building and loan association, president of an ice cream company, and general manager of one of the largest co-operative creameries in the world.

And it took him only about ten years on the way up.

The really interesting thing is that there's nothing unusual or startling or extraordinary in the plan Mr. Norgaard followed.

Thousands of other men find the same help in LaSalle home study business training. It's open and available any and every day, to any and every man of aggressiveness and determination.

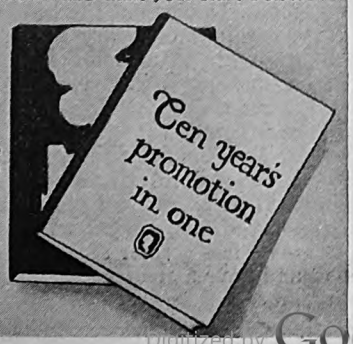
See LaSalle clearly. View it simply as a proved short cut to increased earning ability—to money and position and opportunity. It's here for you and as near to you as the mails.

These Free Books Show How

You are eager to get ahead—you will find it of vital importance to learn more of the success-methods James C. Norgaard and thousands of others have employed so profitably. We have therefore prepared a special 64-page booklet which outlines these methods in detail. It also points out the big opportunities in the field you are in or wish to enter—shows you how you can fit yourself to get them.

The coupon brings this booklet to you without cost or obligation—also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the inspiring story of how one man, after many wanderings, found the path to responsibility and power. A pencil—an envelope—a postage stamp! Get these two books now—and make your start TODAY!

these books free



Find Yourself Thru LaSalle!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 133-R CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of the LaSalle plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ **Business Management:** Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping.**
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Trainer.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Station Management.**
- ☐ **Law:** LL. B. Degree.
- ☐ **Commercial Law.**
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Superintendent, Foreman, etc.
- ☐ **Industrial Management:** Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance.**
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion and Mail Sales Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Business English.**
- ☐ **Effective Speaking.**
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish.**

Name ..... Present Position ..... Address .....

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thing to think about." I am still thinking about it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Next month Mary B. Mullett tells you the story of a minister to the poor; a preacher who has built up one of the most remarkable churches in America. This will be the second of the "Just Folks" series; interesting and stimulating articles, all of them, that give you the stories of ordinary men and women who have done amazingly well in the great adventure of life. Here is what one man says about the preacher whose story you will read next month: "The man is a marvel. He doesn't pester us into doing things. Yet we do them! Men who are not members of his church will come down and do whatever he asks them to do, and on Sundays you are likely to see kneeling at the altar rail in his church, a 'washlady' and a woman of wealth, side by side That's the kind of religion he believes in—and practices!"

JUST A LITTLE MATTER of disturbed dust, and in a split second the keen eye and quick brain of Colonel Braxton had solved a mystery. With the key to the problem in his possession, this astute and eccentric lawyer takes justice in his own hands and metes it out with a picturesque and dramatic intensity which makes "The Heir at Law," appearing next month, one of the finest legal mysteries that Melville Davisson Post has yet written.

In the Valley of the Shadow I Found the Golden Key

(*Continued from page 9*)

discomfort and financial loss, because I had discovered the inherent and blessed goodness of humanity. One who will not learn some other way has to suffer greatly to learn that humanity is tender of heart and inherently good, and that he has many friends.

When a fellow is up on his hind legs fighting for himself, and in every way able to take care of himself, no one is likely to pay very much attention to him. Neighbors may pass him hurriedly by with a conventional greeting or a perfunctory nod. He proceeds to hustle for himself, and to carry the impression that no one cares about him very much.

One forgets that one's neighbors have to hustle for themselves too, and are so absorbed in their own troubles and afflictions that they really don't have time to be as considerate and sociable as they would like to be. That was my case.

We are prone to forget that the other fellow has his problems; we may live next door to and have frequent intercourse with a neighbor who is harassed by financial difficulties, or inflicted with a physical disorder which he nurses in secret. He never tells his troubles, and we never know. Indeed, we often wonder why he seldom smiles; we may even set him down as a grouch, when, if we could only know the truth, he may be staggering under some grievous financial, physical, or mental handicap that we ourselves could not bear.

We may condemn him for his unneighborliness, his lack of patriotism, lack of civic-mindedness or indifference to community activities; the while he has just all he can do to keep a roof over his family and send his children to school.

But beneath the mask of indifference which men appear to wear in the midst of the terrific economic struggle in which they are absorbed, beat hearts that are full of warmth and humanity. In the mad struggle of life they may cuff and kick one another in their heedlessness; but let one fall or but cry for help, and a community will rush to his rescue to lift him up, sustain him and comfort him. The fallen one may have been a great transgressor; but his faults are forgiven and forgotten when he is in need.

We expect and demand too much of human reason, and human reasoning is therefore often disappointing It is in the hearts of men that one will find much gold; it is in the subconscious mind or heart of every man that you will surely find a spark of divinity itself, that is revived into a very generous flame of love and sympathy for one who may be afflicted.

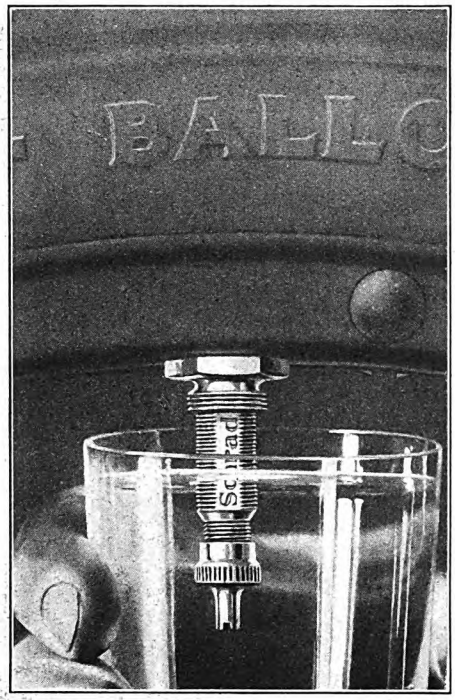
Sickness, pain, affliction are, after all, necessary and beneficent phenomena of life. But for distress, perhaps none of the higher human virtues, none of those noble, godlike qualities that distinguish men from brutes, would have been developed.

Out of much suffering has man evolved those divine attributes of pity, tenderness, sympathy, love, and self-giving. In the presence of sickness and pain, he first learned to pity, then to love. In his ministries to the sick and afflicted, he learned to forget self and made that most wonderful of all human discoveries, that in service to others the greatest joy and satisfaction of life is most surely found.

As I lay convalescing, I thought what a beautiful world to live in this will eventually be when we have found some more ready key than human pain and suffering to unlock the hearts of men. The words of Jesus, assuring his disciples that the kingdom of God was within them, came to me with a sudden new and vivid meaning. The kingdom of heaven is verily at hand, the brotherhood of man is not a remote ideal!

Day by day the flowers withered in my room. One by one the vases that had held them in the beauty and glory of their freshness were removed. I knew that I was getting well. My neighbors were back about the business of looking after their own families.

But I am not disillusioned; I know that I have found the key to the greatest gold mine on earth; and I know I shall forever have a greater love for my fellow man, feel greater security in his society, and have a greater faith in him and in his potentialities.



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HERE in the Northwest is our last vast open space, where rich plains still wait for the plow of the skilled farmer and incalculable mineral wealth lies idle. Here a new civilization is building its foundations solidly in the Twentieth Century. Brilliant new towns are rising at strategic points. And the modern prospector is harnessing water-power.

This immense block—roughly one-fourth the nation!—consists of rich prairie and bench-land, sweeping, magnificent, through which wind tremendous streams—the tawny giant Missouri; the upper Mississippi, blue and dimpling among its green hills; the cold brawling Yellowstone; and the monster of the mountains, the Columbia, charging under claret-colored headlands. Green mountain barriers in the West rise wave on wave until they go tumbling down into the warm Pacific.

The mellow loess farms of the central river basins still look eastward. But farther west the rising flood of corn is sweeping into the wheatland. Red barns and silos in tidy groves of planted trees dot the plain as far as the upper Missouri. Wheat is spreading over the range.

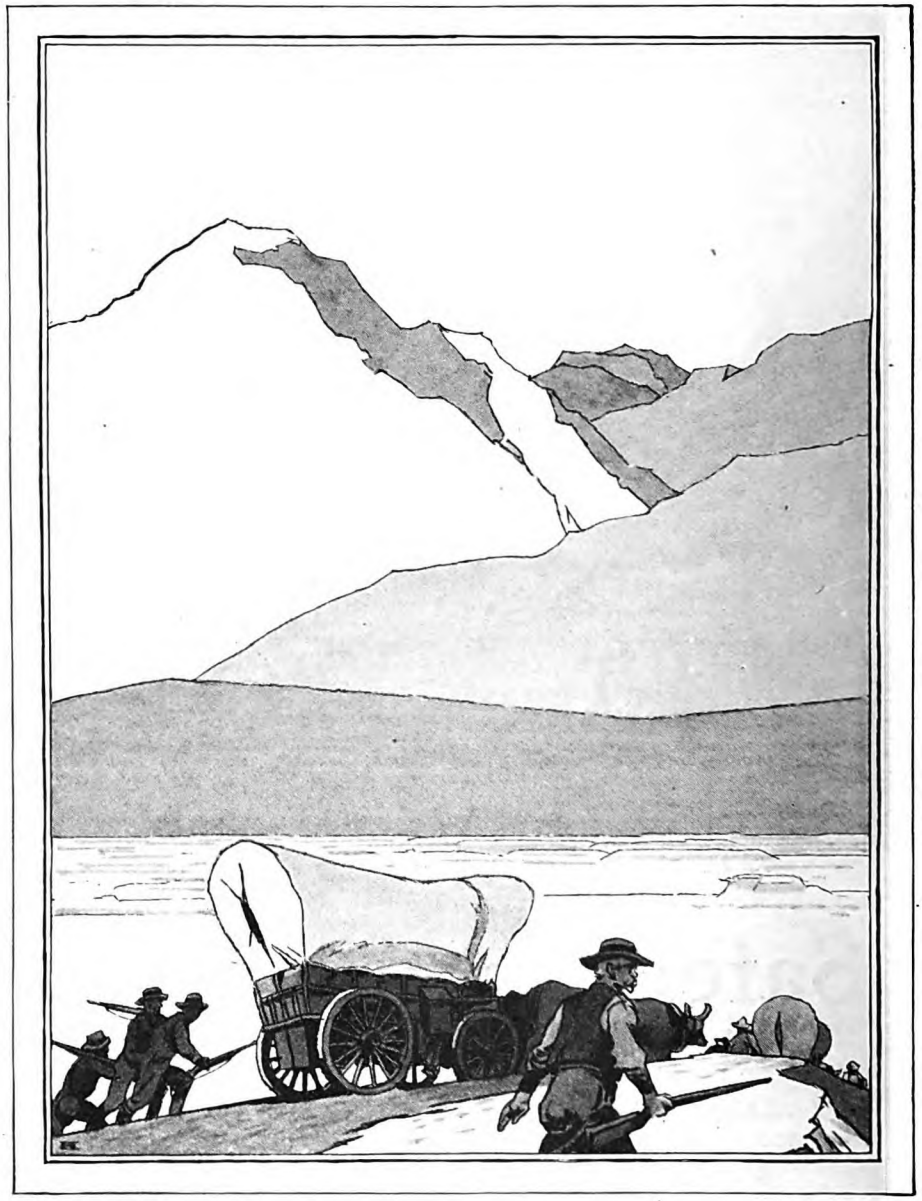
Four bridges have recently been flung across the river. Settlement, checked for a while, is flowing on with increased impetus to the edge of the Belt Mountains. And on into the warm fruitful valleys beyond. Diversified farming has already enormously increased agricultural production.

Here and there pockets of minerals have been opened. In South Dakota the greatest gold mine in the world is operating within sight of the best alfalfa-seed farms in America. Within a small cup in the mountains of Montana, two billion dollars' worth of copper and allied minerals have been mined. At Great Falls alone 150,000 horsepower in electricity is being generated. Washington can supply the nation with coal for 126 years. And the timber of the Pacific Coast is inexhaustible.

Spirit of the Northwest

For those who have not seen the new Northwest a revelation waits. Even towns of a few thousand inhabitants possess well-paved streets, white lights, thoroughly modern hospitals, schools, stores, equipment, the latest fashions. There is no isolation. Young blood is pouring in, impatient at the dull monotony of old communities, and insisting upon the utilization of every modern invention.

Great regional centers and industrial communities, such as Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Butte and Great Falls, Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, are increasing with wonderful rapidity in size and importance.



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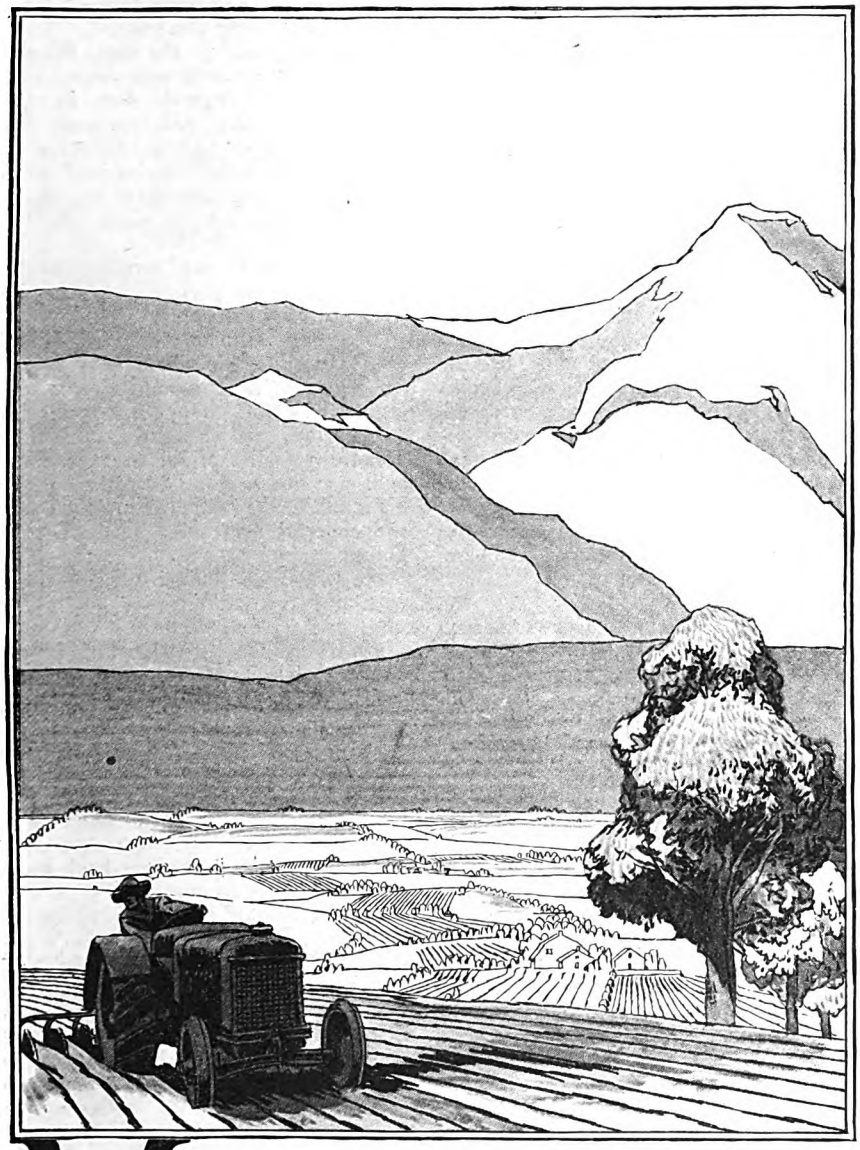

What the railroad has done

The railroad, cutting through the mountains and sweeping across the plains, has opened up this last great block of the nation to settlement and development.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul has 11,000 miles of track linking up the important points from Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha and Sioux City; to Milwaukee, Upper Michigan Peninsula, Twin Cities; and to Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, and the Olympic Peninsula. Its connecting lines and spurs form a network over the Northwest.

Like the great artery of a powerful body, surging with life, this railroad system brings nourishment and energy to the vast territory it serves. Machinery, tools, manufactured products, pure-bred stock, high-grade seeds, and people in an endless stream, pour through it into the Northwest. Pulsing back comes the torrent of raw products upon which the industrial centers of the East feed. The railroad brings life to the Northwest; and the Northwest gives health and strength to the railroad.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is *electrified* 660 miles across four great mountain ranges to shipside on Puget Sound. This is one of the greatest achievements in modern railroad engineering. The power used is generated from the enormous hydro-electric resources of western Montana and Washington.

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Take your trip to the Coast over this route—where the highest peaks, the greatest rivers, the most splendid plains, the most bounteous valleys, and range after range of glorious mountains, are all incidents. Let its startling beauty refresh you; meet the promise of its opportunities with a rested body and a clear mind.

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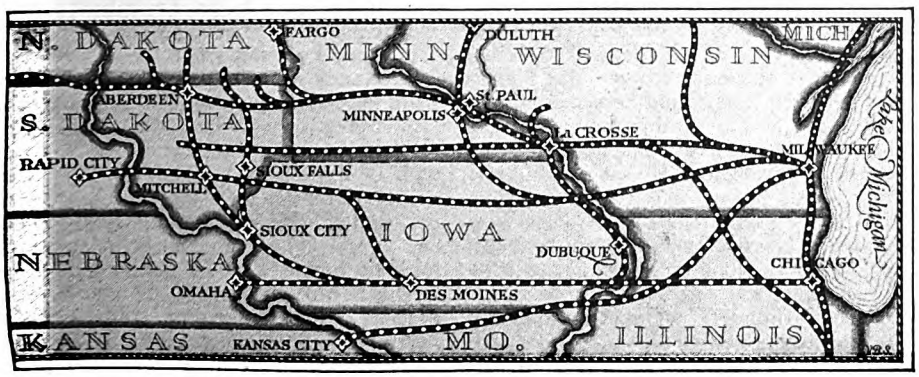

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Places to go
Things to eat
Parties·Worries·Work

Little wonder the nervous pitch of living . . . rich food . . . no exercise . . . lead to Auto-Intoxication — which is to blame for so many ailments.

UNDER the strain of a fast moving day, can we avoid the headaches, the indigestion, the weariness so common to American men and women? Must we pay a price for every hour of play and pleasure with a day of dull depression?

We rush to meetings, we dash to parties. We are on the go all day long. We exercise too little and we eat too much. And, in consequence, we impair our bodily functions—often we retain our food within us too long.

And when that occurs, poisons are set up—Auto-Intoxication begins, bringing a host of ills in its train.

Varied as the outward form of this self-poisoning may be, nearly all its effects are taken away when we make and keep ourselves internally clean. For internal purification helps keep the blood stream free of poisons and aids the body in its fight against disease.

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In keeping clear of Auto-Intoxication, the first step is to correct "stoppage" and to sweep away the enervating poisons of waste. Sal Hepatica, an effervescent saline combination, is the approved way to do this quickly, safely and thoroughly. It is a stand-by in hundreds of thousands of homes.

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Sal Hepatica

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David's Star of Bethlehem

(*Continued from page 23*)

little figure trudging off in the gray dusk persisted, despite her efforts to forget. It was Scott who spoke, saying out of a silence, "I wonder how old he is."

"The—the little boy?"

He nodded, and she answered gently, "He seemed no older than—I mean, he seemed very young to be milking cows and doing chores."

Again Scott nodded, and a moment passed before he said, "The work wouldn't hurt him though, if he were strong enough; but—did you notice, Nancy, he didn't look half fed? He is an intelligent little chap, though, and his voice— Good lord!" he broke off suddenly, "how can a shrew like that bring such a child into the world? To burn his book! Nancy, I can't understand how things are ordered. Here's that poor boy struggling for development in an unhappy atmosphere—and our Jimmy, who had love, and understanding, and— Tell me, why is it?"

She stretched out a tender hand; but the question remained unanswered, and the meal was finished in silence.

DAVE did not come with the milk next morning. They waited till nearly noon, and then tramped off in the snow-clad, pine-scented woods. It was a glorious day, with diamonds sparkling on every fir tree, and they came back refreshed, and ravenous for their delayed meal. Scott wiped the dishes, whistling as he worked. It struck his wife that he hadn't whistled like that for months. Later, the last kitchen rites accomplished, she went to the window, where he stood gazing down the trail.

"He won't come now, Scott."

"The kid? It's not three yet, Nancy."

"But the party begins at four. I suppose everyone for miles around will be there. I wish—" She was about to add that she wished they could have gone too, but something in Scott's face stopped the words. She said instead, "Do you think we'd better go for the milk ourselves?"

"What's the use? They'll all be at the shindig, even that sour-faced woman, I suppose. But somehow—I feel worried about the boy. If he isn't here bright and early in the morning I'll go down and see what's happened. Looks as if it were clouding up again, doesn't it? Perhaps we'll get snowed in!"

Big, lazy-looking snowflakes were already beginning to drift down. Scott piled more wood on the fire, and stretched out on the settle for a nap. But Nancy was restless. She found herself standing repeatedly at the window looking at the snow. She was there when at last Scott stirred and wakened. He sat up blinking, and asked, noting the twilight, "How long have I been asleep?"

Nancy laughed, relieved to hear his voice after the long stillness.

"It's after five."

"Good thunder!" He arose, putting an arm across her shoulders. "Poor girl! I haven't been much company on this trip! But I didn't sleep well last night, couldn't get that boy out of my mind. Why, look!" Scott was staring out of the window into the growing dusk. "Here he is now! I thought you said—"

He was already at the door, flinging it wide in welcome as he went out to lift the box of milk jars from the sled. It seemed to Nancy, as the child stepped inside, that he looked subtly different—discouraged, she would have said of an older person; and when he raised his eyes she saw the unmistakable signs of recent tears.

"Oh, David!" she exclaimed, "why aren't you at the party?"

"I didn't go."

The boy seemed curiously to have withdrawn into himself. His answer was like a gentle "none of your business;" but Nancy was not without a knowledge of boy nature. She thought, "He's hurt—dreadfully. He's afraid to talk for fear he'll cry; but he'll feel better to get it off his mind." She said, drawing him toward the cheerful hearthfire, "But why not, Dave?"

He swallowed, pulling himself together with an heroic effort.

"I had ter milk. The folks have gone to Conroy to Gramma Hawkins's! I *like* Gramma Hawkins. She told 'em to be sure an' bring me; but there wasn't no one else ter milk, so . . . so . . ."

It was Scott who came to the rescue as David's voice failed suddenly.

"Are you telling us that your people have gone away, for *Christmas*, leaving you home alone?"

The boy nodded, winking back tears as he managed a pathetic smile.

"Oh, I wouldn't ha' minded so much if—if it hadn't been for the doin's at the school. Miss Mary was countin' on me ter sing, and speak a piece. I don't know who they could ha' got to be that wise man." His face hardened in a way not good to see in a little boy, and he burst out angrily, "Oh, I'd have gone—after they got off! *Darn 'em!* But they hung 'round till almost four, and—and when I went for my good suit they—they'd *hid* it—or carried it away! . . . And there was a Christmas tree . . ."

HIS voice faltered again, while Nancy found herself speechless before what she recognized as a devastating disappointment. She glanced at Scott, and was frightened at the consuming anger in his face; but he came forward calmly, laying a steady hand on the boy's shoulder. He said, and, knowing what the words cost him, Nancy's heart went out to her husband in adoring gratitude, "Buck up, old scout! We'll have a Christmas tree! And we'll have a party too, you and Mother and I—darned if we don't! You can speak your piece and sing your carols for us. And Mother will read us 'The'"—for an appreciable moment Scott's voice faltered, but he went on gamely— "'The Night Before Christmas.' Did you ever hear it? And I know some stunts that'll make your eyes shine. We'll have our party to-morrow, Christmas Day, sonny; but now" (he was stooping for his overshoes as he spoke), "now we'll go after

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Are you stuck in the rut of *hard work* and *poor pay?*

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Are you putting up with the *crumbs* of life while others are getting all the *cake?*

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When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of $100 a month.

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I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.

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To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains *my history* and *your opportunity.*

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I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.

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As positive proof of the success of my modern methods, read the following brief extracts from some of the letters that come to me from those who are using my scientific system—following in my footsteps—making money my way:

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There isn't room here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

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So, mail the coupon *now*—before you lay this magazine aside—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of my new book, "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." From it you will learn how you can use my successful system to make money my way—how you can get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist, in a high grade, money-making business of your own.

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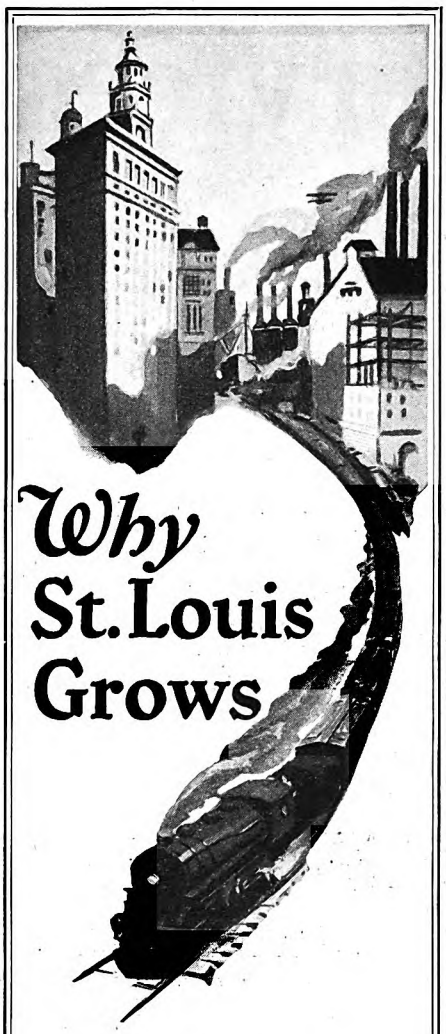

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that tree before it gets too dark! Come on, Mother. We want you, too!"

Mother! Scott hadn't called her that since Jimmy left them! Through tear-blinded eyes Nancy groped for her coat in the diminutive closet. Darkness was coming swiftly as they went into the snowy forest, but they found their tree, and stopped to cut fragrant green branches for decoration. Not till the tree stood proudly in its corner did they remember the lack of tinsel trimmings; but Scott brushed this aside as a mere nothing.

"We've got pop corn, and nothing's prettier. Give us a bite of supper, Nancy, and then I'm going to the village."

"The village! At this hour?"

"You take my sled, mister," cried David, and they saw that his eyes were happy once more, and childlike. "You can coast 'most all the way, like lightning! I'll pop the corn. I'd love to! Gee! it's lucky I milked before I come away!"

The hours that followed passed like magic to Nancy Carson. Veritable wonders were wrought in that small cabin; and oh, it was good to be planning and playing again with a little boy! Not till the child, who had been up since dawn, had dropped asleep on the settle from sheer weariness, did she add the finishing touches to the scene.

"It's like a picture of Christmas," she murmured happily. "The tree, so green and slender with its snowy trimmings—the cone-laden pine at the windows—the bulging stocking at the fireplace, and—and the sleeping boy. I wonder—"

She turned, startled by a step on the creaking snow outside, but it was Scott, of course. He came in quietly, not laden with bundles as she'd expected, but empty-handed. There was, she thought, a strange excitement in his manner as he glanced 'round the fire-lit room, his eyes resting for a moment on David's peaceful face. Then he saw the well-filled stocking at the mantel, and his eyes came back unswervingly to hers.

"Nancy! Is—is it—?"

She drew nearer, and put her arms about him.

"Yes, dear, it's—Jimmy's—just as we filled it on Christmas Eve three years ago. You see, I couldn't quite bear to leave it behind us when we came away, lying there in his drawer so lonely—at Christmas time. Tell me you don't mind, Scott—won't you? We have our memories, but David—he has so little. That dreadful mother, and—"

SCOTT cleared his throat; swallowed, and said gently, "He has, I think, the loveliest mother in the world!"

"What do you mean ?"

He drew her down onto the settle that faced the sleeping boy, and answered, "Listen, Nancy. I went to the schoolhouse. I thought perhaps they'd give me something to trim the tree. The party was over, but the teacher was there with Ira Morse, clearing things away. I told them about David—why he hadn't shown up; and asked some questions. Nancy—what do you think? That Hawkins woman isn't the child's mother! I *knew* it!

"Nobody around here ever saw her. She died when David was a baby, and his father, half crazed, the natives thought, with grief, brought the child here, and lived like a hermit on the mountain. He died when Dave was about six, and as no one claimed the youngster, and there was no orphan asylum within miles, he was sent to the poor farm, and stayed there until last year, when Clem Hawkins wanted a boy to help do chores, and Dave was the cheapest thing in sight. Guess you wonder where I've been all this time? Well, I've been interviewing the overseer of the poor—destroying red tape by the yard—resorting to bribery and corruption! But— Hello, old man, did I wake you up?"

DAVID, roused suddenly, rubbed his eyes. Then, spying the stocking, he wakened thoroughly and asked, "Say! Is—is it Christmas?"

Scott laughed, and glanced at his watch.

"It will be, in twelve minutes. Come here, sonny."

He drew the boy onto his knee, and went on quietly: "The stores were closed, David, when I reached the village. I couldn't buy you a Christmas gift, you see. But I thought if we gave you a *real mother*, and—and a father—"

"Oh, Scott!"

It was a cry of rapture from Nancy. She had, of course, suspected the ending to his story, but not until that moment had she let herself really believe it. Then, seeing the child's bewilderment, she explained, "He means, dear, that you're our boy now—for always."

David looked up, his brown eyes big with wonder.

"And I needn't go back to Hawkins's? Not *ever?*"

"Not ever," Scott promised, while his throat tightened at the relief in the boy's voice.

"And I'll have folks, same as the other kids?"

"You've guessed right." The new father spoke lightly in an effort to conceal his feeling. "That is, if you think we'll do!" he added, smiling.

"Oh, you'll—"

Suddenly inarticulate, David turned, throwing his thin arms around Scott's neck in a strangling, boylike hug. Then, a bit ashamed because such things were new to him, he slipped away, standing with his back to them at the window, trying, they saw with understanding hearts, to visualize this unbelievable thing that had come, a miracle, into his starved life. When after a silence they joined him, the candle on the table flared up for a protesting moment, and then went out. Only starlight and firelight lit the cabin now; and Nancy, peering into the night, said gently, "How beautifully it has cleared! I think I never saw the stars so bright."

"Christmas stars," Scott reminded her and, knowing the memory that brought the roughness to his voice, she caught and clasped his hand.

It was David who spoke next. He was leaning close to the window, his elbows resting on the sill, his face cupped in his two hands. He seemed to have forgotten them as he said dreamily, "It's Christmas . . . Silent night . . . holy night . . . like the song. I wonder—" He looked up trustfully into the faces above him— "I wonder if—if maybe one of them stars isn't the Star of Bethlehem!"

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The Road You Follow To-day is Part of Your Goal

(*Continued from page 16*)

those of a shop foreman or workman who has spent a loyal lifetime at the bench. Picture him sitting in a good-sized, simple office, containing, besides the ordinary furniture of an executive's room, a handsome grand piano; and listen to the story, step by step, as it falls from his lips.

"I was born," said Mr. Gulbransen in his clipped, precise, and never fluent manner, "in Oslo, the capital of Norway, in 1860. My father was an employing cabinetmaker there, and had his shop in the same building in which we had our home.

"One of my earliest recollections is of a day when I was about five. A wagon drew up before the door, and workmen loaded into it all the tools that belonged to my father: clamps, planes, glue pots, hand screws, benches, everything. I remember feeling sad to see them taken away, for I had enjoyed playing near them in the shavings and sawdust.

"For my father, that day meant the end of his business; for his family, it meant the beginning of hard times. He had cultivated his friends at the expense of his business, and he was bankrupt.

"IN THOSE days, when such a calamity occurred, it seemed to be natural to go to the United States and make a new start. That is what my father did. He could not afford to move his family at first; there were eight children. We stayed with my mother in Oslo, and waited for Father to send for us.

"During that time, we were very poor, My father sent money from time to time, but never enough, even for our simple needs.

"The letter bidding us come to America and sending money for the passage, arrived five years later, when I was ten. We went directly to Chicago; but in less than a year we moved to Mendota, Illinois, where Father got a job in an organ factory."

It was in Mendota that Axel Gulbransen, for a brief and bitter period, and for no fault of his own, became a small boy who was picked on.

"When I went to school in Oslo," he explained, "I was the smallest boy in the room. In Mendota, I had to start all over in the lowest grade, and although I was small for my age I was the biggest boy in the room, an eleven-year-old among very little boys and girls. That helped to single me out for ridicule. Then, I could not speak the language. Naturally, the boys picked on me. I was at a sensitive age. The things they said and did, hurt.

"I had many fights. Some I was pushed into; others, because of the treatment I received, I sought. I found that when I met boys outright and settled with them, they usually respected me afterward, as Billy Jenks did."

Lessons in the Mendota school came hard at first; but soon Axel became very much interested, and was doing well. But he was barely thirteen when his father decided that it was time for him to begin his apprenticeship in the organ factory in earnest.

"My first work was sandpapering pieces of wood," said Mr. Gulbransen. "When I started full time, I kept right on at the same bench.

"In time, my father let me try the more difficult cabinet work, for the sake of the training, and it was not long before I became a pretty fair workman. I put my heart into it, and remember feeling a sort of fury at the thought of idling or skimping.

"I was sixteen years old, I think, when the son of one of the owners of the firm we worked for established a business in Worcester, Massachusetts. At his request, I went there to work for him. It was my first experience away from home.

"At this time, and for a number of years, I used my leisure time outside of shop hours studying music. I thought I was cut out for a musician. There was a band in Mendota, which I joined. Finding I could pick up different instruments and learn to play them rather easily, I was made a kind of utility man, and at one time or another played the clarinet, cornet, baritone, and alto.

"But the violin was the instrument which interested me most. I took violin lessons for a number of years, and in Worcester, after working at the shop all day, I used to go to my room and practice for two, three, or four hours nearly every night. Tone interested me, and I made experiments, adjusting the sounding post for the different effects I could get."

These studies, particularly the experiments in tone, were of great value to Gulbransen when he was perfecting his piano-player.

"Seeking further experience and having saved some money in Worcester, I quit my job and went home for a little visit," he told me. "A little later, I enrolled in a business college in Chicago."

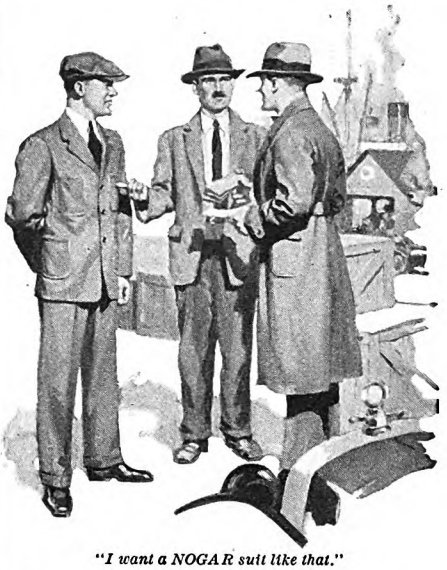
Gulbransen then was nineteen. The studies he took were chiefly spelling, writing, and arithmetic, and at this time, conscious of the defects in his education, he became a great reader and, by this means, made up for much that he had missed.

He stayed as long as his money held out. Only once afterward and then for the very briefest period, did he ever again see the inside of a schoolroom as a student.

GULBRANSEN'S next job was one he kept, except for a break of one year, for a long time.

"I had a fine letter of recommendation in my pocket," he said; "but decided to see if I could land a job without showing it. I used to get the first copies of the first editions of newspapers, and rushed to all the firms that advertised for cabinetmakers. For six weeks I couldn't land a thing.

"Finally, when I was short of money and desperate, I showed my letter and got a job the first thing, with a company that made pianos and organs. I decided that a



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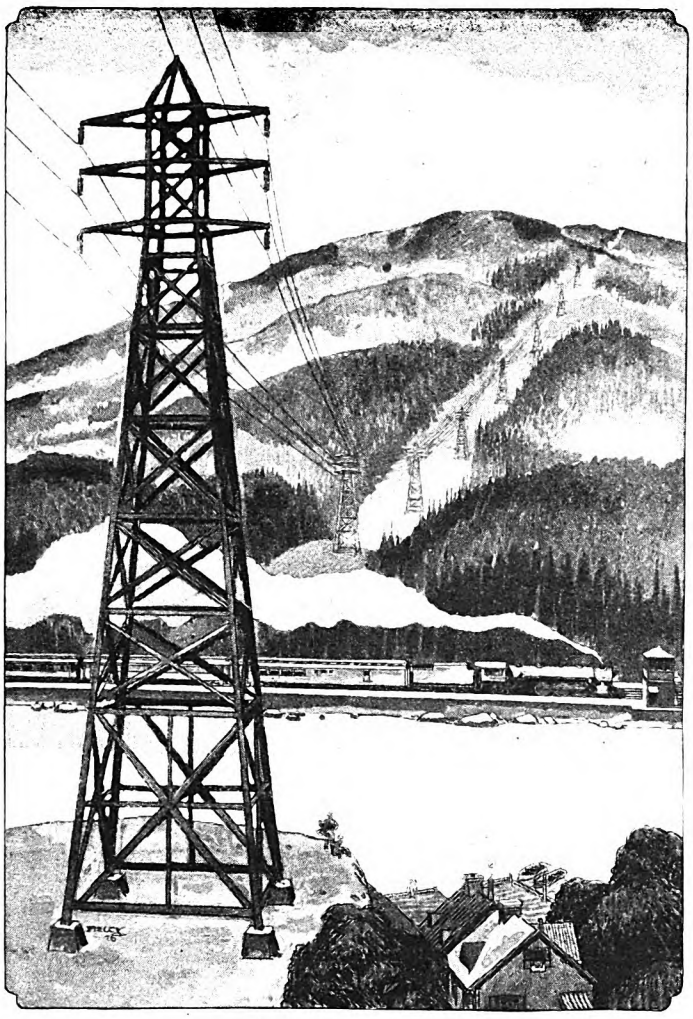

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THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

good record is a handy thing to have!

"My new foreman, I soon found out, had never learned organ making properly, and really had no business holding the position he did. I had been hired to do special work, making pieces which were to fit around organ valves. The lumber would come to me somewhat warped, and I took pains to work each piece until it was smooth, in order that the parts might fit perfectly.

"'You don't need to do that,' the foreman said.

"I explained that if I didn't, the finished organ would be leaky.

"'Don't you worry about that,' he said.

"However, I kept on; and was not popular with him.

"In a short time, something the foreman did got him into a dispute with the owners, and he was let out. Unexpectedly, I fell heir to his job.

"The department was not large, perhaps a dozen men altogether. It was known as the action department; we made the 'insides,' or action parts, of organs. The firm was doing a lot of experimenting; and as the heads of the business were not technically trained, and knew only in a general way what they wanted and how to get it, they left details to me.

"One of my first crises as foreman came when I found I had to lay out work for the other men. Making experimental templates and patterns required blue prints, and blue prints called for a knowledge of drafting which I didn't possess. I hastily enrolled in a night school, and in a few lessons mastered the principles well enough to do the work acceptably.

"At the other end of our floor other assembling was being done, and the work of my department was passed on to them. The foreman of this department had difficulty in keeping up his work fast enough to use what we sent him. When he got much behind, we used to turn in and help him. After a while, he was transferred to another department, and I was given the whole floor.

"I got a real kick out of rearranging things and devising methods to do this work faster than ever before. The previous output of the department had been about twenty instruments a day; while in the same space and with no more men we raised the average to forty-five instruments. For taking this additional department," he added, "I was paid fifty cents more per day."

THERE now came to Gulbransen a new experience, tough but useful, and reminiscent of Billy Jenks and the Mendota days.

"My former employer in Worcester," Mr. Gulbransen explained, "had opened a plant at Brattleboro, Vermont. He was bound and determined to have me come there and work for him, and he offered to put me in charge of a department doing about the same kind of work as my department in Chicago. I finally accepted.

"I was still in my early twenties. All of the men in the Vermont plant were older than I was; one was old enough to be my father. Probably it wasn't very wise to put me in charge, for it was natural that men who had spent years in that shop should resent a youth and a stranger in a place of authority.

"I didn't understand their attitude at first. I began introducing little kinks

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and short-cuts, and was surprised when the men didn't respond. Gradually, it dawned on me that it wasn't my methods but *me* that they objected to.

"In short, the men had made up their minds that they didn't want me for a foreman; and they did everything they could think of to put me in wrong.

"One of them, a smooth, oily fellow, and a good talker, began to come to my room evenings, and made himself agreeable. I was glad to have company and talked freely, saying anything that came into my head. I was immensely interested in the work, and neither there nor anywhere else ever hesitated to criticize adversely anything I thought wrong.

"My guest was a tale-bearer. He led me on to say things, simply so he could go and tell the others. By twisting what I said just enough so it sounded malicious, his stories were circulated and came to my employers, as they were meant to. The object was to get me fired, if my position couldn't be made so unpleasant that I would quit of my own accord. Fortunately, my employers realized what I was facing, and stood by me.

"I WOULD have been glad to quit a week after starting, but I felt it was a situation I ought to face out. I hated to admit I couldn't handle the job. Fortunately, I realized that I had to fight a perfectly natural hostility. And I simply decided that I could never count myself the winner unless I made the men my friends, and got them to like my methods.

"Nothing spectacular happened. The change I hoped for came gradually. One fellow wasn't as hostile as the others. I made a template one day, to serve as a guide in driving pegs in piano cases. That caught his eye and he thought it a good stunt. He soon became friendly. His folks lived in the country, and he invited me to their home, where we had a pleasant holiday together. He was the first to think well of me. While the others stood around knocking, he began putting in a word for me.

"Meanwhile, I attended to my business, and proved I knew it at least as well as any of them. One or two cases called for discipline, and I backed up my authority. One man regularly got drunk on Saturday and failed to show up on Monday; I warned him I would fire him if it happened again, and when it did happen, the very next week, I made good my threat. He had been in the company's employ a long while, and thought the works couldn't go on without him. He raved and threatened, but the discharge stuck. Such things had an effect.

"I stayed on the job a full year, then resigned and returned to Chicago. Several months before leaving, the hostility of the men had completely disappeared.

"I returned to Chicago with an offer of an entirely new job in my pocket, but I had hardly started when I learned I could have my old job in the piano and organ factory. I took it, and remained there, as I told you, nearly twenty years."

AT THE age of forty, Gulbransen was superintendent of the factory, and was getting about four thousand dollars a year. He quit to take a similar position at a similar salary with one member of the firm who was forming a separate company.

SONNY!

You would do the big things for him . . .

Will you do this little thing?

SINCE he was a baby you've worked for him, spent for him—this little son of yours. Nothing is too big or too hard to do for this man you are making.

But the little things, the everyday, simple things—how easy it is to lose sight of what they mean to your child!

Yet some of these seemingly unimportant things have been found by school authorities to be absolutely vital, if your children are to grow and learn as they should.

One thing they are pointing out today as having special importance is the matter of breakfast.

In an exhaustive study of school children's needs, the National Education Association and the American Medical Association report that breakfast should consist of *fruit, hard bread, milk, cooked cereal.*

They emphasize the necessity of *hot cereal* because tests show that the child who eats it regularly for breakfast is more alert mentally and more fit physically.

So important is the Breakfast Rule considered in the school health program that it is displayed on thousands of school room walls:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

For Sonny! For your little daughter! Of course you would do this simple thing for them! Everywhere mothers are taking a new interest in sending their children to school prepared with a hot cereal breakfast.

They like to vary it, of course. But always one food is the favorite. Good old Cream of Wheat!

For 30 years Cream of Wheat has been recommended by physicians because it has an unusual combination of food values.

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Second, it is in a simple form, very easy to digest. It contains none of the harsh parts of the wheat which delay and make digestion harder.

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To co-operate with your school health program we have had prepared by an experienced teacher a plan to interest children in eating a proper breakfast. Sent free to teachers or any school official. Fill in and mail form below to Dept. P-1, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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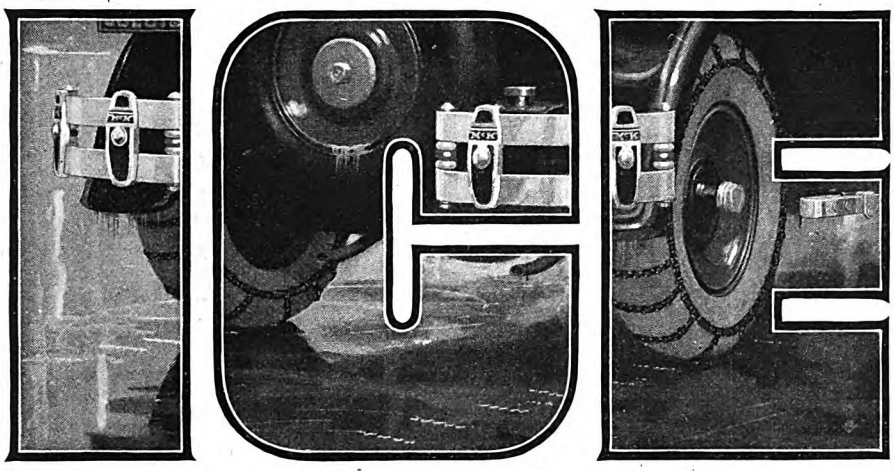

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He was permitted to buy a very small interest in the business, and was given complete charge of manufacturing; but he soon found himself exceedingly unhappy.

"Every place where I worked," he explained, "I was as much interested in the welfare of the business as my employers; in fact, in most places I think I was more interested. I lived with the work day and night. Purchasing, for example, was one of my duties. I used to run all over Chicago to get just the machine I wanted, and at the right price, though the money to pay for it, of course, didn't come out of my pocket.

"In this new job, one of my early tasks was moving the plant to a town about sixty miles from Chicago. It kept me humping; I usually spent half my time in Chicago and the other half in the town where the factory was to be, and worked harder than I ever had before. One day I asked my chief to go to the town with me to see about arranging certain partitions. It happened to be a bitterly cold day. His reply was:

"'I wouldn't go out there if the darn plant was burning down—not on a day like this!'

"I didn't like the weather either, but I went; I wanted the work done."

SUCH incidents were straws in the wind. Gulbransen wanted to keep the job he had. He liked it. He was not eager to make a lot of money for himself. But he cultivated a passion for right methods, and when, as he thought, he saw them violated, and was unable to do anything about it, he resigned. This was in 1906. The plan he had in mind was to start a little business of his own. He did not anticipate anything big.

Gulbransen's wife objected to this step, and most of his friends sided with her. At the time, they seemed to have good sense on their side. He had reached the age of forty-six. For thirty-three years, and more, he had been an employee. His worldly wealth, after all these years, consisted of a house worth about three thousand dollars, a block of stock in the company he had been working for, and some cash: in all, about eight thousand dollars.

While it was true that he had made himself an expert in manufacturing, and had had good experience in purchasing materials, also in handling men in the factory, beyond this he knew next to nothing about business. Is it any wonder his relatives, hearing of his proposal to go into business, said:

"This will finish Axel!"

But the steel of character, by steady tempering for years, had been taking a keener edge than anybody knew.

"My idea for a business was modest," said Mr. Gulbransen. "For years, people had been experimenting with devices to play pianos automatically. The first pneumatic piano-player was patented in France as early as 1863. During the next forty years, numerous devices were tried and many patents issued, but the first automatic piano-player ready to use was built in this country in 1897. The business, therefore, was new, and it had been part of my job, while working for others, to supervise or participate in experiments of one sort or another with piano-players.

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"Now, I knew that thousands of pianos stood silent and useless from year's end to year's end, for lack of somebody who could play them. It occurred to me that it would be possible to invent a simple apparatus, different from anything yet devised, that could be installed in an ordinary piano to make a player-piano of it. My idea for a business hinged altogether on inventing such an apparatus, and getting people to let me install it in their old pianos.

"A salesman who worked for a lumber firm from which I had bought a good deal, wanted to go into partnership with me. I believed that would be a good idea, for I thought I was no business man, and believed he was. We reached an agreement, each investing such small amounts as we had.

"THE first thing to do, then, was to invent the device. I had ideas, but they were not worked out.

"For a few dollars, I bought an old upright piano and installed it in the basement of my home, where I fitted up a small workshop. There I puzzled over plans, made patterns, experimented with different types and sizes of apparatus, discarded or revised previous plans, ran into a hundred problems with blind ends, and with it all, managed to make progress.

"The principle of the piano-player, as you know, is simple enough. Air pressure is used instead of finger pressure to cause the keys to strike the strings. Which keys are struck is determined by the perforations in the music roll. You can't patent a physical force, like air pressure, but you can patent any number of devices for making use of such a force.

"Nobody was much interested in my efforts. Nearly everybody supposed I was wasting my time and money. Certainly, as things were going, all the money went out and none came in.

"A little tow-headed neighbor girl, however, with pigtails down her back, used to come to the door of my shop and chatter brightly. She never saw me reach for a tool without wanting to know what I was going to do with it.

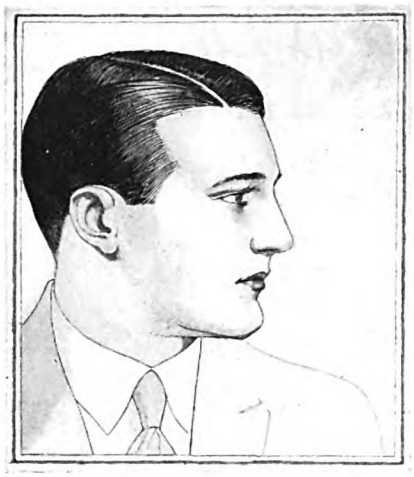
"Chatter, chatter! Her questions weren't very intelligent, but I think I have a good deal to thank her for; her interest was like sunshine through clouds on a dark day.

"Within a few months, although my experiments were not finished, nor the invention perfected, I found it necessary to have more room, and I rented a small loft in Chicago. Here I had one boy, my nephew, to help me. This expansion caused the money to disappear faster than ever. The time came when I would walk several miles instead of taking the street car, in order to save the five-cent fare. Often my lunch was eaten standing at a free-lunch counter, because I couldn't afford to spend any money on food. These things didn't worry me. I had faith—and hope.

"Within a year the invention was perfected and thoroughly tested. I applied for my patent and prepared to build the modest little business I had in mind.

"Up to this point, I had been on familiar ground. Experimenting with musical apparatus had been part of my work and play ever since I monkeyed with my violin to see if I could improve its

FALLING HAIR? DANDRUFF? TOO DRY? TOO OILY?



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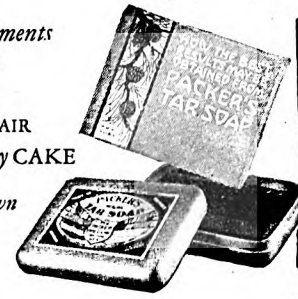

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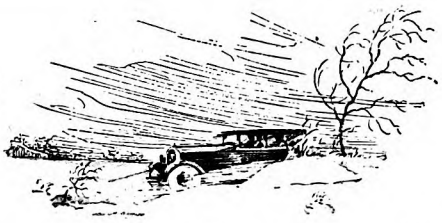

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ARVIN HEAT! It keeps you warm and comfortable as you drive. Tames the wintry blasts that sweep about your car. Gives you a "sheltered feeling" that makes cold weather driving a pleasure instead of an ordeal. And the cost is trifling.

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There's an Arvin for your car—for every car—priced as low as $1.75 for Fords and only $7.50 for the most expensive cars. All accessory dealers sell Arvins—under a direct from factory to user guarantee. Your dealer will tell you which Arvin Heater is best for your car. You or your garage man can install it. Get your Arvin today.

INDIANAPOLIS PUMP & TUBE CO.

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ARVIN HEAT
for ALL CARS

ARVIN Heaters are made in several types. There is a model for your car—for all cars—priced as low as $1.75 for Fords and only $7.50 for the most expensive cars. All accessory dealers sell Arvins. Your dealer will tell you which Arvin Heater is best for your car. And once installed, Arvin Heat never costs another cent.

ARVIN HEATERS

ARVIN HEAT

They Sure Do Heat!

tone. Now, however, I had to try running a business, something absolutely new for me.

"Money was the first big problem. I tentatively approached a banker, and was rebuffed promptly, by an expert. My partner and I talked over the situation, and decided to incorporate, so we could sell stock. As he was the business man of the concern, I depended on him to do the selling; but to my disappointment, the days passed and he didn't sell a share.

"The time came when we had to have money. I had hardly taken a buyer's dollar for anything in all my life, but I made up my mind to see if I couldn't find some buyers for that stock myself. The experience was a fine lesson in common sense.

"Without being aware of it, I found I possessed qualifications that I now know go a long way toward making a salesman anywhere and at any time. In the first place, I was in deadly earnest about wanting to sell: if I didn't get money, I was sunk. In the next place, I firmly believed that with money we could build a nice little business. Finally, I didn't know any 'tricks' of salesmanship—all I knew was to go to honest, friendly, respectable people I was acquainted with, foremen and workmen for the most part, my old friends, who might have a little money laid aside, explain what we were doing and what our plans were, tell them we had put in our money, and if they wanted to take a chance, we'd be glad to have them with us.

"The method was successful. I think there wasn't one person I approached in this way who didn't sooner or later invest something; altogether, my efforts netted about twelve thousand dollars.

"The stock control at that time passed out of my hands. Later, I bought it back, buying out my partner also, and I was glad for the sake of my friends that I had to pay them a good deal more for the stock than they had paid.

"Selling the product was started equally simply, but here a rather surprising thing happened. My helper and I fitted up a nice-looking piano with the player apparatus, and put it on display in a Chicago hotel. As a builder of pianos, I was known in the industry. The news of my invention spread, the trade papers and newspapers giving us notices, and gradually a little actual business came our way. But it took an entirely different form from what I expected.

"I HAD thought of installing the apparatus in old pianos. It now developed that piano manufacturers wanted it for new pianos. We began selling our entire output to them.

"On that basis, the business grew much faster than I had anticipated. In half a dozen years, instead of part of one floor, we occupied the whole of a six-story building.

"One day there came a larger opportunity, and with it a revolution in the business. A piano firm had recently failed. The factory was a white elephant on the hands of the bankers who had taken it for their debt. We arranged to buy it; and at that time decided to quit selling our player apparatus to other manufacturers, and to begin putting it into pianos we made ourselves. That has been our business ever since."

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Although Gulbransen had no detailed knowledge of how other manufacturers sold their pianos, it is not likely he would have been impressed if he had known, for he had discovered that common sense and straight thinking were safer guides for him than imitation. Perhaps this is why in a few years he practically revolutionized the selling methods of the industry.

At that time, selling pianos was more or less a case of shutting your eyes and holding your hands behind your back for whatever might fall into them. The big problem was prices. Hardly any two dealers bought pianos from the same manufacturer at the same price. There were exceptions, of course, but as a rule the man who knew how to bargain best, or was most persistent, got the lowest prices; others might pay half again as much.

"It looked to me," Mr. Gulbransen said, "as simple as two-and-two, that if we sold our pianos this way, soon a dealer in one town would learn that a dealer a dozen miles away had the best of him in prices, and that would create bad feeling. I decided to set a fair price for each style of piano, and charge every dealer that price.

"Another thing: Pianos are heavy; freight is an important item in their cost. It seemed unfair to penalize a dealer and his customers in, say, Denver, because they lived farther from Chicago, where our factory was, and had to pay more than customers in, say, Indianapolis. We worked out a plan to equalize freight charges for the entire country.

"When these policies were announced, we speedily learned what fools we were. The salesmen of competitors told dealers, dealers told our salesmen, and our salesmen told me. I had it on fine authority that pianos could not be sold that way.

"However, we stuck it out a while, to see. To-day most of the others have changed their minds."

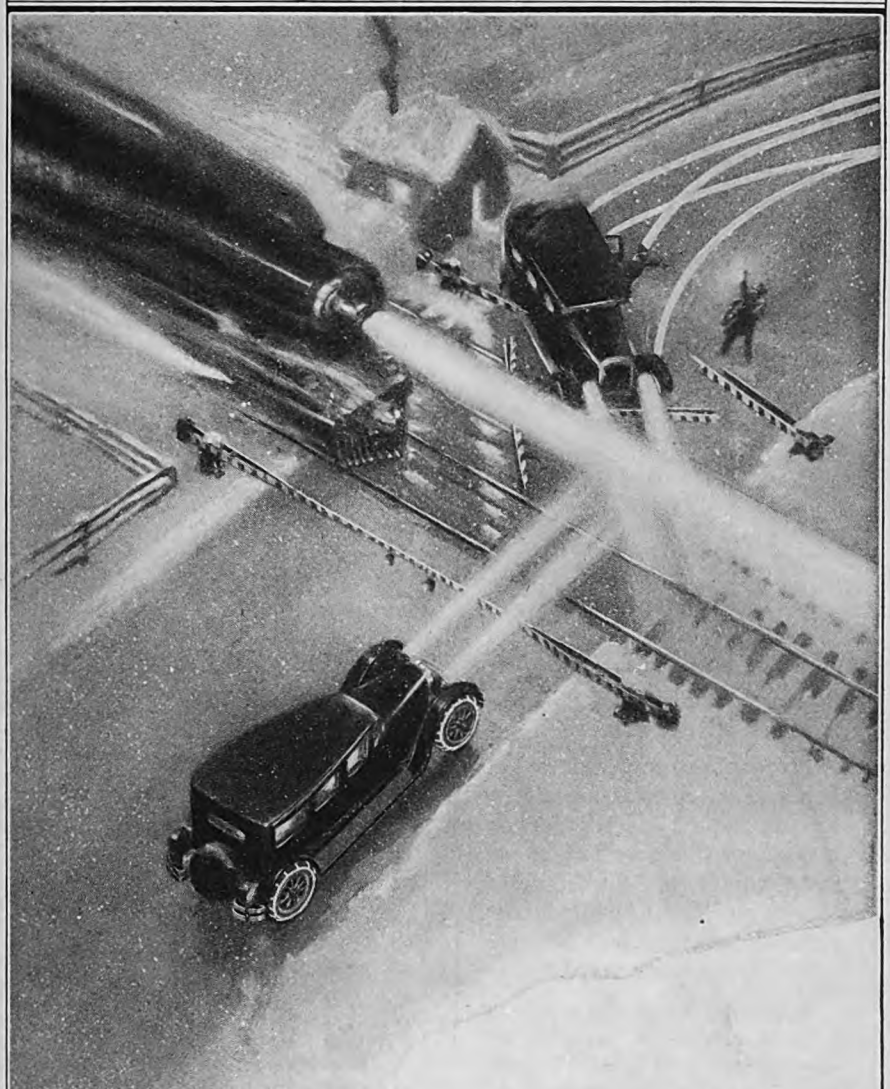
BUT Mr. Gulbransen's musical interests extend far beyond his own business. When it was proposed to have Christmas carols sung in Chicago in the streets, schools, universities, churches, public offices, business houses, institutions, hotels and every other place of meeting, Mr. Gulbransen alone financed the movement, without any self-advertising or desire for reward. For years he has fought for grand opera to be sung in English in this country, and for recognition, opportunity, and equal salary for American opera singers. His personal and financial force are behind the movements for better music in America and musical instruction in the public schools.

In the building of his business, to-day so much bigger than he ever guessed it would be, Gulbransen did not escape the final test of fire. His great crisis came almost at the moment of greatest achievement.

"In 1920," he explained, "we had just completed a new factory building at a cost of over a million dollars, and we had spent more cash than we possessed. I had favored raising the money by means of a bond issue, thus protecting ourselves in case of sudden changes in business conditions. But the bankers assured me bonds were costly and unnecessary.

"So it came about that we owed the

There can be no Compromise with Safety



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WEED CHAINS *Grip*

When the gates lower . . . . when a train comes thundering by . . . . then driving is a serious job. Then you've got to know that you can stop. For a skid may mean disaster. And the most liberal insurance coverage will never heal a hurt, mend a break —or restore a life. It takes only a few minutes to put on WEEDS.

For in rain, snow or *slush* wet rubber slips. But WEED Tire Chains hold tight to the road.

Buy WEEDS wherever automobile accessories are sold. You can identify WEED Chains by their red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains and brass plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook.

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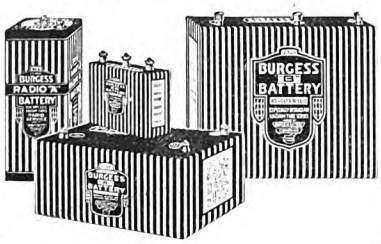

BURGESS
RADIO BATTERIES

bank more than half a million dollars, and our supply houses three quarters of a million—when simultaneously, the business boom collapsed, and our bank failed!

"I did not lose faith. Even in this crisis, I felt we would pull through somehow. But there were days and nights of terrifically hard work trying to find a way.

"The solution, when it came, dropped into our laps from an unexpected source not of our seeking. I was coming from a talk with one banker when I met another banker with whom I was acquainted.

"'Mr. Gulbransen,' he said, 'could you use half a million dollars in your business?'

"'No,' I replied, 'I could not. But I could use three quarters of a million.'

"Within two days a loan of that amount was arranged. He had been watching us for years, liked our ways, and had faith.

"For myself, I do not feel that I have had any hardships worth mentioning. I, too, have had faith—faith in myself and in my ideals. And I am surer than ever that being boss does not mean being excused."

Ten Things the Boss Doesn't Know About Us

(*Continued from page 25*)

end of business was where the big money could be made.

"In a country that is growing as fast as this one," I have heard him say, "the man who can sell goods has no limit to his possibilities. The market is tremendous."

He believed that, even as a boy, and he pestered one of the shoe salesmen who visited the store until that individual found a place for him at the factory. Shortly thereafter he was on the road. A little later he was sales manager and when, after a decent period of years, the owner of the business passed out, and the sons were messing around in the factory, he talked a banker into putting up several hundred thousand dollars, and proceeded to buy out the boys and allow them to give all their time to golf and horseback riding, while he began to realize his dreams of what the business really ought to be.

Do not think that I underrate his ability or that I have anything but admiration for the sort of courage and self-confidence that, in the characters of such men, have made this country what it is. Nothing makes me so sick as the cynicism and "smart-aleckness" of certain people who poke fun at American business leaders, as much as to say: "Of course, we could become rich if we had cared to debase our pure white souls and make the effort." It's a lie. They never could have become rich. I never could have become rich. To build a big business or a big fortune requires more than the ability to read and write and think. It demands all these, *plus* the element that I lack; and I know I lack *guts*, the willingness to put a great big bet on one's self; the calm capacity to face the chance of losing everything in order to win a lot. I do not have it; few men have it. I am one of the millions who have played safe all my life. To us comes contentment, if we are wise enough to accept it; but the big prizes do not come.

SO MY boss is rich, and intelligent in his fashion, and deep down in his nature he has a considerable measure of real idealism. He is a pretty ruthless competitor; but he would rather have his right arm cut off than to let the quality of his product deteriorate by one millionth of one per cent. His business is his life, and he is as proud of it as he is of his wife, his son on the college football team, and his daughter, who has just made her début.

He gives liberally to such causes as, according to his own standards, are "worthy." He has been president of the Chamber of Commerce (an officer elected by the merchants of the city), and would like to be mayor (an office controlled by the common people). When he has "done so much for the city," it seems a perverse ingratitude on the part of the people that they refuse him in this desire of his heart.

But he can't be mayor, for the same reason that will keep him from ever being really popular with those of us who are dependent upon him for our daily bread. He just falls short of being a really hundred per cent good fellow, and there are too many things about us that he just doesn't know.

Without wasting any words about it, let me set down ten of these shortcomings in his knowledge.

FIRST. He doesn't know our names. That sounds like a very petty complaint. I can imagine someone saying, "Fancy that chief clerk expecting the head of a business to memorize the names of fifteen hundred people. Doesn't he suppose a president has anything more important to remember than that the red-headed man at the shipping desk is Doyle, who has five children and a paralyzed father, or that the third girl from the left in the accounting department, with the tilted nose, is Madeline Tompkins, whose mother runs the stationery store on G Street. Let him sit at the president's desk for a day," my critic will say, "and deal with some real problems. Then he will understand why the president doesn't know everybody's name."

All of which may be very true, and I have no doubt that the president himself argues in just that way. But the fact remains that if he cared to spend half an hour a week in memorizing names and faces it would make more money for him than he could make in the same amount of time in any other way. And I think I can prove that statement: Average up the pay roll of our fifteen hundred people at a thousand dollars apiece; there's an annual million and a half. Suppose that the enthusiasm and efficiency of the whole crowd could be increased ten per cent, with no increase in the pay roll; that would be a net gain in profits of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. I believe the boss could make that extra profit just by walking through the

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At home but never alone.

Great music — *at home*

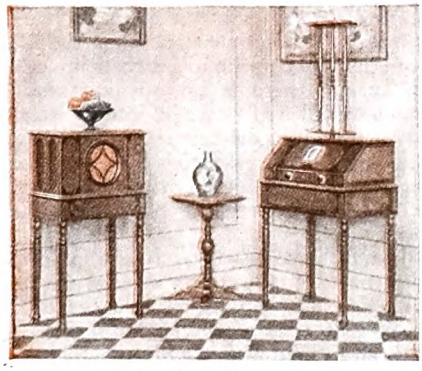
as you never could get it before

WITH this remarkable development, RCA has led radio through a new era, and has brought a new conception of fine music to thousands of homes.

Now — much imitated — it stands out preeminently, the tried, tested and perfected product of the great engineers who developed it.

This combination of Radiola 28 with RCA Loudspeaker 104 does not just work on the house current with a battery eliminator . . . . . you find plenty such sets today. But this wonderful performance is built upon new electrical principles, *based on the use of the house current.* New power Radiotrons had to be developed for it—and a new loudspeaker. Now all these have had the test and proof of time. No longer experiments, they have captured the nation and brought a new radio age.

RADIOLA 28 *with* RCA LOUDSPEAKER 104 *has brought the nation a new conception, not only of radio, but of music*



RCA Loudspeaker 104, complete, $275. Radiola 28, with eight Radiotrons, $260. A. C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for use with Loudspeaker 104 on 50-60 cycle, 110 volt current $35

What has it done, this Radiola with its power speaker—so simply tuned with a single finger? It has brought *reality* to radio. It reproduces the actual tone of the original. It reaches the full volume, even of an orchestra, without blurring or altering the tone. It captures the quality of beauty that makes great music great. And how swiftly the musical world saw the undreamed-of possibilities of making America a new nation in musical understanding.

Now this new RCA Radiola is a proved success, and thousands of people everywhere are getting something more out of radio than just dance music, entertainment, speeches. There's nothing like an RCA Radiola 28 with its power speaker for making these things real. But there is something more . . . . a new day of great music *in the home!*

Buy with confidence Authorized Dealer RCA *where you see this sign.*

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA Radiola

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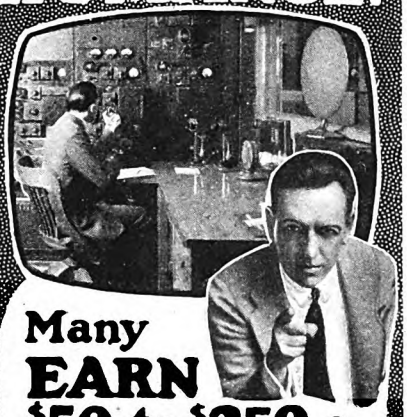

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works occasionally and calling us by our names.

There is no more effective appeal to a man's self-pride than to hear his name spoken by a person of importance. Big institutions know this. One of the large railroads in the country furnishes its conductors with the names of all the passengers in the Pullman cars, and a few minutes after the train has started the conductor passes through, with his courteous: "Are you comfortable, Mr. Smith?" and "Is there anything you want, Doctor Jones?" Hotel men practice the same subtle flattery.

The biographers of James G. Blaine say that he made it a rule before retiring to spend half an hour in reviewing carefully every event of the day, and speaking distinctly to himself the name of every man and woman he had met. By that discipline he schooled himself never to forget a name or face, and it was one of the big factors in making him the idol of his party.

If remembering names was not too unimportant a detail for men like Blaine and Roosevelt, for big railroads and hotels, it is not too unimportant for the attention of my boss. But he passes quickly through the office, absorbed in his thoughts, nodding absently to right and left. And we in whose direction he nods have the feeling that we are merely cogs, wearing out and soon to be replaced.

SECOND. Since he does not know our names, it goes almost without saying that he never suspects our troubles. At least, hardly ever.

When somebody in the office dies, or when a worker is absent and the story goes 'round that he has been taken to a hospital for a serious operation, the boss sometimes hears of it, and his secretary writes a few words on one of his cards and sends up a bunch of flowers. But the thousand and one little problems and cares that make up our fifteen hundred lives—these might just as well be in another planet, for all they mean to the boss. Let me tell a story to illustrate:

Emma Hanson works in the accounting department, at eighteen dollars a week. At our annual convention, when the men from the field come in to get their injection of "pep," there is an opening session which we office folks are invited to attend. Always the boss delivers the same speech, pointing out the essentials of success, and urging upon us, among other virtues, the necessity for a regular plan for saving money.

It is interesting to watch Emma during that part of the talk, interesting and pathetic. For up in a little bit of an apartment, over a grocery store, she lives with an invalid father and a brother who will never be mentally right. After her day at the office she goes home to cook supper and spend the evening with these two, doing her best to keep them from thinking about themselves. And every penny that she earns goes to their support.

You can't expect the head of a business to play the part of Providence in the lives of all his employees. But, let me tell you, there are times when it would help a great deal to be able to go to him for a bit of advice. And a kind word, or an extra dollar or two once in a while for Emma and some others who are heavily burdened—well, it would just change their whole world.

THIRD. He doesn't know how often a very little thing becomes a very big thing to one of us.

A few weeks ago a matter developed in the office which meant a considerable amount of extra work. We had been expecting it for some time, and if the boss had passed it over his desk promptly in the morning we could have cleaned it up before the end of the day. But he dallied with it. He let a dozen people break up his morning; then he went to the club for lunch and didn't get back till nearly three, so it was within an hour of closing time when the work was ready for us. And that meant at least three hours after supper to get the last letter in the mail that night.

And I'm not complaining. If we had been warned about it we could have made our plans. But I happen to know that at least six of the girls had been invited to the theatre that night, and could not get there until the second act. The boss is a tremendous worker himself; an evening at that office is a very little thing to him. But girls who work for a living don't have many chances at the theatre, and that particular evening at the office was a big, tragic thing to them.

FOURTH. He doesn't know that his wife and daughter are a bad influence for us.

His wife is one of the big ladies of our city, big physically, big in society, big in all sorts of charities, and she rides through a room like the "Leviathan" coming up the harbor. The daughter is a very self-satisfied, and rather insolent young lady.

In their own world they are doubtless quite acceptable; but they ought not to come to the office, at least not so often. They are so extravagantly gowned, as compared with our wives and daughters, that we just can't help thinking our work, as well as the boss's, paid for the gowns and jewels. As they sweep through the office they look at us in a condescending fashion. And they have an annoying habit of sending us on little personal errands. The boss pays for our business hours, and we are glad to give him the best we have. But we didn't hire out as domestic servants, and some day, when Madam comes marching through with the request that one of the girls "run over to the store and match a ribbon," there is going to be a riot. Somebody will lose his job, but I predict that Madam and the daughter will appear no more at the office.

FIFTH. He doesn't know that his "welfare work" leaves a bad taste in our mouths.

In many respects ours is a model factory. There are nice tiled shower baths for men and women; there is a hospital with a trained nurse in attendance. In the summer the girls may, if they choose, go to a camp in the country which the company owns; many of the girls *do* choose to go once, but not many go a second time. All this is worthy, and if it sprung from a little closer personal acquaintanceship on the part of the boss, and if it were not referred to quite so often in such a self-satisfied fashion, it would probably be much appreciated.

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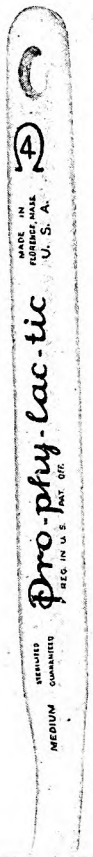

Three unique features distinguish this brush from any brush you have ever used. First, the curved bristle surface. Second, the large end tuft. Third, the curved handle. The result is thorough cleansing of every tooth surface every time you use the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

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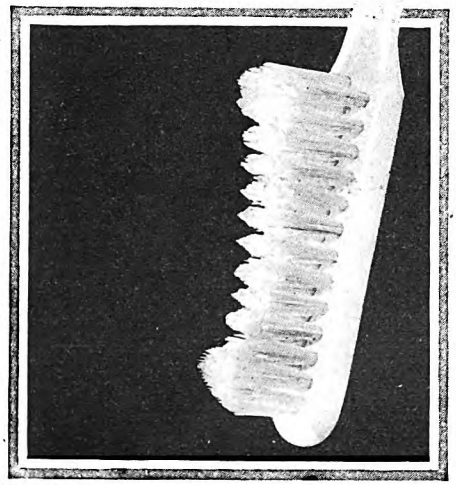

The "personnel director" is a smart young chap, a nephew of the boss, who followed up his college course with a year of special training in a school of advanced social thought. He has us all indexed and card-catalogued, and three or four times a year he goes to conventions of personnel managers and makes speeches on such subjects as "How Can We Keep Our People More Interested in Their Work?" or "Cutting Down Labor Turn-over Through Personal Contact." The speeches are printed in a trade paper, and always a copy manages to drift back into the office to be read with considerable interest and a good deal of crude and sometimes profane comment.

The boss, too, likes to show visitors through the plant, pointing out with expansive pride how much he is doing for us, and usually in his annual report to the stockholders he brings in some reference to the contented spirit of the workers, fostered by the company's welfare activities.

As I have said, the activities are all good, but they are administered in such a way that whenever you accept any of their ministrations you have the feeling that you are an object of charity. The flavor is all wrong, and the boss doesn't know it.

SIXTH. He doesn't know how much we know about him.

The community thinks of him as "a good man;" he thinks of himself as such, and as men go he is good and generous in his own showy fashion. But he steps out of the straight and narrow path occasionally, and, with a queer childlike trust in his own shrewdness, he thinks that no one suspects. But *we* know; the whole office knows and titters up its sleeve.

We know, too, that since prohibition he occasionally takes a drop of Scotch in his office with an out-of-town customer, a lapse that would cost him dearly if the town ever suspected it. We older men in the office do not like it, because we believe the boss ought to set an example for the boys.

I do not mean to give an exaggerated importance to these little failings. They are quite incidental, and the boss has moral strength enough so that he would stop them immediately if he had any idea of what we think and say. I refer to them merely to make this point: that the head of a business is as exposed to the keen eyes of his employees as a pie in a bakeshop window, and any boss who thinks for one minute that he is fooling the folks around him just doesn't know.

SEVENTH. He would be amazed and resentful if he ever suspected what we say after one of his annual "pep" talks. He takes a great deal of pride in them, and when he finishes we all applaud, and the general manager tells him that he has put spirit and ambition into us that will be worth a million dollars in additional sales in the coming year. He eats that up. I have heard him say, in one of his moments of self-revelation, that "an executive who knows his business can put enough steam into an organization in half an hour to run it for a year."

But we are not children. We are mature men and women, the fathers and mothers of children—many of us at least; and we know our limitations. It is foolish for him to tell us stories about John D. Rockefeller and Carnegie, with the inference that any one of us, by getting up a half-hour earlier and working a little harder, could do what they did. We know we can't, and we suspect that there were fortuitous circumstances in the careers of those gentlemen which never have and never will occur in our lesser lives. If he would only cut out the high-flown oratory and just sit on the edge of the table and talk to us as fellow workers, tell us a little about the inside of the business, its problems and its hopes, that *would* do us good. But he talks down to us and, somehow, instead of leaving the room with a sense of exaltation, we leave with an accentuated realization that we are only the help, and he is our great and gracious boss.

EIGHTH. He doesn't know what we think about his son.

He is a good, bright boy, and we like him as a human being. If the father would only allow him to follow his own bent, he could become a very useful doctor or lawyer or editor or bond salesman. But the old man is determined that the lad shall inherit the business, and "keep it going as a monument to the family name," and he rubs that in with a lack of tact that hurts the morale of the whole office. What I mean is that a couple of times a year he walks the boy through the plant, like Cæsar showing off his dominions, and in tones that are loud enough for all to hear he says: "It's a great business, my boy, and I'm building it up just for you. Never forget that one day it will be yours."

The boy is embarrassed by talk like that, and every one of us at the head of a department says to himself: "I wonder if the youngster is going to start in by taking *my* job? What's the use of slaving away if the whole thing is going to be passed over to the boy?"

Personally, if I owned a business, I should not want my boy to be in it, unless he himself expressed a keen desire to do so. A boy has only one life to live; why deprive him of the great adventure of choosing his own career and making a reputation on his own merits? Maybe I should change my mind *if* I were a boss; but I'm sure of one thing at least: I shouldn't hurt the spirits of the men by making them feel that they were working only to build up the business for *my* son. I'd try to make them feel that it was partly *their* business, and that they were working for their sons as well as mine. For it is partly *our* business, isn't it? The boss has put in his money and his managing ability but we have put in our lives.

NINTH. He doesn't know that what he whispers across his desk is broadcasted to the farthermost branch office by a 'grape vine" that works almost as fast as radio.

If I were a boss there are some words and phrases that I should eliminate from my vocabulary. Among them would be "confidentially" and "not for repetition" and "strictly between ourselves" and "I know you won't pass this along." I shouldn't say anything to an employee that I didn't want repeated, because everything that a boss says *is* repeated, and every little white lie, every implied promise that doesn't come true, every

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comment or criticism, sooner or later is laid up against his account.

Ours is a medium-sized city, and our plant is at one end of it, so that the employees live in a close little community. The boss is discussed around several hundred dinner tables every night of the year; his most casual smile or frown, his slightest remark is made the subject of thorough analysis. And the only really safe course for him is to tell nobody the things that he doesn't want repeated, for whatever he says we *know*.

TENTH. Finally, and most important of all, he doesn't know that none of us ever tells him the whole truth.

That may sound like a very damning admission, and I hesitate to set it down. But he himself is responsible. With all his sturdy qualities, he is more susceptible to flattery than almost any man I have ever known. It would amaze him to read that. He prides himself on being outspoken, on caring nothing for criticism, so long as his own conscience tells him that he is right. He insists that the letters of complaint be shown to him personally, and he always says: "Tell me the *bad* news!" But the truth is that he hates to face bad news, and falls into such a valley of gloom when things go wrong that he depresses the whole office.

We had a general manager once who was a two-fisted, hard-boiled individual with the courage of a bear-cat and the nerves of a concrete bridge. He used to talk turkey to the old man, and he thought he was going to get away with it. The boss pretended to like it. "Johnson is my type," he would say. "He gives me the facts. I like him." But he didn't really like Johnson, and after a few months he let it be known that Johnson was too rough-shod with the organization, a "disturbing influence." Johnson is a boss on his own account now, and we who want to hold our jobs are careful not to be "disturbing influences." We do our work and keep out of the boss's office as much as we can. But when we do go in we try to tell him the things that we think he would like to hear. And he doesn't suspect that we never, never tell him quite the whole truth.

As I read this over I wonder if I have given an unfair picture of the boss, of myself, and my associates. What I should like to have you feel is that ours is just an average business, no better and no worse than many others; and that our boss is, according to average standards, a good boss and that we are "loyal" subordinates. But we could help him to be a better boss, and we could put a new spirit into the whole outfit, if he only knew a little more about us.

It is said that when Napoleon slept on the field with his armies, his enemies counted his presence as equivalent to another hundred thousand men. He was called the "hundred thousand man" on that account, because when he was with the troops every man felt as if *his* shoulder was against his general's. This is the difference, I take it, between being a boss and a leader. "Go in and win, boys!" says our boss in his pep talks. But the leader says, "*Come* in," and the men follow because they know him and because there isn't a thing about them that he doesn't know.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

"I Never Learned to Live Until I Was Fifty"

(*Continued from page 41*)

year, almost all of my pictures were of apple blossoms. The orchards throughout Worcester County were at the height of their glory. And an apple tree in full bloom is probably the most beautiful thing God ever made. All the world, I find, loves them. I have tried the public on winter scenes; but they don't want pictures of snow banks. When blizzards rage outside, they want blossoms on their walls to make them think of spring."

There were years when Doctor Nutting could not go on a train, or in any crowded place, without becoming faint. He was too ill even to ride his wheel any longer, but he got around this by getting a horse. No matter how bad he felt, he could nearly always lie back in a buggy and drive all day, keeping a sharp lookout for beauty—and in doing so, forget his own sufferings. "There's one thing I've never been able to understand," he observed, in referring to these years, "and that is how any man can ever bring himself to give up."

Mrs. Nutting frequently accompanied him on these trips, when she would take one side of the road and he the other, so that they should miss no charming effect. After a while, he found the horse too slow, also it couldn't take him far enough afield, so he bought an automobile.

"BUT the sort of pictures for which I am always searching are not to be found at every turn," he told me. "Even when discovered, they are not always easy to obtain.

"Only about once in a hundred times do I succeed in getting just what I want. Sometimes the day is too windy, or the sun can't be got at my back—perhaps it temperamentally refuses to show itself at all. One summer I drove two hundred miles without getting a single picture. Again, when I had gone to another part of the country to take some photographs, it rained for seven solid months.

"After all the pictures had been taken and the cuts made for my Pennsylvania book, in the States Beautiful series, I looked over them and thought, 'This isn't going to be a very good book. It is not up to my standard.' So I threw them all away, went back to Pennsylvania and took them over again. This time everything went just right.

"I don't mind obstacles, however," he assured me cheerfully. "It's good sport coming up against them; they lend zest to endeavor.

"But I didn't narrow myself down to the producing and marketing of my pictures," he continued. "That wouldn't have been enough. I think a man should make of his life the biggest job of which he is capable. God has set us an example in this, as in all things. He has assigned Himself an infinite job, and slowly, perfectly, He is working out His dream. We hear people grouching over the imperfections of this planet—why, it is not nearly finished. Give the Master Artist time. When it is done, it will be an entrancing world to live in.

"Even with the work of us mortals, as we become absorbed in it, we find it continually widening out, and taking in all kinds of associated subjects. That is what makes it so fascinating—one thing leads to another. There need never be a limit to a man's achievements.

"It was the weather that drove me indoors and started me to studying and recording the beauty of old American homes during the Colonial period. I wanted to show what those lovely homes of the first Americans were like, and I tried to find houses that were typical of that time. But nowhere could I discover these. If the house was right architecturally, the furniture was all wrong. And I couldn't say to the obliging mistress of the dwelling, 'Madam, your house and your furniture don't go together. Do you mind if I move everything out in the yard and take a few pictures of the bare rooms?'

"I finally decided that the only way to get interiors that would be accurately representative of those years, would be to buy one of these old places, restore it, and furnish it perfectly in every detail—just as they used to be. I did this, and the photographs that I made were so satisfactory that I repeated the experiment with several other houses. In each of these I placed women dressed in the costumes of those years and engaged in all the various tasks which occupied the attention of women of that period."

AFTER getting all the pictures that he wanted from these model Colonial dwellings, he sold them. One was bought by the Metropolitan Museum, another by the Colonial Dames, and others by historical societies. But the simplicity and beauty of these early American homes had taken deep hold upon him. He began to accumulate rare pieces of old furniture made by our Pilgrim ancestors, until now he possesses a collection which is perhaps unequaled in this country.

The artist in Doctor Nutting, however, could not be satisfied with merely owning things; he wanted to create them too. And after years of preparation he began to make certain types of Colonial furniture. The Windsor chairs of the early seventeenth century especially appealed to him.

"I bought one hundred and forty different models of these," he said, "measured thousands, and spent two years learning to make a vase-turned leg. I read every book that I could find on the subject and studied the ideal that the designer of each type had tried to bring out.

"Everything worth while takes time. First, there is the long work of preparation; and then one must be willing to go slowly enough to make each detail as beautiful as he can. Patience, I think, is the most important requisite to success—patience and a long look ahead."

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This is a Secret!

You know how fussy editors are about what's coming — well here are some things I have picked up that you, I think, should know.

Yesterday I overheard PETER B. KYNE talking over his *new serial.* A 1927 feature in Collier's. You remember "Cappy Ricks" and "Matt Peasley"—well, he has a new one—his name's "Jim". You won't want to miss a word of it.

Perhaps I shouldn't say anything about Collier's other serials, but standing here looking over these manuscripts starts my tongue wagging automatically. You remember *"Devil-May-Care"* and those other corking stories by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE? Don't tell anybody, but he's written another and just between us it is—well if you start it you'll be pushing my hands around to make the weeks shorter between installments — and in addition think of this—another serial by none other than GEORGE WESTON and one by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. Do you blame me for being enthusiastic?

Oh! yes, and E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM has written a fascinating series of ten stories about a lawyer and a nobleman who turned detectives — *great* stories.

Of course our old friend H. C. WITWER will be with us. He has a brand-new series. A real surprise for you—he brings back an old friend.

Yes indeed, the famous short, short stories will continue. OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, SAMUEL MERWIN, BRITTEN AUSTIN, WALLACE IRWIN, RUPERT HUGHES, and many more will be back with new ones.

Oh! I had almost forgotten our famous short features. "THE GENTLEMAN-AT-THE-KEYHOLE," with his low-downs on high-ups in Washington political life has some scandalous news for you, and JACK BINNS has *"Picked Out of the Air"* some radio information that will give that set of yours a new and broader personality. Our old friend EDWIN E. SLOSSON in *"Catching up with the World"* showed me some eye-opening facts about this old planet that he's written for you. As for TOM MASSON'S column I refuse to write anything about him. The minute I do I start to chuckle.

Honestly, there won't be a dull moment in Collier's during 1927—52 numbers crammed full of humor, drama and romance—timely articles about current events—pictorial pages and the famous short features. 52 weeks of entertainment for the price of just one book.

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In the end, he learned to make these chairs so perfectly that many of them were bought up by certain dealers and sold as antiques for five hundred dollars and one thousand dollars apiece. When he discovered that this was being done, he refused to sell to those dealers again.

"Once," he related, "a friend exhibited to me a Windsor chair that he had bought at auction for five hundred dollars. 'I have been offered one thousand dollars for it,' he said; 'but I don't want to sell it.'

"A former owner had loaned it to a family of fifteen children, to age it, and it bore every mark of having passed through a long and arduous existence. I turned it up, bored under the seat, and new pine shavings came out. It was one of my chairs, but my name had been burned from the bottom."

FROM collecting and reproducing these charming old objects, it was but a step to writing and lecturing about them. "Several publishers came to see me about getting out my book, 'Furniture of the Pilgrim Century,'" he stated. "But when they learned what it would cost, they began to talk about the weather. I financed its publication myself, and it went through two editions. Later, I had offers from publishers who wanted to bring out the first book of the 'States Beautiful' series in a cheaper form. But I felt that this would destroy much of its value, and so I preferred to publish that, also, myself. Five thousand copies were sold in the first month.

"In going about the country getting my pictures, I have sometimes met people who seemed perfectly blind to the beauty that lay all about them, until it was pointed out to them. One of these was a man who lived in a small New England village that was surrounded by charming landscapes. I got a number of pictures in the locality and later showed the prints to this man. He was especially attracted by one of a lovely lake and asked, 'Doctor Nutting, where did this one come from?'

"'Within a stone's throw of your house," I told him. 'You have passed it every day for forty years.' He couldn't believe it. Once the beauty of his own home town was revealed to him, however, it had an astonishing effect. Always, theretofore, he had been very much ashamed of the unassuming little one-horse village of his birth. Now his attitude changed completely. He bought pictures taken of all the views in the vicinity; erected stone gates at the entrance of his place, and emblazoned a grand name above its portals. When last I saw him, he was looking up his ancestors.

"One of the most observant persons whom I have ever met is Henry Ford. On his first visit to my house, he looked up at a fine tree in my yard and remarked at once, 'How fortunate you are, Doctor Nutting, to have that splendid old red oak right at your door!' He is the only man who ever came here who immediately knew the name of the tree.

"Invariably, when I go to a new place, the people will urge me to climb to the highest hill and get the wonderful view from there. They don't realize that a hill is far more beautiful from the valley than is a valley from the hill.

"Another common misconception is that going down-hill is easier than climbing up, when the exact reverse is true. In going down-hill one has to use up lots of energy in holding back, whereas, in climbing, you just take a long breath and forge ahead. The latter is much pleasanter."

Life he defined as properly directed work and energy. "Work that is diversified becomes the most fascinating form of play," he declared. "There is no other amusement to compare with it. My working day is sixteen hours long, and I have often stretched it out to twenty. But I vary my occupations—that is the secret of the keen enjoyment which I get out of life. For two hours I write, then I go out and take pictures for five or six hours. After this, I superintend the making of furniture, or the developing and painting of the pictures. I rest from this by studying for several hours. When I have learned one subject, there is always another waiting that I am eager to turn to.

"For many years my mind was so tired that it was a great effort to concentrate, and I had to drive myself. But that is over now, and during the past five years I have been in better health than ever before in my life, and my work is the most delightful of pastimes.

"Some people seem to think it extraordinary that I should have begun life over at forty-six, and won. But age was the least of my difficulties. As a matter of fact, I never learned to live until I was fifty. But work was my salvation. By keeping busy every moment of the time I was enabled to forget myself. If I should live to be a hundred, I should wish to work every day and all day."

A YEAR or so ago, Doctor Nutting sold the plant where he gets out his pictures and furniture to a firm of wealthy men, and became "Wallace Nutting, Inc." Financially, the deal was highly satisfactory. But after a few months he found that the company was sending out pictures and furniture that did not satisfy him. The result was that he bought the whole thing back again, and began himself to operate the business once more.

To Doctor Nutting the making of money is always a minor consideration. His aim is to reveal to the American people the wonder of their land, the grace of old, forgotten things. Barred from the ministry by ill health, he became an apostle of beauty. And in every picture that he has taken, every old, lovely piece of furniture that he has reproduced, every chapter that he has written, you will find a sermon, if you look for it.

"YOU Have Plenty of Energy—But What Do You Do With It?" The answer to that pertinent question is given next month by William Frederick Book, Professor of Psychology at Indiana University. We all have leaks in our strength that we would like to plug up. Doctor Book, out of his years of experience with wasted energy, has formulated ten rules for its conservation which, if followed out, will enable everybody to *do* more and *be* more, with no more effort than he is expending at the present time.

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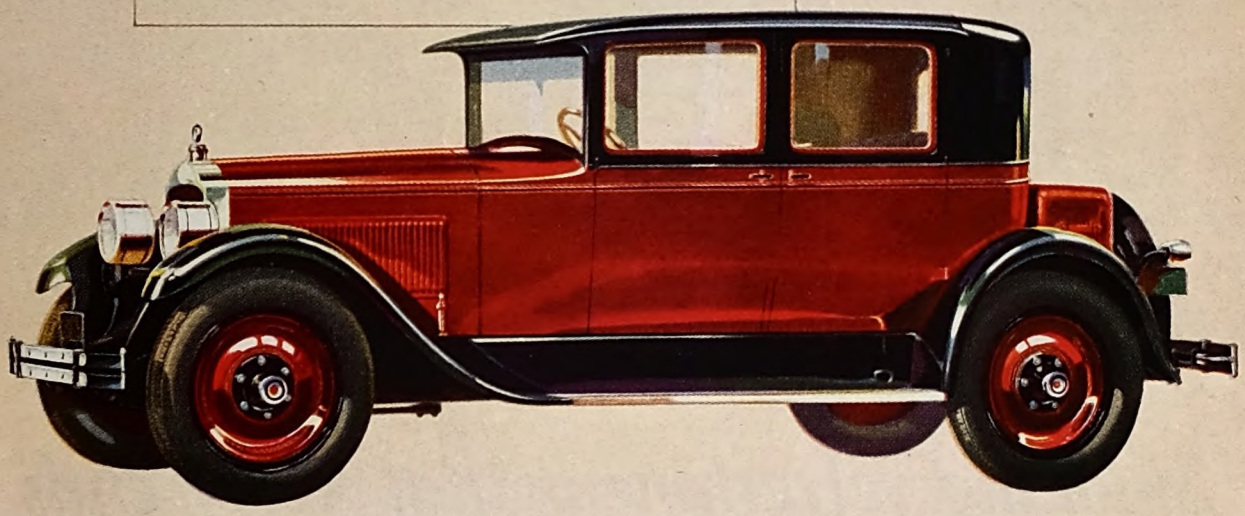

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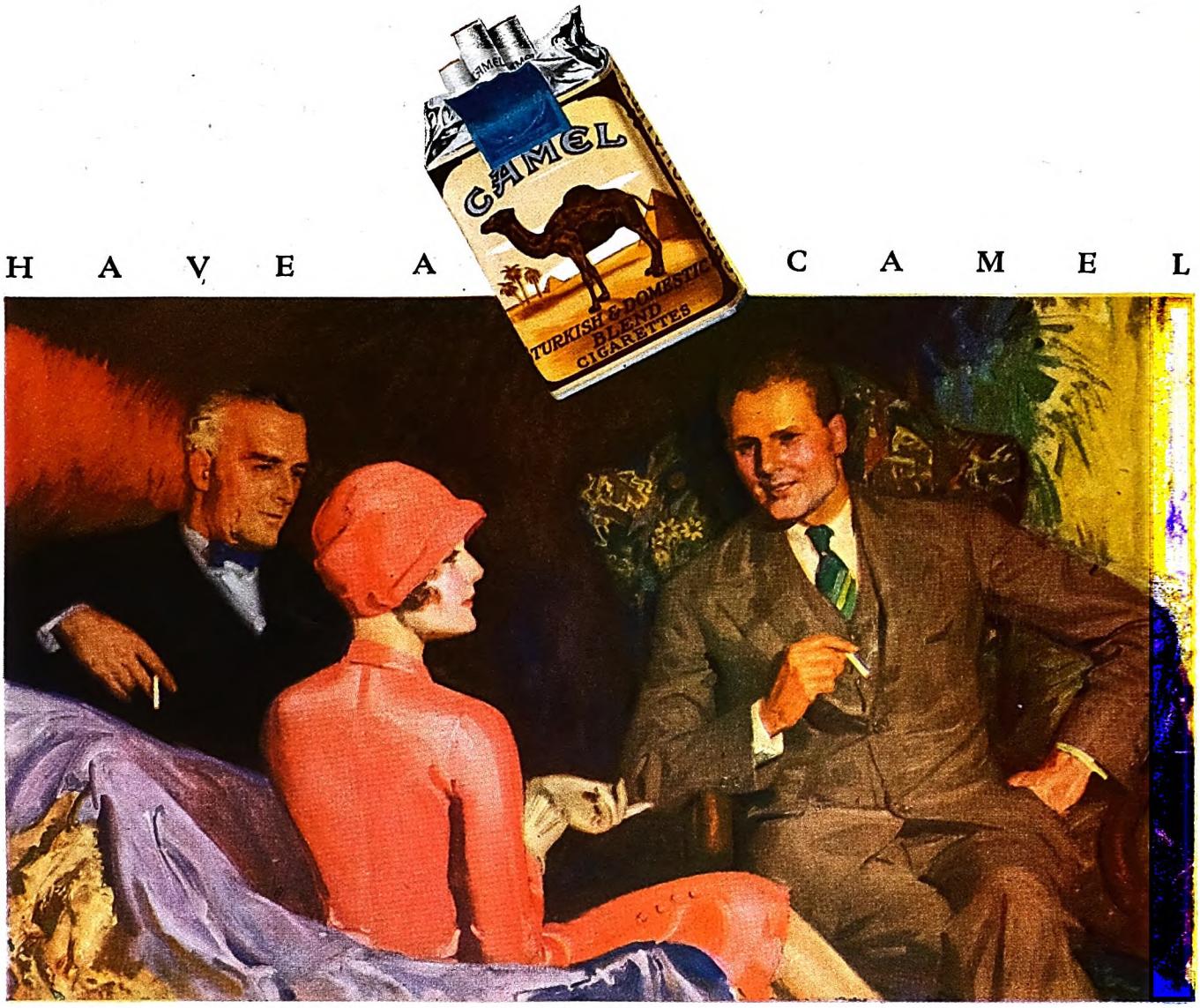

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When I Need Quick Action I Go to the Men at the Top!

(*Continued from page 15*)

But King Albert apparently didn't mind. Or, if he did, he had a curious way of reproving my presumption. For, some months later, he sent me a morocco case containing an enamel cross hanging from a purple ribbon.

Here is another incident which backs up my contention that the way to get quick action is to go to the man at the top.

The early summer of 1919 found Mrs. Powell and myself on our way to visit the King and Queen of Rumania at their Castle of Pelesch, in the Carpathians. At this time Budapest, the Hungarian capital, was occupied by Rumanian troops, sent there to suppress the Bela Kun revolution, and all foreigners, including newspaper correspondents and photographers, had been excluded from the city.

While passing through Bucharest, I ran across an American newspaper photographer named Thompson, who had been in my employ during the early days of the war in Belgium. He told me that he had spent a fortnight attempting to obtain permission to go to Budapest, which was at that time an important center of news interest, but that his requests had been curtly refused by the Rumanian military authorities.

"I've seen the chief of staff, and the minister of war, and even the premier," he said disconsolately, "but they've all turned me down cold. I guess this is one of the times when there's nothing doing."

"Why not go a little higher," I suggested, "and see the King?"

"But," objected Thompson, "he probably wouldn't listen to me, even if I could get to him."

"Of course he would listen," I assured him. "A king is just as eager for publicity, provided it is favorable, as the head of a business concern. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll telephone to the court chamberlain and get permission for you to accompany us to Pelesch—it's on the way to Budapest, you know—and then we'll put it up to the King."

The next noon saw us at the chateau—a rambling, medieval sort of place, with steep-pitched roofs and towers and battlements, standing in a clearing of the splendid forest which clothes the slopes of the Carpathians. It was an exceptionally sultry day, I remember, and after luncheon we chatted over the coffee and cigarettes in as friendly a fashion as though we were at a country house at home.

TAKING advantage of a lull in the conversation, I related some of Thompson's exploits during the war.

"It's a pity that you can't go to Budapest and take some pictures of our brave troops, Mr. Thompson," said King Ferdinand. "I should like to have your country-people see how they have brought order out of the chaos precipitated by Bela Kun."

Now, Thompson has a poker face—the best I have ever seen. Not by so much as a gleam of the eye did he betray his jubilation.

"I only wish I could, Your Majesty," he said regretfully.

"You would be rendering a great service to Rumania in showing the people of the United States that our soldiers are not the brigands and ruffians that they have been depicted," said Queen Marie, "and the King and I would never forget your kindness, would we, Nando?" addressing her husband by his pet name.

She was very beautiful and appealing in her picturesque peasant costume, with a scarf of white and silver twisted about her glorious hair. I would have gone much farther than Budapest to please such a woman.

While the queen was still talking to Thompson, King Ferdinand rose and entered the chateau. Through an open window we could see him at his desk writing. In a few minutes he returned with three letters, which he handed to Thompson.

"Here," he said, "are letters to the commander-in-chief of my forces in Hungary, to the chief of the general staff, and to the chief intelligence officer. I have instructed them to let you go wherever you please, to see anything you wish to see, and to afford you every facility for taking pictures. We have nothing to conceal. I have ordered a car to be ready in an hour."

"Gee!" Thompson whispered to me as he was climbing into the big gray staff car which was to bear him northward, "but that was certainly a cinch. You'll never catch me bothering with office boys again when the boss is on the premises!"

THE most picturesque illustration which I can recall of one of these "appeals unto Cæsar" occurred a good many years ago in the capital of a certain revolution-ridden Central American republic which shall be nameless. One president had recently been assassinated, and when his successor received visitors he did so with his hands in his coat pockets and in each hand a derringer pistol.

I was leisurely breakfasting one morning beneath the portico of the Hotel de Colon—every Latin-American city has a hotel named after Columbus—looking out on the colorful panorama of native life which unrolled itself before me on the sun-drenched plaza. As I was lighting my cigar, a man approached me. Rarely have I seen a more disreputable-looking person. A stubble of beard covered his chin; his bare feet were thrust into native sandals; his cheap cotton garments looked as though they had been slept in. Yet, despite his shabbiness, there was nothing hang-dog or furtive about him. He stepped out smartly, chin up and shoulders back, with a gleam of confidence in his eyes:

"Pardon me," he said, and his tone bespoke education and breeding, "but aren't you an American?"

Your face will like it ✓✓✓

and show its appreciation all day

EVERY masculine face likes Mennen Skin Balm. I've never known a fellow yet who didn't admit it's the best after-shaving preparation he ever met.

Skin Balm is refreshing. Non-greasy. Quickly absorbed. It gives a cool tingle to the skin. It is pleasantly astringent. Skin Balm corrects abnormal oiliness, gives a clean, fresh, well-groomed look that lasts the whole day.

Skin Balm is magic for healing little cuts, roughened places, skin eruptions, chapped hands or lips.

Costs only a half-dollar. Try-out tube for a dime. Buy a big tube. I guarantee you'll like it. If you don't, send me the tube. I'll refund your money plus postage.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

For women, too

Women like Skin Balm. It's ideal as a powder base—astringent and never "spots through." Smooths your skin and improves its texture. Excellent for chapped lips and roughened skin. Skin Balm comes in tubes. You'll like it much better than liquid lotions for your hands.

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MENNEN SKIN BALM

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Speed up steam heat and secure continuous heating comfort

EVEN a beautiful house is not a home unless it is adequately and economically heated. With Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves you can have just the right temperature of radiator heat to meet outside weather conditions. You can have this comfortable heating and save money at the same time.

Hoffman Vacuum Valves make a remarkable improvement on any one-pipe steam system because they keep out The Heat Thief—AIR. This means quicker heat in radiators. And they will hold their heat much longer after fires are banked.

Furthermore, these advantages can be secured at a saving of one-third of your previous fire costs.

The coupon below will bring you an intensely interesting book explaining in simple words why Hoffman Vacuum Valves produce such an increase in your heating comfort and at the same time, save so much fuel.

Test one Valve

EVEN a single valve on your worst radiator indicates how great an improvement a complete equipment would be. You can obtain Hoffman Vacuum Valves at your neighborhood heating and plumbing shop.

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The house I occupy has steam heat. Send me the booklet, "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

I admitted it.

"I thought you were from God's country," said he. "That's why I'm taking the liberty of asking you a favor."

"Out with it," I said ungraciously, for beachcombers, down-and-outers, human derelicts, are common in those tropic lands.

"I want you," he said, looking me in the eye unflinchingly, "to lend me fifty pesos."

"Don't be so modest," I mocked. "Why not ask for an even hundred while you're about it?"

The man's sun-tanned face flushed crimson.

"I'm no pan-handler!" he burst out angrily, "though I may look it. I'm one American asking a favor of another. And I'm not asking you to give me the money; I'm asking you to *lend* it."

BENEATH the shadow of the Line men do things that they would not do in northern latitudes—the life and climate seem to produce a greater tolerance—so, instead of tossing him some silver and ordering him away, I told him to sit down and offered him a cigarette. Time hung heavy on my hands and I wanted to hear his story.

"Just out of curiosity," I demanded, "I would like to know what you would do with fifty pesos if I should lend them to you. Not," I added hastily, "that I have the slightest intention of lending you any such sum."

"You may believe me or not, just as you choose," he said bitterly, "but I was once an army officer—and a gentleman. At least, I was born a gentleman. I was educated at West Point, entered the army, finally obtained a captain's commission. What I did—how I got into my present mess—doesn't really matter, does it? It's enough to say that I was a wild one and went wrong. I had to resign—it was that or being dismissed from the service—and since then I've been fighting in little wars pretty well all over Latin-America. I suppose I'm a soldier of fortune; but instead of becoming a dictator I've become a down-and-outer. But I am still a soldier; there are a good many years of hard service left in me yet."

"Go on," I told him. "I like your frankness. Tell me what you want the fifty pesos for."

"I want them to get a bath and a shave and a hair-cut and a pair of shoes and some decent clothing. I want to look and feel respectable again. And then I'm going to get myself a job."

He pointed to where, across the sun-swept plaza, the white walls of the presidential palace, guarded by sentries in slovenly brown uniforms, rose above the trees.

"When I look like a gentleman again," he continued, "I shall go to the palace over there and ask for an audience with that poor little greaser president who doesn't dare to put his trust in any of the gang he has around him. 'Señor Presidente,' I shall say to him, 'I'm a graduate of the finest military school in the world, and I've held a commission in the finest army in the world. I'm the kind of man you need to drill your troops, for I know my trade and I have no interest in the politics of your country. You can trust me, because I'm an American.' And he'll give me a job."

There was so much confidence in the fellow's bearing, I was so impressed by his candor, that I gave him the fifty pesos. But, to be quite honest, I never expected to see my fifty pesos again.

The next day I left for a trip into the interior and three weeks had elapsed before I found myself back in the capital again. The morning after my arrival I was breakfasting at the same table, looking out at the same sun-swept plaza, when I heard behind me the clatter of spurs and a sword on the stone floor. The next moment a striking figure, resplendent in the comic-opera uniform of the country, stood beside me. It was my acquaintance of a few weeks before, but so changed in appearance, so soldierly and assured of manner, that for a moment I did not recognize him. He laid some coins on the table.

"Here are your fifty pesos," he said; "I'm more grateful to you than I can say for making me the loan."

"And what," I demanded, "are you doing in all that gold lace? You look like a field marshal."

"It is a rather silly uniform," he admitted, a trace of embarrassment in his tone, "but down here they go in for that sort of thing. You see, I'm a colonel now, and command the president's bodyguard."

I never saw the man again, but in the years that followed I occasionally heard of him. He served the president faithfully and well, I learned; and when the next revolution came he died defending him, on the steps of the bullet-riddled palace, revolver in hand. Whatever his past may have been, he finished in style. Curiously enough, I never learned his name—his real one, I mean.

IN MEETING for the first time highly placed and busy men, I have found that it is a good rule to post yourself in advance on those subjects in which they are most interested. Nothing is more certain to create an unfavorable impression than for one to mumble some inanity about the state of the weather or otherwise grope for a handle to the conversation. Ascertain the great man's pet hobby—nearly everybody has one—familiarize yourself with some phase of it, and start at once to talk about it. The chances are ten to one that you will get his attention. Lord Kitchener, one of the most taciturn public men who ever lived, would become almost voluble on the subject of Chinese porcelains. King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, by nature a shy and silent man, will discuss with the enthusiasm of a boy his collection of medals and coins. One of the most interesting days of my life was spent with Lord Bryce, then British Ambassador to the United States, who, it was not generally known, was an enthusiastic mountain-climber. I won his confidence by remarking that I had read his account of the ascent of Mount Ararat, which he had written when a young man. And, as I once discovered, any allusion to animals or sport could always be counted on to rivet the late President Roosevelt's attention.

Returning to the United States from Syria, where I had held a consular post for a time, I was taken to the White House by a friendly congressman. Now,

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t so happened that, while in Europe on eave of absence the preceding summer, I ad obtained permission from the Italian Government to attend the School of Military Equitation at Tor de Quinto, ear Rome, where the Italian cavalry fficers are trained, and had brought back with me some remarkable photographs of the amazing feats of horsemanship performed by those daring riders. Aware of the President's intense interest in all that pertained to horsemanship, I took the pictures with me to the Executive Mansion.

It had been a strenuous day for the President; a long line of politicians and office-seekers were waiting to see him, and, obviously tired and bored, he handshook them past with astonishing celerity, vouchsafing little more than a smile and an explosive "Bully!" or "Delighted!" to each one. But I was prepared for him.

"You might be interested to know, Mr. President," I said rapidly as he grasped my hand, "that I spent part of last summer at Tor de Quinto—the military school, you know, where the Italian cavalry officers are trained."

The effect was instantaneous. He clapped me on the shoulder and his tired features brightened.

"Now, *that's* interesting!" he exclaimed. "Bully! Perfectly bully! That's the sort of thing I believe in. I want you to tell me all about it. What sort of saddles do they use, and where do they get their horses? Do they breed them or buy them? And you have some pictures? Better still! Come into my office and let me see them. Loeb, tell the people who are waiting that I can't see them to-day."

With a wave of his hand he dismissed the score or more of persons who were still in line. Then, taking me by the arm, he led me into his private office. We spent an hour talking horse, and the friendship thus begun lasted to his death.

"NOW," he said, as I was leaving, "what can I do for you? What was it you wanted?"

I mentioned a certain post in the Diplomatic Service which happened to be vacant, and which I felt myself capable of filling.

He drew toward him a pad of paper and on it in pencil scrawled a few lines. That note is now in the files of the Department of State, but it ran something like this, if my memory serves me faithfully:

Dear Bob: This will introduce E. Alexander Powell. He can ride anything on four legs. He is the kind of man we need in our Diplomatic Service. *I want you to do something for him.*

T. R.

"Take that over to the State Department," said the President, "and give it to Bob Bacon (Robert S. Bacon, then Secretary of State). He'll do something for you. And come back here to-morrow afternoon. I want to talk horse with you again."

The prim and polished gentlemen in the Department of State, however, evidently did not regard my ability to "ride anything on four legs" as qualifying me for diplomacy. As things turned out, perhaps it was just as well, for then I took up writing. And as a professional onlooker my life has, at all events, been interesting.

* * * * *

Of Course

you *intended* to go a-shopping yesterday . . and the day before . . and now just take a hasty look at the calendar!

Perhaps you *did* try it today —and found yourself mired in a mass of jostling, juggling folk. No time to make a thoughtful selection of a "just-right" gift.

But there is *one* gift that never fails to bring a happy heart throb. *Send flowers!* Just telephone your florist to send fresh, fragrant flowers. That's all you need to do. Then it's only a matter of minutes until the messenger boy is on his way, to deliver your token of tender thoughtfulness.

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Pathfinders

An advertisement of
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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS discovered America, thus adding a new world to the old. Alexander Graham Bell discovered the telephone, giving the nations of the earth a new means of communication. Each ventured into the unknown and blazed the way for those who came after him.

The creating of a nation-wide telephone service, like the developing of a new world, opened new fields for the pathfinder and the pioneer. The telephone, as the modern American knows it, has been made possible by the doing of a multitude of things in the realms of research, engineering and business administration.

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121 days $1250 to $2900
ROUND THE WORLD
s s "California" sailing Jan. 19
from N. Y. and Feb. 5, Los Angeles.
7th cruise, including Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, 19 days Japan and China, Manila, Java, Burma, option 17 days India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, Riviera. Europe stop-overs.

23rd Mediterranean Cruise
Jan. 29; 62 days, $600 to $1700.

3d Norway—Mediterranean Cruise
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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

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—thru the *only* school operated as a department of a large art organization. Commercial Artists trained the *"Meyer Both Way"* earn as high as $10,000 per year. We today have hundreds of students who had previously studied in other art schools. Why? Because your instruction is based upon our everyday experience in meeting the art needs of leading advertisers. Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

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Michigan Ave. at 20th St., (Dept. 15), Chicago, Ill.

The Greatest Emergency I Ever Faced and How I Met It—or Didn't

FIRST PRIZE

I Met a Train in the Middle of a Half-Mile Trestle

ON MY way to school one morning (I was a mere slip of a girl at the time), I was in the middle of a half-mile trestle when a long freight train came at full speed around a short curve, not a hundred yards away.

For one awful moment, I stood stunned. There was no railing to this trestle; there was nothing but the ties and rails built upon a framework, and I could not hope to get back or forward to safety before the train reached me. I had nothing with me but my book satchel—one of those old-fashioned saddlebag affairs made of a strong fish-net material.

Then a ray of hope darted through my mind! Emptying my book satchel as I ran to the edge of the trestle, I placed the bag upon one of the ties and swung myself off just as the train passed over my head.

I was suspended eighty feet above the waters of the Washita River, whose bed was full of treacherous holes, with only my book satchel for a hand-hold.

I glanced down at the water, and a panic of sheer fright took hold of me. I could feel my strength ebbing, and I wondered how much longer it could last. Every fiber of my being was fighting for strength to hold on.

After what seemed an age, I heard a jargon over my head, felt strong, capable hands upon my arms, and I was slowly lifted to the trestle. Two Indian fishermen had come to my rescue. B. B.

SECOND PRIZE

I Jumped, and My Parachute Failed to Open

AS a stunt aviator and parachute jumper I have had many big moments. But three years ago I met what I think was the greatest emergency of my life.

A fellow aviator and myself were giving an exhibition at a county fair. I was scheduled for a jump that afternoon at four o'clock. When we took off at three-fifteen, I had a premonition of impending disaster—although I had personally supervised the folding of the parachute, and had tucked it away myself in its inverted container beneath the fuselage.

At one minute to four o'clock our altimeter read 7,200 feet. Then I got what is commonly known as cold feet. But I knew that the people far below were looking forward to the exhibition, and I didn't want to disappoint them. So, climbing up over the cockpit, I leaped out.

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Now, when you leap from a plane, you count the seconds—1, 2, 3. And if the parachute has not caught air at the fourth count, *something is wrong*. As I leaped from the plane on this occasion, I began my customary count—1, 2, 3, 4? . . . 5! 6! I was falling. The parachute had failed to open. With a superhuman effort, I brought my hands together above my head and gave the ropes a violent twitch. Instantly, it seemed, I was yanked strongly upward—the parachute had caught and opened, and I was eased to the earth. In some manner the ropes had become slightly tangled, and that twitch I gave them saved my life. P. J. B.

THIRD PRIZE

"Teacher, Teacher, the Prairie's on Fire!"

I WAS sitting, one day, some forty years ago, in a little frame schoolhouse of the box pattern, then in vogue in the sparsely settled cattle region of western Nebraska. Gradually I became aware that the sunlit sky of dazzling blue was growing blurred, and the still October air unusually warm and heavy.

Stepping to the door, I became conscious of a strong, pungent odor of burning grass. Somewhere out on the range a prairie fire had broken loose.

The schoolhouse, a little wooden structure, stood on a grassy flat, cupped by surrounding sandhills, and miles from any other house.

Even as I looked, great clouds of smoke came pouring over the western hills, and the children raised a startled cry: "Oh, Teacher, a fire, a fire! Let us go home, let us go home!"

I was a girl, not much older than the children. We had no water but a jugful for drinking purposes. If I allowed the children to go home, they would surely be overtaken by the fire. Already the smoke was changing from white to ominous black, and suddenly a tongue of lurid flame shot up over the summit of a hill.

It brought a shriek from one tiny girl: "Teacher, Teacher, will it burn my cheeks and my hair?"

There was just one thing to do, and that was to keep the children in the schoolhouse till the wall of fire ran by. Even if the wooden shingles should catch, the fire would race through the yard, leaving it black and bare; but not so frightfully hot that we could not run out of the burning house and find safety on that blackened ground.

But when the crimson wall of flames swept into sight, to hold the children was no easy matter. They made a mad stampede for the door.

I stood with my back to it, with a ruler in my hand, and by encouragement, coaxing, threats, and blows held the terrified little mob at bay. The fire, blood-red and fiercely hot, tore down upon us, surged up to the windows so that a little child screamed as she touched the hot glass. It choked us with smoke, passed over us, and left our schoolhouse a little gray oasis in a blackened waste.

I dropped my weapon, and thankfully gathered my weeping, terrified brood into my arms and comforted them. E. B.

if you live in a small town

you get a great deal out of life that is denied the city dweller. On the other hand, all city folk enjoy a blessing which most inhabitants of small towns miss.

That is water—pure and abundant. Many towns with electric light and the best of paving still struggle along with wells and pumps, or with a central water supply that trickles into failure just when it is needed most.

The only reasons are inertia and lack of information.

Any town of 500 or more—and some with less—can have a thoroughly up-to-date water supply and pay for it to a considerable extent out of savings in the cost of fire insurance.

Aside from the luxury of clean water and plenty of it, it is the one defense against fire. If your water comes from a well, if it comes from a pumping plant too small for the demand, or if the mains are inadequate, you are just as much in peril as a man who smokes in a gasoline refinery. Incidentally, the brakes are set on the growth of your town.

We have prepared a book, "Planning a Waterworks System," which covers the problem of water for the small town. A copy awaits the request of any interested person.

THE CAST IRON PIPE PUBLICITY BUREAU
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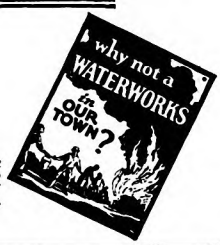

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Florida's haven for "real folks"

Come to Lakeland with the idea that you'll stay. We have more than 20,000 "real folks" now and we want 20,000 more permanent, substantial citizens by 1930. And we'll get them—because our city is not merely a resort center, but the metropolis of the richest per capita county in the United States.

There are hundreds of very worth while opportunities in Lakeland every month in the year—and these opportunities for permanent, prosperous work and play-time pleasure are growing every day.

Lakeland wants more "real folks" in addition to the thousands of "real folks" who are finding Lakeland to be their ideal city.

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BOYS! Get Your FREE Copy of the Daisy Manual from nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer. It tells how to be a crack shot!

The most justifiable pride in the world is the pride which one man will express to another concerning the upbringing of his son. Each of us has the right to believe in our own character. And every man should offer the best of himself toward his son's education.

That is why millions of boys gratefully remember the days when Dad taught them how to shoot with a Daisy Air Rifle. To those experiences you hear men everywhere attribute their alertness of mind and quickness of decision, their self-confidence and their own golden rules of sportsmanship.

Your attitude is right when you say, "My boy is going to have the training that I had!" Start him now with the Daisy. Put *The Daisy Manual* and a Daisy Air Rifle in his hands—and be his pal while he learns. Ask your dealer to show you the model illustrated here—the popular Daisy Pump Gun—a 50-shot repeater for $5. Other models from $1 to $5. Name of nearest dealer upon request—or any model sent on receipt of price.

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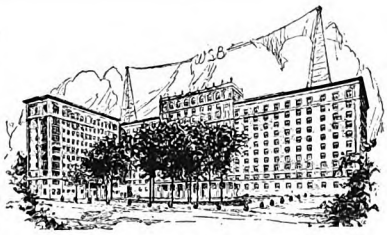

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"Snap!" Went the Furnace Door and Spencer Got His Big Idea

(*Continued from page 34*)

When I asked him how he could find his way through a trackless forest, he said, "Oh, that's nothing! Any woodsman can do it. You learn to notice little things: the lay of the land; the way the ridges run; the growth of the trees; the course of the streams; the direction of the sun."

"But suppose it is a cloudy day?" I asked.

"You can find the sun anyway," he said. "If you hold the blade of your jack-knife at right angles to your gun barrel, for instance, the reflection on the barrel will be strongest when the knife blade faces toward the sun, even though the sun is hidden by clouds."

I asked Mr. Spencer if he tried to invent things when he was a boy.

"No, not exactly," he said; "but I was always trying to figure out better ways, or easier ones, of doing my work. I lost several jobs because my boss objected to this.

"In one sawmill, I had to tend by hand a lot of chutes for sawdust and waste. I rigged up an arrangement that would operate them automatically, leaving me with practically no work to do. But when the boss saw what I had done he fired me. The fellows thought that was a great joke on me," laughed Spencer.

"When I was a boy," he went on, "I wasn't trying to invent something; but I was always taking things apart and putting them together again.

"I began with clocks. I wanted to find out how they were constructed and how they worked. Later, I used to do this with gasolene engines, automobiles, and motor-cycles. That's the way I learned mechanical principles.

"You see, I've always been just a *workman*. I didn't have any 'white-collar jobs.' I guess I was pretty restless, so I traveled around a good deal. I worked in practically every one of the New England states; usually running an engine in some shop or factory. I even went as far as Virginia."

ONE of Spencer's associates told me of a little incident which occurred at this Virginia plant. It is because similar incidents are always occurring, wherever Spencer works, that he has got the reputation of being a mechanical genius.

One of the pumps at a neighboring plant was out of commission; and after the men in charge of it had tried, in every way they could think of, to make it work, they appealed to Spencer.

He came over and just stood and looked at the pump for a while. Then, without saying a word, he simply gave it a little kick with his foot—and, presto! the thing began to work all right!

"They thought he was a wizard," said the man who told me the story. "But it

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was just a case of understanding machinery so perfectly that he saw at once where the trouble was. Something was slightly out of adjustment. A well-aimed kick jarred it into place."

In talking with me, Spencer repeatedly referred to his having been "only a workman." He is keenly conscious of the fact that his education—the education gained in schools—is limited. But he has the far rarer, and infinitely more valuable, knowledge which is gained through observation, thinking, and doing.

Once, harried by my relentless prodding with questions, Spencer exclaimed, "I haven't been thinking about *myself!* I've been just a workman, thinking about my *work!*"

When he said this, I smiled. It answered a lot of the questions we always want to ask men who raise "million-dollar melons" of one kind or another.

"All right!" I said. "Let it go at that, and tell me when and how you became an inventor."

"Oh, that was after I came to Boston, about twelve years ago," he replied. "I used the idea I got from that old furnace cover, back in the Maine sawmill, to make a device which would automatically turn off, and turn on, the gas. If the flame was blown out, for instance, the gas would be turned off.

"The next thing I made was an automatic air vent for steam radiators. This is one of several gas and steam appliances now being manufactured by the Spencer Thermostat Company.

"BUT the field for such appliances was more difficult to enter at that time. Electricity seemed to be the coming thing. So I began to think about applying this same principle to electrical equipment.

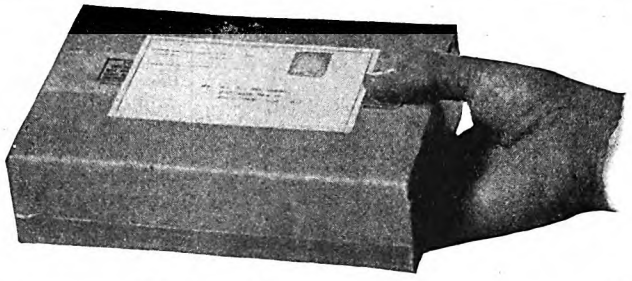
"I didn't know much about electricity. At one time, I worked in the General Electric plant, at Lynn, near Boston; but I didn't stay long and I didn't learn much while I was there. My job was a routine one, where I did the same thing over and over again, hundreds and thousands of times.

"But in 1915 I went to work for a company manufacturing wireless equipment, mostly for steamships. As it was a comparatively small plant, I had a chance to learn as much as I wanted to; and I wanted to learn it all.

"Before I went there I never had seen a radio set. I didn't know a thing about wireless. Some of the men were experienced hands. And yet, when I had been there only five or six months, I was put in charge of the whole shop.

"After a few years with that company," Spencer continued, "I went with another radio concern; this time in their research department. The war came on, and my brother and I tried to enlist. He and I were in the same plant, which was then making wireless equipment for the navy. When the authorities found out what kind of work we were engaged in, they told us to go back to our jobs; we were worth more to the Government there than anywhere else.

"Meanwhile, I had been trying to make something which would automatically control the temperature of an electrically heated appliance. The idea wasn't original with me. Every electrical manu-



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IF you are a bookish person, you have probably heard about the Book-of-the-Month Club. Many of the most prominent people in the country have already subscribed to its service. Wherever books are talked about, it is likely to come into the conversation. Frequently, however, the simple idea behind it seems to be misunderstood.

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These individuals have no business connection with the Book-of-the-Month Club. They were simply requested to function as judges, for the benefit of our subscribers, and they agreed to do so.

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Tastes differ, however. You may concede that a book selected by such a committee is *likely* to be one that you would not care to miss reading. But you may disagree with their choice in any one month. If so, *you may exchange the book you receive for any one of a number of other books which the Committee simultaneously recommends.* Thus, your choice among current books is no more limited than if you browsed in a bookstore. The only result is—that you actually *do* obtain and *do* read the books you want to read. This you won't do, in most cases, if you rely upon your present haphazard methods of book-buying.

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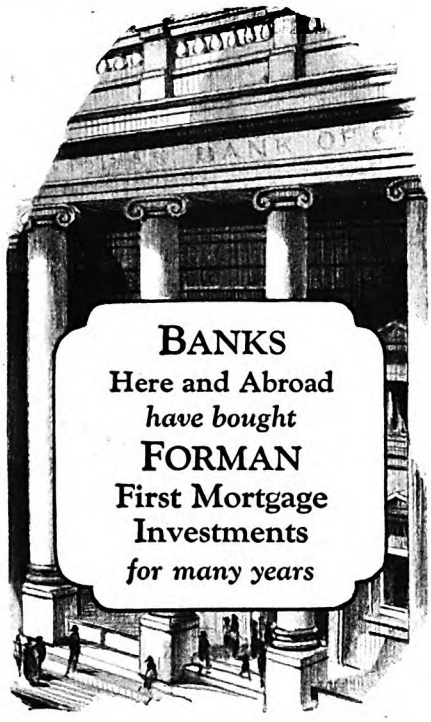

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facturing company in the country was trying to perfect such a device.

"Take a common, everyday article like an electric flatiron, for instance. All women know that it is a wonderful convenience; but they also know the difficulty of controlling the temperature.

"That isn't the only trouble, either. Sometimes a woman is suddenly called away from the ironing board. The telephone rings; or the baby cries; or a book agent comes to the door; or the woman has to look at a cake in the oven.

"Whatever it is, off she goes in a hurry; and sometimes she leaves the iron *on the cloth*, and forgets to turn off the current!

"The result may be nothing worse than a burned garment—which is bad enough. But in some cases the result is a bad fire and a burned home. If you doubt it, ask the insurance companies.

"Well, I knew that a piece of metal, under certain heat conditions, would change its shape and position. Why couldn't I use a metal disk which, by this change, as it heated and cooled, would turn off and turn on an electric current?

"It sounds simple. But," and his face settled in tired lines at the mere recollection, "it took me more than ten years to overcome all the difficulties.

"At first I was living at home with my mother, who had moved to Boston years before. Her kitchen was my 'laboratory.' Her kitchen—and my own head; for the work of inventing is a fifty-fifty job between the brain and the hands.

"You plan a thing in your mind. Then you make it and test it. If it doesn't work right, you try to figure out why it doesn't and how to improve it. You keep on planning different details, making new models, testing them—over and over again.

"Sometimes I would throw the thing aside and try to forget it. But the first thing I knew I was thinking about it again; figuring out a new arrangement that might solve the problems.

"During the day I was busy at my regular job, so all my work on the thermostat was done evenings. As for thinking about it, I could do that anywhere; on the street, and while I was eating my meals, and after I went to bed.

"AT HOME, I didn't have the proper tools and machinery. So I finally told my employers that I was working on something of my own and asked them to rent me the shop at night and on Saturdays.

"You see, if I had used their equipment in developing an invention they would have had a claim on anything I made with it. By paying for the use of the shop, I owned whatever I produced there.

"People seem to think that the big thing in inventing is to get an *idea*, and to make something that carries out the idea. But that's a long way from being the whole story.

"For instance, other men had the idea of making a device which would control an electric current; and some of these ideas worked to a certain extent. But they didn't meet *all* the requirements. If an attachment to a flatiron made the iron weigh fifteen pounds, for instance, no woman would want it. You must not only make your idea work, but must make it work *practically*.

"And even that isn't enough. You've got to realize that your invention must be *manufactured*. So you have to produce something that can be sold for a reasonable price. It would be absurd, for instance, to try to sell a hundred-dollar contrivance to regulate the heat of a three-dollar iron.

"Then too, if it is something for which there will be a big market, you've got to show the manufacturer that he can turn it out in large quantities and at a low cost. I guess every inventor will tell you that when he has got his idea, his troubles have only begun."

"HOW did you work out your idea?" I asked.

"Why—wait a minute," he said, and got up and left the room. When he came back he brought an electric flatiron.

"This is the original iron with which I experimented," he said. "By the way, the Westinghouse people *gold-plated* the first one they turned out, and sent it to our company as a souvenir."

Opening the iron, he took out a metal disk, an inch and a half in diameter. There really were two disks, of very thin metal, separated by a space and fastened together with a small metal post at the center. The whole thing was only about a quarter of an inch in thickness. It fitted down into a round space which had been drilled out of the base of the iron, leaving the ironing surface intact.

That, if you please, was his "two-million-dollar melon." A baby could hold it in one hand. As he turned it over in his own palm, the tired lines came again into Spencer's face.

"In order to make it compact and fool-proof—that is, to put it where nobody could tinker with it—I determined to make a device which would be contained in the base of the iron itself. This base is only *three-eighths of an inch* thick; and I had to leave enough metal below the thermostat to give the ironing surface the necessary strength. This meant that I couldn't take more than a quarter of an inch in depth.

"One of the most troublesome problems was to get a device that would work with either a. c. (alternating current) or d. c. (direct current); for in some towns they use one, and in some they use the other. I wanted something that would work *anywhere*.

"The real trouble was with d. c.; for unless I could make my metal disks change their shape instantaneously, an arc would form which would burn the thing out and make it useless.

"I finally got it to the point where the disk would snap with a speed greater than that of a rifle bullet. It has been accurately measured by an oscillograph to be only sixteen one-hundred-thousandths of a second, and that is fast enough to beat the arc."

Spencer's experience with his invention made me think of mountain climbing. If you have tried this so-called sport, you know how often, in the course of a climb, you think you see the summit just above you. But when you have negotiated what seems to be the final scramble, you are confronted with another ledge, or cliff, or stiff rise. You are always thinking you have arrived—only to find yourself facing another obstacle.

After working on the thermostat for

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seven or eight years, Spencer had brought it to a point where he felt sure that it could be made a practical commercial success. The average man would have stopped there. He would simply have tried to persuade some manufacturer to accept this belief.

But Spencer did *not* stop there. His goal was perfection; and this meant that he must solve the problems of manufacture as well as those of invention. So he set to work to demonstrate, not theoretically but by *actual performance*, that his device could be made economically and in quantity production. This meant that he must design the necessary machines for manufacturing, set them up, and train men to operate them.

But this would require money, a large amount of money; and Spencer had practically none. He was "only a workman." He had received good wages, but his experiments had used up every dollar he could spare.

In order to go on with his plans, he had to interest men who could afford to risk large sums on the outcome of these plans. That was one of the hardest places in his long climb, for he is not a business man himself.

But here too, he "made the grade." A company was formed. Men who believed in him and in his invention put up thousands of dollars as working capital. A shop was rented in Cambridge, and Spencer had a small force of assistants. For two years he worked day and night. Literally so, for he sometimes worked all night long. Legal holidays did not exist, so far as he was concerned, and he never took a vacation.

Step by step, one difficulty after another was met, overcome, and left behind. For example: Between the disks of the thermostat there are three points where contact is made and broken as the temperature of the metal changes. Originally, when there were only two of these contact points, tests made with a current of a certain voltage were disappointing, the current not being properly distributed. The men in the shop felt pretty discouraged; and probably Spencer shared this feeling. But if he did, it failed to stop his everlasting "figuring" on a way out of his difficulties.

"In thinking it over," he told me, "it occurred to me to try three contact points instead of two. We made a model with that arrangement, tested it, and it worked perfectly. That day," he added, with the touch of embarrassment which accompanied every reference to his own achievements, "the men stood around and cheered quite a bit."

WHEN the stage of actual negotiations with possible purchasers was reached, Spencer had to prove that all the problems of production could be met. For example, the Westinghouse people demanded a record of 350,000 actual performances.

In other words, they wanted proof that a thermostat had actually turned off and turned on an electric current 350,000 times without a single failure. This record was demanded as a guarantee of durability and reliability.

"To have the thermostat operate 350,000 times under the conditions of its ordinary use," Spencer explained to me,

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"would have meant running it continuously for two or three years! We couldn't wait that long. So I devised a way of speeding it up, and got a record of 500,000 actual performances in a few months."

Even when the sale was finally completed, Spencer's work was not over. He had then to train a crew of Westinghouse workmen to operate the machines. And he had to install the equipment in a Westinghouse shop and organize the work there.

Which brings me to another phase of his character. He knows how to handle machinery—and he knows, also, how to handle men.

After he had put the thermostat production on a satisfactory basis, another company called him into its service. This company was trying to make the Raytheon tube; a non-filament tube for eliminating batteries in radio receiving sets.

"We were trying," a member of the Raytheon company said to me, "to make in a *factory* what was essentially a *laboratory* product: an article requiring the most delicate scientific accuracy. Yet, if it was to be of commercial value, it must be turned out in large quantities; and not by technical experts, but by ordinary workmen.

"We had a plant at Danvers, which several highly trained technical men had tried to run. But they succeeded in getting a production of only from 50 to 70 tubes a day, which was an impossibly small output.

"IN THIS situation, we engaged Al Spencer to take charge of the plant. Why? Because he had proved that he had an almost uncanny knowledge of machinery—and an equally remarkable knowledge of human nature.

"Well, he went to Danvers. Apparently, he didn't look the plant over to see what his predecessors had been doing. He had figured out his own plans; and he simply set to work to get his system in operation. Inside of two weeks, production ran up to *hundreds* of tubes a day, instead of a few dozens! It seemed incredible; but there were the tubes!

"We built a new plant in Cambridge, and made Spencer the factory superintendent. Production went up to 2,000 tubes a day and with only slightly more equipment than other men had used to produce 200 a day.

"We enlarged the factory. Or, rather, Al Spencer did it; for he planned and supervised the changes. He organized and trained the workers, and brought the production up until it is shortly expected to reach 5,000 tubes a day. These are rapidly becoming facts. Production when this article was written, the last of August, was 14,400 a week; and by the time it appears in print it will be 5,000 a day.

"The average superintendent, or foreman, likes to sit at a desk and issue orders. Al Spencer puts on overalls and shows his workmen, by actually doing a job, how he wants them to do it.

"After the papers printed the story that Spencer had received a million dollars for his thermostat, there was almost a procession of reporters coming to interview him. Among them was a young woman from a Boston paper. She arrived on one of Al's busiest days. He was covered with grease and dirt; and he couldn't stop to clean up, even to receive a lady.

"She looked at him, from head to foot, and wanted to know if *he* was Mr. Spencer. He said he was.

"'Mr. John A. Spencer?' she insisted.

"'Yes,' he said.

"Without another word, she turned around and walked out! It was a short interview, but she made quite a story out of it; all about a 'millionaire in overalls' and that sort of thing. The part about the overalls was all right, but she was 'way off about the millionaire. He isn't one."

Spencer himself told me that the printed report of his supposed sudden wealth has brought him dozens of letters, most of them containing pathetic appeals for help.

AS I explained before, this sudden wealth is a myth. With a two-million-dollar invention to his credit, he is not so very much richer than when he was just a workman. He lives very modestly. With his wife and baby he occupies the upper flat in a two-story house at Revere, a suburb of Boston. I went to see him in his home. And there, where it was very evident that his reward has been small in proportion to his achievement, I asked him a few leading questions.

"How did it happen," I said, "that *you* receive so comparatively little for your invention?"

"Because the company, which was formed to finance it, owns the patents," he said. "Perhaps I might have made a better bargain; but you must remember that I was young and unknown. When those men put their money into the enterprise, they could not be sure of the invention—or of me. The device wasn't perfected then. They couldn't be certain that it ever would be. I might get discouraged and give up the whole attempt. They were investing in uncertainties. And you can't expect men to run big risks unless there is a chance of a correspondingly big reward. Now that I have proved myself and my ideas, I will be in a position to make a better bargain the next time."

"Suppose the newspaper story had been true," I said. "What difference would that have made in your own way of living?"

"None whatever!" he replied quickly and emphatically. "Oh, I might have moved into a better house. I'll do that anyway, after a while. If I ever get money enough, I'll have a nice home in the country for my wife and baby; and I'll have a laboratory of my own where I can work out my ideas.

"Work! That's the big thing! If I had *ten* million dollars, I wouldn't stop working at things that will—will help to make the wheels of the world go round. Money is all right, I guess. I've never had enough of it to bother me. But the big thing—with me, at any rate—is the satisfaction of accomplishing what I set out to do."

With a little laugh he added: "I'd hate to give up and admit I was licked. I guess that's it."

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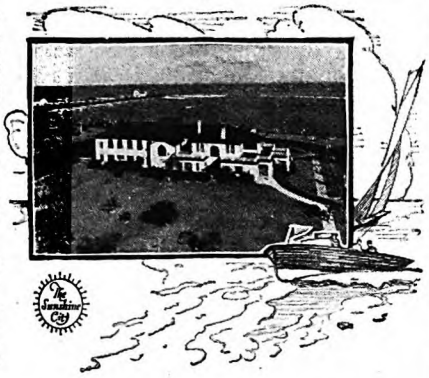

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(*Continued from page 59*)

just a guess that Beale couldn't use unless he could frighten it out of me.

"When I went to Beale's office, and he did try to frighten me and then tried to get me to tell him about it, I knew he hadn't anything he'd even try to use against you; and that I needn't give Cynthia away.

"But Tommy really thought I had married Fred. So I asked him to come to the wedding—so that he could see for himself—and explained how he'd made his mistake. There! I guess that's the whole story."

She'd told the last part of it in breathless haste, without any effort to give it plausibility, frantic to get to the end of it, to get the beastly taste of it out of her mouth. She was amazed that it had not broken down under her in the telling, that Phil had not interrupted to ask her why she was lying to him.

She had seen his eyebrows drawn down once or twice in perplexity, notably when she explained why she had let Tommy get into the taxi with her. It was, of course, fantastic to think that Celia would ever have done that. But it was plain that he had not really doubted her.

"What a hellish time you've had over it!" he said, when she had finished. "And what a—what a good sport you've been! I'm glad it's over." He drew in and let out a long breath. "It's too bad to have made you go through the whole thing again to-night. I'm glad you did it, though. I'm glad I know."

HER mouth had got a little dry, and she took a drink of water. Then she leaned back in her chair and allowed herself a steadying look at him. "You *don't* know," she said.

He looked back at her intently, and went a little pale, she thought; but he didn't say anything.

"What I've been telling you," she went on, "is—is the official version. It will do, all right, for that, because it's mostly true. Except that it's all a lie. You see—I'm really Cynthia, Phil. That is, I was—until Celia and I changed places to-day."

He smiled in good-natured perplexity. "What sort of riddle is that?" he asked. "I don't believe I get it."

She smiled back at him. "It isn't a riddle at all," she said. "It's perfectly wild; but it's true. It was Celia who married Fred, three years ago when she was in college, and thought it didn't count as a marriage, and married you. And I've never married anybody. . . . So we changed places. She's Cynthia now. Henry Pyncheon hasn't a doubt she is. She married Fred Carpenter this afternoon. Of course she was really married to him, already. And I stayed here and cooked your dinner. I'm Celia Rowland—if I'm anybody!"

She felt a flaming blush suffuse her face as she said that, but he, staring at her, saw nothing. She stretched out a hand for his coffee cup. "Better let me fill it again," she said, in the most casual tone she could manage. "And then light your

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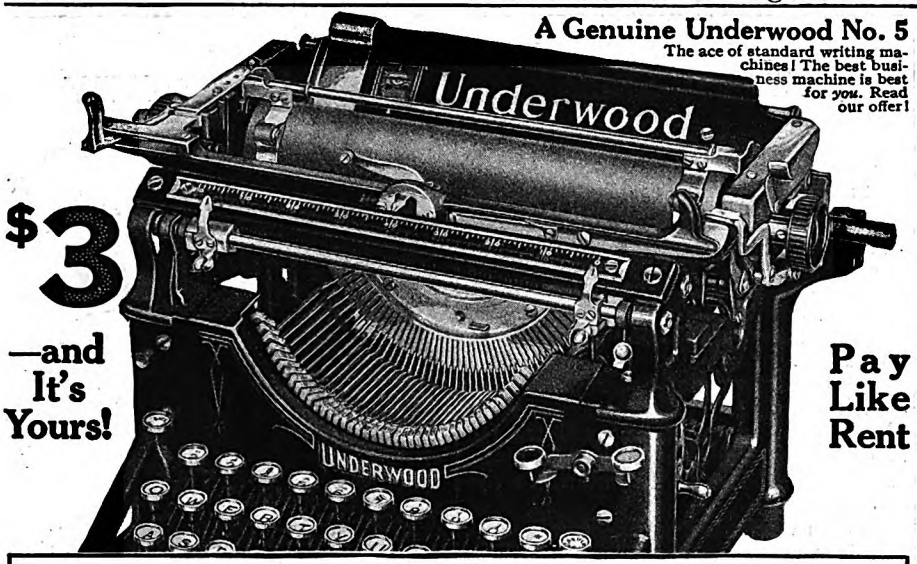

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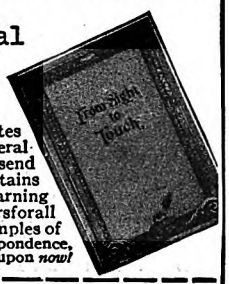

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pipe. We won't bother about the dishes for a while."

The commonplace domestic touch relieved him for a moment. He gave her his cup and took it back again; got out and loaded his pipe. "I thought for a minute I was losing my mind," he said.

"I don't wonder," she told him, comfortably. "You see, the thing you have to begin with is that she and I look exactly alike. Nobody would ever admit it; not even our own families. But it's true. We used to change places and live at each other's house when we were children, without being found out. It seems so... unnatural that people think they can see differences in us. Henry Pyncheon told me, on the station platform this morning, that, though we looked a lot alike, he could see that I wasn't Cynthia."

"You *weren't* Cynthia!" he cried.

"I was, until this morning. I'd been pretending to be Celia ever since she went to Indianapolis to see Fred, a week ago. But I wasn't—permanently—until we changed places, to-day."

"But you *don't* look alike!" he protested. "You and the girl who was married here to-day."

"She'd been a week in the hospital and her face was bandaged. But she's the girl you spoke to for the first time up on top of the clock tower in Venice. She's the girl who was living here with you when you went to Springfield, last week. She wasn't your wife, really, because she was already married to Fred."

HE SAT back in his chair and tried to light his pipe, but his hands were shaking so that he gave it up. His control of his voice was not much better, but he managed to ask, "Then—then who are you?"

Her own lips were trembling, but she answered steadily enough: "The first time you ever saw me, I was quarreling with the dealer in a little antique shop in Venice. But I gave this dress to Celia and sailed the next day for Alexandria with the Pyncheons. And I never saw you again until you opened the door of this flat for me the night you came home from Springfield."

"Celia," he began, and then stopped with a sort of wince.

"That's all right," she reassured him. "I *am* Celia now. What is it?"

"I want you to tell me—why you did it."

"Why I came here and pretended to be Celia?"

"No. Why you changed with her—permanently. You've given her your name—and all your money. Why did you do it? Just to help her out?"

She shook her head. "The first time I saw you, outside that shop, you were so nice and friendly, just to *be* there, that I think I must have fallen a little in love with you then. But I didn't know it. I didn't know I wanted to be Celia till that morning when you brought me my breakfast and found me sitting up in bed—and kissed me. And I hadn't really remembered then who you were. I didn't until I found this dress in her closet."

He was sitting there like a man under a spell. She must break it somehow. She'd begin to cry, or laugh, in another minute.

"I don't believe the building would go up in smoke now—like an Arabian Night,"

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she said, a little wildly. "If *you* want me to be Celia, I wish you'd come around here and kiss me!"

SHE was rather breathless, the girl who was learning to call herself Celia, as she rang the doorbell of Miss Rowland's house in North State Street, but this was not from climbing up the flight of steep steps to the high, old-fashioned stoop. It was an echo of those wild days, now more than a month past, when it had been a commonplace to stand before a supposedly familiar door, in total ignorance of what lay on the other side of it. She was better coached now than she had ever been then, yet she was worse frightened.

The firm, straight-backed, middle-aged woman in cap and apron who opened the door was exactly as Phil had described her; but "Celia's" voice all but died in her throat as she said, "How do you do, Hannah? I haven't seen you for a long time."

She thought the greeting surprised the old servant a little, but she took it all right. She actually was Hannah. That was the main thing.

"I believe Miss Rowland is expecting you," she said. "Would you go right into the drawing-room while I tell her you're here?"

Phil had prepared her for the room too, with its old-fashioned figured carpet, its carved marble mantelpiece, its Victorian furniture, and its fringed lambrequins. To the original Celia it had been an object of whole-hearted derision. To the new one its homeliness made an instantaneous appeal. She would have to hide this feeling in order to be a plausible Celia, just as she would have to hide some other more personal emotions.

She had not in any detail thought out the line to take with Aunt Ellen. Celia had not liked her, and had probably never pretended to, so she supposed it would not do to make the transition too violent.

HER heart began beating pretty hard when she heard the old lady's firm tread coming down the stairs; and when she saw Phil's aunt standing before her, something in her that had no regard for appearances or for consequences took charge. She went up to her new aunt and kissed her.

The unexpected warmth of the greeting—it seemed more like a purely external phenomenon than the deliberate act of either—disconcerted them both. Celia felt herself go red, and she marked, she felt pretty sure, an access of color in Miss Rowland's lean cheeks. If Hannah had not brought the tea in just then it might have been a little embarrassing. But the diversion served to put them on a more conventional footing.

Celia described their trip. They had set out the day after Cynthia's wedding in Phil's roadster, without any plan at all—just for a holiday. They had gone north at random up into Wisconsin. In Milwaukee, Phil had bought a camp trailer, one of those things that turns into a tent at night, and they had not slept under a roof more than half-a-dozen times during the whole month. The days had been lovely beyond words. She had never seen anything like the foliage in the northern part of the state.

Miss Rowland did not say much. She even listened musingly. But there was a

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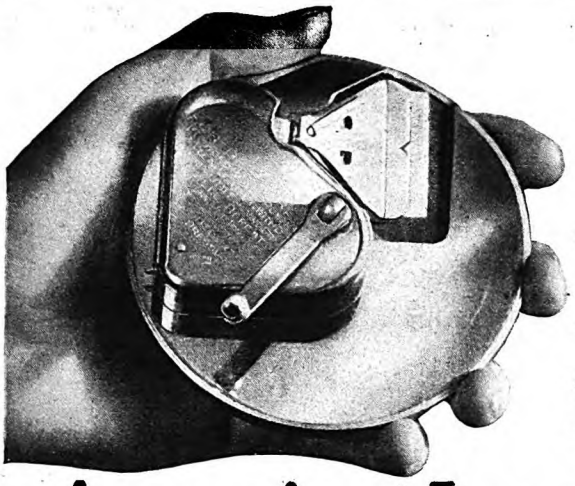

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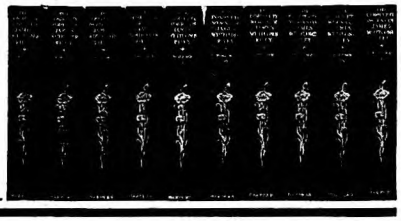

sort of warmth about her manner that made it easy to go on talking.

When the recital was finished her comment was, "It has agreed with you. You're looking extraordinarily well. What's more, you look happy; and you've made Phil happy. I know that."

"Oh, have you seen him?" the girl asked.

Miss Rowland smiled. "No, nor heard from him," she said. "That's how I know."

The girl flushed. "He—he meant to write, I know. But camping out—"

"I haven't been jealous," Miss Rowland said. "I've been thoroughly happy, for the first time in a long while, about him."

Again the girl's heart began beating hard. She hesitated, then yielded to the overpowering impulse that had taken possession of her.

"We ought to have been happy," she said. "You see, it was—it was our honeymoon; literally, I mean. The first thing we did—almost the first thing—that first morning, was to get married. I felt, and so did Phil, that we never had been married before—really. I'm telling you that because—because I want you to believe that we've made a fresh start. Do you remember what you told me the day—the day before Cynthia's accident, about Phil? How he was fastidious of the truth. That's true about him. It's so true it frightens me a little sometimes. But at least he knows all about me now. I wanted to tell you that. That's why I wouldn't let him come with me to-day. I can't explain things to you. I'm not going to try. But I want to ask you to let me make a fresh start."

Miss Rowland poured herself a second cup of tea, strong enough to curl her hair. Her smile was very kind, and at the same time profoundly thoughtful.

"I shall find it easier, my dear," she said quietly, "to think of you as another person altogether. I've never expected miracles; but now that I find myself face to face with one I'm thankful I've got sense enough not to pry into it in an attempt to see what made it happen."

Then, without a pause, or even a look, she began talking of her own plans for the winter. She had always had a desire to go to Bermuda and it was one she had never gratified. This seemed like a good time to put the plan into effect. Celia had never been there, had she? No, she hadn't, though she'd heard it was lovely. In that comfortable vein they chatted for half an hour, and even when the girl took her leave there was nothing but a pleasant hand-shake and an invitation, casually given and taken, for dinner at the flat tomorrow night.

PHIL found his wife pretty thoughtful when he got home an hour later; but they celebrated their return to civilization by going to a show, and it was not till after they had returned home that she told him the story of her visit with Aunt Ellen.

"Do you suppose she meant it literally," the girl asked, "about my being another person altogether? Do you suppose she's guessed?"

He laughed. "That's something she'll never give away to either of us," he said, "even if we try to find out. And for myself, it's the last thing I'd ever think of

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trying. I agree with her. It is wiser not to pry into a miracle."

"By the way," she went on, "I reminded Aunt Ellen to-day of what she'd said about you, that you were fastidious of the truth."

"That was only a kindly way of saying I was a prig," he told her. "You've saved me from a horrible fate by showing me what a whole-hearted liar I can be in a good cause!"

"Isn't there *anything* about it," she asked, "to make you squirm a little?"

"You mean the fraud we put over on Henry Pyncheon? It did, till to-day. And then I thought of something. Suppose you hadn't come into the thing at all. Suppose you'd torn up the other Celia's letter and said you couldn't help her out. Well, I was ready to give up. I knew our case was hopeless. I'd have set her free the minute she asked me to. And I'd have settled an independent income on her. My memory of the girl in the antique shop would have made me want to do that. Well then, if I were to write to Henry Pyncheon and tell him that, as a matter of conscience I'd like to exchange checks with him once a year to the amount of Cynthia's income, there wouldn't be any fraud at all. You'd have your grandfather's money, and your sister would have mine. I'll do it, if you want me to."

She giggled at that. "Uncle Henry would spend the rest of his life trying to figure out how your conscience was concerned!"

"Well, it shows how silly a 'taste exact for faultless fact' can be, when it amounts to a disease."

She nestled contentedly in his arms.

"The truth isn't silly, though," she said. "Not the real truth. And it's none the worse because we have to keep it to ourselves."

"It's all the better!" he told her.

(*The End*)

The Courage of the Wild

(*Continued from page 53*)

her upper lip, and one front leg she raised, poising it ready for a swift blow. She looked so strange, so really dangerous, that the wild hog backed away, turned, and went grumbling off through the woods.

"Then I went over to where the fawn was lying. It was so young that it could hardly stand when it got up."

Here, then, was a case of one animal's meeting another under circumstances that promised a bloody encounter. Yet a very real and spirited display of courage averted a tragedy.

I do not believe that the normal combats during the season of mating indicate any especial courage. They fight then because of natural rivalry and because of a certain impelling lustihood. Having watched a good many of these combats, I have come to believe that these wild creatures get as much enjoyment and thrill out of such encounters as knights of the olden days received from unhorsing their opponents in the lists. Wild gobblers fight readily and ferociously; bucks

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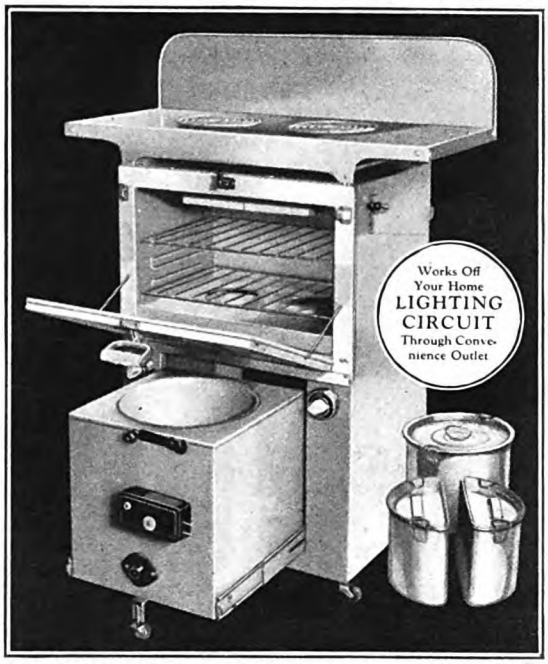

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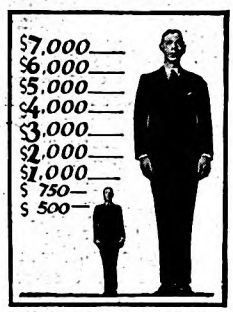

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resort to physical combat to test their supremacy; indeed, most males are, at times, fighters.

These encounters, however, are often little more than games; athletic contests, relished by the players themselves. Seldom do they end fatally, save by accident, as when stags get their horns locked. We have to look to other sources to find true courage. In essential courage, in true moral intrepidity, as far as my observation extends, the female is far superior to the male.

I HAVE long wondered whether the maternal instinct, which is essentially sacrificial, does not carry with it a quality of spiritual fiber that is peculiar to feminine nature. I realize that I am on the borders of a shadowy land when I began to talk of things spiritual; yet all of us are aware that motherhood has in it an element of divinity. The mother not only lays hold on immortality through the bearing of her child, but without the peculiarly superb quality of her devotion no species could survive.

In wild life, at least, males spend most of their time idling, sleeping, bullying, drowsing; their mates seem modest, industrious, invariably occupied with the preservation of the young. I recall how much impressed I was one spring day with the behavior of a wild turkey hen whose nest I had located in a tangle of greenery not far from the plantation house.

From the time when she begins to look about for a suitable nesting place until her young are fully reared, the female wild turkey lives apart from the male; she assumes the entire undertaking of hatching and rearing the young. It may sound simple; yet, by day and night, as she sits on her eggs, she has to overcome the fear of fox and weasel, prowling wildcat and roaming razorback.

Turkeys naturally roost in trees, and usually rather high up. This wild mother has to master the dread of sleeping on the ground, though the fall of night brings the deadliest dangers near. For nearly a month she resolutely stays on her nest, leaving for just a few moments a day. Then, when the young arrive, they have to be shielded, fought for, guided through wild woods, where a hundred dangers lurk. I think it takes courage to do all this.

On the day to which I referred, I went into the tangle of wild grapes and sweet myrtle to take a look at the turkey. There she sat, beside the old pine log, her beady black eyes fixed on mine. She had heard me and seen me first. If there is anything a turkey fears, it is a man, I'm sorry to report. I decided to go as close as I could, to test the wild mother's courage. For what else could it be—this desperate loyalty in the face of sudden death? To the end of the log I came; closer; now to the very last myrtle bush, under the canopy of which the beautiful bird sat. I could have reached down and touched her. Here was a pitch of steadfastness not often to be found save in some manner associated with motherhood. Here was faithfulness unto death. Here was that greater love that is willing to lay down its life for another.

This observation seemed to me to manifest true courage, very different, I

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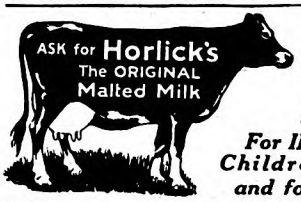

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think, from that savagery that we associate with predatory things. In general, the beasts of prey attack only their physically inferior fellow-creatures. If there be courage at all in these encounters, it is generally shown by the attacked rather than by the attacker; and sometimes, as the saying goes, "the porter wakes up the wrong passenger."

On a wild island near home I was once a witness of a case of this kind—when the would-be slayer was compelled to shift its mental attitude completely. I was ranging the desolate tract looking for some strayed cattle that, attracted by the fast-springing green on the wet island, had swum the creek. I was on an old bank, with a wide canal on either side, two dim waterways in which dwelt many curious and obscure creatures, among them fish of several kinds, serpents, alligators, and frogs. From the dense woods on the island all kinds of wild things came down to this water to drink. The day was warm and springlike. Certain moccasins I saw basking in the sun, huge reptiles of repellent aspect.

Down a log that ran from a clump of trees to the brink of one of the canals I saw a gray squirrel coming; gently, with fluffy tail arched, almost dancing its way down to the water. On the end of the log, in a depression made by the rotting away of a sappy spot, a moccasin lay. It was the largest I had seen. Toward it the squirrel advanced, unaware. Neither wild thing saw me.

The squirrel was within the snake's reach in a moment. Savagely the great reptile struck, but the lithe squirrel leaped like lightning. So swift was his leap that he did not heed the matter of direction. In short, to avoid being struck, the gray nymph of the woods jumped over the huge moccasin, landing on the tip of the log beyond the place where the grim waylayer sprawled.

Then the squirrel was in an evil case. Beyond him lay deep water; on either side of the log the mud was soft and miry. What would he do? The snake had turned now toward him, and I did not see much chance for the squirrel's escape. But that brave and artful creature seemed self-possessed. He gave a few chatters of defiance, then darted down, ran along the *side* of the log, over which hung part of the snake's body. In passing the enemy, the squirrel gave it a sharp bite, and in an instant was scampering away down the top of the log, and so into the haven of the woods. The snake, lashing itself furiously because of the pain, dropped to the mud, and began to crawl toward the water. I saw the wound that had been inflicted. The squirrel's behavior under the circumstances appeared to me nervy, interesting, and wise; and his adroit turning on his hideous enemy pleased me, because it showed me that the professional killer sometimes tackles a veritable tartar.

ANIMALS will sometimes do things which may appear incredibly heroic; yet upon close examination it will be seen that they were acting merely from hereditary deep impulses, more or less automatic. But there is no difficulty in bringing ample proof of the dauntlessness of the children of the wild. Perhaps the experience that Ned Fort had with a black bear will illustrate our point.

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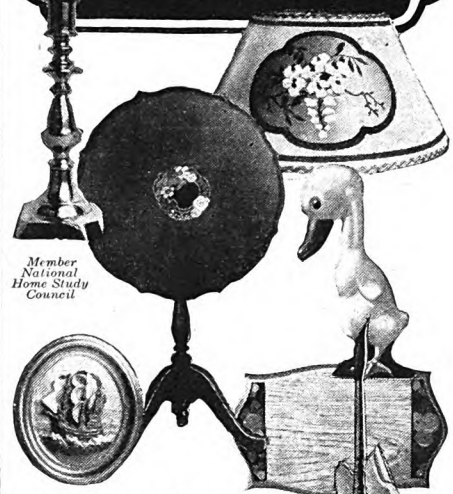

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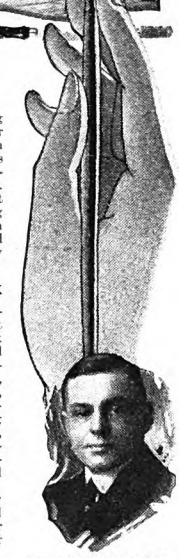

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Fort is a woodsman of the best Daniel Boone variety; he was born, and has lived all his life, in a wild, romantic swamp that has been misnamed Hell Hole. In truth, it is one of the loveliest spots in America; for it has the glamour of the South, the freshness of primeval forests, the luring charm of remoteness and virginity. It is a region where there is much more wild life than human life.

There Ned Fort roams at will the woods that are to him home; and there he has had many a strange experience with wild animals. He told me this one night when I was with a party of hunters bivouacked on the borders of Hell Hole. That it is true down to the minutest detail I have not the slightest doubt. I know Ned; and his speech is the language of truth.

I STARTED this bear," he told us, "when we were deer-hunting, and I shot at it. It seemed to be wounded, and I followed it on my horse. I had two dogs with me, and they kept the trail. At last the vines and bushes got so thick that I had to leave my horse and follow on foot.

"The bear had run into the last and thickest place in the whole swamp. He didn't want to go on, for beyond this place the woods began to open again. He decided that he wanted to stay right here. The dogs went in ahead of me; but they concluded they didn't want to stay at all. They were young dogs, and I didn't blame them. They looked to me as if they had seen something they would remember for a long time.

"I decided to go in after the bear. The vines grew over the tops of the little trees, forming a heavy canopy. I had to go under; then I found that I couldn't get through. I had to do so much climbing and fighting with the brush that I decided to leave my gun and reconnoiter without it. Fifty yards from where I had left it, I came to a little opening under the roofing vines; and on the far side of this, reared up against a big tupelo, was the bear, facing me—just waiting for me, daring me to come. I figured that this place was a sort of a den; and when the bear got to it, his courage rose.

"I have seen a good many wild creatures at bay, but this one did not seem at bay. He seemed ready to fight, not because he could go no farther, not because he was wounded, but because he felt that now he had managed to make the odds less heavy against him. As far as I could tell, he was not wounded. I thought he would break away and run as soon as he saw me. Instead, he dropped to four feet, growled, and took a step toward me. I left that place in a hurry, and without being careful to follow the route I had come. I lost my gun. I lost my dogs. Behind me in the thicket I could hear the bear growling to himself.

"My dogs were at home when I got there, and they were hiding far back under the porch too; and it was the next day before I got my gun. Sure I think a bear has courage, and of a fine sort. Let him pick his place to fight, and he will show you."

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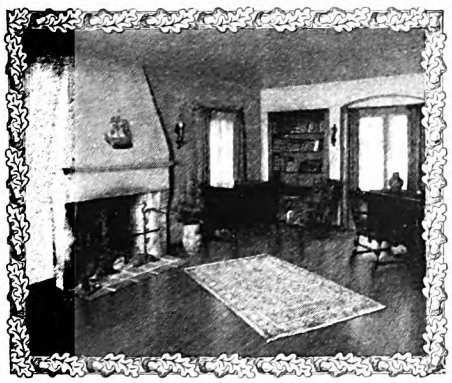

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having, I suppose, prowled farther than usual the night before. An uncle of mine was with me, and together we followed the hounds and the fleeing marauder. He came to bay in front of the arm-chair roots of a massive cypress on the swamp edge. The tree sheltered his back, and the roots covered his sides.

I think I never saw a more savage creature; nor had those hounds ever met so warm a reception. Most of them that rushed in gladly and tumultuously got the jarring of their lives. The wildcat worked like a whiplash; and by the time we arrived on the scene, most of the dogs had lost interest. Some were sitting down soberly, some were licking wounds, some were barking valiantly, but at a discreet distance.

My uncle walked in, to encourage the dogs; but the cat, apparently no whit dismayed by the approach of more formidable enemies, took a lithe run along the ground that was like a spring and yet was not, struck out savagely with the right fore-paw, caught my uncle's boot at the top, and ripped it down to the instep. Then the cat returned to his coign of vantage in sullen triumph, the dogs opening a lane for him to pass. I think it takes courage, even though it be of a vindictive order, to face enemies of the deadliest sort with such cool intrepidity. I do not like wildcats; they are destructive and treacherous. But with my own eyes I have seen them display a courage that one has to grant is admirable.

The fortitude that a wild creature may show in danger can seldom be told by that creature's apparent temperament and manner of life. True courage, whether in man or beast, is a matter of spirit, and as such is not necessarily related to brawn. The otter, for example, one of the shyest, mildest, and most playful of animals, is, for its size, a most formidable fighter. Henry Mills, formerly a gamekeeper at the Santee Club, told me that one of the club's finest hounds had been drowned by an otter.

Nor is this difficult to credit, for anyone who has observed an otter closely will recall this graceful creature's litheness, its sinuous strength, its agility, and the clean perfection of its muscular development. It is said, and I believe it, that an otter is a match for any other wild thing its size. Called upon to fight, it will show the most pertinacious courage; yet most of its time it spends in catching fish and in playing. Indeed, it is one of the few animals in which the actual play-instinct is highly developed.

UNLESS my observations are inaccurate, or unless from them I am drawing faulty conclusions, I believe that the raccoon is possessed of a superior order of courage. You can look at a raccoon and see that he is not born a fighter. He is a thinker, a dreamer, a philosopher. Existence bores him sometimes. Nor is he physically equipped ably to defend himself. Yet he can show fine courage—not a blind fighting instinct, but a somewhat demure intellectual defense.

Late one afternoon I was out walking with two bird dogs on a swamp edge near home when a raccoon ran across our path. It was early for him to be out, but there he was, as big as life. The dogs gave excited chase. In his characteristic fash-

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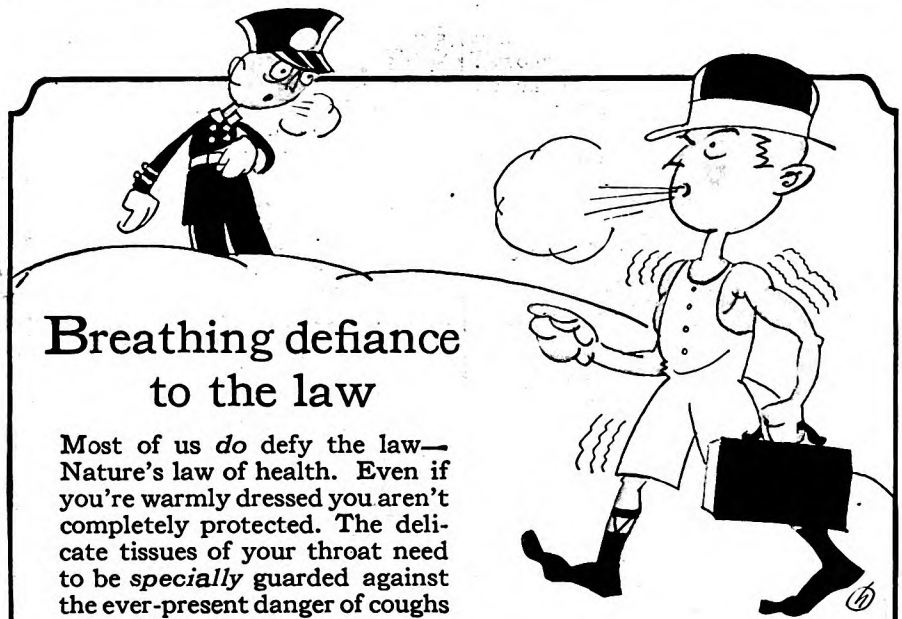

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ion, the 'coon did not incontinently flee, but appeared to be following tactics that he was thinking out as he was escaping.

There was a narrow stream ahead of us, across which an old log had been thrown. Up the end of this the 'coon scrambled, and I thought, of course, that he would cross it and disappear in the swamp beyond. But he had a plan of his own. Half way down the log he stopped, turned, and waited. As soon as the two dogs, noisy and excited, were on the log, slithering to keep their footing, the 'coon, to my surprise, made a short rush at them, actually swarming into the first dog. The dog yelped with surprise, lost his footing, and fell into the water. The other dog, seeing the fate of his comrade, decided that they had tackled the wrong animal. He took one look at the 'coon, that most ludicrously was making himself appear formidable, felt one foot slip, turned, and ran! Here was the old 'coon, master of the log; and below him were the disheveled and discomfited dogs, taking it all out in barking.

If the raccoon had showed nothing but arrant fear, he would have run on, and the dogs would have caught him. He kept cool—and that's a sign of courage. He attacked, and that's another sign. What he did not have of strength and ferocity, he put on; and that shows a certain readiness of nerve.

AS LONG as I have watched wild things, I have not discovered in them what we call "the yellow streak." Some are crafty, skulking, treacherous; but, from the smallest to the greatest, corner one, and you will see manifested that back-to-the-wall courage that all of us can appreciate, even though we may recognize it as futile. I do not find that wild things lie down and give up. The Old Guard is by no means the only thing that dies but does not surrender. That proud description is shared by the hosts of the wastelands. It is quite true that many wild things will not fight until they have to fight; but what of that? The great point to be remembered is that they will not give up without a fight. Only the other day I picked up a tiny titmouse that had had its wing injured. It attacked my hand as valorously as Jack went after the Giant. This kind of courage is not belittled by calling it the valor of despair. It is real; it is genuine manifestation of spirit. It is not only the badgered lion and the wounded elephant that will charge. Even a butterfly will bite its tormentor. I like this trait of not giving up. Wild things have it.

ALTHOUGH he was the poorest specimen in a litter, Sunnybank Sandstorm, alias Sandy, was picked out by Albert Payson Terhune to be *his* dog. Sandy not only had pluck, poise, and brain, but he also had more individuality than all his brothers and sisters put together. All of which goes to show that you cannot always tell a dog by his looks. Next month, in "The Biography of a Puppy," Mr. Terhune relates the fascinating history of Sandy's first habit-forming years. No dog lover should miss this. It will give him many tips about dog training.

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I've Sworn Off Saying "Yes"

(*Continued from page 33*)

regard a debtor as dishonest because he is not able to pay his debt at a given time. We do, however, show him little consideration if he dodges our collectors or ignores our letters. We assume that it is possible for any customer to become 'hard-up' at an inauspicious time, and we ask only that his explanation be direct."

So it is that the man harassed by the worry of debt may find a certain freedom in merely being direct.

I was in the smoking-room of a train about a year ago, traveling from Chicago to New York. A card game was suggested by one of the passengers. Two were willing, but the third, a homespun fellow of evident small-town origin, said bluntly, "I never play cards with strangers." His bluntness apparently irritated the group. One inquired, "Do you intimate you are suspicious of us?" He replied, "I intimate nothing. I merely stated that I do not play cards with strangers."

The two who played lost several hundred dollars, and discovered next morning they had been trimmed by a professional train sharper, who disappeared from the train when the game had finished.

Out in Cincinnati some years ago, I visited "the poorhouse." I had been sent as a reporter to learn, if possible, what agency had contributed most to bringing these unfortunates to such low estate.

I had a long talk with the superintendent, which in the light of my own experience made an indelible impression. He said:

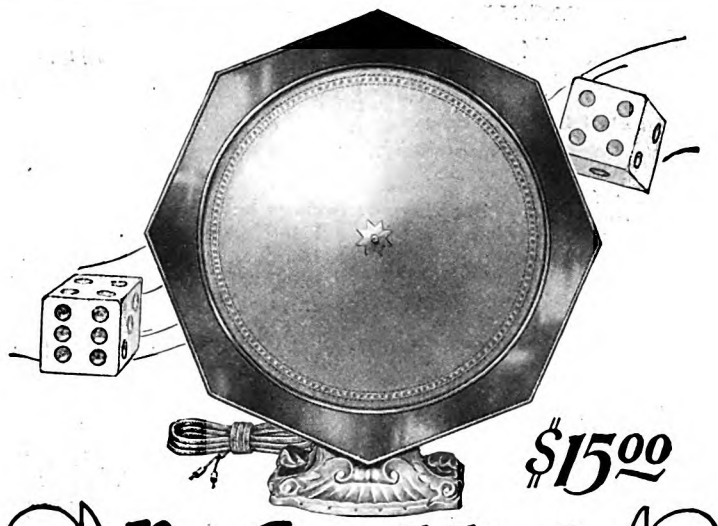
"Most of the inmates of this institution are honest. If they were not, they would be in penal institutions. But there is not one here who is not evasive.

"Ask any one of them if he can do a certain kind of work and he will intimate he can, when he knows he cannot. Most of them have been turned from job after job merely because they accepted work they knew they could not do.

"Thus, they become convinced they are rank failures when, as a matter of fact, they have not found their proper niches. Wherever you find men drifting from job to job with no direct effort to find congenial employment you can count on the inevitable result—poverty."

This to me was a startling revelation of the manner in which indirectness undermines and destroys men's usefulness. No problem is solved by evasion, although it takes many of us many bitter years to learn this truth.

TONS of hot water had deluged the workings of a mine in Nevada, and eight miners were entrapped in the boiling flood. The story of their rescue is an epic in heroism. "One touch of danger makes all miners kin," says Chief Dorsey J. Parker of the United States Mine Safety Service. Next month, in "Heroes of the Dark," you will read many thrilling stories of rescues underground, where no call for help is ever ignored.



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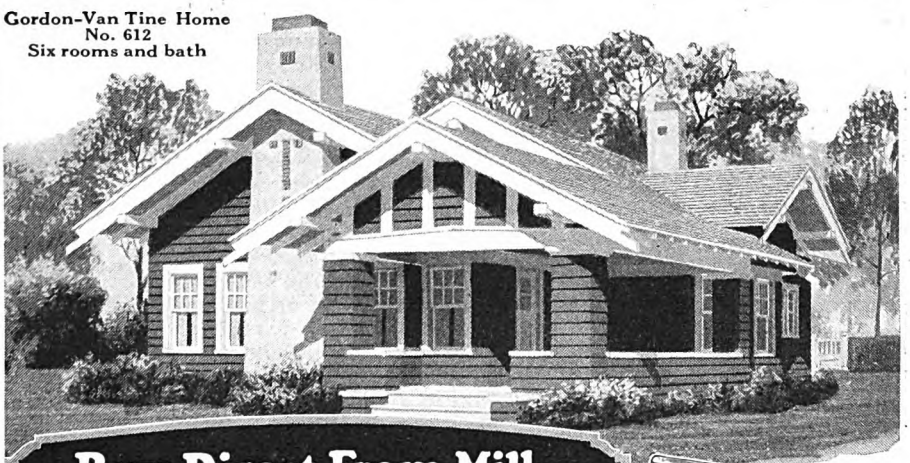

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The Best Story I Ever Found in Real Life

(*Continued from page 49*)

because he thought James Hollingsworth did not have the brevity and snap that a horseman's name should possess. Undoubtedly, when his later letters had not been answered, he had gone back to the old town in search of his mother, and had found no trace. Undoubtedly, the son's search had been as ceaseless and prolonged as had been the mother's. Only the son had never thought to search in Chicago; and the mother, eternally asking for Jimmie Hollingsworth, had no idea that her son was known in Chicago only as Ed Splain.

When my mind came back to the Police Station, the story was all but ended.

"And you say you've been living out at the poorhouse?" asked the millionaire son.

"Yes. For the last three or four years. They've been awfully good to me."

"And you were really arrested yesterday on the charge of being drunk?"

"Yes. But I'm sure the policeman thought he was doing right."

"And locked up all night in a cell with women like—like those?" He nodded toward the rear of the room at the dozen glowering at us from behind their bars.

"Yes. But they were nice to me."

"And then you were tried with them in police court this morning?"

"Yes. But the judge was nice. Everyone's been awfully nice to me."

IF POSSIBLE, Ed Splain's face was now an even harder and grayer granite; his big hands were crushing each other in an even fiercer wrestlers' grip.

"It's been mighty kind of you, mister, to visit me like this and listen to me talk about my boy Jimmie," she went on apologetically. Then she added wistfully, in a half-whisper, her blue eyes that could not see very well without her specs smiling up into his face, "I do so wish I could see my Jimmie once more. But I guess it's too late now. No, I'll never see my Jimmie again."

At that the self-contained Ed Splain abruptly got up and stared out of a window, his back toward us. He stood there rigidly for several moments. When he turned he addressed me. His face still had its granite hardness, but otherwise he was composed.

"Captain Denny told me that Mrs. Hollingsworth is in your custody, and that you can release her whenever you may decide to do so. Is that correct?"

"It is."

"I'd like to drive her back to the Infirmary. My carriage is waiting down in the street. I'd like to talk further to her about her son who was a hostler—perhaps I may be able to help her. Can I secure your permission to drive her home?"

I gave the permission. The black bonnet was tied upon the white head and the gray shawl draped about the thin shoulders, then the three of us descended the long flight of narrow stairs that led to the street. At the curb was a splendid closed carriage, a coachman in uniform on the box soothing to quietness a splendidly matched pair of blacks. Ed Splain helped my little old woman into the coach. She held out her hand to me in parting.

"You've been awfully good to me, mister, and I want to thank you," she said. "If you'll mail me your name and address out to the Infirmary, I'd like to send you a piece of my fancywork."

Then Ed Splain stepped in and the carriage rolled away. I stood rooted to the spot, watching it disappear. I knew perfectly well where the carriage was going. I tried to imagine the scene when he broke the news to her—that after thirty-five years their search for each other was ended.

THEN I thrillingly remembered that I was a newspaper man. That I was stationed at the Harrison Street Station by Pete Dunne and Gilson Gardner to dig up human interest stories. Oh, but didn't I have a human interest story for them! The biggest and best heart story that anyone had turned up in Chicago in years! Sensational—colorful—sentimental, with true sentiment. All based upon the great fire; heart stories of the fire always went big in Chicago.

The story had everything. Mother-love stuff. Son-love stuff. Thirty-five years' search of two hearts separated by fire. Son on Lakeside Drive, old mother in poorhouse. Mother in cell. Reunion at Police Station, and what led up to it. From poorhouse to home of millions!

Yes, that story had everything. And it was the kind that I could write. And it was a scoop, a beat. That story was mine—all mine. Not another reporter in Chicago had a word about it. Dunne would give me a first-page spread on it, and perhaps he'd stick a few dollars more to my salary.

I was already exultantly headed for the "Journal" office, which was only a ten-minutes walk from the police station. I planned my lead, I picked out the high points for my story. And then, just before I entered the "Journal" building, my mind amazed me by darting away upon an aspect of the story I had hitherto not seen.

Ed Splain was not one iota to blame for what had happened. What a proud, self-contained man he was!—and what sensitiveness of nature that control of his concealed! And how happy he must be in his reunion with his mother! But what a sickening blow it would be to his pride, his sensitiveness, his happiness, if my story were to shout to the world that his old mother had been in the poorhouse—that his old mother had been arrested as a drunk—that his old mother had been locked up with Customhouse Place's vilest riff-raff. . . .

By this time I was in the city room, headed for Gardner's desk to report. Dunne, a hand full of galley proofs, was just turning away from Gardner.

"I hope that for once you've brought in a decent story, Scott," Dunne said as I came up.

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"Not a thing," I said. "Just the usual bunch of cheap ladies from Customhouse Place."

"You'd find plenty of stories if you'd only dig!" declared Dunne, a grim light gleaming behind his thick lenses. "And you'd better dig, or you may get a chance to work for a handsomer man!" With that he made for his office.

"It seems to me, Scott, that you wouldn't find it such a bad policy to let us have at least an occasional story," said Gardner in his soft, dry voice. "Well—rewrite this for half a column."

I took the City Press's yellow flimax which he handed me and went to my desk. Instead of the great story that had been throbbing through me a few minutes before, I wrote a dull story of an alleged arson conspiracy among a group of small retail clothiers.

Some few days later a story beginning somewhat as follows appeared in all the Chicago papers:

"Edward Splain, the well-known horseman, gave a dinner last night at his Lakeside Drive home to a small group of intimate friends in honor of his mother. Mrs. Splain has been living in retirement for a number of years, and only recently has her son prevailed upon her to join him. . . ."

Perhaps in this affair I was guilty of cheating my bosses; nevertheless, I have never been sorry that I did not write the story. I would not now be making this little record of it were not the son and mother both dead, and no pride or other mortal feeling remains which can be hurt. Furthermore, the names I have used to designate mother and son are not the real names.

"Treasures!"

(*Continued from page 47*)

he called again at the top of his voice.

Peter did not answer. Ollie ran to the edge of the gully, peered down the bank. Far down below, Peter's blue blouse made color against the brown of last year's leaves. Ollie slid, fell, down the steep slope. He tore his shirt, dug his elbow on a rock. Peter lay, caught by a crooked birch tree, very still, face down in the leaves. Ollie snatched him up.

"Peter, Peter!" Peter did not speak.

Ollie looked up at the banks. How could he ever get him up there? Down! That was better. He went as carefully as he could down to the water, walked along the edge, finally in the water itself. Peter lay limp across his shoulder.

"Good heavens!" Ollie thought, with his throat drawn tight as in a knot. "I almost went away and left him!"

Some new knowledge stirred and burned in Ollie. Something called "responsibility" entered into him. He'd go to the city, as his father wanted him to do, go into an office, learn to make a living right away—then he'd be able to take care of Peter better!

After all, there was no reason for Aunt Jen to support them all! And he ought to go, anyway, for his father's sake. In his thoughts, his father suddenly looked different to him, and he was ashamed of things he had thought before.

Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes anything worthwhile!

HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas. He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but **does** nothing about **any** of them.

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He came, white with fatigue, up through the orchard at last. Jen saw him coming, hurried to meet him. She held out her arms for Peter; but Ollie kept on, carried Peter into the house and put him gently on the couch. He dropped to the floor beside him, his head tiredly down. He heard Jen calling the doctor.

Afterward, when Peter was sitting up, with his wrist bandaged, Ollie went out on the porch. Joe was there.

"Are you going to wear your best suit to-night?" Joe whispered.

"Oh, that's all off!" Ollie heard himself saying in a strange new tone, as if it were a small matter, of no account. Joe stared at him. Joe looked very young to him.

When his father came the next Sunday, they walked down in the orchard together.

"I'm glad you're going back with me for a year," John Crewe said presently, a little embarrassed. "I'd hoped it would be you—Joe'll take better to a profession."

Ollie stared at his father bewilderedly. John Crewe smiled quietly.

"Your aunt Jen's going to let me buy a share in the farm," he explained. "And I want one of you boys here with me—one that the land means something to. I have another year on my contract in the city but then—then!"

He put out a hand to a branch of an apple tree as if to a friend.

"I thought I'd like you there with me—a year—in *her* house—to read her books with me—to—to—" He paused, a look of such deep trouble in his eyes that Ollie turned away from him. But his father spoke next of the farm again.

"There's something about land—you're your own master. You can make things grow, and each year it's all new and beautiful."

"*Your own master.*" The words touched some spring in Ollie's mind. He looked about him quickly. Why, it was true! You would be your own master. You'd be like a—a king. That was, maybe, what gave Aunt Jen that look. It was the only place, really, where you *could* be your own master. A feeling of power lifted Ollie's head. The petals fell about him. This would be all red with apples in a few short months!

Ollie laughed suddenly aloud. He had wanted to go to Mexico!

Just before they left, John Crewe said: "Well, thanks for letting me have the boy, Jen!"

Ollie saw his Aunt Jen's smile, a little sad, but beautiful.

"Guess he isn't a boy any longer, John," she said.

At Parsons's, Ollie put out a hand suddenly.

"Stop here, Dad!" he said. Molly was out by the well. He went straight to her, pulled a stuffed handkerchief from his pocket.

"I wish you'd give this to Peter for me, will you?" he demanded. "I forgot! It's *treasures!*" he said, a little defiantly.

Molly took the things. Her brown fingers touched his, and she looked at him quickly, shyly. He heard himself saying something quite unintended.

"You write, will you, Molly?" he said. "I'll write back!"

It's Fun Being a Father

(*Continued from page 55*)

useless as a jib and mainsail on a dromedary.

Also, while I think of it, don't jump down your son's throat because he irritates you or upsets your ease and comfort. Look to the act. Maybe the thing he is doing is all right in itself and, if it is, let him go on doing it, even if it is playing a saxophone while you are trying to read the stock reports. Playing a saxophone is as important to him as your newspaper is to you, and, anyhow, you have no inherent right to ease and comfort. If you don't want to be disturbed, don't have a son. If you have a son, don't scold him for being one.

Don't embarrass him. Don't make him feel uncomfortable in your presence. Don't let him get the idea that every time you are together he has to listen to your ideas on morality and nobility and what-not. A boy is very easily embarrassed and put on his guard against you. Once his guard is up, you'll have the very dickens of a time getting inside it again.

Any father who amounts to a hill of beans must educate his son—or help educate him. We all have certain ideals. We all have certain ambitions. There are things we want to tell our sons, and things we want our sons to become. But ease it into them, don't whale them over the head with it.

I hope the ethics of my sons are sound. They are if mine are, which may be open to question. But I never have issued any commandments or made them listen to any homilies.

The concrete example is grand. If your son is fond of you, he will want to be what you admire. All right then, admire things so he can see you doing it, but not so pointedly that he will think you are trotting out a lesson for him. Discuss his friends and acquaintances.

For instance:

"Son, what kind of an egg is Bill Smithers?"

"Oh," says your son, "Bill's all right."

"Um. . . . Maybe; but somehow I don't just cotton to him. What's wrong with him, anyhow?"

"Well," says your son, "Bill's always got an alibi."

"Can't take his medicine, eh?"

Then your son will shrug his shoulders and edge away from the subject; but he knows you don't like fellows who are always making phony excuses for their failures.

Or: "Say, son, that was a pretty square thing Mike did in the yacht race yesterday, wasn't it?"

"When he fouled the other boat at the buoy and then withdrew from the race?"

"Yeah. The officials couldn't see it, and he could have stayed in if he'd wanted to."

"Oh, Mike isn't that kind of a bird," says your son, and the conversation closes. But he knows you admire good sportsmanship, and thereafter he is going to aim at good sportsmanship himself.

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There isn't anything, from a respect for truth to the observation of the Volstead Act, that you can't get over to him by concrete example, and without a word of preachment. Show him what you admire; show him what you despise. And be sure you admire and despise the right things.

I HAVE just one set rule: I won't break a promise to my sons, no matter how slight it may be. Even if they trick me into it, which is sometimes the case. If I say I'll do it, then I'll do it, and no monkey business. That goes a long ways.

And let your boy know you are back of him. I remember saying to my son once, "Listen, fellow, you know what I'm here for. It's to get you out of trouble. You know as well as I do that I don't want you to get into any trouble, but any fellow is apt to get off on the wrong foot sometime. I'm here, and I'm always here, and my job is to get you out of any kind of a mess you get into. If you ever did anything rotten I'd feel pretty bad about it; but I would help you out of it if it cost every ounce and every cent I've got. If ever your foot should slip, make a bee-line for home, and you'll find me on the job. It's you and me against the world, old top, and never lose sight of that."

Now, maybe that isn't orthodox; but it's what I believe and what I would do. I believe it is what my boys would do for me. I hope so.

I've made them know I'm all lathered up with interest in whatever they are doing. A week or so ago my son played hockey on his school's team. It was an important game to him and to me. I rode two nights on a sleeper to see it. I wanted to. I wouldn't have missed it for twice the discomfort or expense. I'd go to the Pacific coast to see either of my sons jump through a hoop. And I don't have to tell them so.

My kids know I'd a heap rather have them fail every examination for the rest of their lives than to write the answers on their cuffs before going into the classroom. My effort has been to be on the level with them; always to play the game. In return, they have always played the game with me, and I want them always to play the game with the world at large.

Every once in a while one of them expresses his confidence in me by consulting me about some problem—either of practical affairs or of ethics. I try not to give advice. I say, "Listen, old egg, you've got brains and this is a slick time to use 'em. If you can't decide what's right to do there's no use coming to me. I don't know any more about it than you do."

You'll notice generally that when your son comes to you with a problem, it isn't because he doesn't know what he ought to do, but because he has a sneaking hope you'll find some indulgent way of letting him do what he wants to do, but shouldn't. So I always pass the buck right back, and let them make their own decisions. It puts them up against it, don't you see; and is good for the soul.

My pet theory is that a father can't *make* his son, but he can ruin him by neglect or by ill example or by evil instruction.

To a considerable extent, a boy brings himself up. He has within him the mak-

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ings of what he is going to be. And the best a father can do is to provide the proper environment and example, and seek the lad's confidence.

Plant in your son, just as soon as he is old enough to have anything planted in him, the fact that you believe him to the hilt; that his word is good with you any day of the week against any circumstantial evidence or against anybody's testimony. The fact of perfect trust begets honor. And I'm very much in favor of honor.

On the other hand, I try to see to it that my sons believe and trust me as implicitly as I do them.

ALL children are selfish. All human beings are selfish. Altruism is the highest point in human culture, and few of us have reached it. I am selfish and you are selfish and your Aunt Sarah is selfish. It's as natural as breathing. But you can seduce your sons into qualifying their selfishness, which is a big thing.

Set out to convince them that it is a pleasure for you to make some sacrifice for their benefit, and you will discover that presently they will be finding pleasure in forgoing some desire for your benefit. It's give and take between father and son, just as between husband and wife. The days when Father demanded everything and gave nothing but bed and board and the razor strop are passed.

And, for heaven's sake, don't attach moral turpitude to peccadillos. If a boy skips school—as he is bound to once in a while—don't act as if he had stolen a gold watch from a blind uncle. He doesn't play truant because he wants to be bad; he plays it because life is still a game, and because skipping school is an adventure. Most mischief he gets into is through love of adventure. It's the contest of wits that he loves, and the contest of muscles and agility.

I'll venture to say that a majority of juvenile criminals are not criminals at all. They are boys who played a game, and got caught at it by thick-witted authority. Did you ever steal apples out of an orchard? Or did you ever swipe watermelons out of a patch? Well, why did you do it? For the adventure, of course, and to show your courage to the other fellows.

So, what is the difference between that and the unfortunate city child in squalid surroundings who steals his apple off a fruit stand, or who substitutes a bag of candy for the apple? It isn't that he wants the apple or candy, but that he wants to match himself against authority. So, go easy with the pot of moral turpitude. Mostly, there ain't no sich animile.

Also, don't forbid a multitude of things. A rule is an invitation. I never saw a "Keep Off the Grass" sign without wanting to walk across the lawn. And if you do forbid a thing, start, not by issuing an order but by explaining why such a thing ought not to be done.

A few years ago my younger son was detected by my wife in the heinous act of abstracting a cigarette for my elder son to smoke. She was immediately beset by alarms and tremblings, and demanded that I erect a gibbet.

"Now look here, Ma," said I, "you haven't ever been a boy since I knew you, and reports say you weren't one before. Suppose this time you sit on the side lines and see how quiet you can keep, and let me settle this outrage."

So she did. I let it ride along until, next day, my son sat down to read in the library. And then I tried an experiment. I passed him my cigarette case.

"Have one," says I.

He batted his eyes and swallowed a couple of times.

"Smoke, don't you?" says I.

"Yes," says he.

"Well," says I, "if smoking is what you're going to do, home is the best place to do it. If you're going to smoke I'd rather you didn't feel you had to hide behind a shed."

He was sort of dubious about it.

"But," I continued, "I didn't smoke until I was through college. It wasn't because I thought it was wicked to smoke; it was on account of my wind. I played football and other games, and the coaches and trainers said I could do better if I let smoking alone. I took their word for it, and didn't smoke. I'm just passing the tip on to you, and you can do exactly as you like."

That was that. A couple of days afterward he said in that nonchalant way kids have of making important announcements, "Dad, I've decided *not* to smoke."

"Good egg!" I exclaimed.

That closed the incident. Where was the use of smoking when the adventure was denatured out of it? He could smoke if he wanted to, so he quit fooling with it.

I LIKE the job of being a father. I get more pleasure out of it than out of anything else in the world. I don't work hard at it. I play at it. My sons do not address me as "Sir," or show a spurious respect for me. They call me "Dad," and we treat each other as equals. We are a gang. And I don't insist on being the leader of the gang more than my share of the time. They know me as well as I know them, and lots of times I catch them laughing at some crinkle in my *tout ensemble*. We are coöperative. We have our quarrels, and I can quarrel as heartily as any twelve-year-old. But we don't have any heavy father and subservient son stuff. No, sirree, not in *our* family.

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(*Continued from page 43*)

unhappy. Your mental digestion never will be right until you shut out ever'thing else but one main purpose—an' how can you be happy when you got mental indigestion, which is worry?"

But to get back to our narrative:

Hanley and his brother forged eastward into a part of Oregon where only Indians and coyotes ranged. They discovered immense valleys where the grass was so high a horse could get lost in it—acres of rich, untouched pasturage, on which their herds fattened and multiplied. Eventually they reached the valley where Hanley now lives.

Winter and summer, they slept under the stars. When it snowed, they made a willow shelter. For nearly three years they didn't sleep in a bed. Wild life was abundant. Game birds of all kinds swarmed in the marshes.

"Many a mornin' we rounded up our stock an' found more antelope than cows in the herd," Bill told me.

In 1882, the end of the three years, another cowman drove into the country. He offered to buy the Hanleys out.

"JUST to show you how men loved horses in those days, I'm goin' to tell you how the deal for my part of the herd was finally made," Bill chuckled.

"They was about two thousan' dollars difference between us on the deal. We was sittin' on our haunches there tryin' to git together; but not havin' too much luck.

"I had a black pony with white legs, a purty animal, but he had a most uncomfortable gait for a ridin' horse. He was grazin' around us with his saddle on, an' we weren't payin' much attention to 'im.

"Well, they was a fence had been built right along there, an' at one place was a kind of a hurdle-like thing six or seven feet high. While we was talkin', my horse walked over to that hurdle-thing an' jumped over it, as purty as you please. I don't know what possessed him to do it, but over he went.

"The man th't was tryin' to buy hops up an' says, 'Who owns th't horse?'

"I says, 'I do,' an' he says, 'Well, throw him in an' the deal is made.' I says, 'You can have him.'

"I rode out o' th't valley only about twenty years old, an' with seven thousand dollars in my pocket.

"Th't was a small fortune then; but I had earned it, because I sure went through hardships gettin' it—cold, an' rain, an' loss o' sleep at times.

"One time I started out an' traveled two days an' nights tryin' to find an outfit I'd heard was in th't part o' the country. The mornin' o' the second night I was sleepin' on a table rock overlookin' a valley, havin' taken th't position to keep out of the path o' Indians. The Indians never done me any harm, but 'twas just as well, I thought, not to meet up with 'em.

"I hadn't had anything to eat for

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1. Would you write—

Between you and I	or Between you and me
I did it already	or I have done it already
Who shall I call	or Whom shall I call
It's just as I said	or It's just like I said
The river has overflowed its banks	or The river has overflown its banks
I would like to go	or I should like to go
I laid down to rest	or I lay down to rest
Divide it among the three	or Divide it between the three
The wind blows cold	or The wind blows coldly
You will find only one	or You will only find one

2. How do you say it?—

ev-en-ing	or	eve-ning
as-cer-tain	or	as-cer-tain
hos-pi-ta-ble	or	hos-pit-able
ab-do-men	or	ab-do-men
may-or-al-ty	or	may-or-al-ty
a-me-na-ble	or	a-men-able
ac-cli-mate	or	ac-cli-mate
pro-found	or	pro-found
ben-e-fi-shee-ary	or	ben-e-fish-ary
cul-i-na-ry	or	cu-li-na-ry

3. Do you spell it—

supercede	or supersede	repetition	or repitition
receive	or recieve	separate	or seperate
reprieve	or reprieve	acomodate	or accommodate
donkeys	or donkies	trafficing	or trafficking
factories	or factorys	acsesible	or accessible

Thousands of persons make little mistakes in their everyday English and don't know it. As a result of countless tests, Sherwin Cody found that the average person is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English. In a five-minute conversation, or in an average one-page letter, five to fifty errors will appear. Make the test shown above now. See where you stand on these 30 simple questions.

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Answers

1

Between you and me
I have done it already
Whom shall I call
It's just as I said
The river has overflowed its banks
I should like to go
I lay down to rest
Divide it among the three
The wind blows cold
You will find only one

2

eve-ning
as-cer-tain
hos-pi-ta-ble
ab-do-men
may-or-al-ty
a-me-na-ble
ac-cli-mate
pro-found
ben-e-fish-ary
cu-li-na-ry

3

supersede
receive
reprieve
donkeys
factories
repetition
separate
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forty-eight hours. The first thing I heard when I woke up about sunrise was the howl of a coyote; then another one howled off somewheres else; then they all howled—an' I was so hungry I joined 'em! . . . Them's the kind o' hardships we sometimes met up with in this country in the ol' days."

After he sold out, Hanley returned to the Rogue River Valley and took charge of his father's ranches. By that time, the elder Hanley was feeling the strain of his advancing years.

Although he says he felt he was "just visiting" there from the great Harney Valley, where he had made his first little stake, time passed on and it was ten years before Bill went back to Harney Valley to stay and grow up, and influence its development.

THE seven thousand dollars he made when he sold out his first herds went the way that money often goes when it gets into the hands of young men; he "blowed" most of it in for a good time. He got his start—the one that laid the foundation for the present Hanley Stock Company—by taming a herd of wild cows. Through this experience, he also developed his remarkable ability to control "cow-brutes" en masse.

"These cattle was runnin' wild up in the Siskiyou Mountains," he explained, puffing reminiscently on his big pipe. "An' I mean they *was* wild!

"If you'd ride up on the ridge, they'd run for the bottoms and lay down an' hide under the brush, just like a flock o' prairie chickens. Just let one see you, an' he'd flash some kind of a secret, psychic something to ever' other brute in the herd, an' in two seconds they'd be wise to you.

"The men th't owned them was willin' to sell them for almost nothin'. In fact, them cows had been sold a time or two; but the purchasers found th't ownin' a wild cow an' controllin' one is two different things. Usually the buckaroos'd get only one animal out of a herd—an' they'd kill him a-doin' it! Them brutes would fight for freedom, an' they'd break their fool necks tryin' to get away from a rope.

"I bought hundreds o' those cattle, an' brought 'em over here, an' th't was the beginning of my herds. There was a time here when I was runnin' more than five thousand cattle."

"But how did you get the wild cows out of the mountains?" I asked.

"Well," Mr. Hanley continued, "at first when we rode up, they would hide until we went away. But we kep' a-ridin' up into their territory regular, until they got used to seein' us around. Even then, they didn't let us git familiar with 'em. If we moved very close, they moved on. We followed them, an' wherever they decided to stop for the night, that was good enough for us.

"Now, ever'thing in the world th't breathes wants something. If you c'n find th't thing, even with men, no matter how they may dislike you, they'll deal with you.

"My next move with these cattle was to give them the thing that they wanted more than anything else, an' that was salt. In a green country like th't, salt was scarce. I don't suppose them cows had ever tasted any quantity of salt until I gave them some.

"The first steer th't took a lick of th't salt had the most surprised expression on his face—like a country kid tastin' ice cream for the first time. He begin to send out his psychic vibrations, an' they flashed through the whole herd. In a few minutes there was a jam at the bargain counter.

"We strung 'em along like th't, droppin' a little salt here an' there, an' lettin' them see us do it. After a few days, them cows held some kind of a secret caucus, an' decided we must be all right. From then on, they'd let us drive 'em up an' down the canyon—but not out, you betcher life! Not right then, anyway.

"It was three or four weeks more before they'd agree to anything like th't. But one day, we got 'em out.

"It was so strange to them, they kind of hung around close to us—there was about two hundred head in all the first time, I guess. Whenever we'd meet up with a stranger, they'd hike for the brush an' hide, an' leave us out in the open alone! Then, after the stranger was gone, they'd come amblin' back!"

Several herds of this kind were driven across the state of Oregon to the ranges in the southwest, where the present Hanley ranches are.

In 1883, the country was surveyed, and boundaries began to be recognized. Although some land was taken up by homesteaders, Hanley never exercised his homestead right.

THERE was a road grant which crossed the state from Albany to Ontario. The latter town is the main line railroad point from which a branch now operates down to Burns. Odd sections along the grant were held as public domain, but even sections were for sale. From the proceeds of his cattle sales, Hanley bought many of these sections—so many he couldn't ride from one end of his holdings to the other in a day. Of recent years he has been gradually selling his lands, making way for the increasing population.

The town of Burns was started in the early eighties, and although settlers came in very slowly there were soon enough for a community consciousness to begin to develop. Hanley became, and still is, the leading citizen of the community. Even when his ranches were two hundred miles, and even more, from the railroad, he didn't permit himself to remain isolated. He went to the cities often, and he took an interest in legislation that would benefit his neighbors and himself—especially in matters having to do with the opening of the public domain to settlement.

He built miles of canals to carry water to his lands, and these canals are soon to become part of a system to irrigate eighty-three thousand acres of farm lands. Whenever he built a canal, he built a road on the bank, and countless hundreds owe to him the fact that they have been able to travel across an undeveloped country with comparative ease. In recognition of his work as a citizen, the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce once elected him as its president.

He has a wonderful ability to get results out of human beings through indirect methods, in illustration of which I can give you one example—his influence

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in getting branch-line railroads in Oregon. There was a line running crosswise through northern Oregon, and another going coastwise or southward through the valleys in western Oregon. But there were no lines running north and south through central Oregon.

Suppose you had laid down before you the problem of getting a railroad across your state. How would you go about it? This is the way Bill Hanley did it:

The railroads weren't interested at that time—about fifteen years ago—in any more extensions in Oregon; they were busy developing lines elsewhere. Bill Hanley started an agitation for a state-owned railway, which would divide the state of Oregon into four approximately equal quarters. C. E. S. Wood, an artist who had considerable ability as a speaker, joined Hanley in the scheme. Wood made a speech before the legislature, suggesting the bonding of the state to build the proposed road.

It was a radical scheme—entirely unbecoming, hundreds of his friends said, of Bill Hanley, who had always, until then, been known as a rather conservative man. The cry of "Socialism"—anathema in those days—was flung at Bill.

But he smiled, and made speeches.

"Whatever the flaw in the general principle," he said, "the fact remains that we need railroads in Oregon, and the necessity justifies the methods."

The scheme got rather popular. The possibility of getting a railroad thrilled many isolated communities.

One day Bill got a telegram from James J. Hill. This was exactly the chance that Bill wanted. Immediately he went to Omaha and saw the railroad builder.

He outlined to Hill the need of more railroads, and he was able to give important information about the possibilities of the regions in question.

"We're goin' to git some railroads out there, one way or another," declared Bill.

"You're right," said Hill. "But you don't need to bond your state to build your railroads. I'll build at least part of them for you."

Hanley and a friend then arranged for a right of way for Hill for a line through central Oregon, down the Deschutes River. Immediately another company started to build on the other side of the river! Where there had been no interest in the subject on the part of the railroads there was plenty of interest in Oregon now.

I SUPPOSE you've been looking, as you read this story of an old-time cattle baron's experiences, for some shooting and excitement. As far as Bill Hanley himself is concerned, you are going to be disappointed, for he was not a gun-totin' man.

His first, last, and only gun experience occurred when he was twelve years old, just after he had been made foreman of one of his father's ranches. The dénouement of this little incident will show you that, even then, Bill Hanley was an individual of character, for he did something that very few boys of that romantic, gun-carrying period would have done.

A cowpuncher much older than Bill resented the fact that so much authority had been given into the hands of a boy. He taunted young Bill all the time, and

Seven doctors out of ten said laxatives are harmful

IN a recent coast-to-coast investigation we asked doctors the plain question: "Do you consider the continued use of cathartics and laxatives harmful?" 72.24% answered unqualifiedly "Yes." Why do so many doctors condemn laxatives? Here is the reason one doctor gives: "Laxatives cause inhibition of the peristaltic action." In plain English, this means that laxatives make the bowels weak by doing their work for them. If expulsion of waste matter is forced by pills or other drugs, the bowel muscles soon become powerless to do their work without help. In other words, laxatives bring on the laxative habit.

Eight doctors out of every ten told us they were advising the Nujol type of treatment for their patients in place of laxatives. Why? For many different reasons, of which the following were the most important: 1. Nujol is not habit-forming; 2. Nujol is a more natural method; 3. A lubricant is better than a laxative; 4. Nujol does not gripe; 5. It is not irritating; and 6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

These reasons all spring from the fact that the action of Nujol is absolutely different from the action of laxatives. Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. They cause the bowels to frantically expel the contents of the intestines and thus rid the system of the drugs that pills and potions contain.

Nujol acts entirely differently. It contains no drugs, no medicine of any kind. Its action is not chemical but mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that the muscles of the bowels can expel the waste matter regularly, naturally and thoroughly.

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be and no matter what else the patient may be suffering from. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Nujol is a pure, nature-given remedy. Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today and start treatment tonight. It is the way most doctors would advise you to overcome constipation, whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

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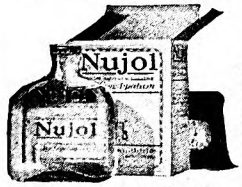

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Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.

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"Such an Easy Way to Make Money"

EVERY time I think of the long time it took me to be convinced of the Club's money-making opportunities, why, I get simply furious with myself.

"When I first wrote to you, saying in about a dozen words that I wanted to make a few extra dollars, I am sure you never guessed how very unhappy I really was.

"That morning at the breakfast table my dear man told me quite sharply that I'd have to learn to economize. It was no surprise to me, for I knew that I had been spending far too much money on myself, also on clothes and tea parties. I can assure you I didn't blame him.

"I felt very much ashamed of myself but you know, dear Margaret Clarke, there is certain incomparable joy in having a home of which you are proud, in buying clothes as smart as your friends, in doing all the things that make us happy.

"I was thinking how thoughtless I had been, when the postman brought The American Magazine. As he handed it to me I remembered your invitation to join Club Members in their money-making. I turned to your latest talk and I wrote you. Well—

"In my first week I earned $10. In my second week I earned $14.75. Since then I have been spending and saving my Club dollars—to my heart's content.

"Then one morning John looked unusually worried and hardly ate his breakfast—because of a pesky bill. I asked him to let me have it.

"'What are you going to do with it?' he asked.

"And wasn't I proud when I could say, 'Why, pay it, of course.'

"'Frankly I was just a bit frightened because he never approved of women earning money. But when I told him about The Pin Money Club, why, he was as pleased as Punch. So you can see how much real happiness you have brought into my life."

* * *

I'LL not tell you this member's name—her letter is so personal that I am sure she wouldn't wish me to do so. But I do want to tell you that this Club is open to you and you are invited to come and join us in our money-making. Write to me to-day, addressing your letter to

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
The American Magazine
Department I
250 Park Avenue New York City

one night at a dance the feeling reached a climax. The cowpuncher announced that he was going to "slap the stuffin'" out of young Hanley.

He came outside the dance hall to make good his promise, and found himself staring into a gun. He started to run, and the boy took after him.

"I chased him out of sight, an' he never did come back," Hanley recalled. "But after he was gone, I looked at th't gun, an' then I looked at myself, inside. An' when I realized th't I had something awful in my heart, I threw th't gun away into a pile o' brush, an' I've never carried one since.

"Naw. It's only the man th't's scared that has to carry his brains in his hip pocket.

"There wasn't any law in this country in them days—not any what you'd call effective law. Men just settled things 'tween theirselves. Men've come to me an' offered to kill other men th't they thought'd done me dirt! Just gives you an idea of how things was bein' run in them days.

"BUT I never knew it to fail th't the baddest man always has some extraordinary streak o' goodness in him. Take ol' Long John, one of the worst gunmen th't ever hit this section. Dead now—so mean somebody just *had* to kill him.

"One night in a saloon a man got into argument with Long John. Words led on until they was passin' bad names back an' forth. All at once, Long John quit talkin', and his eyes got cold-like. I knowed what th't meant. I got hold o' Long John an' took him out o' there.

"'Look here,' I says, when we got outside; 'I know what you're aimin' to do, John—an' I don't want yuh t' do it. I know th't feller, an' I know his sister—'

"'As he got a sister?' says Long John, awfully surprised. 'As th't low-down, dirty dawg got a sister!'

"'Yes,' I says, 'John, an' she's a darned nice girl. An' his ol' mother, why, it'd ki—'

"'As he got a *mother!*' says Long John, like I'd told him something that was impossible. 'Him, with a mother!' He thought a minute, then he says, 'Bill, I got a mother too!'

"'Sure you have,' I says. 'I don't want you to do what you was aimin' to do to him.'

"'All right,' he says. 'Git me a horse.'

"I gave him a horse, an' th't night he rode out o' the country.

"Many a' ol'-timer, I suppose, has often wondered what ailed Long John—why it was that he took insults he'd never taken before without—without doin' something about it.

"But I'd found his tender spot: He loved his mother, an' for th't once, at least, he had spared another mother grief out of memory for her.

"Speakin' o' excitement, you're liable t' git th't anywhere, you know, especially with a herd o' cattle around.

"One night we was out with a herd o' them wild cattle I told you about. For two or three days they had been working down out o' the hills, callin' to each other, restless an' uneasy-like. Whenever you see a cow doin' th't—comin' down out o' the hills an' a-goin' 'Ahooo! Ahooo!'—git out yer raincoat, because there's goin' to be a storm. It may be two or three days away—but the cow knows what she's bawlin' about.

"I always say th't when a man says, 'I'll think it over,' he's admittin' he don't know; but animals don't have t' think it over—they *know*.

"WELL, this night I'm tellin' you about, a drizzly rain started. The cattle was tense an' nervous. Helpin' me was a boy from Jacksonville—a kid full o' energy. His father'd sent him with me to work some of th't extra energy out o' him.

"It was good and dark. The cows wouldn't lie down, but kep' kind o' millin' around. An', all of a sudden—*bang!* A bolt o' lightnin' struck some'eres near. It seemed like it just struck an' splattered, for y' could hear it crackling among them brutes' horns!

"For about ten seconds them cows stood like they was froze. Then they started down the slope—comin' toward us! Well, if that darned kid hadn't gone an' got down off his horse! Of course he didn't know no better. He didn't realize th't in a few seconds they'd be hundreds o' tons o' insane beef trompin' on the spot where he was standin'.

"I think maybe he thought he could shoo them cows back!

"I kicked my pony in the ribs, an' started to ride away from there. It was darker than a stack o' black cats. I couldn't see all the cows, but I could hear 'em. It sounded like a billion hoofs was hittin' the ground.

"As my pony jumped alongside the kid, I reached down an' picked him up. They wasn't no time to be polite about it; I just grabbed him aroun' the neck and under one arm. He pretty near choked to death, an' he wasn't sure whether I was jokin' or not—but I rode about a half-mile with him th't way at top speed, before them cows finally began to break up and run off by theirselves.

"It was lucky I grabbed th't boy. We went back an' found his pony tromped nearly to death. If he'd 'a' been there he would've been killed."

THERE is no task too delicate for the keen wits of Scattergood Baines. He will settle a case out of court, adjust a quarrel between husband and wife, pull a man out of financial bogs, or even dabble in the perilous task of making matches between young men and young women. Next month he encounters two young folks who have found that the course of true love is full of bumps, and of course he smooths out the bumps for them. "Scattergood Deals in Matrimony" is the title of this newest fiction adventure of the old hardware merchant of Coldriver.

THERE are still millions of people left in the world who love to do brain-teasers in the shape of puzzles. In "Do These if You Can," coming next month, these folks will have an opportunity to sharpen their wits and prove their mettle. A wide variety of puzzles to suit all tastes!

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Be Prepared for the Best—It May Come Your Way!

(*Continued from page 19*)

she replied, as if the question seemed absurd to her. "It wasn't any secret anyway," she added, laughing. "I told everybody! I was as sure of being a motion picture actress as I was of the sunset and the sunrise. So I calmly stated it as a settled fact.

"There has been only one time, as far back as I can remember, when I felt any doubt concerning it. I'll tell you about that experience when I come to it in the story. It was the only time I have ever been downright discouraged.

"You know," she went on, with the look of a child who has made a great discovery, "I believe that what we *think* helps to make us what we *are*. I have so much faith in the power of thought that I simply shut my mind against doubts and fears.

"You asked if I told my parents about my plans. Yes; especially my mother. She is wonderful. She has always been more than my mother. She has been my intimate friend!

"In Tampa, I used to go to motion pictures whenever I had the chance. But I never had to do it sneakingly. On the contrary, I was always talking about it at home.

"Father and Mother might have forbidden my going. Instead, they went with me. Then we could discuss pictures together. That was a good thing, because they had better judgment than I had. I think they took the wise course.

"MOTHER never laughed at me when I said I was going to be a motion picture actress. She has always believed that parents should respect their children's ideas, not treat them with contempt. If I had a fixed ambition, she thought I should have the right to follow that ambition.

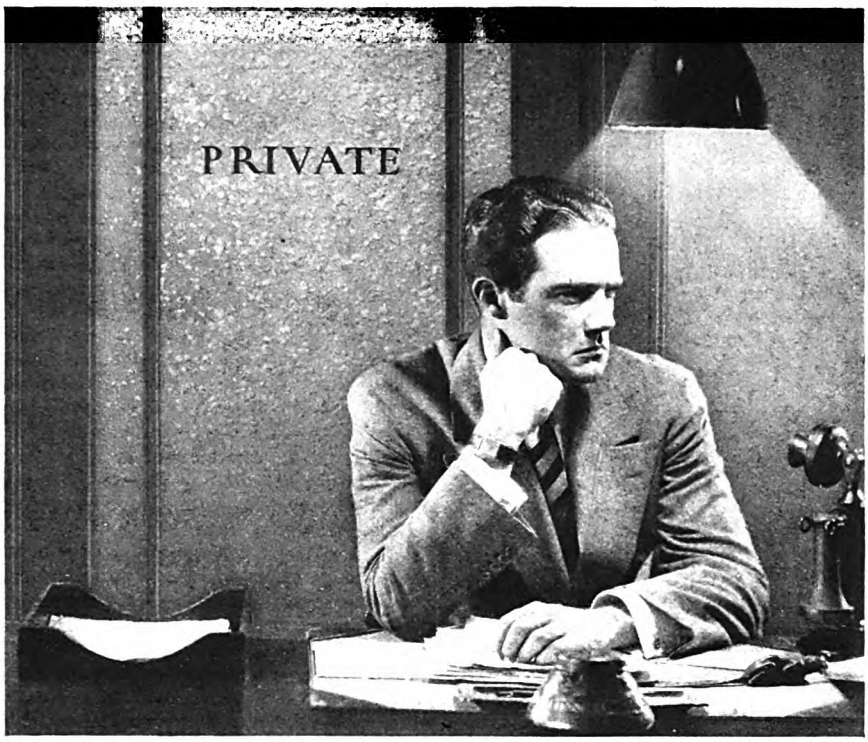
"She had to meet the test of this creed sooner than she expected," laughed Colleen, "but she was true to her convictions—which is more than can be said of a good many people.

"The year I was fifteen I was to be sent to a well-known boarding-school near New York City. The arrangements had been made, my clothes had been bought, and I was to enter in the autumn.

"We used to come North in the summer; and as my mother's sister lived in Chicago we usually stayed there during the hot weather. This aunt of mine always had wanted to be an actress. She had married, instead. And although she was very happy in her marriage, the old dream had never quite lost its charm. So you can understand that she lent a sympathetic ear to my own hopes.

"The whole family *had* to lend an ear, sympathetic or otherwise, for I was persistent if nothing else.

"Finding that pictures were being made at the old Essanay studio at Chicago, I begged my parents to let me apply there for work. They consented; and I



Held back by—what?

—perhaps it's *comedones**

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* * *

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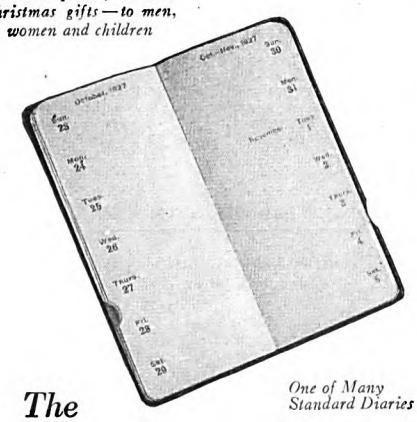

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made my first appearance on the screen that summer as an extra.

"I worked in two pictures. In the first I was simply one of the mob. But in the second I had what is known as a 'bit.'

"All it amounted to was this: Dressed as a maid, I walked onto the set, spoke to the leading lady, and walked off again. Even a bit couldn't have been smaller than that! But I was so excited over it that I *telegraphed* my grandmother in Florida to be sure to see the picture and *me* in it.

"As for my aunt, she was almost as thrilled as I was. When the picture was shown in Chicago, she and my uncle went to see it. They had to wait a long time, for it was only a short film at the end of a vaudeville program. And when the moment of my appearance finally came—well, it was all over in a good deal *less* than a moment.

"To my aunt, however, it was the great scene of the picture. As I disappeared after my few seconds on the screen, she burst into tears and solemnly exclaimed, 'A born actress!'

"Now that's funny, of course," said Colleen, "but it shows you how my family helped me by *believing* in me. I have had many loyal friends, and I am grateful to them all. But the debt I owe to my own people comes first.

"MOTHER had consented to my going on as an extra, because she thought it wise to let me find out whether I really liked the work. I liked it so well that I couldn't bear to give it up! I wanted to go on with it; and my aunt aided and abetted me.

"Her husband was a newspaper man with a very wide acquaintance. Among his friends was David W. Griffith, then the most famous motion picture producer in the world. My uncle persuaded Mr. Griffith to give me a screen test. It was satisfactory, and Mr. Griffith offered me a chance to show what I could do. He was then the head of the Fine Arts Studio, in California. He promised me a salary of fifty dollars a week and the opportunity of acting in real parts.

"But my father promptly and vigorously objected. I was too young, only fifteen years old. Anyway, I must finish my education first.

"It was a severe test for Mother's ideas about children, but she was game. She understood me better than anyone else did. She believed that I knew what I wanted, and that I was desperately in earnest about it. She thought this was a marvelous opportunity for me to find out whether my dream was only a dream. If I hadn't the ability or the stamina to succeed, the sooner I discovered it the better it would be for me.

"'Suppose we deny Colleen her chance now,' she said to my father. 'It may change the whole course of her life. If she is disappointed and unhappy in the future, she may blame us because we would not let her follow her own instincts and desires. I won't run that risk. She has a *right* to this chance.'

"The result was that, instead of going to boarding-school, I went to California. My mother and my grandmother went with me. After getting us settled there, Mother came back home to be with Father and my young brother. Grandmother stayed with me.

"I never shall forget my first day at the studio. I was turned over to the wardrobe woman, who immediately took me under her kindly wing.

"'Mildred! Pauline!' she called to two girls who were sitting near us. 'Come and meet the new girl!'

"I almost fainted when she introduced them as Mildred Harris and Pauline Stark! When she called another girl, and introduced her as Dorothy Gish, my head actually swam.

"'Wouldn't you like to meet Lillian?' said Dorothy.

"When she took me to the star's dressing-room and introduced me to her famous sister, I was speechless with joy and wonder.

"I never have forgotten that day when I was 'the new girl' in a studio. I hope I never *shall* forget it. If I should, it would mean that I had lost what I most need as an actress—a sympathetic understanding of other people.

"In the first picture I made at the Fine Arts," continued Colleen, "I played the second lead. In the next, I played the leading lady, opposite Robert Harron.

"In that picture I wore high-heeled shoes for the first time in my life. I walked like this," she said, getting up and suiting the action to the word. "About as graceful as a lame duck! They had to cut out every long shot of me in that picture, because of my ridiculous walk.

"At the very start," she went on, "I made up my mind on one point. Perhaps I ought to explain to you that my mother is of Irish descent and my father is Scotch. I suppose I got some traits from one side and some from the other. One of my eyes, for instance, is brown; the other is dark gray. Fortunately, they photograph alike.

"In temperament, as well as in the color, or colors, of my eyes, I guess I have both a bit of Scotch and a bit of Irish. And perhaps the Scotch in me was responsible for the decision I just spoke of.

"I made up my mind that I would not work *twice* for the same salary! Whenever the salary question came up, I would ask for more than I had been receiving. It might be only a dollar more; even fifty cents more! But there must be *some* increase.

"I figured that if I could not get any advance at all, it would be a sign that I was *not making progress*. If I was *paid* more, that would be practical proof that I was *worth* more.

"At first, my salary was fifty dollars a week. Then it was raised to seventy-five. After my two pictures with Fine Arts, that company went out of business. In spite of my exhibition on high heels," she laughed, "I was not responsible for this. The motion picture business was uncertain then, although this was less than ten years ago. Dozens of companies were formed. Only a few lived and prospered.

"FROM the Fine Arts I went to the Selig company. Inside of a year, it, also, went out of business. This happened several times; but somehow I always had friends who helped me to find a new job.

"In half a dozen years I worked in as many, or more, studios. I was with Marshall Neilan, and with Cosmopolitan, Goldwyn, and Universal. I even made pictures with the Chester Comedies.

"I remember asking a friend's advice

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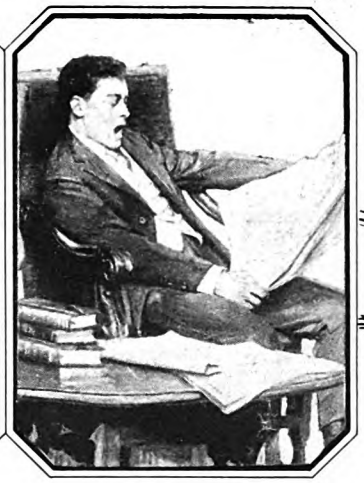

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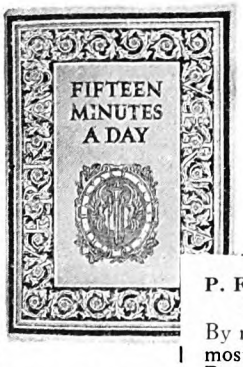

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about my doing these comedy reels, and he said it would be good training for me. I would learn speed and timing far better than I could in the 'straight' parts, or the character rôles, which I had been doing.

"In this moving about from one studio to another I had a good chance to use the salary scale as a measure of progress. Every time I went to a new manager, he would ask how much pay I expected. And invariably I set a higher figure than I had been receiving.

"I always got what I asked for. But, in the first place, I did not demand large increases; and, in the second place, motion picture actresses, with any ability and experience, were scarcer then than they are now. That probably helped to boost my salary.

"But I did my share!" she declared. "Sometimes, for instance, when I was under contract to one company, there would be intervals when I was not working. Instead of sitting around, idly waiting until they wanted to use me, I'd ask if they would 'farm me out' to another company.

"Of course they were glad to do this, because it would save them expense. It meant nothing to me—except extra work; for *they* would receive whatever I earned during these outside engagements.

"But although I did not expect to receive for myself a penny more than my contract called for, I always asked these outside studios for a higher salary than I had been getting! In the practical Scotch corner of my mind, I measured my progress by that scale.

"When I was under contract at two hundred dollars a week, I went to another studio and was engaged to do a picture at two hundred and fifty dollars a week—the price I asked. Rushing back to my own studio manager, I breathlessly told him the good news.

"'That's fine!' he said. 'We'll pay you all the extra money you earn over and above the expense of 'carrying' you.'

"That shows you how wonderful people always have been to me. He didn't *have* to give me that extra money. My services belonged to him, at no more than the salary he had agreed to pay me. Of course I had obtained the increase by asking for it; but I had expected it would go to the company, not to me.

"THINGS went on smoothly enough for about five years. My salary kept growing and I always had plenty of work. I was very happy, too. My family had moved to California and we were all living in Los Angeles. Most important of all, I had met my John. . . . Do you want to hear about that?" she asked, half shyly and half eagerly.

"Of course!" I replied.

"Well," she said, "it was just like a miracle. One day, Marshall Neilan—who had been my director and one of the kindest friends in the world—asked me to go to a dinner party. He is a born matchmaker, and was always having, as he said, 'a new beau' for me. Nothing came of these benevolent efforts in my behalf; but he never seemed to lose hope.

"On this particular occasion, he promised the usual 'new beau,' and, as usual, I laughed and thought nothing more about it. They called for me in a motor car. But I did not get a good look at the stranger until we were seated at the table.

"Well," she said, shaking her head, "I never had believed in such things—but it was all settled in that one look. 'Bang!' just like that! I turned away, feeling kind of queer and dizzy. Then I stole another look. It was no use! I knew I had met the one man in the world, so far as I was concerned.

"And it was just the same with him. All over, in that first look! Queer, isn't it? If it hadn't happened to ourselves, we wouldn't believe it.

"He tried to tell me, that night, how he felt; but I couldn't think it was true. I laughed and said, 'You won't be saying these things in the cold gray dawn of the morning after!'

"The next morning, at seven-thirty, he called me on the telephone.

"'It's the cold gray dawn,' he said, 'but I repeat all that I told you last night—and I've a lot more things to say now! Please have dinner with me and let me tell you what they are.'

"So we went to a restaurant and he ordered a wonderful dinner. Enough for a pair of truck drivers! But we just sat there, looking at each other, without even touching the food before us.

"I remember that the head waiter came up and said, 'What's the matter, Mr. McCormick? Is there anything wrong with the food?'

"'Oh no!' said John. 'It's delicious!' . . . And we hadn't even tasted it.

"INSIDE of two weeks, we were asking Mother's consent to our becoming engaged; but she insisted on our waiting at least a year. If we felt the same at the end of that time, all right.

"We did feel the same—only more so! We wanted to be married at once; but Mother insisted on still another year of waiting. She wasn't going to have any marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, if she could prevent it.

"When our two years of probation were up, in 1923, John and I were married; and we've had a wonderful time ever since. I don't believe we will ever grow up—if growing up means getting dull and prosy.

"As Western manager of the First National Motion Picture Corporation, John has a big job. I have a pretty big one too. We both work hard. But no matter *how* hard we work, we are never too busy to play together! He keeps me constantly interested and excited, because I never know what he is going to do next.

"Once he sent me about fifty telegrams in a single day. There was a regular procession of messenger boys coming to the house. The telegrams told a long story, each one ending in the middle of a sentence, or with something that kept up the suspense.

"Just before we came East on this trip, I was working at night, and would get home just as John was leaving for his office in the morning. We pretended that people were trying to keep us apart, and that we had to meet by stealth. We would sneak through the rooms—in our own house, mind you—talk in whispers, snatch a kiss, and tiptoe away, as if we had to escape some terrible conspiracy. It was great fun.

"It's wonderful, too, to be interested in the same work, and yet not have our interests conflict, as they might if both of us were actors. His being in the production end of the business is an enormous help to me. We are working for the same company. So when we help each other to make good, we are also helping the company.

"I SAID I would tell you about the one time in my life when I was discouraged. It was about four years ago, after I had worked steadily for five years. If one company went out of business, some other manager was always ready to give me a contract.

"Then, suddenly, I found myself out of a job—and for six months I couldn't find a thing to do! I went to one producer after another, trying to get work. But there was a slump in pictures then, and not a single engagement was offered me.

"I just can't tell you how black the future looked. I found myself saying that I had gone as far as I ever would. It must be that I was through! And for the first time I knew what it was to be afraid.

"Then, one day, I suddenly realized what I was doing. And I said to myself: 'This has got to stop right now! You're going to hold the one thought of reaching the top!'

"I deliberately set to work at *believing in myself;* and with John to help me, for we were engaged then, I got past that period when I seemed to be at a standstill.

"John was then Western representative with First National, but he constituted himself my personal agent on the side. Armed with a battery of photographs of me, he would talk by the hour to Mr. Rowland, general manager of the corporation.

"Finally, Mr. Rowland said to him; 'For heaven's sake, stop talking about this girl! If you'd keep still for a minute, I *would* engage her. But you don't stop long enough for me to *say* that I will!'

"So, either because of John, or in spite of him, Mr. Rowland gave me a three-year contract, and I started making pictures for his company. The first one was terrible! I don't know how Mr. Rowland felt, but he certainly met the situation nobly so far as I was concerned. Instead of treating me as if I had failed him, he stood by me like a brick.

"Among the pictures which First National was planning to produce was one called 'Flaming Youth.' I read it, and begged them to give me the star part, that of a gay young flapper.

"Everybody, except Mr. Rowland and John, laughed at the idea; and if you remember me in the rôles I had been playing, you will understand this ridicule. In most of my pictures I had been the unsophisticated country girl; always poor, usually pathetic, and invariably and desperately good.

"When Mr. Rowland gave me the part of this flapper, ultra-modern, and with a spice of naughtiness in her make-up, all Hollywood simply hooted. People out there declared it was a positive joke. When the picture proved to be a great success, they could hardly believe it.

"I really did make a hit—my first big one—in that rôle. The company officials were pleased, but still rather skeptical.

"'One big success doesn't prove much,' they said. 'The next picture will tell the story.'

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"Well, the next picture was 'So Big,' adapted from Edna Ferber's novel. I had read the book and I begged for the part. Thanks to Mr. Rowland, I got it. But when this became known in Hollywood, people again ridiculed the idea. This time they were *sure* it was a joke.

"You remember that it is the story of a woman's life, from girlhood to old age: a beautiful and serious part. I worked and studied as I never had before; partly because I never before had been given such an *opportunity* for work and study.

"When we came to the scenes where I had to be an old lady, I used to spend as much time as possible with my grandmother. She had lost a son years before, and I would get her to talk about this son, so that I could study her expression and her gestures; how she clasped and unclasped her hands and put her fingers against her lips; all the little unconscious ways in which she showed feeling.

"Does that seem terrible to you? I don't think it was wrong. I wanted to be so real and true to life that I would reach the hearts of the millions who would see the picture. Grandmother helped me to do this.

"When 'So Big' was shown in Los Angeles, I took her to see it. As we were leaving the theatre she said, 'You know, in those last scenes you remind me of someone; but I can't think who it is.'

"After a moment, she suddenly turned and gave me a sharp look.

"'Young lady, you've been copying *me!*' she exclaimed.

"'Do you mind?' I asked.

"'No, dear!' she said. 'I'm glad and proud that I could help you.'

"You see how it is. No one ever has had a more loyal and understanding family than I've had ever since I was a child, dreaming a wonderful dream.

"WELL, before I made 'Flaming Youth,' people had said *that* picture would tell the story of whether I could, or could not, achieve a really big success. After it made a hit, they said the *next* picture would tell the story. But after 'So Big' was produced, they said it would take *four or five* pictures to tell the story!

"I didn't let this procrastination bother me! I just went on making pictures. I didn't worry—but I did work! And, measured by my old scale, the scale of salary, the work I did in those three years told at least a story of progress. When I made a new contract with First National at the end of that period—well, I was almost tempted to paste it on the blank page in my old scrapbook; for it certainly seemed to prove that I really had become the 'famous movie star' I had said I was going to be.

"It has been a case of absolutely knowing what I wanted; of believing that I could achieve it; of honest and hard work to get it; and of always finding friends who were willing to help me. That is a combination which ought to keep anybody from failure.

"I've told you about some of my friends, but not about all of them. For instance, I can't even begin to count the friends whom I never meet, but who write me thousands of letters—'fan letters,' as we call them. My secretary reads every one of these letters. I, myself, read hundreds of them every week. Not to please my vanity! But because I want to make pictures, not for some vague, impersonal 'public,' but for real men, women, and children whom I feel that I know and understand.

"Not long ago, I invited a lot of children living in and around Los Angeles, who had written me letters, to come to a party at the studio. Someone intimated that it was a publicity stunt. But it wasn't! I wanted to meet those children, far more than they wanted to meet me.

"It is just as I said to you a while ago, if I ever stop understanding, and *wanting* to understand, other people, I shall have lost the thing I most need as a motion picture actress. If that time comes, I shall be through! I am sure of it. But, believe *me*, that time never *will* come if I can help it—and I know I can."

THE biggest three hours in Adolph Zukor's life were spent in the anteroom of some motion picture magnates who did not care to see him. Smarting under their refusal to admit him, Zukor decided to strike out for himself, and he struck out in such a determined manner that to-day he is the biggest single figure in the motion-picture-producing industry. Next month you will read the story of this obscure immigrant from Central Europe, whose influence is now felt 'round the world.

Dot and Will Find Out What It Means to Be Rich

(*Continued from page 31*)

sort of thing all the time; they could afford to give it up for once. There was no reason why I should have to.

And I might have stuck it out if, along toward five o'clock, I hadn't walked over to Betty Bartell's to take her Christmas present. She lives in a little house right next to the Gorsons' big one, and just as I was coming out of Betty's in the winter twilight I saw Mrs. Whiting arriving at the Gorsons' to get their supper party ready. And Jack was with her, carrying the suit case she always takes with her. At the gate, he set it down and they stood talking. Then she picked it up and went on into the yard. Jack walked away; he'd evidently come just to have that few minutes with her as she went from one job to the other.

She went around to the Gorsons' side door, and just before she went in she stood on the steps a minute looking back after Jack, going down the street in his sailor's suit. And it was just exactly as though I were standing there on those steps, myself, looking down the street after my own Jack. It was too much, at Christmas time and all. I just couldn't stand it. I went right straight home, called up Mrs. Gorson and asked if I might speak to Mrs. Whiting a minute. I told her she needn't come to me the next day.

She was perfectly delighted, said she'd never forget it, and that just as soon as the holiday rush was over she was going to come and get up a dinner party for me for nothing.

I turned away from the telephone, simply aghast at what I had done. Sometimes, when you do something like that, you have such a happy, warm feeling of having done the right thing that it will uphold you through anything. But I didn't feel that way at all. I hadn't done it because I thought it was the unselfish and the right thing to do—I had done it because I couldn't help it. It just seemed as though I hadn't any will power at all.

WILL was aghast at what I had done too, though he didn't blame me for it. He said he couldn't help feeling the same way, but, gosh all fishhooks, what were we going to do? A dinner party of twelve coming the next night and nobody to help me—what were we going to do? What *were* we going to do!

I felt suddenly the horrified, frantic way you do in a dream when you find yourself out on the street with nothing on but your step-ins. I never in the world could get up that dinner alone. It wasn't humanly possible. I had always marveled at Mrs. Whiting's being able to do it in one day; but she is the most wonderfully efficient person in the world. And I had left the silver to clean and the best dishes, which are always dusty, to wash—all the little extras to do, myself, the next day. And then I had the babies to tend to; two baths, their washing, their meals.

I awoke suddenly to the utter horror of what I had done. My first frantic thought, of course, was of Mother and Mother Horton. But Mother and Father had gone to Minneapolis this year to have Christmas with Kathie, and Mother Horton was having us and the whole Verblen tribe of cousins for dinner Christmas, and would be simply stampeded with her own work.

If I stayed up all night and then worked all day, could I possibly manage? I didn't know that I could—in fact, as I thought of the dinner I had planned, I realized that I couldn't. I knew but too well how much longer every detail takes than it looks as though it ought to.

I stared at Will, petrified with horror at what I had let myself in for. He was an angel. He never blamed me one instant

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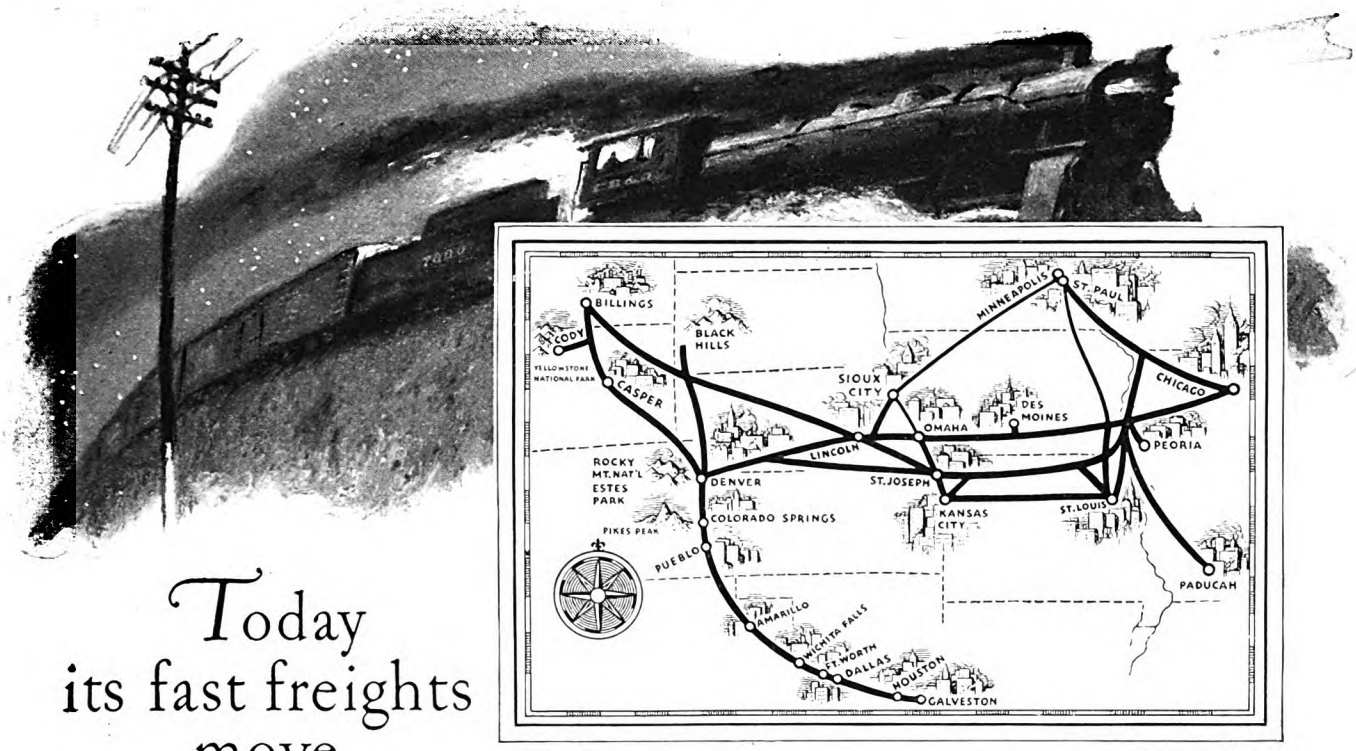

Today its fast freights move *with swiftness undreamed of* six short years ago

In 1920, after the years of war-time emergency, American transportation faced the greatest crisis in its history.

The entire freight system all but broken down. Maintenance almost completely neglected. Box cars scattered thousands of miles away from home lines. Congestion in the Southeast, where few freight cars were needed. Shortage in the Northwest, where grain lay rotting in the elevators, where live stock grew too old for market before it could be moved.

All railroads suffered heavily, and Burlington with the rest.

Today, on the Burlington, a change which has almost revolutionized business in the Middle West! Faster, more economical, more efficient transportation than ever before.

Shipments move with a swiftness undreamed of six years ago. Second morning deliveries where third morning deliveries were made before. Ten hours lopped off a single fast freight run, Chicago to Denver. Hourly freight capacity increased by 28.3% per train. Switching time, by a new system of classifying freight, reduced often from two hours to thirty minutes. A fast freight on time to the minute for thirty consecutive days!

Millions of dollars saved each year for merchants and manufacturers, more than twenty per cent of whose capital has been freed by speedier deliveries!

All this, and more, in six short years! Here was a task which required *Burlington men*, trained by over two generations of successful railroading experience.

A task whose gigantic proportions you can truly judge only by referring to the map above. Follow with your eye the main lines of the Burlington:

Eleven thousand five hundred miles of lines! Serving thirteen of our largest states, one-third our total land area. Reaching practically every important commercial center between the Great Lakes, the Ohio River, the Rocky Mountains and the Gulf of Mexico.

The largest food-carrying system in the world! For within this tremendous area are produced: Two-thirds the oats, more than half the corn, more than half the barley, half the wheat, half the hogs, nearly half the cattle, nearly half the sugar beets grown in the United States; vast riches in iron, timber, coal, oil, copper, silver, gold, wool and cotton.

Such has been the most recent chapter in the seventy-five year record of achievement by Burlington men. These men, numbering 50,000, serve you with pride in their record and with the profit of their experience.

For 75 Years

The Burlington has completed seventy-five years of successful railroad service. The Burlington has never been in the hands of a receiver; it has never defaulted on a financial obligation. The Burlington has counted success as necessary to a useful existence. It knows no other way to provide the high class of service the public has demanded and which the Burlington has made its first purpose.

President of the Burlington

The Burlington Route

The National Park Line Burlington Route *Everywhere West*

11,500 MILES OF RAILROAD IN THIRTEEN STATES

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for having been so weak, just said he couldn't help feeling the same way I had.

"I can stay home from the office all right to-morrow," he said. "I can freeze the ice cream and do lots of the rough work—maybe together we can pull it off?"

His voice was dubious, and well it might be. I couldn't reassure him as I'd like—I honestly didn't know that we could, even together. Nobody who has never got up that kind of dinner for twelve people has the least idea of what it means.

"Well, we'll snap right into it this minute," said Will. "What can I do while you're putting the babies to bed now?"

And we certainly did snap. Will looking over the cranberries and getting them on to boil. By half-past nine that night I was thoroughly scared. For all that Will was such a peach about it, he really didn't know how to do much without my being right there all the time to show him. And the next day, with both the babies needing attention nearly all the time—we'd never make it in the wide world. And at twenty minutes of seven Elaine and her husband would arrive, like the day of judgment.

At half-past nine, while I was cleaning the turkey, the bell rang. It was Howard Merton. His brother had come unexpectedly to spend Christmas with them, and would it throw things off too much if he brought him along to the dinner party to-morrow night? Before I had time to tell him my terrible fears that there wouldn't be any dinner party at all, the bell rang again, and it was Roger and Dulcie and the Frank Kirsteads, stopping by to find out why we hadn't been to church. There had been a special carol service and everybody had been there.

I told them what had happened. For a minute, they just stared at me, realizing what a perfectly insane thing I'd done. But it was only for a minute. And then:

"WELL, I can see it's up to the old home guard," said Dulcie.

"Of course," said Mrs. Frank Kirstead. "I guess I can get Aunt Laure to take Frankie to-morrow. I'll be here at half-past eight."

"So will I," said Dulcie. "I'll have to bring little Dulcie right along; but she sleeps most of the time; we'll just put her up-stairs."

I shall never forget that heavenly moment! The ax wouldn't fall. The girls were going to help me out. I told them shakily how I'd expected to stay up all night; but they said not to be a goop, go on to bed, we'd manage all right.

While we were still talking and planning, Rosie Merton arrived. She said when Howard got over to our house she always had to come after him to get him home. His brother was there with the children, so she sat down while we told her what was up. Instantly there was another recruit to the cause.

"I can't leave the kids to-morrow," she said; "but I'll mix the salad at home and bring it over. You say you're going to have aspic jelly with mayonnaise? I can make that, all right. And I'll make some of my cheese-and-paprika crackers to go with it."

"You're an angel, Rosie," I said. "But don't bother about the crackers—we can use plain ones. There's no use our trying to put over the kind of dinner party Mrs. Whiting would have."

"Why not?" said Dulcie instantly. "Why can't we put over just as swanky a dinner as Mrs. Whiting or anybody else? We're no slouches of cooks, any of us, if we do say it ourselves. And I guess we know how to set a table and serve a dinner that even Mrs. Whiting wouldn't be ashamed of!"

"Couldn't you get that colored man she has to come and serve it?" Mrs. Kirstead asked.

"Mrs. Whiting spoke of that herself," I answered regretfully; "but she said she couldn't honestly advise it. She says he's worse than a total loss if she isn't right on hand to furnish the brains."

"That's a shame!" said Mrs. Kirstead. "His white coat and slick quiet ways do certainly add just the right touch."

"Never mind," said Rosie stanchly. "I guess our crowd can pull a party that will impress California without any outside help. Here's to Montrose!"

"To Montrose!" Will echoed. And because everybody's coming to the rescue like that was such a heaven-sent relief, we opened some ginger ale and drank the toast with as much gayety as though the whole thing were a gorgeous joke instead of the crushing responsibility it had seemed a mere hour ago.

AND a gorgeous joke it remained. Someone must have called up Scott and Corinne and told them about it, because at half-past seven in the morning Scott arrived with a perfectly beautiful nine-by-twelve Chinese rug that he and Corinne had got all their relatives to pool their Christmas money and buy for them.

"To help brighten up your 'little home,'" said Scott, moving our chairs back and unrolling it on our floor, giving the living-room a simply unbelievable air of luxury and riches.

Dulcie, who is the only one of the crowd who has sterling silver, arrived at eight, with little Dulcie in one arm and her entire dinner service in the other.

"Thank goodness, the monogram is so twisty nobody can read it. All you can be sure of is the first D," she said; "and that stands for Dorothy as well as Dulcina."

Mrs. Frank Kirstead came with the Sheffield platter her grandmother had left her, and saying that Frank said we were to use their new car to go to meet the train. It's a perfectly stunning car, though they've been sorry they splurged on it, it costs so much to run it.

"Frank says it will make such a nice setting for the 'small-town sweetheart'," said Mrs. Kirstead. At which we all giggled.

In fact, we laughed and giggled all day long. Many hands make light work and they didn't spoil the broth, either. Will froze the ice cream, and put the extra leaves in the table and polished the silver, and in general did the heavy work. We three girls divided up the rest of the preparations and took care of the babies. And it was all such fun. We hung holly wreaths in all the windows, and put tall red candles in all the candlesticks in the house, and Will kissed Dulcie under the mistletoe and we sang "Oh, Lady, Be Good," while we were stuffing the turkey, and "Only a Sailor's Sweetheart" while we peeled potatoes and frosted the cake.

At noon, Corinne came in with some almonds she'd blanched and a kettle of soup for our lunch, and a dozen perfectly heavenly blue glass salad plates that she'd just got for Christmas, and that she insisted on my borrowing for the party. She stayed and ironed out my best tablecloth, which had got creased in the drawer.

Then Dulcie and I started to set the table, singing "Always" while we did it, Will turning the ice-cream freezer in the cellar and coming in on the bass. In the midst of the fun, Howard Merton arrived. He is a dentist, and his last two appointments had been canceled for the afternoon.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Did you say you wanted a man to wait on the table? Rosie and I've got it all doped out. We've elected me. As near as I can see, all this colored man has is a nice, crisp, white coat and slick, quiet manners, and I've got 'em both. Here's one of my brand-clean office coats. Rosie spent my dinner hour coaching me: 'Serve to the left; remove from the right; take one dish at a time.' I thought of blacking up; but Rosie says I'd better be English, that's even classier than being colored."

"Oh, you couldn't wait on the table!" I protested.

"But why not?" Howard demanded. And "Why not?" Dulcie and Mrs. Frank Kirstead echoed, delighted with the idea.

"Howard's brother being here will make the table just even—and it will keep us from sitting down thirteen," said Mrs. Kirstead, who is terribly superstitious.

I'm not superstitious at all, but it had occurred even to me that thirteen at the table, specially on Christmas Eve, did seem like taking unnecessary chances—you can be conservative without being superstitious. Besides, everything comes by the dozen; we'd have had to use the odd dishes and napkins and everything. Will, appearing from the cellar, licking off the dasher, said:

"Sure, that's the best idea yet. Mert's got just the face for a butler, kind of sad and dumb!"

At which Howard chased Will outdoors and got the dasher away from him, and the fun went on.

There was a tremendously serious half-hour or so around six o'clock while everybody stopped fooling and got right down to business. Everything was timed to the minute. Mrs. Kirstead would put the twins to bed while Will and I went to meet the train; Dulcie would stay out in the kitchen till the last possible minute, to be sure about the turkey; Scott and Corinne would arrive a little early, so as to entertain Elaine and her husband while I slipped out in the kitchen after Dulcie'd gone, to make the gravy.

AND the funny part of it was that everything worked. Just exactly as it was planned. You'd think something would be sure to go wrong at the last minute; but nothing did. Will and I arrived at the depot in the stunning big Kirstead car just long enough before the train pulled in, so that there was no feeling of fluster. Elaine and her husband stepped out of the last Pullman exactly as per schedule. Elaine looked just as she used to at college, little and blond and pretty. She had on a perfectly gorgeous kolinsky coat and a close little gold-colored satin hat. Her husband was about forty-five, and you could tell just to glance at him that he was

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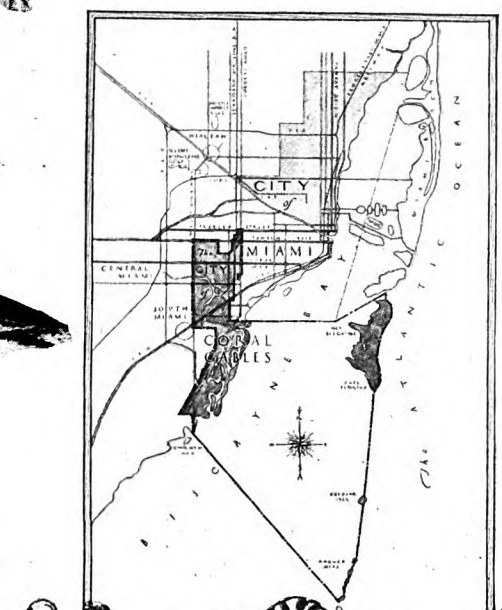
3 8/10 *miles—the distance from the heart of Miami to its finest suburban unit, Coral Gables*

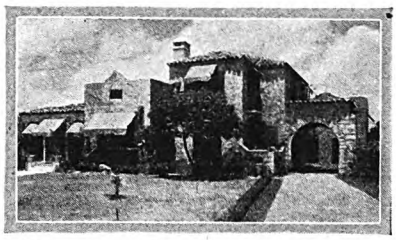
THE future of Coral Gables is indissolubly linked with the future of Miami. Their boundaries coincide for a distance of 13 miles. Every dollar spent in Miami and every addition to its population build Coral Gables' values. Coral Gables does not need to rely only upon its own resources, dependable as they are. For each of these cities shares in the other's prosperity. In fact many of Miami's prominent business men, literally hundreds of them, have chosen Coral Gables as their permanent home. Coral Gables alone offers the high type of suburban life that such people require. It is spacious and healthful, wonderfully beautiful in architecture and landscaping, and all shops and industries are permanently zoned away from the residential sections.

The selection of Coral Gables as the most desirable location in the Miami district has not been confined to home builders. When the site for the great Pan-American University of Miami was considered, Coral Gables was chosen. When the magnificent Miami-Biltmore Hotel was planned, Coral Gables was selected. Miami banks, business houses and social organizations are establishing branches and constructing buildings in Coral Gables. The new Ponce de Leon High School group, drawing pupils from the entire southwest section of Miami, is in Coral Gables.

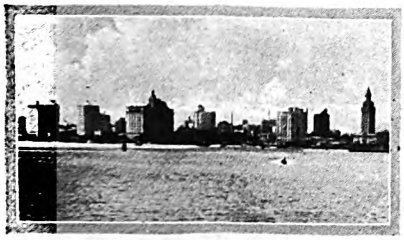
In volume of building construction, Miami was the twelfth city in the United States during the first 6 months of 1926. In the same period, Coral Gables' building volume almost equaled that of Miami. The amazing rise of Miami from a village to a great city in 30 years is one of the most dramatic chapters in business history. As the gateway to Latin-America, as a world port, as the possible metropolis of the South, Miami's future seems as brilliant to the international economist as to the local business man—and where Miami goes, there goes Coral Gables. . . . Will you go with it? Write to Dept. A-2, Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables, Florida, for facts and full information.

Did you realize that the city of Miami, itself, bounds Coral Gables on two sides for 13 miles? Along the Atlantic, from Key Biscayne to Ragged Keys, Coral Gables' boundaries extend for 15 miles, and in addition there are about 6 miles of bay frontage, and about 25 miles frontage on canals and lagoons now partly completed. Its area is 16 square miles or about 10,000 acres.



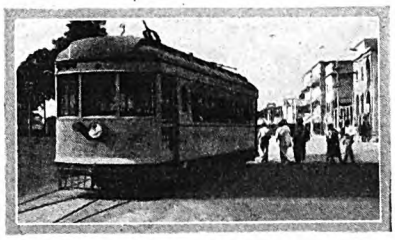


This is the residence in Coral Gables of Clifton D. Benson, senior member of one of Miami's foremost law firms—Benson, McGarry and Sullivan. In the four-month period between May 1st and September 1st of this year, 71 homes in Coral Gables were bought by residents of Miami through a single broker.



The skyline of Miami. This magnificent city of 200,000 estimated population has but one suburb adequate to the needs and tastes of its best citizens—Coral Gables. The unequaled living conditions of Coral Gables are proving as irresistible to Miami citizens as to residents of northern cities.

A Unit of Greater Miami, Florida



The Coral Gables Rapid Transit Corporation gives frequent trolley service over its 17.2 miles of track in Coral Gables and Miami, running directly into downtown Miami over two separate routes, supplemented by bus services covering all residential areas.

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rich and important; she hadn't been bluffing any on that.

Elaine kissed me, and we introduced our husbands. Then she glanced at the bags the Pullman porter had set on the station floor.

"Now you must let us get a taxi," she said. "And hadn't we better check our bags, leave them right in the station? We won't need our evening things, will we?"

Oh, Elaine hadn't changed one bit! Just taking it for granted that of course we'd planned to take them home on the street car. And that a traveling dress would be plenty good enough for any party we'd give. The satisfaction of answering casually:

"We have the car here. And if you don't mind dressing—I imagine the others will."

"Oh, no, of course we don't mind dressing," Elaine hastily retrieved her error. "We nearly always do dress. I just thought—"

But in spite of her hasty recovery and the supercilious "I just thought"—left tactfully unfinished—I could see that I had given her a bit of a shock. And the sight of the Kirsteads' car gave her a bigger one. It is a tremendously impressive car.

AS WE switched on the little ceiling light to get in, I saw that there were two fresh red roses in the little glass vase. If that wasn't sweet of Mrs. Kirstead! As we reached home, the porch light was switched on from inside, and Howard, all crisp and white, was at the door to take the men's coats. I didn't dare meet his eyes or Will's for fear I'd laugh, just hurried Elaine up-stairs to our room.

Mrs. Kirstead had turned on my dressing-table lights, and I saw Dulcie's lovely rose satin comforter folded across the foot of my twin bed and Corinne's blue satin one on Will's. I've always yearned for a satin comforter of my own, but I've never got around to make one.

The doorbell rang and Scott and Corinne arrived, to the very second of their promise. Then I heard the back door close, and knew that the turkey was all done and Dulcie was cutting across to her own back door; knew that she would arrive at our front one in about fifteen minutes, in her apricot dress and gold slippers, looking like the kind of girl who wouldn't know how to boil an egg.

Somebody had touched a match to the fire in the living-room at just the right instant, so that it was blazing brightly when Elaine and her husband came downstairs. Everything went as slick and smooth as it does in the big Curtis house with their three servants. And, some way nicer. Three servants seems prosperous; but this was more fun.

And the dinner went off just exactly as we had rehearsed it. Dulcie had a ring of tiny crisp sausages all around the turkey platter; Rosie's aspic jelly is always better than anybody else's; you can't buy store-blanched almonds that taste like Corinne's. Howard never so much as dropped a fork. His nicely kept dentist hands were just as deft with the finger bowls as they are with the electric drill. And never once did he change his expression from a regular butler look, solemn and haughty.

Long before the demi-tasses appeared on the little table before the living-room fire—the coffee in a beautiful silver urn that I had never even seen before—Elaine's spirit was completely broken. She wasn't one bit smug and patronizing. She couldn't be, she was so thoroughly on the defensive. You could fairly feel her thinking up things to say that would show us that she wasn't any slouch, herself. I saw her studying Dulcie's apricot dress with that sidelong look of reluctant respect that she'd never have wasted for a second if she'd dreamed that Dulcie had made it herself.

As everybody had given their best cooking for the dinner, so everybody gave their best conversation for the evening. Mrs. Kirstead, who had been to New York that fall, spoke of the new plays she'd seen. Roger Lane, who is representing a big Chicago stock and bond house, and is said to be doing awfully well at it, discussed market conditions with Elaine's husband—who listened with much more attentive interest than he probably would have if he'd known how few stocks and bonds Roger has ever bought for himself.

There weren't many jokes, of course. Elaine's husband was the kind of person you couldn't imagine joking with, quite heavy and solemn. Elaine played up to him, all the time, regular baby-doll stuff. Called him "Daddy." You could see that he was crazy about her. I'm sure the one thing that saved the evening for her was showing us the little-finger ring he'd given her for Christmas, a diamond that looked as big as a soup plate.

"I just tell Daddy it's almost vulgar," she laughed proudly in an undertone to Dulcie and me. "I'd really just as soon have something modest and simple—like Dot's"—glancing at my pin-point of an engagement ring. But that was positively the only Elaine-ish remark that she was able to rise to the entire evening.

And when, at quarter of twelve, Howard appeared again to hold the coats and carry their bags out to the car, and Will and I drove them down to their train, she bade me good-by in a respectful tone that proved what a staggering success the evening had been.

RIDING back home in the big Kirstead car, Will and I discussed them chummily. We both thought the same about her husband—you could tell he was an important person by the way he took it for granted that when he spoke any matter would be settled—there'd be nothing further to be said on the subject.

"He's got his wife right where he wants her, too," said Will. "She may be airy with you girls, but you can bet that in the bosom of that family what 'Daddy' says, goes!"

When we got back home, we found that the girls had got out of their evening dresses and into bungalow aprons, and the boys had tied rubber aprons around their necks and were all pitching into the dishes. We fell to also, of course, and with eleven people all at it that frightful mess just melted away like a February thaw. And along with our aprons we all put on our own lines of talk, again; cut out the New York plays and the new books and the market conditions. We kidded Howard and sang "The Bootlegger's Daughter," and broke a goblet and one bread and butter plate. Frank Kirstead stood under the mistletoe, and said we girls would have to seize the opportunity quick, he wasn't going to stand there and look inviting all night.

And finally, about one o'clock, we were all through. Everybody agreed that the party had been a huge success, a credit to the Middle-West, as Roger said. Scott rolled up their rug, and Dulcie got her knives and forks, and Corinne her plates, and Mrs. Frank Kirstead her platter. There was a rush of cold air through the front door, a last volley of laughter and "Good night" and "See-you-soon" and "Merry Christmas!" And Will and I were standing alone in the doorway.

We stood there, Will's arm around me, till the last flivver tail light had faded away down Water Street. Then we shut the door and turned back into the living-room.

"I suppose we'd better fix the babies' things before we go to bed, even if it is late?" Will asked, his voice lowered under the hushed spell.

I nodded, and we went to work in silence. Even the fire had stopped blazing and crackling, just shining now with a still, steady glow. We hung one little stocking at each end of the mantel, brought out all the babies' toys and put them under the tree.

AT LAST everything was done, the funny little stockings bulging, the stuffed dolls and woolly dogs balanced in the evergreen branches, one low baby rocking-horse on each side of the tree. Maybe it was just the firelight and the lateness and the stillness, maybe it was the baby toys waiting there—suddenly I thought of "Little Boy Blue," of those other waiting toys:

And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Would there be a Christmas Eve sometime when I'd look back at this one, would see again the firelight glistening on the Christmas tree, the babies' toys waiting—I felt hot, quick tears come smarting to my eyes. Will, who had been standing looking over at the little horses, rocking one absently with his foot, looked up suddenly, came over and put his arm around me. In the stillness, we could hear a crib creak in the room above.

"Remember what we were saying one night last summer, Dolly?" he asked. "How you might be rich and never know it?"

I nodded, caught his hand and held it tight. Thinking of Mrs. Curtis, afraid that by another year she might be alone in her big house; of Mrs. Gorson, worrying over parties to keep her children home; of young Mrs. Jimmie Jason, whose husband didn't love her any more. Of Elaine, with diamonds and kolinsky coats, instead of young love and babies and fun and friends.

They had all given their thousands to the Christmas funds. I was glad *I'd* been the one to give Mrs. Whiting Christmas Eve with her boy. Not that it seemed much of a gift—not standing there with Will in the firelight, knowing together, if only for a wise, fleeting moment, what it means to be truly rich!

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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Prince Albert is surely one grand and glorious smoke

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45 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

THE FAMILY'S MONEY

We Claim That Our Budget is Now Foolproof

WE HAVE just lately discovered —and corrected—the fatal defect in our budget system. It was almost a year before we found there was anything wrong with our original plan.

There were two of us, living in an apartment in the suburbs of a large city on $50 a week. We divided our income as follows:

Rent	$10
Food	10
My clothes	3
His clothes	3
Maintenance	4
Recreation and development	4
Savings	16
	$50

At the beginning of each week, my husband divided the money as planned, placing in envelopes the money which it was my job to spend, and putting the rest in the bank. During the week, if I saw there was only a dollar left in the food envelope, and two days to go, for instance, needless to state I didn't buy lamb chops for supper. Likewise with the other envelopes.

SO FAR, so good. The scheme worked beautifully. You will observe that, according to our budget, we were saving $16 a week, a nice lot, we thought. But we were alarmed to notice that our savings account didn't grow as it should.

We went back over our accounts, and found the leak directly. It was that old ogre, emergency, that was eating our savings. As long as everything went along in the ordinary routine, the budget worked on oiled wheels. When we had trips, or Christmas gifts, or a new piece of furniture, or moved, we had no surplus in our various funds, and we would say, "Well, we've *got* to have it!" and take it out of savings, with disastrous results to the same. It seemed as though we were saving $16 a week, when, as a matter of fact, what was really happening was that recreation, maintenance, and food were going into debt and borrowing from savings whenever anything special came up.

So we revised again, with a firm resolution to stick strictly to our new arrangement. We decided to save by sending our money once a month to a building and loan association. This made our saving inevitable. You can't write to the association and tell them you've had to move, and that the robbers charged thirty dollars to move you around the corner, and there's no money in the maintenance envelope, so please send back your last instalment.

The upshot of it all was that we decided to save less, and save it surely. We saved $10 a week, and put $2 more in each one of the envelopes that had been running behind. The extra $2 was not spent unless absolutely necessary. In other words, instead of planning to have my envelopes empty each week, I planned to leave each one with $2 in it. Then the $2 was credited to food, or maintenance or recreation, and put into the bank, ready to be drawn on when we had many guests, the vacuum repaired, or new radio tubes.

We claim that our system is now foolproof. MRS. E. M. S.

EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENT: Beginning with next month's issue, this department will become THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS. Heretofore, it has dealt only with money matters; hereafter, it will deal with all sorts of problems that are common to the average family, money matters included. There are scores of these universal questions that all families must face. For instance—getting along with relatives, with neighbors, settling quarrels among children, providing for education, selecting the best schools for the children, getting the right kind of books for home reading, controlling temper, dispelling gloom, answering questions about religion put by the children, selecting a place to live, finding time for recreation, and deciding upon the kind of recreation that is best, making arrangements for vacation, adjusting diverse tastes within the family, fixing of authority in the family, selecting the family's goal, apportionment of work about the home—and numerous others.

You needn't confine yourself to the strictly serious matters. It is quite a problem to keep the children from dropping crumbs—molasses-and-butter-covered crumbs—on the new parlor rug. And sometimes it is just as hard to make a husband stamp and brush the mud off his shoes before coming into the house. Perhaps, in your family, the husband hangs up his clothes neatly, and the wife doesn't put his things where he can find them. And perhaps—just *perhaps*, mind you—husband and wife have agreed that one or the other, or both, are responsible for the wasted money in the family, and that they will never again discuss financial affairs at the eating table! If any of this is true of your family, tell, in the interest of suffering domestic life, how it came to be true!

You have met and solved some of these problems, and now THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE invites you to tell specifically how you solved them. Your experience will be of help to others in the hurdle race of life. Do some careful thinking, select your family's great typical problem, state it definitely, and then relate in from one to two thousand words the story of how that problem was collared and thrown. You can tell the truth without fear, as no names will be printed with the articles! Address your manuscript to the Editor, The Family's Problems, care of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. All manuscripts accepted will be paid for promptly upon acceptance. These manuscripts need not be typed, though it is preferable to type them. Be sure to put your full name and address upon each manuscript submitted.

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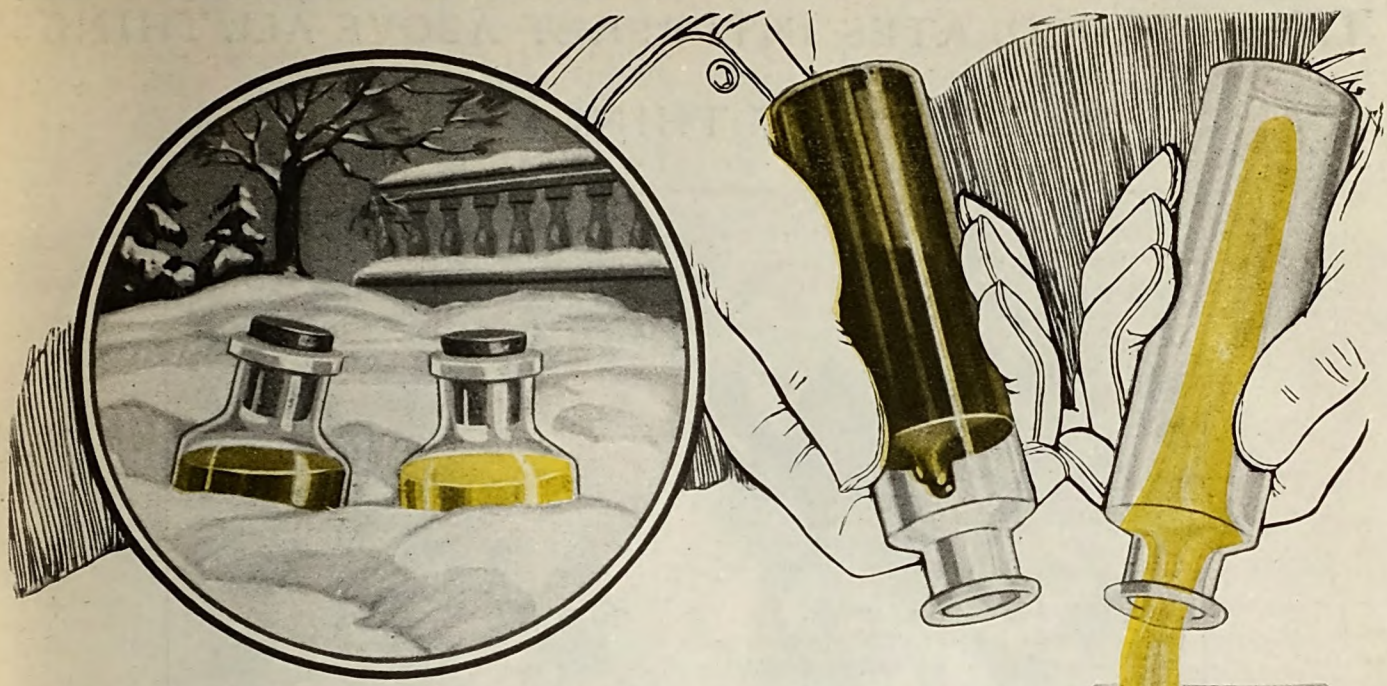


Left in the snow bank overnight —

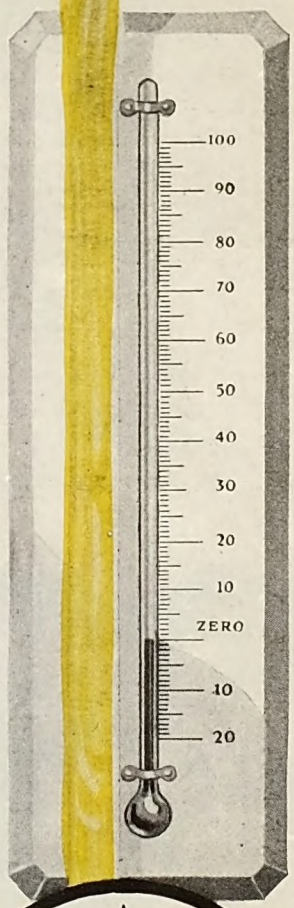
In the morning TEXACO flows freely!

But you needn't wait for the first cold, snowy night to make sure of your oil. Try it with any other oil—and Texaco—anytime. Place the two bottles in a jar of crushed ice and salt for half an hour. The temperature will drop to about zero, yet Texaco flows freely.

When it begins to freeze, any motor oil not free of paraffin, begins to thicken

Then begins the starting resistance that burdens your battery—when every moving part is wiping its working surface bare of lubrication. One short minute of this action is more destructive than many miles of ordinary driving.

No such condition is necessary — Texaco Motor Oil flows at 32°, at zero — and below. For Texaco is free of paraffin wax, tars and cylinder stock. Be sure that your oil meets the severe test of winter driving. *Golden Texaco does.*



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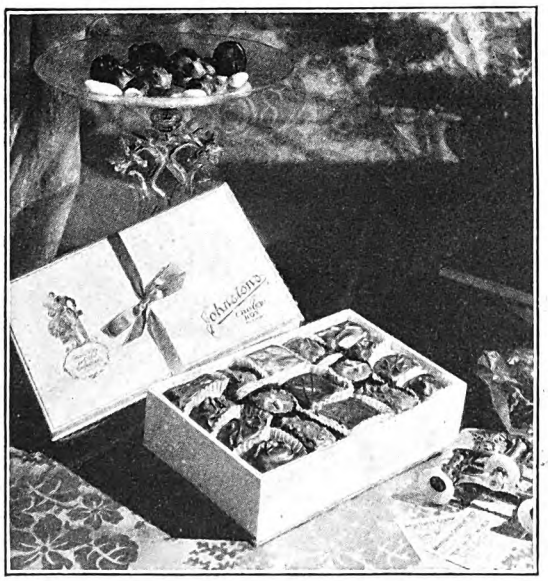
THESE CHOCOLATES INTERPRET ABOVE ALL THINGS THE CORRECT THING IN CANDY

The famous Reception Lounge of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, where, it is said, during any twenty-four hours, every really smart person in New York may be seen.

YET you can obtain them, to meet the most unexpected of demands, almost instantly, at a store no more than a square or two away, no matter where you may be!



The new Choice Box typifies—probably better than any other—the socially accepted candy gift throughout fashionable America today. Twenty-two different kinds in one box to prove Variety IS the Spice of Life.

ALL things have their *modes.* In candy giving, it is Johnston's . . . among the leaders of things social in smartest gathering places of smartest America.

Thus in choosing this noted make of candy, one is sure of doing that which is admittedly the *correct thing,* either for one's own home or for a gift of thoughtful graciousness—

Conveniently available at the better stores throughout America, you can obtain Johnston's Chocolates at a moment's notice—any time—anywhere. The *new* Choice Box—containing twenty-two different kinds—is suggested as an ever welcome gift.

You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

Johnstons
CHOCOLATES

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

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The February American Magazine 25 Cents

NTED BY HASKELL COFFIN

Is It Hard To Be Honest In Your Town?

MRS R B BLOWERS
WOODLAND
CALIF
027 XMAS

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Finicky appetites

Jack Spear was an eater queer
His wife was no better you see
They saw Wrigley's Gum
And at once got some...
Now they lick up the platter with glee

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

When appetite and digestion lag, bring Wrigley's Double Mint into play.

For REAL PEPPERMINT flavor —a cooling, soothing refreshment—get DOUBLE MINT!

Easy to remember — Double Mint — and hard to forget, once you've tried it.

The *satisfying* confection.

"After every meal"

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Must you wheedle your child into eating?

Here's the answer!

Children love Wheatena!

The very aroma of hot whole wheat spurs the laggard appetite. The first mouthful is a revelation in deliciousness. After that, children ask for Wheatena themselves. They prefer its toasty golden goodness. So digestible doctors recommend it for infants during the first year.

Mother coaxes. Father is helpless. The child refuses to eat. Do you have this battle in *your* home?

Is it really the child's fault—or is it the food? Few healthy children will refuse to eat a delicious appetizing cereal.

Many mothers have told us that since they have been serving Wheatena they have, to a large extent, solved the feeding problem. Children welcome Wheatena and reach for it eagerly, often asking for a second helping. They never tire of its captivating whole wheat flavor, even if it is served every day.

Why not begin today serving Wheatena? Your family will agree that never have they tasted such flavor in any other food.

Wheatena is whole wheat at its delicious best, containing nutriments so essential for health, growth and energy; Proteins for body-building; Carbohydrates for energy; Mineral Salts for bone and tissue; Vitamins B and E for protection and vigor; Bran for safe regulation.

Treat your family to a Wheatena breakfast tomorrow. Ask your grocer for Wheatena—in the yellow and blue package. On your table in three minutes, at less than two cents a pound

Wheatena

The delicious whole wheat cereal

FREE—Write today for your sample package of Wheatena and recipe book. The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Name.....

Address.....

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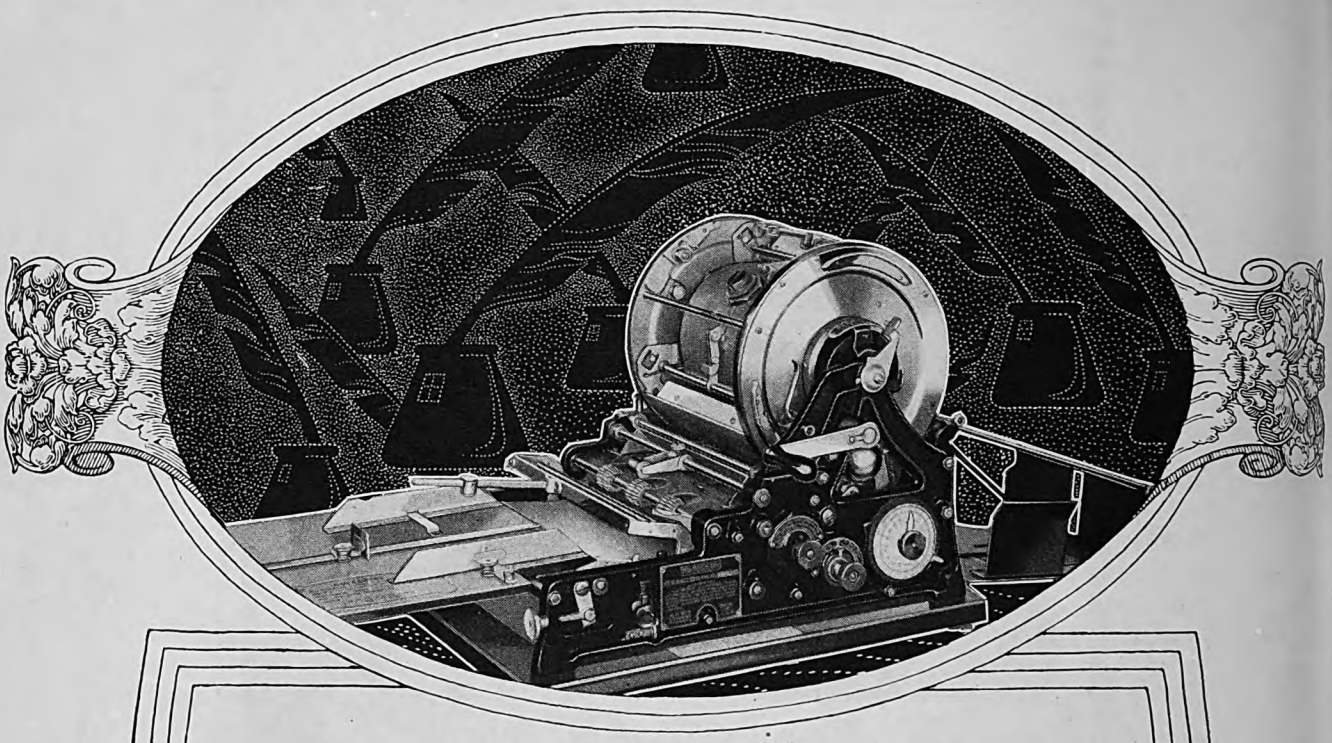

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The American Magazine

February, 1927

MERLE CROWELL, *Editor*
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Managing Editor*

Vol. CIII

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FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

BODY by FISHER

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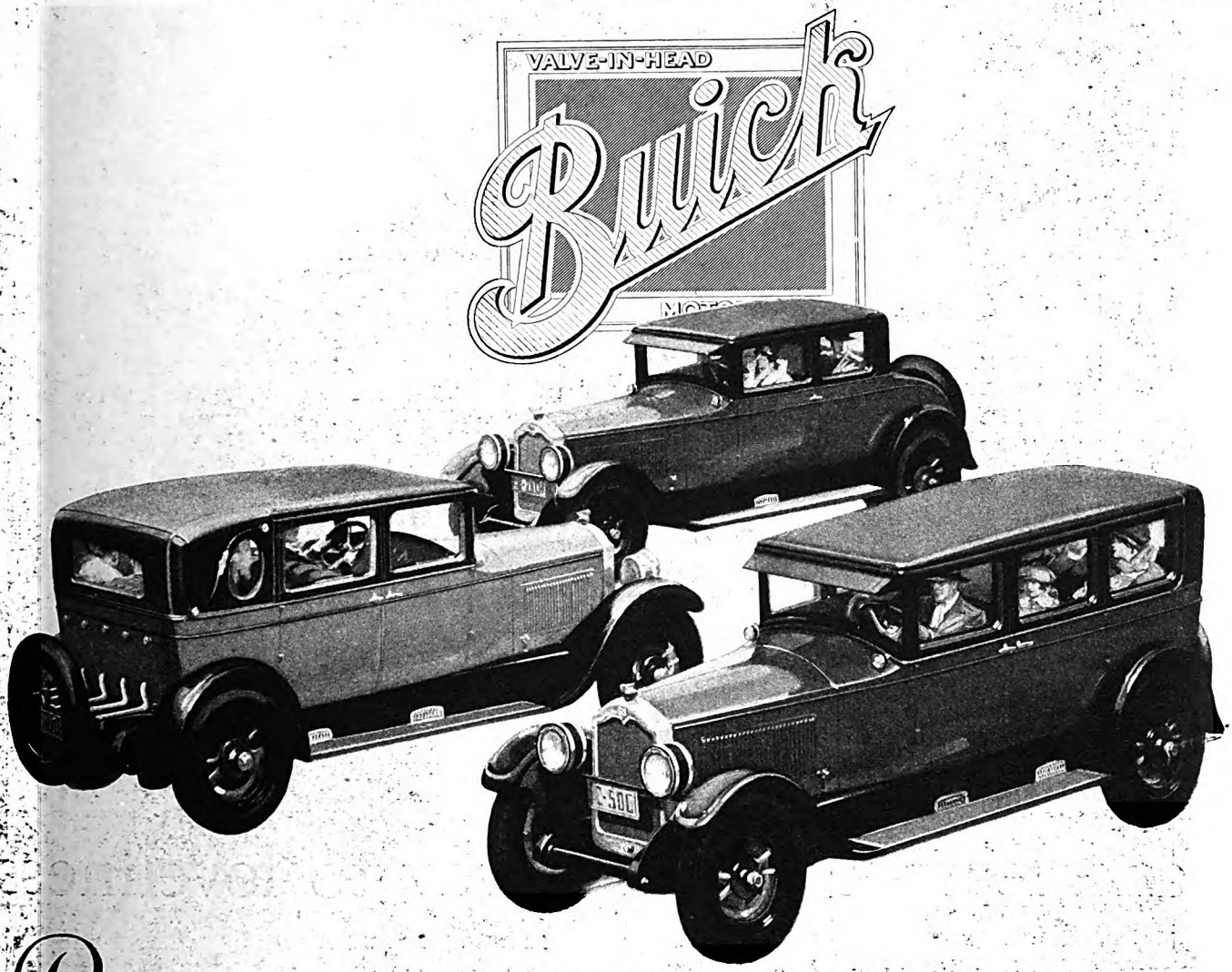
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



Praise for one Buick model is *praise* for all - -

Whenever motor cars are discussed, you are certain to hear Buick favorably mentioned. Notice that no particular Buick model is singled out for this praise.

This is significant. It points to the single standard of Buick chassis design.

Every Buick feature belongs to every Buick chassis, regardless of wheelbase or selling price.

Every Buick today has the engine that is *vibrationless beyond belief.*

Every model has Thermostatic Circulation Control, Vacuum-Cleaned Crankcase and many other vital advancements lately added to Buick efficiency.

Buick can do it because the savings of enormous volume are poured back continually into Buick value.

Buy any Buick with confidence, and with great expectations. It is supreme in value at its price. Its performance and high quality will win your warm approval.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
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THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

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A child who grew up and learned the safe way to loveliness

ONCE there was a little girl who believed that if one only *could* catch enough dew to wash one's face, loveliness like April would result!

As she grew older she collected several other strange ideas about beauty. To her skin, which was a very nice skin indeed—a little thin and sensitive, perhaps—she gave all sorts of elaborate treatments, instead of cleansing it with simple soap and water. Nothing spectacular happened, but her complexion began to lose its transparent freshness. She consulted her family physician and, at his suggestion, abandoned her involved cleansing methods.

"In fact," said she, telling us the story after she had grown to charming womanhood, "I returned to Ivory Soap and water, with a little cold cream now and then. And I'm sure that's all one needs."

For many years physicians have been urging simple care for the complexion. For a healthy skin, they say, soap-and-water is the *safest way to real cleanliness*, the only basis of skin beauty.

Of course, the soap must be pure. Only the purest soap can cleanse gently enough to guard your delicate skin. Ivory *is* pure—so pure that for nearly fifty years doctors have recommended it for the sensitive skins of tiny babies. Daily thorough cleansing with Ivory, cold rinsings, a little pure cold cream if your skin is dry—and you have found the safest way to your complexion's natural loveliness.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

SIR CHARLES FINDS BEAUTY IN ARCADY!

"Oh sir, have you seen a lamb with a pink bow at his left ear?"

"Lynette! You?" gasped Sir Charles. "Wait, don't run away. You must answer one question. Why did you desert me at the very moment of our wedding?"

"I—I just couldn't bear court life any longer. And when your sister, the Duchess, kept telling me and telling me that I really should spend an hour every day with lotions and remarkable soaps to keep myself beautiful, I—well, I just *had* to run!"

"Poor, misguided child. But you are more beautiful now than six months ago."

"That," smiled the lovely Lady Lynette, "is my secret. I met the nicest shepherd in the Forest of Arcady, and he promised me that I could wear adorable smocks and need never use any soap but Ivory. So, of course, I married him."

"Well, well," said Sir Charles. "Fancy that!"

IVORY SOAP

...kind to everything it touches

99 44/100% Pure · It Floats

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
February, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

The Biography Of A Puppy

By Albert Payson Terhune

SANDY'S first earthly sensation was of groping blindly, hungrily, squirmingly, against his mother's furry underbody; along with five similarly squirming and hungry and helpless canine atoms.

He weighed little more than a pound. He was blind. He could not walk. He could not stand. All he could do was to cluck like a hen and to squirm and to eat and to sleep. That was his life. He looked like a plump rat of no especial color.

When the babies were barely two days old, one of Sandy's brothers ceased to eat; and began to make queer intermittent shrill sounds that grew fainter, and fainter, hour by hour. "A squeaker," grumbled the Master, as he and the Superintendent stood above the litter.

"We'll just give him a drop of paregoric and bundle him in hot cloths, and do all the other things. But it won't be any use. A newborn collie puppy is either the easiest or the hardest animal on earth to raise. Some of them couldn't be killed by an ax. Others of them wouldn't live if they had three doctors and seven trained nurses working over them. The longer I breed them, the less I know about them."

The pitiful little "squeaker" died—a squirrel-sized and no-colored and futile morsel of doghood which might have grown into an international champion or into a life-saver or into the only chum of some solitary man or woman, or into a sheep-killing scourge. All those potentialities, and a hundred more, had lurked within his tiny brain and body. All had been wiped out by a single twinge of colic.

Lime water had been added liberally to the dam's food, to avoid this very thing. Yet it had happened. In dog-raising, the only flawless bit of revealed wisdom is: "Anything can happen."

But this is the story of Sandy: not of his less lucky brother.

At twelve days, Sandy had begun to look less like a plump rat than like a plump rabbit. His vague color had settled for the time into a gray-pink, with blackish blotches here and there. At twelve days too, his closed eyes opened for the first time. Two of the other pups already had their eyes open; two more had not.

Few of the countless absurd theories about dogs are more false than the belief that their eyes always open on the ninth day. Far more often they open anywhere from the eleventh to the fourteenth.

Sandy could see his surroundings, such as they were. He was housed in a room some seven feet long by a yard wide. A foot-high board cut off the far end of this room into a yard-square "brood-nest" whose flooring was cedar shavings, over which a soft old blanket had been tacked. Here Sandy had been born. Here must he stay, for another week. Then the board would be taken away and he and the other puppies would be at liberty to crawl clumsily all over the room.

FOR days thereafter he did not make any particular use of his new gift of sight. His acute sense of smell was enough for him. It told him, in pitchest darkness, just how and where to find his mournful-eyed, red-brown mother, Sunnybank Victrix. Her crooning little call was all that his flattened

PHOTOGRAPH BY DREW B. PETERS

The author of the accompanying article suffers a slight interruption in his work

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ratlike ears troubled to listen to.

His days and nights were taken up in eating and in sleeping. Nature was putting growth and strength into him in this immemorial way of hers. For he had an incredible lot of growing to do. A normal-sized man, making such proportionate increase in a single year, would become taller and broader than the Statue of Liberty.

LONG before Sandy made the least use of his beady eyes, they had caught the troubled attention of the humans at Sunnybank. For Sandy's eyes were a brilliant pale blue, shot with occasional brown splotches—the eyes of the typical blue merle collie. His sire, Sunnybank Gray Dawn, was a gigantic blue merle; yet he had dark brown eyes. In this, his baby son, the merle traits cropped out in the blue eyes as well as in a tendency toward the silver-gray coat of his sire. But the coat was more yellow than gray, giving it a ludicrous pinkish tinge.

In brief, Sandy was one of those chromatic anomalies, a "sable-merle" collie; with all the physical faults of both his parents without the physical perfections of either. Such a dog cannot hope to excel in the show ring or to command a high price as a pet. He is a misfit.

Luckily, Sandy had not the remotest idea he was any different from his handsomer brethren and sisters, though he had reached the age when he and they could romp awkwardly and slowly; growling in falsetto excitement as they rolled around the soft brood-nest in baby mock-warfare.

When he was three weeks old, he had an annoying experience—his first of many. His education began. The Master came into the brood-nest, an hour after the puppies' mother had been sent out for a run. He carried carefully the well-scalded top of a baking powder tin. It was full of warm milk into which part of an egg had been beaten.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DREW B. PETERS

Sunnybank Sandstorm, better known as Sandy, playing with Victrix, his mother. Gray Dawn, Sandy's father, is lying in front of Mrs. Terhune. Victrix is in the center; and Sandy is at Mr. Terhune's feet at the right. (In the oval) Sandy seeking a very dead fish for his master

Setting the tin on the floor, the Master picked up one of the five pups at random. The pup happened to be Sandy. Putting the little fellow on the floor in front of the milk, the Master thrust Sandy's nose into it.

The nose was not kept there longer than the fraction of a second; but long enough to cover it with warm milk. It was a sticky and disagreeable sensation. Sandy resented it. He tried to wriggle free. Then he sought to cleanse his milky nose by washing it with his tongue. To the hungry baby's surprise the milk tasted good.

By the third day thereafter, he was able to crouch in front of the tin and to lap gawkily and half-ineffectually at its contents. Much of the milk was spattered broadcast and much more rolled off his unaccustomed tongue. But more and more of it, every day, went down his throat. Within a fortnight he could drink milk like a veteran, and could even begin to chew the bits of soft and soaked bread in it.

BUT he preferred to dine as always he had dined since the day he was born. There was too much effort and too little result in the tedious lapping. Here, however, came his second annoyance; this time a real grievance.

His big and gentle mother, Victrix, no longer summoned him to her furry side with that sweet little crooning sound. Indeed, she pushed him away when he sought to nuzzle against her. When he refused to take the hint, she growled, and then snapped dramatically at him.

Her strong jaws could have shorn the fat baby in two. But Victrix took good care they should not so much as pinch him. Her only object in the show of ferocity was to scare him into relying on his food dish alone for dinner. After a few such rebuffs, Sandy ceased to grieve wonderingly at her new crossness toward him; and he learned the lesson her snaps and growls had sought to teach.

It was not that Victrix loved him and her other babies no longer. She would fly ragingly at any other dog that loitered past the brood-nest or that nosed inquisitively at her young. But she was giving him his first lesson in self-reliance.

Then came a day when the five puppies and their mother were transferred into a space far larger than the Kansas prairies. To human eyes, their new home was merely a shaded wire enclosure, perhaps thirty feet long by twenty feet wide; with a low dish into which fresh water was forever trickling; and with a green-painted kennel house raised a foot or so above the ground, a sloping runaway connecting its entrance with the earth below. But to Sandy the spaciousness of his new abode was limitless.

The five pups, on fat legs which still were a bit shaky, explored slowly and marvelingly every inch of the vast territory. Hours a day were taken up in the exploration. Then, as the summer waxed hotter, they found why the long kennel house was so far above ground. Under it, there was soft and cool earth in which to grovel. A faint draft of air was passing through continually.

Here, a puppy could wallow deep in the

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dim-lit coolness, and could defy hot weather; only dashing clumsily out to greet such humans as might pass. For the first two weeks of his life, Sandy had been kept in a temperature of eighty degrees. Warmth and dryness are two of the secrets for keeping newborn animals alive. But now that he was two months old his coat was beginning to grow longer and thicker and fuzzier; and the cool of his earthy day-bed was refreshing.

FROM the time he and the others could waddle in the brood-nest, they had learned to look forward to the visits of the Mistress or the Master or of any of the Sunnybank workmen. From the first, they found it pleasant to be petted and talked to.

Now that they were living in the puppy yard, guests were brought out, every few days, to look at them and to pet them. For this was one of the Sunnybank theories: From babyhood, all puppies were taught to accustom themselves to be petted by strangers, and to understand that humans are friendly. Thus, none of them fled in terror to a far corner of the yard, as do so many puppies, at sight or sound or scent of unknown people. None had the faintest trace of fear or bashfulness. Out they would troop, as gayly as a comic opera chorus, when any human neared their yard.

Sandy was first of the five to catch scent or sound of such visitors. He it was that led the awkward gallop to the wire fence. He, too, it was that inherited most strongly of them all the battle secrets of his wolf ancestors.

Puppy play is an unconscious imitation of canine warfare. Sandy excelled in this. While the others were content to romp clownishly and purposelessly, he used brain and heredity in their sham battles.

Early he caught the knack of throwing his opponent off balance by a shoulder shove, and then of ravening playfully for the throat by the time the other puppy had fairly touched ground. Early, he learned the ancient wolf trick of feinting for the throat and then seizing a foreleg in pretended breakbone grip. Early he learned to lunge over an adversary's head and to catch him by the base of the brain.

He was not in the least quarrelsome. Never did he start any of the occasional hot little fights with which the pups punctuated their play. But, once attacked, he put into active use every inherited trick he knew. Always he won. Never, after the battle, did he bully his victim or hold grudge.

THE Master used to stand by the hour, to watch this incessant play. He was looking for something. At last, he found it. One day he said to the Mistress, who was watching the puppies with him:

"I've picked the dog I'm going to keep. I didn't plan to keep any of this litter; but I've found what I want. It's that little pinkish-yellow lop-eared chap; the one you call 'the Pink Puppy.' He wouldn't be worth a dollar to any professional breeder. But he has brain and he has pluck and he has heart and he has poise. Besides, he has a queer individuality that is all his own. He has more personality than the rest of them put together. He's going to be my house dog. I'll have him registered as 'Sunnybank Sandstorm.' We'll call him 'Sandy,' for short. I'm going to sell all the others. They're beauties, every one of them. Sandy is the only poor specimen in the lot. But I'd rather

(*Continued on page 183*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSIE TARBOX BEALS

PHOTOGRAPH BY DREW B. PETERS

(Above) A photograph taken when Sandy was a puppy. Sandy is the one nestling in the curve of his master's right arm. (Right) Sandy investigating the mysterious stream from the garden hose. (Below) Gray Dawn, Sandy's majestic father

PHOTOGRAPH BY DREW B. PETERS

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42 Pictures Of Davy Crockett Help Run The Dallas "News"

"In every office of this newspaper," says George B. Dealey, head of the publication, "the hero of the Alamo looks down from the walls, as a reminder that the best policy is to be sure you are right, then go ahead"— Why Mr. Dealey regards efforts as more important than results

By George W. Gray

LAST summer I was in Dallas, Texas, to see Mr. George B. Dealey, the president and general manager of the Dallas "News." Before calling on the publisher, I decided to make a tour of the building, from the broadcasting station on the roof down to the great presses in the basement.

Up in the radio room my eye was caught by a steel engraving of a man. His old-fashioned dress and neckwear suggested a bygone age; but his long black locks and piercing dark eyes were features not soon to be forgotten.

I was still thinking of this striking countenance when, a few minutes later, I was conducted into the city-room on the third floor, and saw on the wall a duplicate of the picture. In the telegraph department, the picture again looked down on me. It confronted me in the editor's room, in the art-room, the composing-room, the press-room, and other departments. I began to feel haunted by it. And when at last I was ushered into Mr. Dealey's room, and saw another copy of the engraving on his wall, I could hold myself in no longer:

"Before I explode with curiosity, Mr. Dealey, please tell me whose face it is that confronts one everywhere in this building?"

"That is David Crockett."

I knew enough Texas history to remember that David Crockett was one of the six surviving heroes of the Alamo, and that he was massacred by order of General Santa Ana.

"But, why is his picture here? Is David Crockett one of the founders of the 'News,' or its patron saint?"

"He died many years before the Dallas 'News' was born," answered Mr. Dealey; "but I suppose it is approximately correct to call him our patron saint. His picture is here—in forty-two places—as a reminder."

"As a reminder of what?" I interrupted.

The publisher pushed back his chair from his desk and looked thoughtfully at the Crockett picture.

"There is a saying," he went on, unheeding my interruption, "to the effect that a man's worth is to be judged by his results. Mottoes have been coined to express the idea. 'Results count' and 'Nothing succeeds like success.' I have seen such mottoes hanging in offices, schools, libraries, and other places. But in my opinion—and it is based on more than sixty years' observation of life—results are secondary and not primary. One of the most valuable lessons I have learned in the school of experience is the importance of effort rather than results."

"That's a very interesting philosophy," said I; "but I don't quite see how it ties up with David Crockett's picture."

"I'm coming to that," he rejoined. "As I was saying, I believe that the effort you put into an undertaking is of greater consequence than the result you accomplish. You are not responsible, I am not responsible, for the results we get. How can it be otherwise? God alone can guarantee results. But we *are* responsible for the effort we make to get our results. So what really counts is the sincerity and quality of our efforts."

I nodded my approval of this sentiment.

"Nevertheless," continued Mr. Dealey, "a man usually gets praised only when he achieves some result. I recall reading a long time ago a remark attributed to Bismarck. He had represented his country at a very important international conference, and had accomplished all the results desired. The people were enthusiastic in their welcome when he returned, and thousands surrounded his castle and clamored for a speech. He refused again and again. Finally his secretary came to him and said, 'My lord, they want to acclaim and praise you.' Bismarck only shook his head, and muttered, 'What would they do if I had failed?'

"But what about David Crockett?" I prompted gently.

Mr. Dealey smiled. "I'll satisfy your curiosity at once," he replied. "David Crockett's picture hangs on our walls because we think he had the right philosophy of life, a philosophy which he summed up time and again in the simple phrase, 'Be sure you are right, then go ahead.' I don't say that he originated that principle, but his life was an exemplification of it.

"AND that's the principle on which we are trying to conduct our newspaper. I have had 'Davy's' picture put in every department in the building, as a constant but silent reminder that it is the effort that is put into a job that counts; that all we ask of our employees is that they make sure they are right, according to their best lights, and then go ahead. If every man in the organization works according to that fundamental precept, the management ought to be willing to accept responsibility for the results that follow.

"I am not blind to results. I want to produce a good newspaper. I have been working at that one job—and with this one publishing house—for fifty-two years, and naturally I am eager to have the paper grow. But I would rather have it a failure and know in my conscience that my efforts were right, than to have it a tremendous enterprise through dubious means.

"When a reporter is sent to get an item of news, we are eager that he should bring back the story. But we are much more eager that he should get it fairly and cleanly and write it sincerely, even if the final product lacks the kick of a faked or over-colored effort.

"The same principle applies in the business department of the newspaper—as indeed, it applies to all business. *How* we get our advertising and circulation is more fundamental than the amount of revenue we derive from it. I could cite many examples out of experience to illustrate this, but one case that happened only a few years ago will suffice.

"IT WAS during the period of the oil boom in north Texas. New petroleum wells were blowing in almost weekly, and oil-stock promoters swarmed in Dallas, Fort Worth, and other Texas cities. Much of their business was conducted by mail, and to get their offers of stock before the public they used newspaper space liberally.

"It was soon apparent that many of these promoters were offering far more than they could deliver. To sift the honest oil men from the dishonest was too formidable a task. So we decided in the 'News' office to close our columns against *all* oil-promotion advertising. At the same time, staff writers were sent to the various oil fields to find out the facts and report them truthfully.

"This policy represented our effort to do the thing that was in keeping with our standards, and we stuck to it, regardless of results.

"As was to be expected, many of the promoters boycotted the 'News.' Oil men canceled their subscriptions and refused to read the paper. The 'News' was

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accused of 'killing business'—'blocking progress'—'besmirching the good name of Texas.' A number of the honest oil companies protested that an injustice was being done them, and no doubt it *was* hard to be lumped with fakers. But there was no other way for us to handle the problem. We held on to our policy, in spite of unpopularity and personal abuse, and faced a financial loss conservatively estimated at half a million dollars.

"Finally, the tide turned. Federal authorities swooped down on a gang of oil swindlers, rounded them up, and sent several to Leavenworth for various terms of imprisonment. Some of the people who had derided the 'News' for 'over-conservatism' now had the fairness to write and compliment us for our 'foresight' and 'courage.' Many of the writers bewailed their lost investments.

"This experience illustrates what I meant by saying that effort is primary, and results are secondary. Look to your efforts first. If they are right, results can be left to take care of themselves. To paraphrase David Crockett, 'Make sure your efforts are right, and then go ahead, regardless of results.'

"WHENEVER my mind gets to weighing the relative values of effort and results," went on Mr. Dealey, "I think of my father's life, and his struggles to rear a large family. As I look back upon those trials now, and remember how single-hearted and sincere he was, weaving religion into life in a way that made poverty and self-denial only incidental and inconsequential, I know that he was a great success.

"An early example of my father's attitude toward 'results' is an incident that is still vivid in my memory, though it happened in my childhood home in England, nearly sixty years ago."

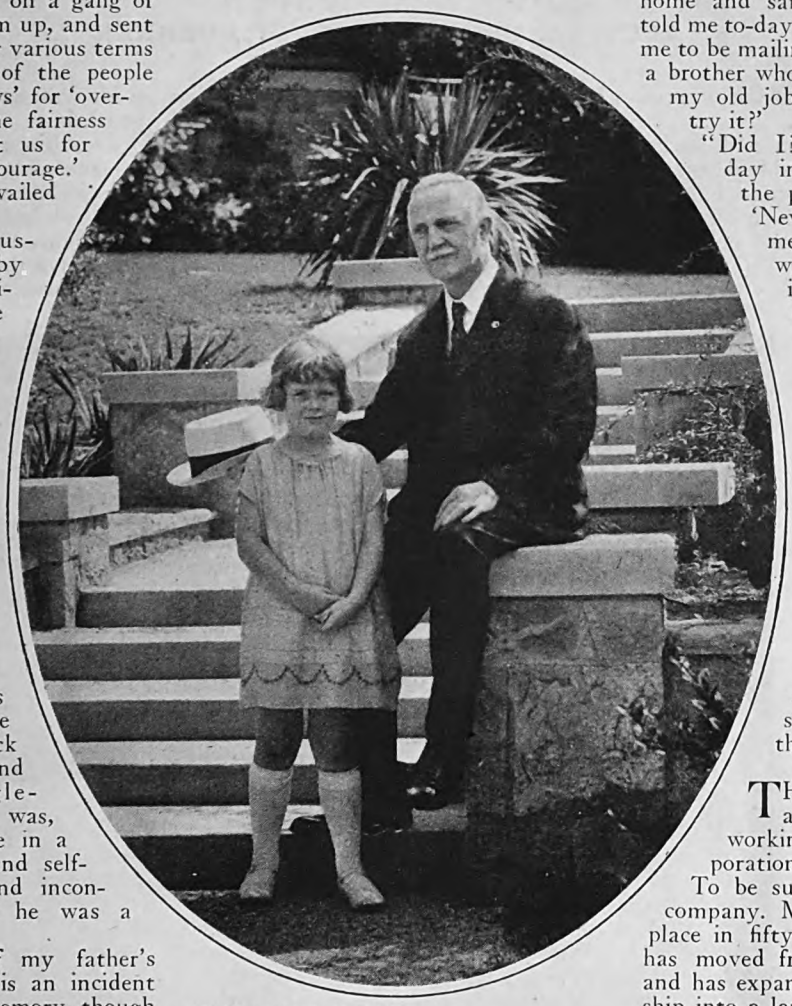
(Mr. Dealey is a native of England, having been born in Manchester in 1859.)

"Father had gone security on a note for a friend in another city, and the friend had defaulted. The debt wiped out his business completely and, with a wife and nine children to support, he was faced with the problem of making a new start in life.

"But my father shook off that calamity as though it had been a mere incident. 'We'll go to America,' he announced. And without any crying over spilt milk, my parents began preparations to embark for the New World. We had a relative living in Galveston, Texas, and that circumstance determined our destination. Money was borrowed to meet the expenses of the trip, and these were kept down to the minimum by our primitive mode of traveling. We crossed the ocean in a cramped freighter. There being no passenger cabin, quarters were built on deck to house us. We cooked most of our meals ourselves in this deck camp during the six weeks of our voyage across the Atlantic and up into the Gulf of Mexico.

"It was tropical summer weather when we reached Galveston, and the thing that impressed me most was an enormous green pile of watermelons on the wharf. I had never seen melons before. And after I had my first taste of one I decided that I was going to like Texas."

Thus, through that incident, which seemed like failure in the Old World, the Dealey family, of father, mother, and nine children, was transplanted to this southwestern outpost of America, on Galveston Island. "It was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to us," said Mr. Dealey; "and I remember how Father used to joke about his good luck in 'failing' in England.



PHOTOGRAPH BY G. A. MC AFEE, DALLAS, TEXAS

For fifty-two years George B. Dealey, president of the Dallas "News," has worked for the same company. Soon after he came to America from England, where he was born in 1859, he began his newspaper career as an office boy. The Dallas "News," largely a product of Mr. Dealey's efforts, is one of the leading publications west of the Mississippi. The little girl in the picture above is the publisher's granddaughter

"How did you get into the newspaper business?" I asked Mr. Dealey.

"It came about this way," he answered: "As soon as we got settled in Galveston, Father opened a shoe shop. But as the family income failed to measure up to the family necessities, my elder brother, T. W., and I went to work. He got a job as office boy with the Galveston 'News,' and I found employment in a candy factory. On Sundays, in order to add a little more to the family purse, I pumped the organ and rang the bell at Trinity Church. Other jobs came my way from time to time. I was office boy for two cotton brokers, delivered telegrams for the Western Union, and worked in a grocery store, a saddle and harness factory, and a soda-water stand on the beach.

"One day, my brother, T. W., came home and said, 'George, Colonel Belo told me to-day that he is going to promote me to be mailing clerk. He asked if I had a brother who could come in and take my old job as office boy. Want to try it?'

"Did I? That was a red-letter day in my life. Colonel Belo, the publisher of the Galveston 'News,' was one of the great men of Texas; his newspaper was the leading publication in the state, and to be office boy on the 'News' seemed a great distinction. I was fifteen years old at this time.

"The next morning my brother took me to the office and introduced me to Colonel Belo. When I told him the various jobs I had held, he burst out laughing, and said, 'Well, George, you're versatile, and that's what we need in the newspaper business.' He engaged me at once, and I went to work that same day, at a salary of three dollars a week."

THIS was in October, 1874, and George B. Dealey is still working for the A. H. Belo Corporation.

To be sure, it is hardly the same company. Many changes have taken place in fifty-two years. The business has moved from Galveston to Dallas, and has expanded from a small partnership into a large publishing corporation. Colonel Belo and the other pioneers who worked with him in building up the "News" have passed on—all but this office boy of 1874. He has become, perhaps, the greatest builder of them all.

Fifty-two years with one employer! A lifetime of loyalty and application!

"The fact is," said Mr. Dealey, when I commented on this wonderful record, "nobody else offered me a job in those fifty-two years, so I hadn't an opportunity to break my connection. However, I doubt if anyone could have enticed me away. From the very first, I had a sense of belonging here. I felt sure I was on the right path, and so I just went straight ahead, putting my best efforts into my various jobs.

"Then, too, I had my brother's example to help me. I started in his shoes, and trailed after him fairly consistently for the rest of my career. When he was promoted to be assistant bookkeeper, I was given his job in charge of the mailing-room. He climbed on up until he was made a director of the company and secretary and treasurer. (*Continued on page 115*)

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The Heir At Law

Colonel Braxton shows that where there's a will there's a way to find it

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

COLONEL BRAXTON was profoundly puzzled.

It was afternoon and he had made a considerable journey.

The house sat on a hill in a grove of trees, with only a path to reach it. The unused country road below ran through a forest to the little railway station at the distant end of the valley.

Colonel Braxton came up the path alone to the house.

Not a soul was to be seen, and opening an unlatched door on the portico he went in.

It was a library that he entered, a great room, the four walls of which were filled with books on open shelves to the height of a man's shoulder.

But it was a library that no occupant had ever used.

The man who built it, by political accident had been a senator, and for appearance had filled this room with government reports, gathered at no cost, and of no interest to any living creature.

The earth had finally received him, and the later occupant had acquired the property at the sale that followed. He had made no change in the room, for no book intrigued him. He had permitted the volumes to remain, as one permits a permanent decoration in his house. No hand had ever removed one from its shelf, and they became with time, like the beautiful walnut paneling above them, a part of the four walls.

There was a heavy, long, old walnut writing desk sitting near a window, with a worn upholstered chair. This desk the late owner used for his papers and accounts.

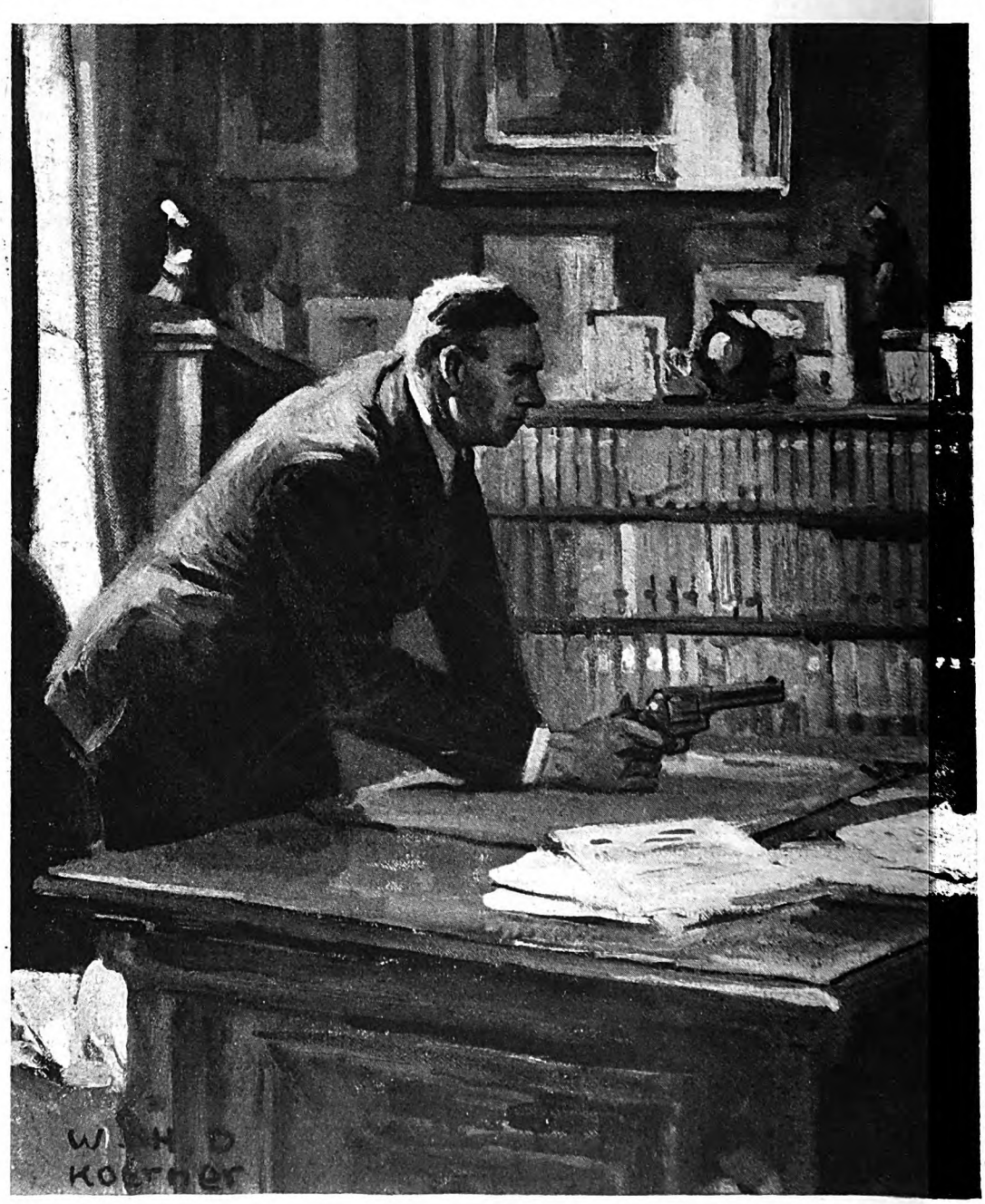
Colonel Braxton had stopped beside this desk as he came in.

The drawers had been pulled out, and the contents left in confusion. In the partly open drawer below the writing desk, a big pistol of an early model was half concealed. Colonel Braxton took it up for a moment, and then replaced it. He touched nothing else and went on to the middle of the room. Here a further thing caught his eye, and he remained unmoving, his hands behind him, his big shoulders thrown forward, his face fixed in concerned reflection.

He was, as I have written, profoundly puzzled.

Two things had happened on this morning in strange sequence:

A girl had come into his office and asked him to make this journey in the interest of her affairs, and then, just as he was setting out, a message had arrived from this same house, asking him to come at once.



He pointed the weapon at the lawyer. . . . "I

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There could be no collusion in these two events, as they were from opposing interests.

To Colonel Braxton their identity in time was the mere coincidence of chance. Another in the practice of the law might believe that opposing interests raced here for the option of his professional services. But in the obscurity that surrounded these events the colonel thought he saw the dim outline of a definite purpose.

The owner of the estate, Marshall Lurty, had been dead and buried ten days. He had come here from New Orleans, bought this house and lands at the sale of the deceased senator's effects, and had maintained the outdoor, leisurely life of a country gentleman.

He lived alone. No relative appeared until death removed him; then came the brother and this girl, as though they had winged out of distant countries, with no knowledge that either was on the way.

Of his dead client Colonel Braxton had no foreknowledge. But of this brother he had got on occasion a suggestive hint. The colonel had been attorney for the dead man in some simple matters, had seen him now and then, and had been in this house. It was in the chance vagaries of the dead man's conversation that he had learned a little about the brother.

THERE was a slight sound, and, turning swiftly, Colonel Braxton saw the new occupant before him.

He had entered softly through the open doorway at the attorney's back. And at once, when one saw the man, one understood that method of approach—the instinct of caution, as though he were accustomed to subterranean maneuvers.

But, also, at sight of him a doubt departed!

He was, what he claimed to be, the dead man's brother. The likeness was unmistakable. Here was no impostor. But this man was sinister, as though he might have received the last heavy dregs of evil lying in the blood of his race.

He was big, like his brother; but he looked soft, like a mushroom fattened in tropic cellars—a poisonous mushroom! And Colonel Braxton remembered the hint in the dead man's talk—counselor to doubtful enterprises, cunning, untrustworthy, and dangerous.

The stranger addressed the attorney with a courteous introduction.

He was Caleb Lurty, whom doubtless his brother, Marshall Lurty, had often mentioned. He was concerned in the settlement of the dead man's estate. He had sent for Colonel Braxton in order to make a certain inquiry. Would he be seated.

He crossed then to the big old walnut desk, and sat down behind it. Colonel Braxton replied with a conventional rejoinder, but remained standing, with his hands behind him.

Mr. Caleb Lurty seemed, for some moments, as though uncertain how the conversation should be opened.

Then he put this query:

"Colonel Braxton," he said, "you have acted as attorney for my brother?"

"Yes."

"He has consulted with no other?"

"No other," replied Colonel Braxton.

The man gave a little whistling sigh. There came a certain resolution into his face.

"Then you can settle an important point?"

He paused as though in reflection, and then got up.

"Pardon me a moment, sir," he said. "I will show you a daguerreotype of my brother and myself taken together, as an evidence of my identity."

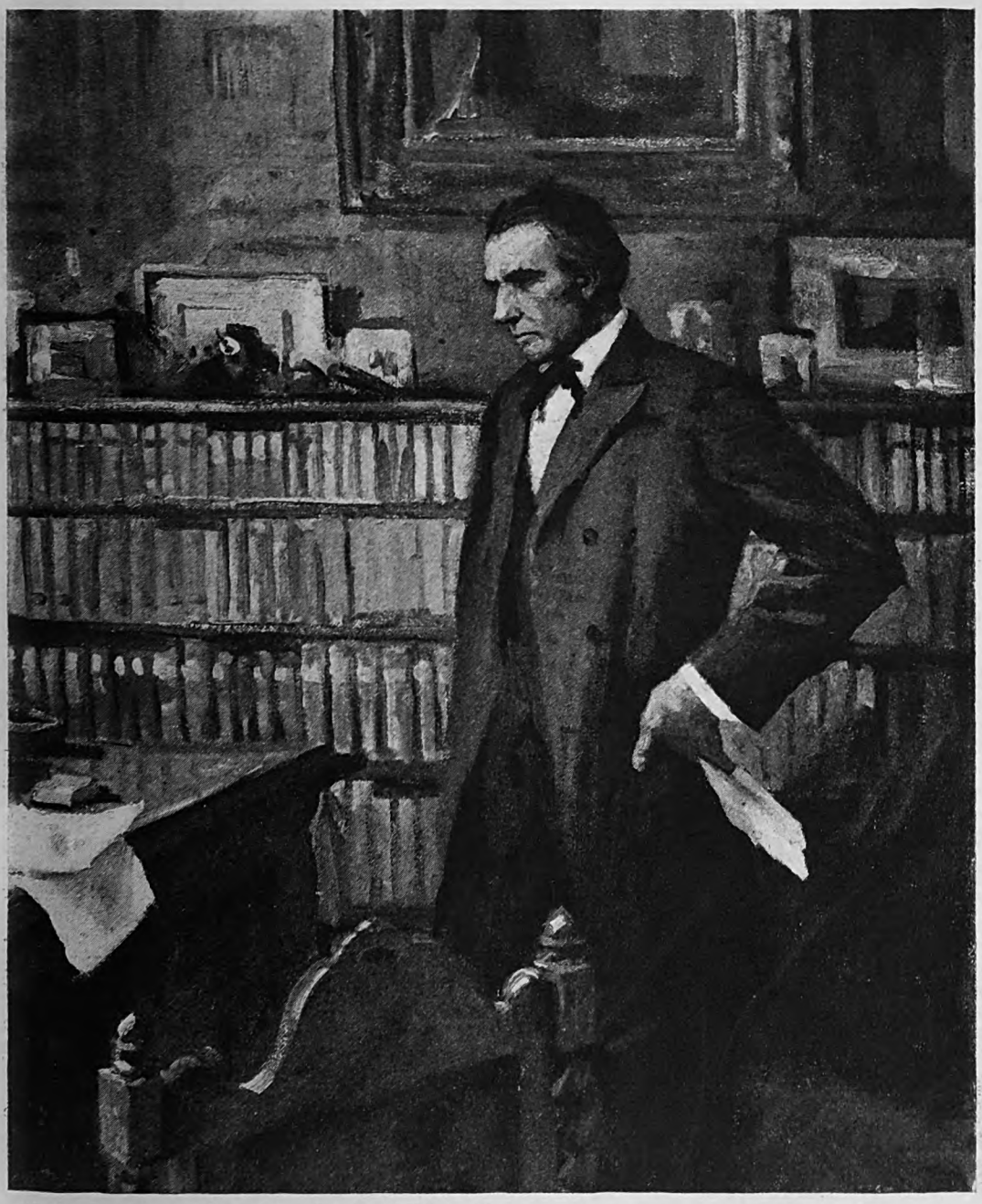
HE WENT out, and in his absence Colonel Braxton moved toward the object on the wall that had caught his eye when he first entered the library. He was back in the middle of the room, however, when Lurty returned.

Paying scant attention to the old picture that Lurty had brought with him, he said, "I have no doubt of your identity. You are Caleb Lurty."

The man went back to his chair behind the desk. He seemed to gather himself together, as if to launch some pointed query. Then, as though the long habit of indirection prevailed, he turned obliquely:

"My brother doubtless spoke of me in discussing his affairs?"

"He mentioned you," replied Colonel Braxton.



will give you three minutes by the watch," he said

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"As his brother, the only member of his family living?"

"Among other things," replied the attorney, in a quiet drawl, "he also said that."

Mr. Caleb Lurty repeated three of those Delphic words softly to himself. . . . "Among other things! . . . Ah."

He hesitated on the query.

"You would know then that I am his sole heir at law."

"At law!" Colonel Braxton's voice went sharply up.

"Why, yes," the man repeated, "at law. It is by law that estates descend and are inherited. Does not Mr. Jefferson's Statute of Descents name the heirs who inherit in their proper order? If a son dies unmarried, his entire estate goes to his *father;* if the father be not living, then it goes to the mother, brothers, and sisters equally; if the mother be also dead, and but one brother be alive, that brother takes. Do I not state the law correctly?"

"You state it like a judge," replied Colonel Braxton. "It is Mr. Jefferson's Statute of Descents, and I fear it gives the world a false idea of Virginia's value of a mother."

HE TURNED about, his voice again in its lengthened drawl:

"Upon what theory of justice, Mr. Lurty, could such a law be founded? In what manner is our paternal ancestor of greater value to us, that a child's estate should go to the father, while the mother who brought him into the world takes nothing?"

"Upon the theory, sir," said Mr. Caleb Lurty, "that the man made the fortune."

"Upon the theory, rather," replied Colonel Braxton, "that the man made the laws!"

He shrugged his shoulders and looked about the room.

"When I consider," he added, "how our paternal ancestors thus concerned themselves with such little, covert precautions in their own selfish interest, I am obliged to believe that any generous and noble impulses in us are inherited from the other side.

"Observe, sir, if you please, the injustice of these selfish laws that our worthy fathers wrote down in their statutes. If the wife dies, the husband takes her whole estate; but if the husband dies, the wife takes only a third portion of his lands for her life. And it may happen, sir, that the foundation of the husband's fortune came to him as a marriage portion with his wife. Nevertheless, it passes on to others, and she gets a third! In caring for himself, Mr. Caleb Lurty, our paternal ancestor, in his laws, neglected no precaution."

COLONEL BRAXTON went on, his drawling voice sinking to a soft cadence:

"And in a further instance: If a child were born out of wedlock, observe how our fathers, in their laws, got themselves clear of that. Such a child could not inherit their estates—they saw to that. It could inherit from its mother—they conceded this generous privilege. But the father's money and lands were exempt from such a claimant at his death."

Again Colonel Braxton paused. Then he added a final sentence:

"And so, Mr. Caleb Lurty, when you ask me if you are your brother's sole heir at law, I have repeated those legal words, 'at law!' That is to say, sir, if Marshall Lurty's estate is to pass by operation of law, it goes to you."

The man behind the long, heavy walnut desk sat back and looked at Colonel Braxton. He did not seem wholly relieved by this conclusive verdict. He reflected as upon a doubtful matter.

Finally he spoke:

"You know about this child?"

"I do," replied Colonel Braxton.

The big pasty-colored creature leaned over and put his elbow on the table.

"It was a youthful indiscretion of my brother's. But there was no marriage. The eloping parties were too young; no court would grant them a license. The girl was sent to distant relatives and died at the daughter's birth. The child took the mother's name. It was never recognized in any legal manner by my brother. The thing was hushed, forgotten, dropped out of human knowledge."

Colonel Braxton's voice interrupted.

"Precisely," he said. "Out of *human* knowledge."

Mr. Caleb Lurty looked up sharply.

"What do you mean, sir?"

Colonel Braxton made a vague gesture. His voice drawled in an idle monotony.

"I was thinking," he said, "of a knowledge somewhat larger—I was, in fact, thinking of a verse in the Gospel of St. Luke."

A girl had come into his office and asked him to make the journey in the interest of her affairs

"The Gospel of St. Luke!" echoed Lurty. "What has the Gospel of St. Luke got to do with this?"

"It might have a good deal to do with it," replied Colonel Braxton. "A good deal to do with it before this thing is ended. Is not Marshall Lurty's daughter of more value than many sparrows?"

The big man behind the desk got up. He took a turn about his chair; replaced it, and sat down. In that instant, he decided to face the thing he feared.

"Colonel Braxton," he said, "I have sent for you to inquire upon a certain point. Did you ever write out a form of will for my brother, Marshall Lurty?"

There was profound concern in the thick voice.

Colonel Braxton replied at once and with no equivocation.

"I did not," he said. (*Cont'd on page 120*)

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You Are Part Owner Of A Hundred Miles Of Books

They are in the Library of Congress, at Washington—three million volumes of them, in two hundred languages. In this vast treasure-house of information, you can study any subject under the sun, examine a million musical scores, see rare documents and pictures, and even obtain plans for your new home

By Helen Christine Bennett

TWO young people, a girl and a man, swung lightly up the tall flight of marble steps that leads to the Library of Congress. They were not Washingtonians. From the accent and inflections of their voices one would have placed them as northern, Michigan perhaps, or Wisconsin. Their clothes were new and smart, their faces alight with happiness.

"I can hardly wait until we get in," said the girl, skipping a step ahead of her companion. "See here"—the man paused and looked up at the gilded dome surmounting the building—"it seems a queer thing to ask in a place like this."

"I don't see why," retorted the girl. "Emma wrote, and they told her just where to get them, and Eleanor came here and they gave them to her. I'm sure we've got just as good a right."

"Of course," the young man assented. "Oh, well—"

They passed through the revolving doors, down long corridors where color ran riot, and up a flight of ornate stairs.

Following the directions of a guard they came at last to the room they were seeking, and found the man in charge.

"May we look at house plans, please?" asked the girl. "Some friends of mine got the plans for their home here; and I understand that you show people plans—"

"We do," replied the man in charge. "What price house are you figuring on?"

"Not over ten thousand." It was the young man who replied.

"Ye-es," assented the girl; "or even less."

A few minutes later they were seated side by side at a long table, eagerly studying plans. An hour later they were still at it. The genial gentleman in charge, who seemed prepared for any emergency, had supplied them with tracing papers and soft pencils, and beside each of them was a small pile of notes and sketches.

"We can look over furniture, when we get this done," said the girl to her companion. "We want to know good things. O-oh, look! Isn't this porch perfectly lovely?"

They had forgotten that this was their first trip to Washington, forgotten that the time was none too long for sightseeing, forgotten everything save the one thing that was to them of the greatest moment—the planning of their future home under the guidance, through the Congressional Library, of Uncle Sam!

"But isn't this a rare occurrence?" I asked the genial gentleman in charge. "Do many brides and grooms get their home plans from you?"

"Bless you, yes," he replied. "This isn't unusual. They write from every state in the Union, and they come here too, hundreds of them. They are not all brides and grooms, though. Occasionally an older couple comes in to plan the home they have worked for all their lives. One woman came not long ago for help in designing a sunlight house, to be so located that she could get sunshine in every room. But house plans are not the only things asked for. People come in and trace period furniture, rug and carpet patterns, styles in vases and ornaments, and look over prints of famous paintings and etchings. You must realize that although this is the Library of Congress it is also *our National Library*. And why shouldn't Uncle Sam help a young couple to build a good home, by offering them access to plans and books on furniture and decoration?"

Well—why not? If the National Department of Agriculture may help a farmer raise chickens, the National Library might well help a young couple in a vital matter such as the planning and furnishing of a home. But by virtue of its name, the Library of Congress had seemed to me to be a place of special purpose; and the fact that this wonderful building of ours, with its collection of books, the third largest in the world, exceeded only by the British Museum and the National Library of France, was being put to use day after day for practical ends by people all over the country, had not occurred to me.

THE Library covers three and a half acres of ground and there are eight acres of floor space. Within its walls are housed three million volumes, a million musical scores—which is the largest collection in the world—about half a million prints and photographs, two hundred thousand maps and charts, and a large collection of rare manuscripts. And so rapidly is the Library growing that one of the original courtyards has been built in solid to hold additional book stacks, and a second courtyard is now being built in like fashion.

Over a million visitors come every year to the Library of Congress; but few of them see many of the books. The shelves about the main (*Continued on page 154*)

The Most Popular Book In the Library of Congress

"ONE group of exceedingly serious students who come to the library are seekers of family history," says Mr. Ashley. "We have at least twenty-five family hunters a day, a few of them professional genealogists working on assignment for others, but most of them looking up their own ancestors. The library houses the largest collection of genealogies in the country, about ten thousand volumes; and this one," he added, handing a large book to Miss Bennett, the author of the accompanying article, "is one of our most popular reference books. I might almost say the *most* popular reference work in the building."

She took the book and looked at the title. It read:

"Americans of Royal Descent, by Browning"!

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The Good Samaritan Of Wall Street

By Mildred Harrington

TWO men faced each other across a desk in a Wall Street office. Both had clear ruddy skins, and blue eyes that looked as if they might crinkle easily into laughter. But neither was laughing now. It was a tense moment. They were sizing each other up; making up their minds about something.

The man who sat behind the desk was a well-known banker. The one who stood on the opposite side, leaning slightly forward with the palms of his hands flattened against the polished top of the desk, was equally well known in his line. In the underworld of the biggest city on earth, he had an enviable reputation among crooks for cracking a bank vault and making a clean get-away.

"Somehow," thoughtfully said the man whose picture was prominently displayed in every rogues' gallery in the country, "I have a feeling that this is going to be the biggest job I ever pulled."

"I shouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be the biggest deal *I* ever had a hand in," agreed the banker quietly.

"Then you're coming in with me?" The other spoke eagerly, almost incredulously.

"To the finish," promised the banker.

"Shake, . . . pal!" And the man who had seen the inside of half a dozen penitentiaries extended a big hand with long, sensitive fingers.

The two shook hands.

In this way, seven years ago, was sealed an amazing compact between Edgar S. Baruc, partner in the firm of Colvin and Company, bankers of New York City, and Dick Watson, ex-robber of banks, ex-second-story man, and one-time professor in a school for pickpockets. And until the death of Dick Watson, a little more than a year ago, these two men, whose lives in most things had been as far apart as the poles, worked side by side in their self-elected job of putting jailbirds back into circulation as good citizens.

Since Watson's death, Baruc has "carried on" with the assistance of twelve or fifteen business men who have become interested in his efforts to salvage black sheep, and who, voluntarily, have given their time, their money, and their influence to the work. In the seven years since he started, with the help of his friends, Baruc has put more than six hundred and fifty "down-and-outers" on their feet again. And most of these men have stayed on their feet. A few had occasional lapses until they got used to the idea of being respectable; but the records which Mr. Baruc has kept show that, out of the six hundred and fifty who have made a fresh start under his guidance, or that of his friends, less than two per cent have gone back to their old ways!

Is it any wonder that to countless people, high and low, Edgar Baruc is known affectionately as the "Good Samaritan of Wall Street"?

"IT'S just a matter of lending a helping hand when a fellow needs it most," Mr. Baruc told me recently when I talked to him in the same room that had witnessed his pact with Dick Watson. "At some time in his life, every man reaches his point of least resistance, a period when he is so thoroughly licked by circumstances, or, worse still, by some weakness within himself, that it seems hardly worth while to put up any further fight.

"Imagine yourself in debt, without credit, or friends, maybe without confidence in your own ability to go straight any longer. Do you suppose you would find it altogether easy to prove to a critical and perhaps justly suspicious world that you had even the *right* to make an honest place for yourself?

"Long before I attempted to do anything about it," Mr. Baruc went on, "I had often wondered what became of the fellows who had 'served time,' when they bucked up against the world again.

"As a kid, I had none too easy a life of it myself. My father, who had been a well-to-do Southern banker, died heavily in debt, because he had signed one note too many for his friends. Shortly afterward, my mother moved to New York. Before I was twelve, I was earning my own living and taking something home every Saturday night. And even then I had already made up my mind to pay off my father's debts and reëstablish his name in the banking world.

"ONE of my early jobs was sweeping up the floor and washing out the dingy brass cuspidors in a cigar store on lower Fourth Avenue. There was a cheap pool room over the cigar store. I couldn't help seeing a lot of the sporty youths who frequented the place. And I soon learned that the line which separates black from white is sometimes very, very faint. I knew only too well that in bad company many a boy from a good, honest home barely held on by the skin of his teeth to his determination to keep straight.

"And the older I grew, and the more I saw, the more thoroughly convinced I became that there are plenty of highly respected citizens who could look at a poor street bum, and say, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I!'

"I say that I had thought of these things; but it never had occurred to me until that day, seven years ago, when Dick Watson walked into this office, that I could do anything more than haphazardly lend a hand, here and there, to those who seemed to need it most. It was a friend of mine— (*Continued on page 144*)

Why Men Go Wrong

"I HAVE found," said Mr. Baruc, "that, as a rule, you can count on one of two things being responsible when a man takes the wrong fork of the road. The first is bad associates, and the second is—the women of his own family.

"When women nag their men-folks for things they can't afford, they don't realize, of course, that often they are urging them to take a desperate chance. A man's primitive instincts are involved. His pride as a provider is at stake. Almost any man likes to feel that he can give the women of his family what they ask for. I'd hate to tell you how many cases I actually know where men have served jail sentences because their wives insisted upon living up to a neighbor's income.

"But above and beyond all other reasons why boys and young men get into trouble with the law is this: They drift into bad company. Never was a truer saying than the old one that you can't play in mud without soiling your hands. If you want to look to your son's morals, first look to his associates. They will tell the story!"

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Photograph by Blank and Stoller

Edgar S. Baruc

IN THE business world, Mr. Baruc is known as a member of Colvin and Company, New York bankers. But to hundreds of down-and-outers whom he has helped to make a fresh start he is much better known as the "Good Samaritan of Wall Street." He was born in New York, but his father was a citizen of South Carolina. The elder Baruc died when Edgar was a small child, and a family that had never wanted for anything was plunged into poverty. It was Edgar Baruc's experiences while struggling to help his mother make a home and a living for her children that gave him an intense sympathy for people who find life hard sledding. Mr Baruc is thirty-nine years old, married, and has three children. He lives in New Rochelle, New York.

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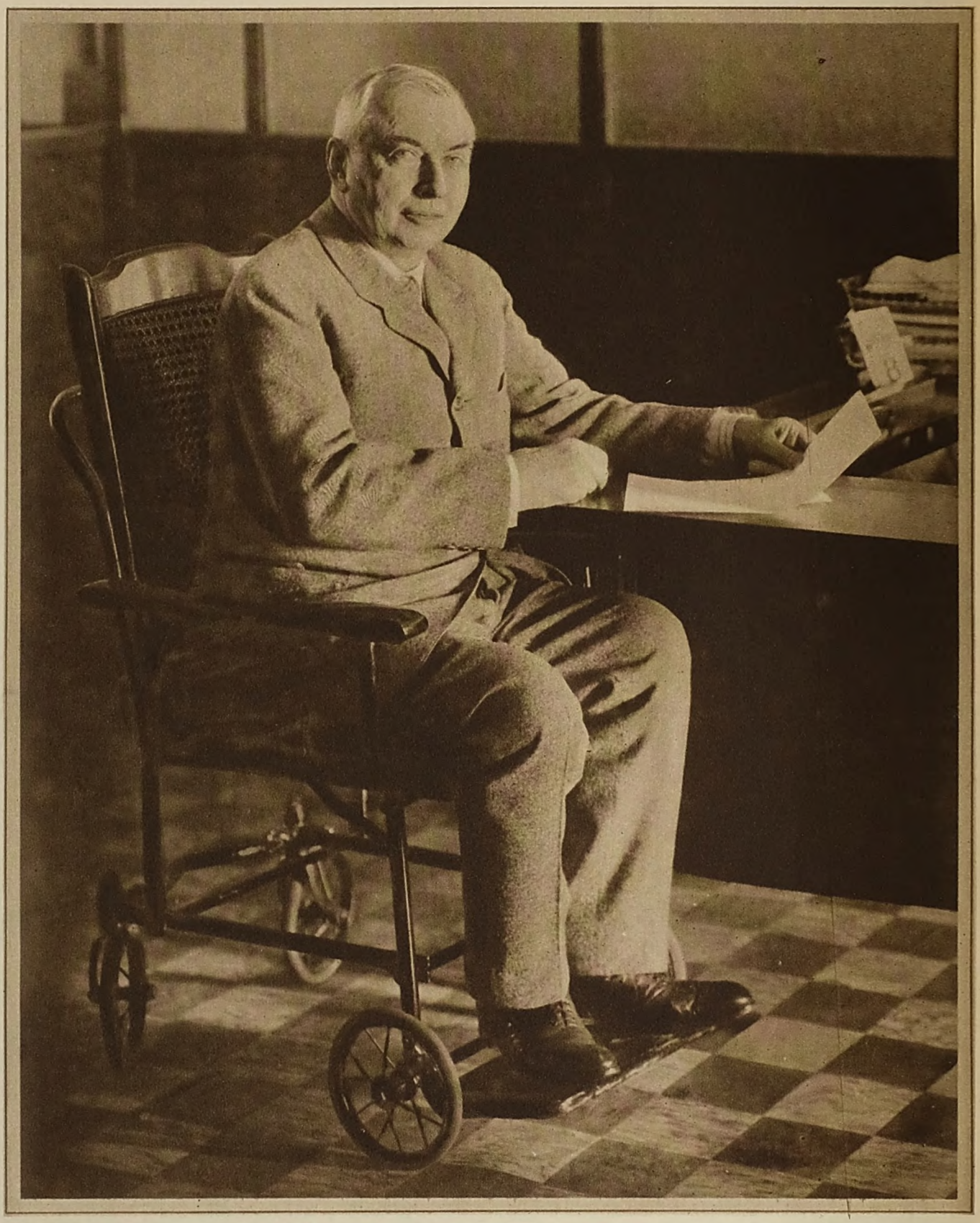

Daniel Murray Edwards

MR. EDWARDS is one of the most outstanding and interesting figures in the retail dry-goods business of America. He is sole proprietor of big department stores in Syracuse, Buffalo, and Rochester, New York, conducted under the name of E. W. Edwards and Son. He was born in Johnstown, New York, in 1861, and it was there he began his career as a merchant. Later he opened a store in Gloversville, New York, and from there moved to Syracuse, where he still makes his home. Twelve years ago Mr. Edwards suffered injuries which eventually confined him to a wheel chair but which have not loosened his hold on the details of his huge business.

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"D. M."

By E. Alexander Powell

SHOULD you happen to be motoring on a week day along that broad concrete highway known as the Genesee Turnpike, which links the cities of Buffalo, Rochester, and Syracuse, the chances are at least even that somewhere in that stretch of one hundred and fifty miles you will be passed by a big gray limousine hurtling along at express train speed. On the front seat, beside the chauffeur, will be sitting a little stoop-shouldered man.

Upon entering the outskirts of any of these three New York cities, the car, in deference to municipal ordinances, slows to a more decorous gait. Weaving its way through the press of down-town traffic, it presently comes to a stop beside the curb in the retail district. The tall young chauffeur springs nimbly to the ground and unfolds a wheel chair which is strapped behind. He lifts his passenger from the car and deposits him gently in the chair—a gray-clad man who smiles constantly, partly from innate cheerfulness, partly to mask his pain. A second attendant pilots the chair through the throngs of shoppers who keep the doors of a huge department store swinging ceaselessly. Over the entrance to the establishment, be it in Buffalo, Rochester, or Syracuse, is the gilt-lettered legend:

E. W. Edwards & Son

The man in the chair has scarcely been wheeled across the threshold before he is surrounded by a group of managers, department heads, secretaries, buyers, credit men—a sort of general staff. Down the crowded aisles, from counter to counter, runs the whisper, "D. M. is in the store! . . . The Boss has come!"

The effect is galvanic, like the stiffening up of all ranks at an army post when the inspector general arrives. Saleswomen pat their hair and rearrange their stocks. Cash girls move rapidly. Bundle wrappers speed up with their paper and twine.

Like a ruler attended by his court, the smiling little man is wheeled from one floor to another floor, from one department to another department.

Seemingly nothing is too minute to escape his keen and roving eye. He examines everything, interrogates everyone. His observations are terse, penetrating, even caustic on occasion. He makes his decisions quickly, and issues his orders immediately.

"How long have these suits been in stock?" he asks in the suit department.

"We've had them in a couple of months."

"That's a month too long. Mark them down at once. We must keep goods moving."

The elevator shoots him and his entourage to an upper floor.

"Change these departments around," he orders. "Bring the household utensils up near the elevators, and move the rug department over near the windows, where there's better light.

"Those satin petticoats are out of date," he tells the woman in charge of another department. "Petticoats are worn only by grandmothers nowadays—and not by many of *them*. Mark the stock down, and keep on marking down until you get rid of them."

A secretary approaches with a sheaf of letters. The man in the wheel chair runs through them, dictating his replies so rapidly that the secretary's flying pencil can scarcely keep pace with his words. Executives and financial men appear with all manner of important questions requiring his decision. Though some of them involve sums running into seven figures, the little gray man disposes of them with rapidity. He radiates energy, he fairly crackles with enthusiasm.

"But," you ask, "who *is* this man?"

His name appears on the lists of numerous boards of directors and trustees—for he is associated with a score or more of commercial, financial, civic, religious, and philanthropic organizations—as Daniel Murray Edwards; but his business associates and employees invariably refer to him as "D. M.," while his friends know him as "Dan."

He is one of the outstanding figures in the retail dry-goods business of the United States. Sole proprietor of the great department stores which he operates in Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo (they have a total floor space of nearly a million and a half square feet and do a gross business of more than fifteen million dollars a year), he is the most important individual retail merchant between Fifth Avenue and the Loop in Chicago.

I do not find him easy to describe, and this in spite of the fact that I have known him intimately for more than thirty years. But I will do the best I can. You will picture him, then, as in the middle sixties—he was born in the year and month that Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States—a clean-shaven, clear-complexioned, sturdily built man with silver-gray hair. The round full face is illuminated by an expression of kindness and good humor. The massive head, with the dome of a thinker, of a dreamer who makes his dreams come true, is set low between a pair of broad, stooped shoulders.

UNTIL a dozen years ago he was the very picture of health, the most vigorous, active man I have ever seen. But late one night, while leaving his Syracuse store, he fell into a darkened elevator shaft, sustaining injuries which deprived him of the use of one leg. After a few weeks he was able to get about with the aid of a cane; but the trouble gradually spread, acute rheumatism set in, and when he returned from Europe in 1924 he was unable to walk at all.

Shortly after his return, he was taken desperately ill. The doctors agreed that the case was hopeless. In the newspaper offices his obituaries were written and set up. On a day when his family had virtually abandoned hope, he beckoned one of his physicians to the bedside.

"Doctor," he asked, "where do most men die?"

"Why," was the puzzled reply, "in bed, of course."

"Then," the supposedly dying man announced, "*I am going to get up!*"

And he did.

He recovered by sheer, indomitable will-power—only to find that he had become permanently crippled, that he must spend the rest of (*Continued on page 162*)

"Snap Judgments? I Believe in Them!"

"MR. EDWARDS'S most characteristic quality, perhaps, is his capacity for making momentous decisions instantaneously," says the author of this article. "He and I were once discussing this quality, and he gave me his views on the subject.

"'Call them snap judgments, if you like,' said Mr. Edwards; 'but I believe in them. Far more money is lost by pondering too long than by deciding too quickly. A business man should train himself to think and act instantly, just as a prize fighter decides in a fraction of a second where he will strike, and then smashes home the blow. Deliberation is not a sign of business acumen; it is a sign of mental laziness.'"

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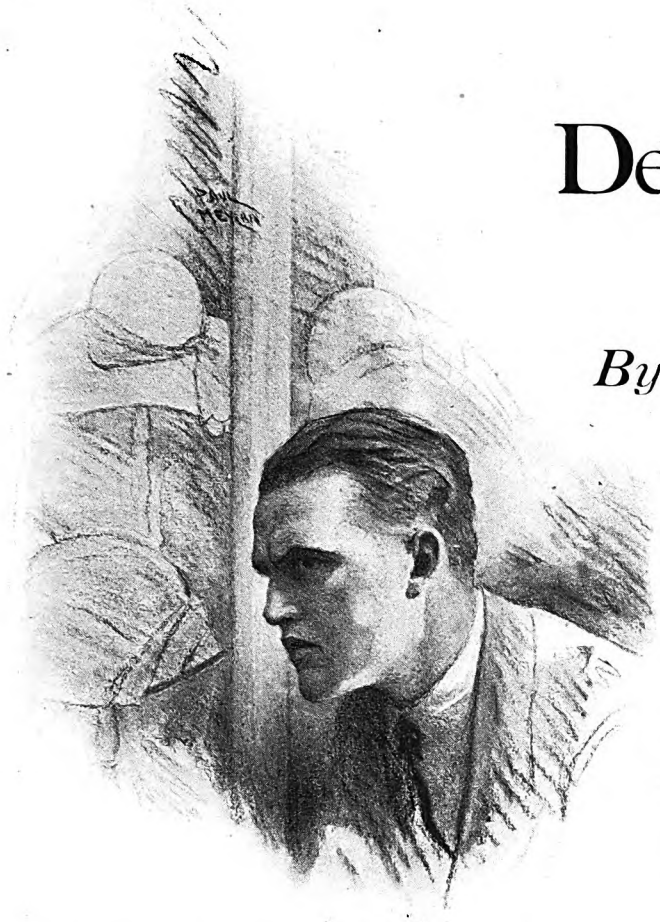
Scattergood Deals In Matrimony

A Story

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MEYLAN



"NICE-LOOKIN' girl," said Scattergood Baines, as Nellie Rockwell came out of Kittleman's store and walked toward the corner. "And up and comin'."

"Plays on the organ," said Pliny Pickett; "and they tell she makes all her clothes and trims her bonnets."

"Bert Knox is keepin' company with her, hain't he?"

"What time he gits fur it," said Pliny.

"Um. . . . Bert's standin' up to his neck in sisters," said Scattergood.

"Them two ol' maids clings to him like he was a plank and they was drowndin'."

"'Tain't right," Scattergood said ruminatively. "And then, agin, you can't help admirin'. But it does seem like life gits it in for some folks."

"Life gits it in fur everybody," said Pliny pessimistically.

"W-al, I dunno's I'd go so fur's that. But it does seem like them that least deserves it gits the hard jobs. I wonder how many young folks' lives has been ruined by older folks? Duty and sich-like."

"Plenty," Pliny said vindictively.

"Um. . . . Boys that can't marry on account of havin' folks to take care of. Like Bert, f'r instance. Them two twin old maids that he's bound to. I calc'late them is obligations nobody kin dodge; but somehow it don't seem right noways you look at it. Nobody's got the right to clog somebody else up and hold 'em back from livin'."

"Looks that way."

"Now, take Bert and Nellie. Like enough they want to marry. But there's Sairy and Mary. Bert can't marry with them on his hands, and so Nellie's got to set and wait and git older 'n' older—'n' maybe turn out an old maid herself. Kind of crim'nal, to my way of thinkin'."

"She could marry him anyhow," said Pliny.

"And go to be a hired girl fer them twins, and live under the roof with 'em and their ways. Uh-uh. Nellie's too smart fer that."

"I dunno what kin be done about it," said Pliny.

"Nuther do I; but I wisht I did," said Scattergood. "Um. . . . Here she comes, Pliny. Hain't you got suthin' to do some'eres else?"

"I could have," said Pliny.

"G'-by," said Scattergood, and Pliny, accustomed to these sudden dismissals, betook himself toward the hotel.

AS NELLIE came opposite the piazza of the hardware store, Scattergood cleared his throat.

"Afternoon, Nellie," he said.

"Afternoon, Mr. Baines." She stopped and smiled up at him.

"It's kind of hard on you, Nellie, that I'm a married man," said Scattergood.

"How's that, Mr. Baines?"

"W-al, if I wa'n't, I'd make an awful good husband for you. Kind and stiddy, and a good purvider."

"Maybe," Nellie said laughingly, "Mrs. Baines would get a divorce, if you told her you wanted me."

"No." He waggled his head. "Mandy's sot in her ways, and I'm one of 'em. The's two things she wouldn't part with, me 'n' her kitchen range. Got used to both of us. . . . Failin' me, Nellie, what d'ye calc'late to do?"

"Be an old maid," Nellie said promptly.

"The' hain't neither money nor credit in it," said Scattergood. "D'ye *want* to be an old maid?"

"Did any woman ever want to be?" she countered.

"Can't say offhand. I've knowed wimmin that wanted divers things no man could git through his head."

"I'm not one of them," said Nellie.

"Then why don't ye?" asked Scattergood.

"Why don't I what?"

"Git married?"

"I've asked a number," Nellie said, with twinkling eyes, "but they all had other views."

"Um. . . . No accountin' fer tastes. Hear you're keepin' company with Bert Knox."

"I understand it has been reported," said Nellie.

"Why don't ye up and marry Bert, then?"

"I'd just as soon marry Bert," she said, and her eyes snapped; "but when I marry it'll be just one man, and not a family."

"Um. Sairy and Mary, eh?"

"Sarah and Mary," repeated Nellie.

"Can't you elope Bert away from 'em?"

"I might," said Nellie, "but good wouldn't come of it. Bert's one that's bound to do his duty, and Sarah and Mary are a duty, he thinks. He can't leave them, because he can't make money enough to support them and keep up a house of his own."

"Kind of fond of Bert, Nellie?"

"Yes, Mr. Baines," she said promptly.

"He fond of you?"

"Yes, Mr. Baines."

"Um. Does he ever figger he's got a duty to you?"

"THEY come first, he says, because they were there first. And"—she paused and lifted her eyes to his—"I wouldn't have it any other way. Bert wouldn't be Bert if you could get him to think wrong was right."

"Why don't you all go in and live together?"

"I'd rather be miserable alone than to be pestered to death in company!" said Nellie.

"I allus maintained you was smart," said Scattergood. "D'ye want Bert?"

"More than anything in the world!"

"Um. I wonder how Sairy and Mary come to be old maids?"

"For one reason," said Nellie, "because they wore their hair in doughnuts at the back of their heads."

"I foller ye," said Scattergood. "And even now they hain't so aged."

"Thirty-five," said Nellie.

"Methuselah was older," Scattergood said sententiously. "Goin' to see Bert to-night?"

"If the twins don't make him take them driving," said Nellie, without a trace of malice.

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"Handy with their needles, hain't they?"

"You mean Sarah and Mary? Yes, indeed, they are."

"But lackin' in judgment?"

"I think I follow you," said Nellie.

"Now about you—family got to have you around?"

"I earn my keep," she said; "but I could be spared."

"So? W-al, if you're set on bein' an old maid, why don't ye git suthin' out of it?"

"How, Mr. Baines?"

"Why, git to be independent—so's not to be a drag on somebody when you git past your usefulness."

"I've been thinking of it."

"To be sure. . . . Now, let's consider—there's the matter of bonnets and sich."

"What bonnets?"

"Any bonnets," said Scattergood. "We got grocery stores and clothing stores and dry-goods stores, but we hain't got a millinery shop."

"And I haven't the money to start one."

"Would it pay?"

"It ought to. I'm sure it would—the right kind, and properly run."

"How would your pa regard it?"

"You mean my running a millinery shop?"

"Yes."

"He'd have no objection."

"THEN," said Scattergood, "supposin' we call it a bargain."

"Call what a bargain?"

"Your openin' that shop. In that vacant store of mine across the bridge."

"But I told you I haven't any money."

"Lots of folks is in the same boat," said Scattergood. "However, I kin manage to scrape together a dollar or two mebbe, if you'll go in partners. There's jest one condition."

"And what's that?"

"That you'll hire Sairy and Mary for clerks."

Nellie wrinkled her forehead. "I don't follow you now," she said.

"Didn't calc'late to have you. Think it over, and lemme know when you git your mind made up."

"It's made up now," said Nellie.

"Mebbe Bert'll change his mind when he hears you give him up for a hat store."

"He can't," said Nellie.

"How old be you?" Scattergood asked.

"Twenty-two."

"Huh! Calc'late a year won't do ye no harm."

"I don't follow you again."

"Numbers of folks don't—sometimes," Scattergood said. "And there'll be jest your name on the sign, and nobody'll know you and me is partners. Equal. I find the money, you find the gumption. Calc'late that's fair?"

"More than fair, Mr. Baines; and I hope I won't lose money for you."

"A chance I allus got to take. Better kind of look over the store. Uh-huh. Then ye kin go to taown and buy what stock and fixtures you want to start with."

"Mr. Baines, I—I don't see why you are doing this?"

"Calc'late to make money," said Scattergood. "Allus on the outlook for it."

"When shall I go?"

"When kin ye?"

"To-morrow," said Nellie.

"Um. Stay a week and study up styles."

"I've studied styles."

"Calc'lated you'd give it some attention," said Scattergood. "From now on you're boss. I hain't goin' to be bothered. You got to run it alone. All I agree is to furnish what money's needed. . . . And hire them twins cheap. They hain't wuth much."

"That part of it," said Nellie, "I don't understand."

"That," said Scattergood, "is because you hain't a wicked old man that's had to do with folks all his life. . . . 'Nellie Rockwell, Millinery.' Goin' to look good over the store. G'-by. Don't want to hear nothin' about it. Git what you need, and I foot the bills.

"Johnny Bones'll draw up the partnership agreement. G'-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Baines," said Nellie.

IT WAS ten days later when Coldriver's curiosity as to what was going on in Scattergood's vacant store was satisfied. The stock was in, the sign was up, and

"Sairy Knox," she exclaimed, "what'n the world you got on? I kin actually see your legs!"

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Nellie Rockwell launched her business career. Scattergood walked past the door a number of times during the first week, but did not enter. He saw, however, that numbers of women did enter—not many to purchase, perhaps, but to spy out the land; and he saw Sarah and Mary.

These spinsters seemed to be taking their clerkships in a dignified and leisurely manner, for every time Scattergood looked through the window of the showroom he saw them sitting, one on each side of the room, straight and erect, in the attitude they assumed at home when receiving formal company in the parlor. It was what Scattergood called the haircloth-furniture attitude.

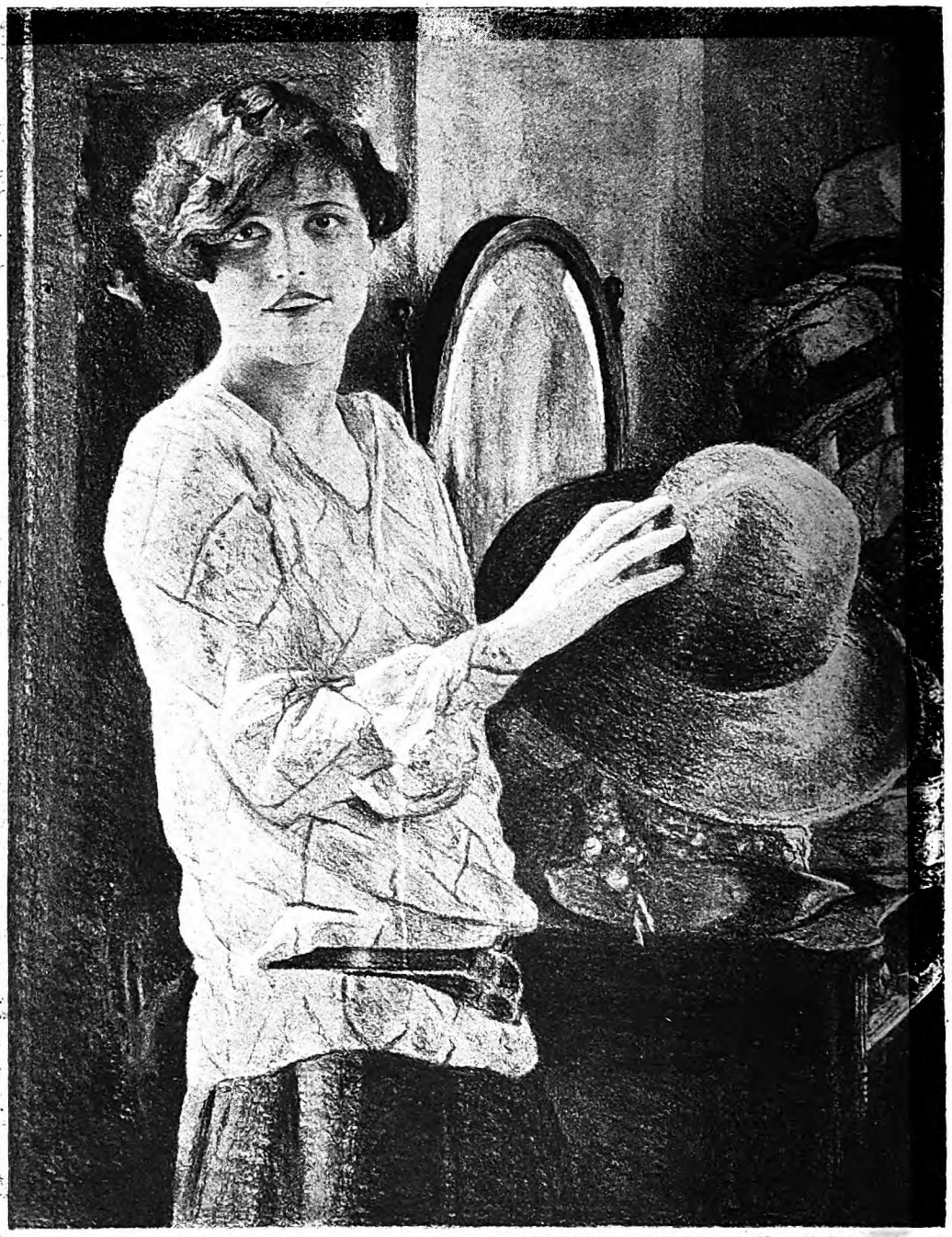
Once he passed young Bert Knox, and stopped him.

"Nellie say how business's gittin' on?" he asked. "Much trade comin' in?"

Bert frowned. "I don't hold with it," he said shortly.

"Don't, eh? W-al now! What you got agin it, Bert?"

"I just don't like it," Bert said; and that was all that could be got out of the young man. Scattergood grinned.



"It's becomin', Mandy," said Scattergood.

THEN one day, accompanied by Mandy, his wife, he entered the shop.

"Where's Nellie?" he asked of Sarah.

"Trimmin'," said Sarah; but made no move to be of assistance.

"D'ye s'pose she could pause in them activities long enough to sell one she's got trimmed?"

"I guess she could," said Sarah.

"How do I find out?"

"Ye could ask her," said Sarah.

"Now," said Scattergood, there's what I call brisk clerkin'. Um. . . . How about you, Mary? Be you as eager to serve the public as your sister?"

"I'm gainin' experience," said Mary.

"And gittin' paid fer it. Uh-un. W-al, s'pose you gain you some experience callin' your boss."

Mary flounced out of her chair and went to the work-room door. "Nellie," she said languidly, "Mr. Baines wants to see you."

Nellie appeared, brisk and businesslike. "How do you do, Mr. Baines . . . And Mrs. Baines. What can I do for you?" In an instant she had a hat in her hand, and was advancing upon Scattergood's wife. Scattergood smiled to himself. Here was business, a coming straight to the point.

"Me 'n' Mandy wants to buy a bonnet," he said.

"Half of me 'n' Mandy wants to," said Mrs. Baines dryly. "I calc'late to wear it most of the time, Nellie."

"Got a nice-lookin' place here," Scattergood said, looking with approval about the bright, inviting sales-room. "Um. . . . Sairy and Mary kind of sets it off."

Nellie turned her face toward him questioningly.

"Kind of like a temperance lecturer fetches out a horrible example," said Scattergood. "Or one of them before and after takin'. Um. That's an idee. Why not leave Sairy like she is, and fix Mary up like she ought to be. Then stick up a sign sayin', 'Before and after buyin' a Nellie Rockwell hat.'"

THE twins sniffed, and Mary said snappishly, "You calc'late you're funny, don't ye?"

"I do," said Scattergood placidly, and turned his back. "Seems to me, Nellie, everythin's right here, exceptin' them clerks. They don't match up." Scattergood winked. "They hain't appetizin'," he said.

"Scattergood Baines," said Mandy reprovingly, "you're givin' offense."

"Wa'n't calc'latin' to. Jest figgered on offerin' advice. Got your bonnet picked out, Mandy?"

"I kind of like this one."

"It's becomin'. . . . Mandy, you're gittin' to be a handsome woman, dog-gone if you hain't. Allus did admire gray hair. And you hain't by no means skinny, neither. Now, if you was to pull your hair back like these here twins, and do it in a kind of a doughnut, you'd look altogether different."

"Scattergood!"

"Yes'm. . . . Set your heart on that one, eh? . . . Um. If you're bound on keepin' them twins fer clerks," he said to Nellie, "why don't you kind of tidy 'em up?"

"You needn't to think," said Sarah, "just because you're Scattergood Baines, you kin say anythin' to anybody!"

"I kin try it once, to see how it comes out," Scattergood answered placidly.

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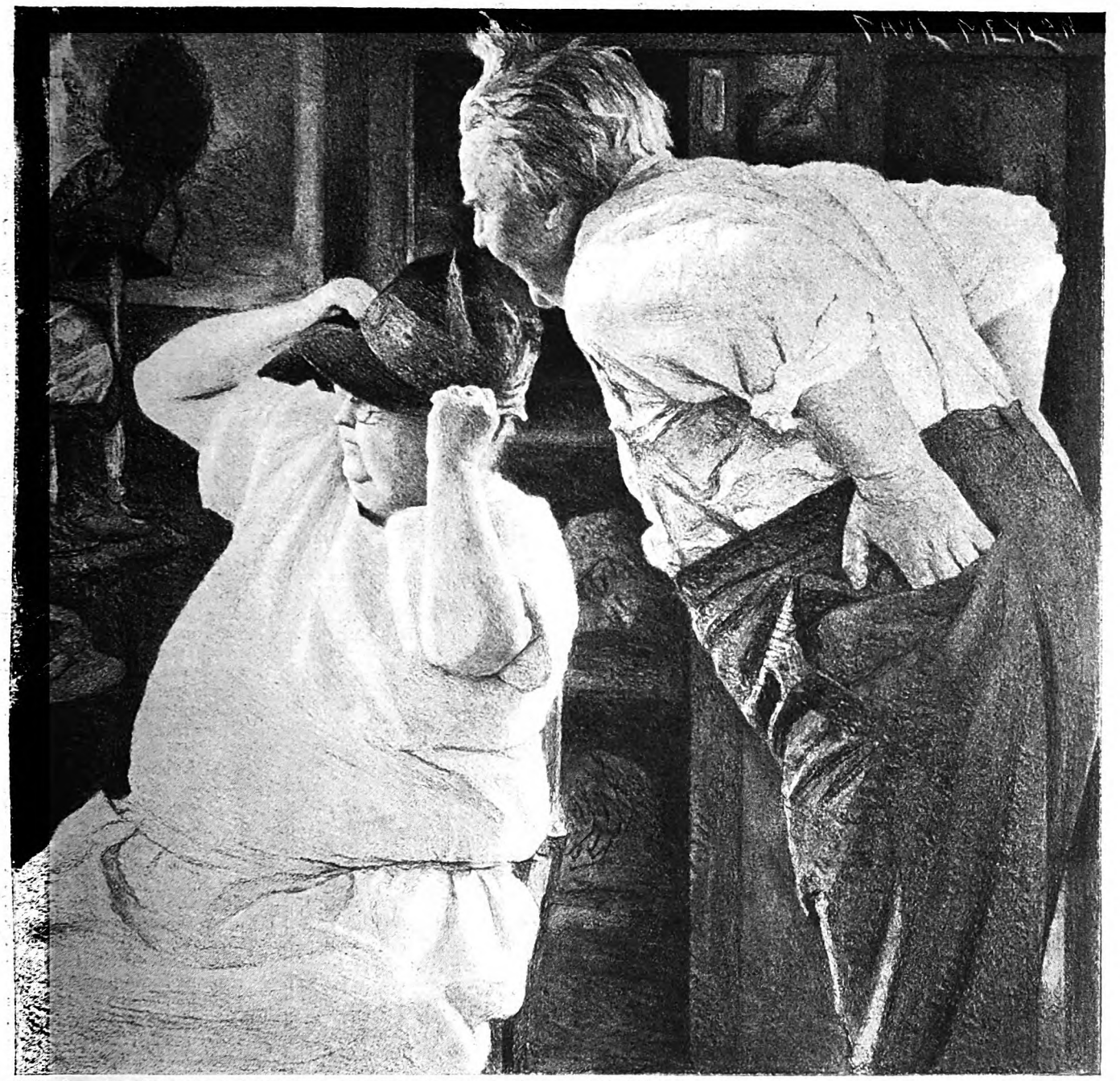

"You're gittin' to be a handsome woman, dog-gone if you hain't"

"Um. . . . I kind of wonder how you'd look, Sairy, with your hair kind of fixed attractive, and some kind of a dress on that'd give the anxious public an idee they was a woman under it instid of a contraption of bean poles."

"Scattergood Baines!" said Mandy. "You hush up, and come right out of here. I don't see what's gittin' into ye."

"Why don't ye uniform 'em?" was his parting shot to Nellie as he was urged through the door by his irate wife.

NELLIE'S eyes were thoughtful as he left the store. She knew him, and was aware that he had not come for nothing; and back in the workroom, as she busied herself with the trimming of a hat for Mrs. Pratt, she gave the matter close scrutiny.

Presently she called Sarah, who entered grudgingly.

"I want to try this hat on you," said Nellie.

Sarah submitted. Nellie shook her head. "It won't do that way. . . . Your hair's too tight for this model. And I've got to see how it looks. Take it down, won't you—your hair I mean—and let me fix it the way it ought to be for this hat."

"Is that part of my duties as clerk?" asked Sarah sourly.

"It could be," said Nellie, and with deft hands she rearranged and embellished Sarah's coiffure, softening it about the lines of the twin's face, giving it a little tuck here and a little poke there. Then she set the hat on top of it all, and stood back to view the result. Her eyes twinkled.

"That's better," she said. "See if you don't like that hat yourself."

Sarah walked primly to the glass and peered at herself. She peered longer than she had expected to, and Nellie smiled as she saw the spinster turn this way and that way, studying herself with evident astonishment.

"All right," said Nellie presently. "I'll take it off now."

Sarah submitted, craning her neck now and then to catch another glimpse of herself in the glass.

"Now hold still," Nellie said, "and I'll fix your hair back as you like to have it."

Sarah pursed her lips, stole another look into the mirror and said snappishly, "I guess you kin leave it as it is. I kin stand it this way till I git home."

Again Nellie smiled.

SHE was not surprised when, next morning, Sarah appeared with her hair done in a bad imitation of the style Nellie had imparted to it. "Here," she said, "just let me give it a touch." Sarah submitted ungracefully, but throughout that day Nellie noticed the spinster looking at herself more than once in the glass. She noticed, also, how Mary cast innumerable sour glances at her sister.

A day or two (*Continued on page 194*)

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You Have Plenty Of Energy— But What Do You Do With It?

Here are ten rules that will help you stop the leaks in your strength, and start you on the road to where you want to go

By William Frederick Book

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY

A STORY is told of a boy who became seriously ill, and had to be taken to a nerve specialist. Examination revealed symptoms of overwork. The physician rebuked the parents for allowing it, but learned to his amazement that the boy had done practically no work at all. His one task each day was to bring *one* pail of water from a spring a quarter of a mile from his home, a task required by way of discipline; but the boy dreaded it so much that he wore himself out thinking what a lot of hard work he had to do! Whether or not the story is true, it illustrates a fundamental human fact: a person can literally wear himself out doing nothing.

Here is a second story which I know to be true: A little girl named Helen could not learn her arithmetic and spelling lessons at school. She tried hard, but simply couldn't. Failure made her nervous, badly-behaved, and uninterested in play and games. Her teacher was in despair. Her mother punished her. And finally they brought her to me, for I was the principal of that school.

"I never *will* be able to learn," Helen assured me.

Now, a study of human beings covering a good many years has taught me something about the variable limits of "can" and "can't" under different circumstances; and I have faith in what people can do when they get off on the right foot. So I arranged to try what we may call a psychological experiment on ten-year-old Helen.

First, I asked her mother not to punish her any more for her failures in school work. Then I arranged with Helen's teacher to assign her special tasks, much easier than the other pupils of her grade were doing—tasks as simple as spelling c-a-t, and adding six-plus-six. Helen soon found, to her delight, that it was possible for her to do all of this new work. In a single week her attitude began to change. She became more confident. Whereas, previously she had known she couldn't, now she began to discover she could. It made all the difference.

The program was continued for several weeks. By that time Helen was gradually resuming the regular work of her grade, and found with fresh surprise and delight that she could do it all.

"Tell me what in the world you've done to Helen. It's a miracle," said her mother. "She's a new girl."

No miracle had been performed: simply a little experiment based on a fundamental human trait. Helen had been taught, by success, to believe that she could succeed. The entire experiment consisted of assigning tasks which she could perform, and continuing them, gradually increased in difficulty, until *the habit of success* was firmly implanted.

These two incidents may serve as a springboard from which to dive into a discussion of certain kinks in the human brain that make for or against effective accomplishment in all fields. In one of the cases given, a boy wore himself down to physical exhaustion merely by worry over a ridiculously easy task; in the other, a girl probably was saved from something similar by being trained to believe in her ability.

Psychologists to-day know that far more can be done when the state of mind is favorable—a fine record is sometimes wrested from failure; mediocre achievement is built into high achievement. What is more, happiness is oftenest wrought by intelligent and complete use of the powers we have; by driving them instead of allowing them to drive us. It is very much worth while, therefore, to know the nature of those kinks I spoke of, and the practical rules of life that follow from them.

OUR energy, as we all know, comes from the food we eat and the air we breathe. Different people have different amounts. For a given individual, the amount at any time is definitely limited. There is no exact way to determine how much each of us has. However, it is obvious that the amount I can apply to the things I want to do depends on how much I start with, how well I use it, and how effectively I create a new supply when the old is exhausted.

Most of our energy is used automatically maintaining the heat of the body. The surplus, the little remaining, is the "bank account," on which we can draw for whatever we undertake: building a business, writing a book, running a race, seeing a show, or what not. Everything we do draws on this store of energy. Expensive drafts are made by emotion. Anger and fear exhaust the supply very quickly. Fatigue is the warning signal of a diminishing supply. Sleep is the great restorer.

How, then, to make the energy we have go furthest becomes one of the greatest human problems. The ten practical rules that follow are the result of studies and experiments that have brought our knowledge of what the human machine can or cannot do, to its present state.

Make a Road Map for Yourself So You Won't Lose the Way

"TO MEASURE the practical value of a clearly defined course," says Doctor Book, "we use a very simple experiment:

"Walk aimlessly down a crowded street, toward no particular destination. Next turn and walk back (or repeat the experiment another day), but this time with a definite destination; you need not hurry or scramble, but walk steadily as you do when you mean to get there. Watch carefully and record what happens in each case, and answer the following questions: (1) How long did it take you to make each trip? (2) Did walkers impede your progress more in one instance than in the other? (3) Did people seem to step out of your way in the second instance?

"In short, did your experience lead to any conclusion about the truth or falsity of the saying, 'The world makes way for the man who knows where he is going'?"

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After working at anything continuously for a long time, we get so we cannot do our best with it. Usually, there is a gradual decline in efficiency; we make more mistakes as the day wears on, and work more slowly. But, beyond this, there are real work limits, and sometimes after a long, hard grind we cannot work at all.

1. Learn your true work limits:

One scientist, after a day and evening at intellectual work, began at eleven o'clock at night to mentally multiply four-place numbers by other four-place numbers, working at top speed until a little after three o'clock in the morning. Then suddenly he was unable to continue. His brain refused to function on mathematics. He tried simpler problems; but could not do them, either. He had reached his work limit in that direction.

Again, another scientist and some volunteers kept themselves awake for seventy-two hours—some of them for ninety. They tried various types of mental work and tests during this period. After a certain degree of effort, they discovered that unusual incentives had to be applied to enable them to do the work, and finally they could not do it under any conditions.

These men were trying for scientific reasons to find absolute work limits. It is not necessary or desirable to go as far as they did, without a similar reason. But many people have the easy-going habit of quitting at the first symptoms of fatigue, thereby living always on a lower plane of endeavor than they are capable of. It is an illuminating experience to drive yourself to the limit and find how much you can do—your real work limit. There is no simple and perfectly scientific method of determining this. But there is a good, safe rule-of-thumb: when you have found the very most work you can do in one day, from which you can recover perfectly in one normal night's sleep, then you have discovered, for all practical purposes, a work limit.

2. Avoid excessive fatigue:

Sometimes we do not stop when we get tired. Then a curious thing often happens. After a while we experience what is known as "second wind." Every racer knows the feeling. It may occur in all kinds of work. After mental work, for example, has been continued all day and until one or two o'clock in the morning, the worker may be terribly fatigued. Suddenly, however, things begin to clear up to such an extent that the very best work of the day is performed.

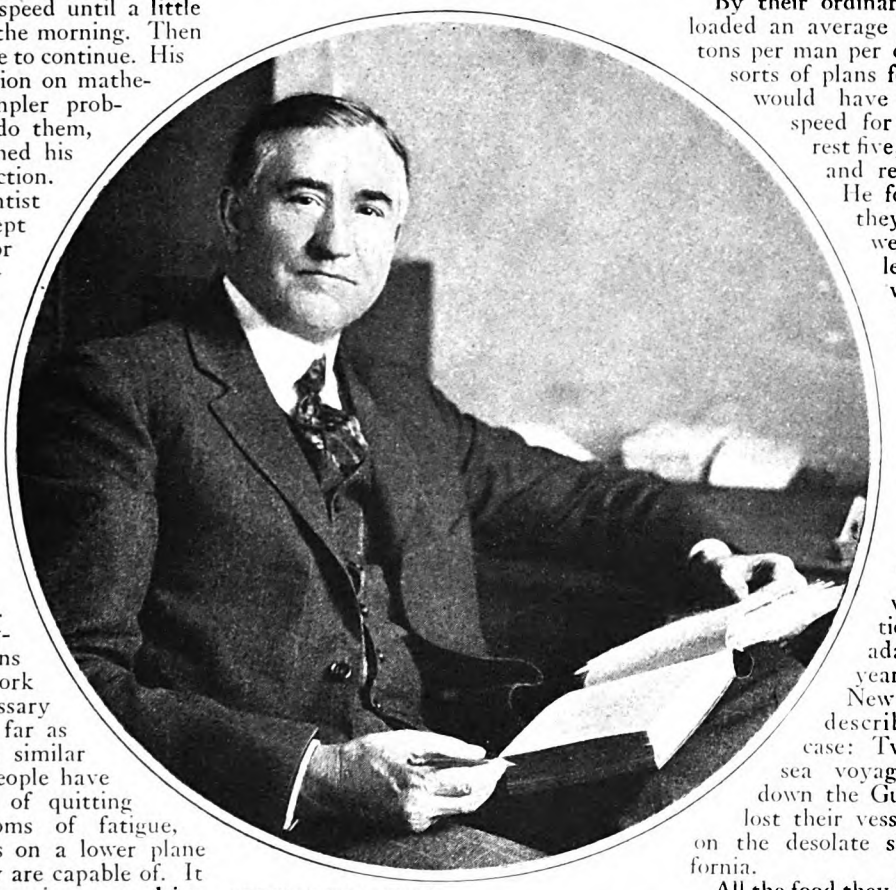
These "second wind" states are intensely illuminating, but dangerous. It is good to know we have such reserve stores of energy that may be called on in extreme emergency; but it is not well to use them, except in such emergencies.

W. P. Fessenden, Secretary of the Treasury in Lincoln's Cabinet, signed one hundred and twenty-five thousand bank notes in seventy-two consecutive hours; that is, he worked without intermission for three days. As a result, Mr. Fessenden was a nervous wreck for the balance of his life.

Experiments made since that time have shown that he could have done the work in that time without bad results, if he had taken short periods of rest at stated intervals.

Excessive fatigue may result in mental collapse. A Vermont farmer was brought to a Boston hospital violently insane. The family history showed no trace of insanity in any of the farmer's ancestors; but the physician discovered that he had been working as a dairyman for four years, getting up at two in the morning to start delivering milk, and working usually until ten at night to complete his farm work. He had, in short, been trying to do two men's work. The treatment prescribed for him was absolute rest, special means of forced relaxation, good food, and plenty of sleep. This treatment effected a complete cure in a year and a half.

These first two rules, therefore, amount to this: Learn how much you *can* do; but, if you would live long and effectively, do not drive yourself continuously to the point of great fatigue.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAS. GILBERT SHAW

Dr. William Frederick Book is one of the best known psychologists in the country. He is professor of psychology, and head of the psychological laboratory, at Indiana University. Among his best known works are "Learning How to Study and Work Effectively," "The Will to Learn," and "Intelligence of High School Seniors." In addition to his other duties, Doctor Book conducts several "How to study" courses at Indiana University. He was born at Princeton, Indiana, in 1872. His home is now at Bloomington, that state

3. Acquire the habit of working a little while and resting a little while.

Frederick W. Taylor was the first to demonstrate scientifically the importance of this principle in everyday affairs. His work is well known. He experimented with so simple a task as loading pig iron on flat cars. The workmen picked up a chunk of iron weighing ninety-two pounds, carried it onto a car, and dropped it.

By their ordinary methods, the men loaded an average of twelve and a half tons per man per day. Taylor tried all sorts of plans for resting them. He would have them work at top speed for thirty minutes, and rest five; work twenty minutes and rest three; and so on. He found ultimately that they did best when they were actually under load less than half of the working day. By this one change in their work, they were able to load *forty-seven* tons apiece daily, and were no more tired than when they worked in a haphazard way, loading only twelve and a half tons per day per man.

The principle has the very widest application. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, who for many years was director of the New York Zoölogical Park, describes an interesting case: Two men started on a sea voyage in a small boat down the Gulf of California; but lost their vessel and were stranded on the desolate shore of Lower California.

All the food they had during the several days it took them to fight back to human habitations was seven hard-tack biscuits, one tough coyote which they happened to shoot, a few oysters, and one fish—and they had to cover one hundred and sixty miles of the worst sort of desert country.

They were fortunately level-headed, and did not allow themselves to be stampeded.

Before starting on their desperate tramp, they made a plan: they decided to march fifty minutes of every hour, and rest ten. They adhered to the rule very closely. It may have saved their lives. They were exhausted when they got out; but conserving their energy in this way unquestionably was a big factor in seeing them through a nearly foodless and waterless desert tramp.

The only way to tell the proper length of time to work before resting, and the proper length of the rest period, is to experiment.

The habit of relaxing completely every little while is of the utmost value. Breathe deeply. Sit on a different chair. Lie down if possible. Let no muscle remain taut. The power of relaxing can be learned, like any other habit, and repays the learning a thousand-fold. (*Continued on page 189*)

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He Captured The Vanishing West Before It Vanished

By Neil M. Clark

A HORSEMAN came riding out of the gray dawn.

"Howdy, kid!"

"Howdy!"

The youngster beside the chestnut-sorrel mare gazed at the newcomer with wide eyes. As evidenced by his appearance, this *vaquero* had wild, wide landscapes behind him. His hair and beard apparently had never known the touch of shears, and swept grandly over his chest and shoulders. His leggins were of fringed buckskin. On his heels clinked the jingling spurs of the wild-horse handler.

There was no "visiting" between the man and boy. They exchanged scarcely two dozen words. The *vaquero* slipped off his horse, tightened his cinch straps, and remounted. Some riders climb on a horse's back; others leap; but he simply *walked*. By a single movement, too graceful, swift, and easy for the eye to follow, the horse started, and he swept into the saddle as if they were creatures of one flesh and blood. Soon they were out of sight.

The youngster (he was hardly more than a boy) had never seen this *vaquero*, or his like, before, and never saw him again. A stranger, he appeared out of the gray dawn, and he rode into the sunrise still a stranger. But after his casual coming, life was never again the same.

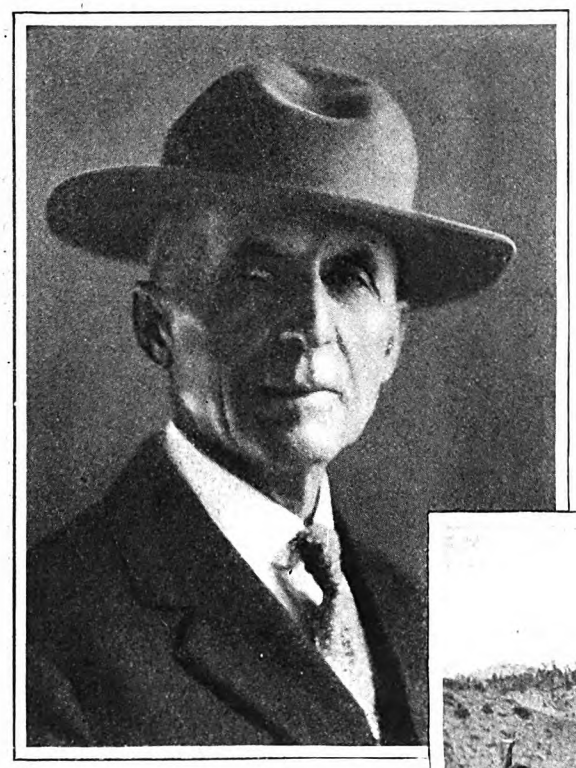
"I mean to go where he has been," the boy said to himself.

Huffman was the youngster's name: Laton Alton Huffman. To-day when you meet Mr. Huffman half a century after that momentous gray dawn, you shake the hand of a man seventy-four years old, and yet younger on most counts, except years, than many a man of forty-five; you look into the eyes of a man who knew and loved the West when buffaloes roamed it; when Indians were not yet tame; when "bad" men finished arguments with six-shooters, and now and then one gurgled his last at the end of a rope; when cowboys who rode the great circle at round-ups and dragged calves to the branding fire were known by the names they gave, and no questions asked. Of all this he was a part; and of it all he has preserved a finer, more complete and veracious pictorial record than probably any other man.

The Huffman pictures, which he made and still makes, are famous. They date from the year 1878, when he carried a homemade camera to the wilds where the buffalo were, and photographed them alive and dead, after they lay by the hundreds, slaughtered for their hides and tongues. On pictures made from his negatives you may see how a wild horse was hobbled before mounting; how jerk-line twelve-horse teams were harnessed by freighters; you may look into the faces of many of the famous Indians and Indian fighters; you may see lodges, frontier towns, wolfers' lonely shacks, just as they were. In making his unique and valuable record, Huffman has lived the life; and it is his story I want to tell.

HE WAS born in northeastern Iowa in the year 1852, on a farm near Castalia, but he never took kindly to farming. Being s'ight of build, the work proved bad for him. He bound wheat behind hand-rake blue reapers before self-binders were invented, when he almost had to run to keep up with older and stronger men. From about that time too, he remembers a sour dominie, his teacher, who would thump him on the head when he stared wistfully out of the windows at the Big Foot woods, and who finally thumped him clear out of school.

His father, who in boyhood, like himself, was slender, sold his farm and opened a little photographic shop in the town of Waukon, near by. Here Laton learned the rudiments of making pictures. Later he



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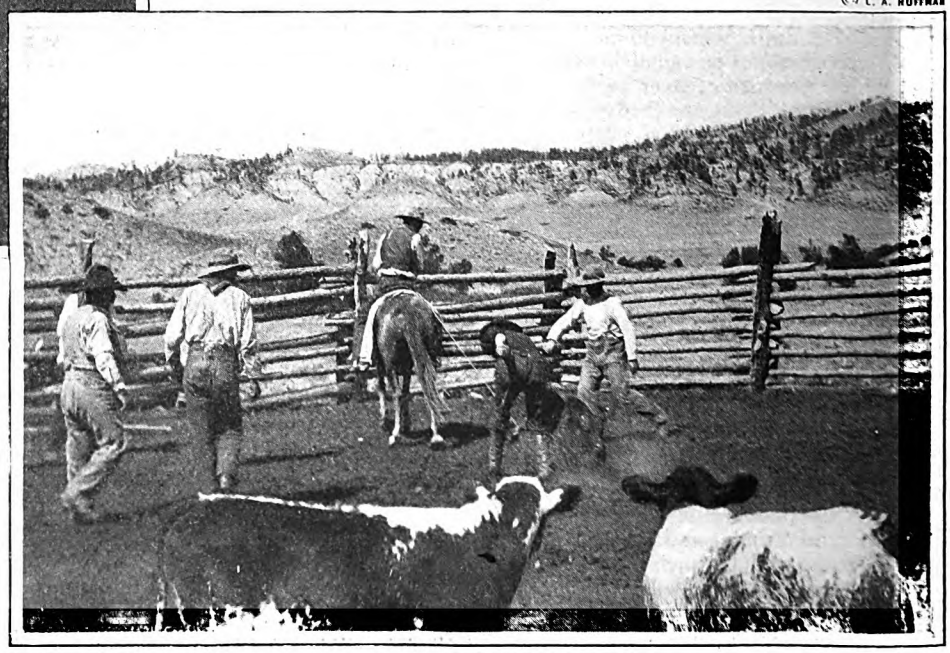

(Above) Laton A. Huffman, a photographer of the old and also of the new West, who "packed" a homemade camera into the wilds when buffalo herds roamed the plains and the Indians still fought to hold their ground against the advancing whites. Mr. Huffman was born in northeastern Iowa seventy-four years ago. His present home is in Miles City, Montana. All the photographs used with this article were taken by him. (At the right) In the branding pens, old Powder River days

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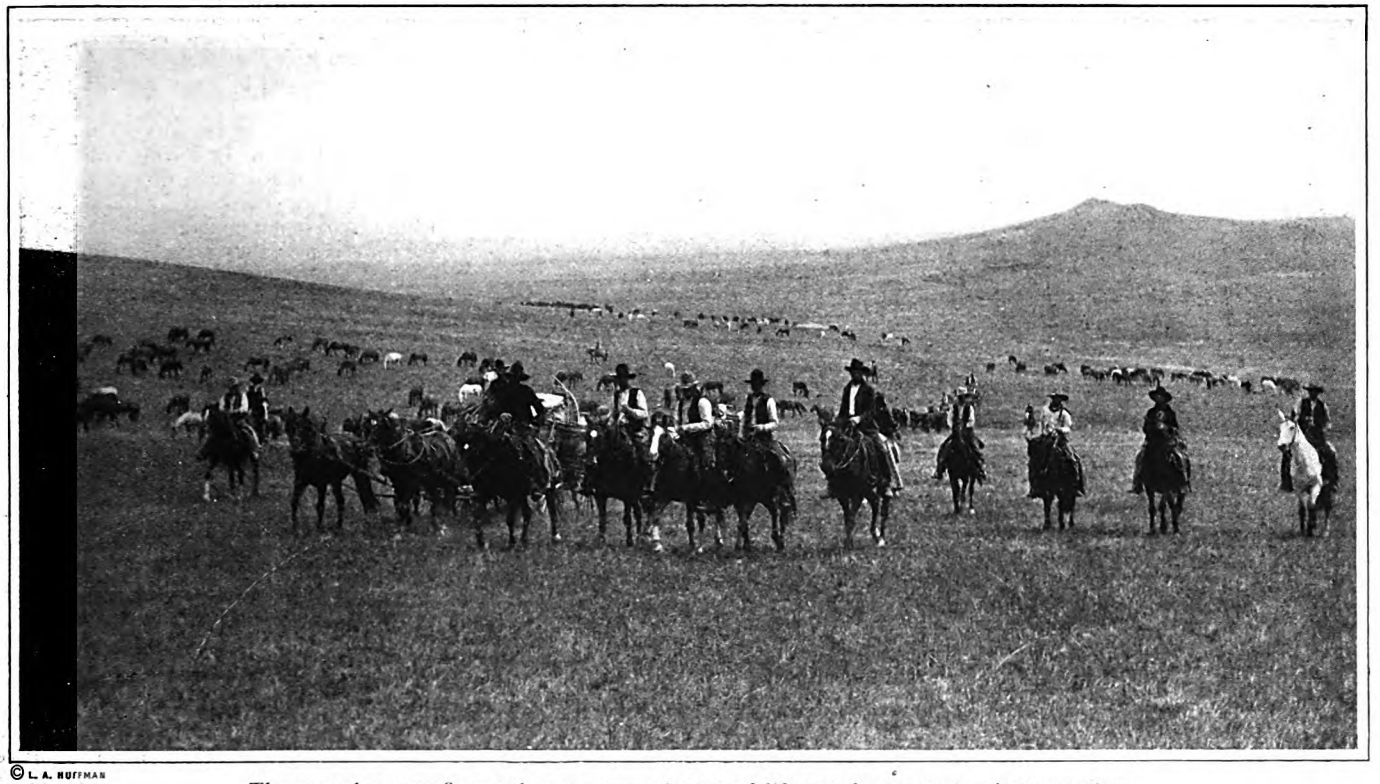

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The round-up outfit on the move—a picture of life on the range in the seventies

moved to Postville, eighteen miles away, and opened a photographic shop of his own.

"I didn't earn much money," he said, "but I managed to drive fine horses; there wasn't a better turn-out in the county than mine. The girls were pleased to go riding with me. Among them was a red-headed school-teacher ten years older than I was, whom I considered the pick of the lot. I wanted to marry her; but it turned out she only wanted to be a sister to me, an older man had the inside track to her affections.

"My mother had died shortly before. The ties that keep a man in one place had loosened. So, when my girl turned me down, I again pulled stakes. You might say a red-headed girl started me West!—and, happily, I later found another red-headed girl in Montana, who became, and is still, my wife."

IN WESTERN Iowa, where Huffman stopped first, he worked for "Mose" Hostetter, a big wheat farmer, who had a good many cattle and horses. His ranches were on the edge of Indian country, and small settlers had hardly begun to come in. Huffman broke horses and carried messages; and it was while carrying a message to an outlying outfit that he was overtaken by darkness and spent his first night alone on the prairie.

"I was not altogether easy about it," he says. "Those blue-stem swales seemed endless. There was not a house, tree, hill or fence, as far as I could see.

"I made camp by a little stream near some sumac bushes, picketed my horse, and spent a watchful night. Noises startled me, things I never heard when the sun was up; strange night birds, unknown beasts and insects, wolves howling away off, my mare cropping grass. Particularly, the mare troubled me. If anything happened to her and I was set afoot, I knew I was as good as lost.

"But I slept. And there was no trouble. When I awoke the *vaquero* I told you about was in sight, and coming toward me.

"It's hard for me to explain the effect of that simple meeting and the few words we passed. I suppose it only capped the climax of tendencies already at work in me. My father and mother had been pioneers; they went from Ohio to Iowa when Iowa still seemed far west. The urge to be on the edge of things was no doubt in the blood, and fired me to go on, further and further.

"I had heard of Custer's tragic defeat on the Little Big Horn, which occurred in 1876. The last of the great Indian wars was being fought in the Northwest by General Nelson A. Miles against Sioux, Cheyennes, Nez Percés, and other tribes. I made up my mind to head toward there.

"After spending one day in Waukon with my father, I went to St. Paul. I believe I had twenty dollars and a little loose change.

"In St. Paul, through a dealer in photographic supplies, I learned that the post photographer at Fort Keogh, the headquarters of General Miles in Montana, had been dismissed, and no successor appointed. That looked to me like my opportunity.

"The Northern Pacific Railroad then was built only as far as Bismarck, North Dakota. Arriving there, I stood for a while on the bluffs and looked across the Missouri River. On the far side was Fort Abraham Lincoln. Beyond the fort, for hundreds of miles, lay the wilds: the wilds of the Indian and the buffalo, the trapper, the trader, the hunter, and the United States Army. It was for there I was bound!

"The weather was bitter cold. Transportation beyond Bismarck was by means of the Star Route buckboards, a pioneer mail route running every other day from Fort Abraham Lincoln to Fort Keogh. The distance was about three hundred and twelve miles. It took seventy-two hours, traveling day and night, to make the trip. The buckboards had two seats, with a space behind for mail sacks, and were entirely open to the atmosphere. At night the temperature got as low as forty below zero; and I was without blanket, buffalo robe, or even a reasonably heavy overcoat.

"When we started, I was the sole passenger. But another man joined us after dark. Nothing specific was said on the subject, but we gathered he was an outlaw, probably a horse-thief, making his get-away. Later, I knew him better, and had no doubt about his activities; but at the time he treated me well, as I'll tell you.

"By the time we arrived at Lake Station, I was in such bad shape from exposure that it seemed absolutely necessary for me to lay over till the next buckboard. The station proved to be a little one-room shack. The stock tender, Oscar Brackett, who was wolfing and skin-hunting on the side, first cared for the horses and then warmed me, and fed me his own cooking, which tasted mighty good. While there, I saw my first United States six-mule jerk-line teams, one of the famous 'window-shutter' trains bound from Fort Keogh to Fort Abraham Lincoln; and the three men in charge of it, Luther S. (Yellowstone) Kelly, Hunter Liggett, and Oscar F. Long, were to become my lifelong friends.

"I ARRIVED at Miles City, the civilian town near Fort Keogh, by the next buckboard. It was around two in the morning when we pulled in; but, late as it was, the town was wide open. It was a typical frontier town, with rows of board and log shacks on each side of the street, and wagon tracks in the middle winding around the mud holes. The places of business were saloons, dance halls, gambling establishments, and a trader's store, and most of them did a roaring business.

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"My first meal, which I got in a hurry, consisted of buffalo meat, canned tomatoes, dough biscuits, and coffee. The price was one dollar. You couldn't get a meal in town for less.

"Immediately afterward I set out to hunt up the outlaw who had been my fellow-passenger on the first buckboard. When I laid over, he volunteered to take my carpetbag to Miles City and look after it. It contained all my worldly possessions, and I had become a little dubious about ever seeing it again. But I made the rounds of the town, and presently found my friend sound asleep on the floor behind the bar of a saloon. My carpetbag was his pillow. I recovered it, and everything was just as I had left it. That was my first outlaw; but not my last!"

THE following day, Huffman went to the fort, a couple of miles away. He became the new post photographer. It was a civilian position, with perquisites, but no pay; such money as he made came from the pictures he took and sold.

Very soon Huffman met adventure.

"I was crazy to get out and see buffalo and buffalo hunters," he said, "so, as soon as I could, I got a horse and some camp equipment, locked my shack, and disappeared in the wilds. I struck into the wild bad lands around Smoky Butte and north to the breaks of the Missouri River. After perhaps a week alone, I met a party of hunters headed by a man named Dock Zahl, afterward a famous skin hunter, and still living in North Dakota. I threw my 'war bag' into his wagon, and intended to keep with the party. But a day or so later, by accident, I became separated from them.

"For three days I was alone again, this time without most of the possessions I needed. I killed a prairie hen, which I cooked and ate without salt; it was about all the food I had.

"The second day I was riding toward a curiously-shaped butte which I meant to climb, thinking I could get a view of the country, and possibly sight Dock's wagons. Something on top of the butte caught my eye. I was in a treeless country, where you saw hardly a stick of timber as high as your head for scores of miles; therefore I was not a little surprised to see, sticking up on top of this butte, a pole of some size and eight or ten feet high. It stood at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and it seemed to me there was something dangling from its upper end.

"'It's a signal of some sort!' I said to myself.

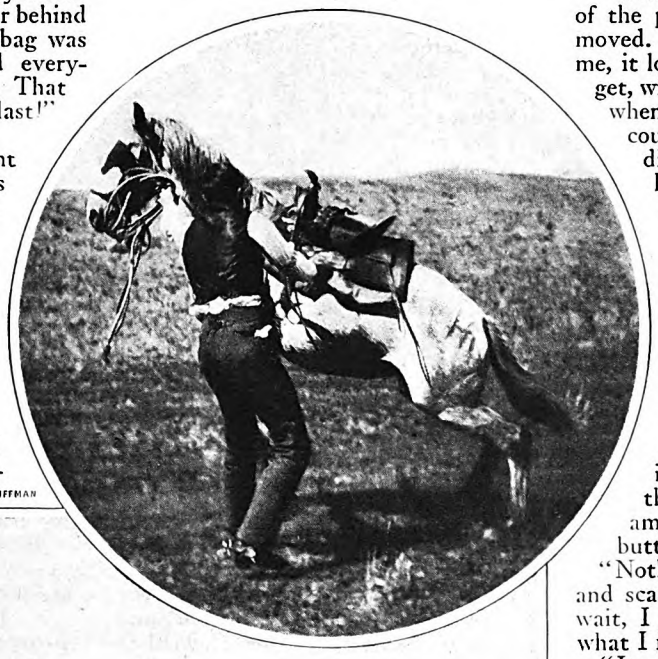
"I had heard of Indians setting traps for their enemies. In a conspicuous spot they would place some object that was bound to stir curiosity; and when the white man, or an enemy Indian, came to see what it was, they sprang on him out of ambush. This looked to me to be the bait for that kind of trap.

"Whatever was hanging from the peak of the pole, swung occasionally, or was moved. When its broad side was toward me, it looked surprisingly like a rifle target, with the bull's-eye in the center; but when the narrow side was toward me, I could hardly see it at all. From my distance, it seemed as if somebody hidden behind the rocks was alternately showing and removing a signal device.

"There were plenty of hostile Sioux about to make me wary, and I decided on a scheme. I picketed my horse in an open place, where he would be seen if anybody was looking. A white man's horse, saddle, and bridle, I felt sure, would be sufficient temptation for Indians, if Indians there were, to show themselves. I secreted myself among the rocks at the foot of the butte, and kept a sharp watch.

"Nothing happened. I had my pains and scare in vain. Finally, after a long wait, I climbed the butte; and this is what I found:

"It was the grave of an Indian warrior. His body was carefully covered with stones so that he might not be disturbed by



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(In the circle) Saddling the wild horse—the first pull at the latigo or tapering strap used in tightening the girth. (At the left) Buffalo grazing in the big open—northern Montana, 1880. (Below) A "jerk-line" twelve-horse team on the old government toll road between Fort Keogh and Fort Ellis, Montana, in the early eighties

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beasts of prey. Near him his friends had placed an abundance of food. Having no other timber, they had sacrificed one of their lodge poles to mark the site; and from the top of this, by thongs of skin, they had suspended the dead man's war drum.

"It was this drum I had seen swinging in the wind, now broad side and now narrow side to me. Made of hide stretched on a frame of willow, and painted, it had been beaten so often and hard that in the center the paint had worn away; this was what gave it, at a little distance, its resemblance to a target.

"Hungry though I was, I did not touch the food set out for that dead warrior's journey to the hunting grounds of the brave. But I did take away his drum; I have it to this day.

"I was a grave robber—that once! Many a time afterward, though, I made restitution. The Sioux, who were numerous in that part of the West, scaffolded their dead above ground, sometimes in rock-niches, often in trees. Many a time, while riding through the forest, I would find a Sioux skull blown from its resting place among the branches; and often I would climb the tree to put it back with the other bones."

ON THIS first expedition into the wilds, Huffman did not take a camera. A few months later he made a second expedition with a companion, and this time took a camera and got his first exposures of wild buffalo, alive and dead. They were supplemented by many more in the years immediately following.

"Indians too," he said, "were numerous in and around Fort Keogh in those days, and I photographed many of them: Spotted Eagle, for example; American Horse, Tall Bear, Snake Whistle, Sits Down Spotted, Mrs. Bad Gun, Two Moon, and a host of others. Once, I remember, I ventured a little too far.

"General Miles, whom I had met by this time, held prisoner, with numerous other hostiles in Spotted Eagle's village, Rain-in-the-Face, the Hunkpapa of Custer Battle fame, together with many of his people. They camped by themselves, under guard. I considered it a fine opportunity to make some interesting pictures, and was aided and abetted by a young Irishman who drove a delivery wagon and was on good terms with the sergeant of the guard at the Indians' camp; he had struck up an acquaintance, too, with Rain-in-the-Face. He and I had no difficulty getting into Chief 'Spot's' camp.

"Rain-in-the-Face, not unnaturally, was surly and angry at the white soldiers. However, he soon made up with us, and fell in with a plan I proposed. Putting him in the back of the delivery wagon, where he was fairly well hidden, we drove him to my studio at the fort!

"I kept him there for three hours and more, making exposures of him in different poses and in full regalia. When I had photographed him to my heart's content, we took him back to his lodge in the same manner as we had brought him.

"About this time the adjutant happened to observe that the Indians were greatly excited. Investigating, he discovered that they had become worried over the long absence of Rain-in-the-Face, and many of them feared he had been spirited off by white soldiers to be hung or sent away. In a few moments the adjutant learned the whole story, and rode hot-foot to the fort.

"I did not have to wait long for an orderly to come and tell me I was wanted at headquarters. When I went in the adjutant never said a word, but jerked his thumb over his shoulder. Down a corridor was the office of General Miles himself. I went in. The general did not look up, but it was plain to see he was hot around the collar.

"'Young man,' he said, 'if you ever take another prisoner of war out of camp without permission from the adjutant or myself, you will find yourself in very serious trouble.'

"I never repeated. But I had gained some fine pictures of Rain-in-the-Face!

"My contacts with Indians gave me a very high opinion of many of them. Two Moon, for instance, a chief of the northern Cheyennes, who fought against Custer, and whom I knew well, was as upstanding a man as I would want to know, red or white. Sentiment ran strong in their race, and some of their ways were beautiful. There was a woman: I visited and photographed her grave. I'll not tell where it is, for it's not a place I should like to see visited for the sake of idle curiosity.

"As a girl, this Indian woman had been beautiful and rode a horse as gracefully as any of her people; she had lovers galore, and later a husband or two, became the mother of six or more children, and as she grew older was kindly and generous to a fault, and well loved. She became very fat, far too fat to ride an Indian pony any more. The only things she asked for then were a light spring wagon, and a white woman's sewing machine, so that she might ride comfortably from lodge to lodge, to sew for her children and friends. It was work she loved, and she continued it almost to the day of her death.

"After she died, how do you suppose they buried her? I will tell you about her grave.

"They selected a spot on the crest of a ridge of hills, on each side of which is a river valley. Along this divide, when alive, she used to drive on her errands of service, and in death they placed her, at her request, in a sitting posture, in that wagon box, protected by a tin covering; so she could, so they believed, look far out over the two valleys and feast her eyes on familiar scenes, secure against the invasion of wolves; and to make her more happy and contented, they left with her the things she used and loved in life, chief among them her sewing machine.

"FORT KEOGH was abandoned as a military post after a few years; but I kept on making pictures in Miles City, and carried my camera to many places, often under difficult circumstances.

"My early pictures, apart from routine portraits of soldiers and others, were mostly of wild animals, the hunt, and the lives men led. Scenery alone did not interest me much, although I made a good many early pictures in Yellowstone Park. The coming of the cattle brought big changes in the country, and introduced new picturesque elements.

"I ranched for a while myself, running the HL brand on the Rosebud, and made many pictures of round-ups, breaking wild horses for the *remuda*, calf-branding, and of the other activities that made old-time cow-ranching the picturesque industry it was. The eighties were the golden era of the cowman in Montana, and at that time dozens of ranches were scattered up and down the Little Missouri, the Powder, the Big Horn, the Yellowstone, and a score of tributaries of these streams.

"Miles City then was a typical cow town, and the Stockman's Association of Montana held many of its meetings there. It was during one of these meetings that I met Theodore Roosevelt for the first time. He owned the Maltese Cross herd, and came to the meeting as a delegate for the ranchers along the Little Missouri. He had heard about my pictures and visited my shop.

"I HAVE often encountered rattlesnakes, of course. There was one curious experience, the explanation of which I leave to you:

"I was coming down the Yellowstone on an expedition with a pack train of half a dozen horses, together with a man named George Washington Kelly. One evening we picked a place for a camp site where the river once, long before, had cut away the banks in a big sweep to the south, then had taken the opposite direction, and cut away the banks in a new sweep to the north, deepening its channel all the time. The banks of the river were so steep that there was no way to get the animals down to the water to drink. It even looked doubtful whether we could get water for ourselves.

"Taking a bucket, I managed to climb down to the water's edge, filled the bucket, and started back up. It was a hand-over-hand job. The cut bank consisted of loose earth, and I could lift myself only by grabbing onto roots; I had to be mighty careful they were green, too. A rotten root could have dumped me into the Yellowstone.

"I was nearly up, and just ready to reach my hand over the top, when something warned me not to. I don't know how or why it happened: there was no sound, no odor; I couldn't see. But I felt perfectly certain that on top of the bank was a rattler.

"Sometimes when you are riding a horse in a big country, he will sense something away off behind him, maybe as much as a mile away. He will keep turning his head, and you may have to let him stand stock-still and look until he is satisfied. You may not see a thing.

"What tells him there is something behind him? I don't know. Nobody does. The Almighty has fixed it, and that's the way it is.

"So with that rattlesnake. I was so certain it was lying right where I was going to put my hand that I climbed all the way down again and made my way between the current and the bank for several dozen feet until I found another place I could climb. I went to the spot where I first tried to climb out. There, sure enough, coiled and ready for business, was a big diamond-backed rattler. I killed him.

"Curiously, the diamondback is not a snake you would expect to find in just such a place. He prefers dry, sandy hillsides, maybe near a little clump of cottonwoods, and not close to water.

"In a wild (*Continued on page 72*)

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"That's not the sort of thing I go in for," she said sharply, "even with crack hockey players!"

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The Upstart

A love story in which a young man finally shows some sense

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE

PINE Street, namesake of a tree long since sacrificed to the steady invasion of small peaked frame houses, narrowed to its end under the flickering acetylene light on the corner.

It was a street of small home owners, Pine Street. The census taker knew it well, the assessor knew it, the politicians all figured on it with respect; but it was a street that was never photographed for Chamber of Commerce booklets to show the beauty of the city. Such parties and courtships and weddings as took place in the front parlors never found their way into social columns.

Yet out of one of the little wooden houses on this winter night, just as the dusk thickened into blackness, came a celebrity.

It was the McLeans' house, the third one from the corner, the gray one with the yellow trim, that harbored him. He was a young man, hardly more than a boy, splendidly built and borne, with the swing of an athlete in his walk.

The corner light wavered over his face, more boyish even than his body, throwing out of the shadows the happy, interested eyes and humorous mouth. And as he walked he whistled, a kind of running accompaniment to his quick step and eager thoughts.

He curved out on the ice an hour later, to the same tune, and the thousands in the grand-stand of the great amphitheatre shouted their delight, drowning the swinging music of the band for a long minute.

"Andy McLean," they shouted. "Andy! Andy! How's Andy to-night?"

A girl in a short white fur coat and white flannel dress, sitting in the section reserved for those who had season tickets for the hockey games, leaned over the knees of the man next to her and spoke to another girl.

"That's the one!" she said. "Isn't he absolutely the easiest thing to look at you ever saw? I'm simply mad to meet him. And watch him skate, my dear. He's simply the most graceful thing—"

"He's a crackerjack hockey player," said the man between the girls. "Andy's all right. He used to be in high school with me the year before I went to Taft. Nice fellow too. Comes from the South End though, Marge. Rough-neck, of course."

"I wouldn't care if he was a convict!" said Marge. "He's like music to my ears."

Andrew was used to the noisy, shouting demonstrations, and ignored them. He and the other members of the team circled around easily, getting used to the ice, passing the puck swiftly from one to the other, their vivid orange sweaters a gorgeous dash of color against the milk-white ice.

Down the length of the rink the other team, sweatered in blue, maneuvered likewise.

Andy liked this moment of music and preparation as much as savage little Sinclair, the goal tender, looking like a beetle in his great knee protectors, hated it.

"What's the idea of the wait? Do you think we're giving a style show?" asked Sinclair irritably. "And where's that darling referee we've got to feast our eyes on? Putting on his rouge?"

Sinclair was twenty-seven, the oldest man on the team, and crabbed a little. He disliked all referees as a general thing, and this present one in particular. This one, sent by the amateur league, was an Eastern college man, and they made rather a point of that in his publicity. He wore a heavy white sweater, elaborately initialed in front, and gay wool stockings and knickerbockers.

The hockey team, except for the uniformity of their sweaters and the fact that they all wore numbers, were a nondescript lot in dress and manner. Boys from about town, working all day in this or that shop, or factory, or office, they had skill in skating and love of the game in common—and that was all.

SINCLAIR gave the referee a final glance of contempt, and went to his place at the goal, hunched in front of its six-foot entrance with his hockey stick poised and his eyes watchful.

The referee skated to a central place, blew his whistle, dropped the puck. The curved sticks scrambled for it, and the game was on.

The audience sat braced and intent. It was partly the chill of the air that made them all feel so alert, so vitally part of the game and the exercise. Andy McLean, lithe and handsome, represented what hundreds of men felt tugging in them as they watched, what hundreds of women looked for hopelessly in the men they knew—beauty and skill and control.

Andy caught the puck with his stick and guided it down the full length of the rink with incredible swiftness—the rest all after him—shot it to Wayne, who passed it to Olson. Back to Andy. And, driving viciously, Andy hit it past the Cleveland goal keeper into the goal.

A wave of joy rose like an avalanche beating over the heads of the players, the shrill whistle of the referee was heard, followed by a noisy bell, and the first third was over.

The girl in the white fur coat sprang from her seat and beat her hands together.

"I get so excited I can't bear it!" she cried. "That McLean man is wonderful! I simply must meet him, Dick. Can't you bring him around, if you know him?"

"Do," pressed the other girl. "Bring him around, Dicky. I like them when they're rough and don't know any parlor tricks. Do you suppose he dances the way he skates, Marge? We could get him for the Junior party."

"You girls make me sick!" said Dick. "You wouldn't look at him if he couldn't skate. He works in some hardware store down-town."

"It's all right with me. He gives me more kick than I've had in years. You *must* bring him, Dick. I think we ought to do something for the hockey players who represent the town. Father was saying to-night that it's giving the city national publicity, and is very good for it," Marge ended virtuously.

Dick gave a kind of snort, and bought three bags of popcorn.

"Stifle your wails," he suggested, "in this," and began on his own.

ANDY McLEAN, leading the local team, skated on for the second third, grinning that joyous, boyish grin which had made him popular everywhere since he was a little boy.

The girl in the short, white fur coat stood up as he passed her and leaned forward to catch his eye, waving at him. Andy's hand went up in a salute. He swept past, and then, as if the memory of the girl tingled, he turned around and sought her out with his eyes. Dicky Blair nodded, and Andy grinned again. She must be Blair's girl, or his sister.

He forgot all about it shortly. The second third didn't go so well, and the referee made an adverse decision, which left Sinclair spitting *sotto voce* insults and the score two to one in favor of Cleveland. The Cleveland team warmed up and the game grew rougher. Once a player, flung on the ice, lay there for two minutes, while the people watched breathlessly, as people always have watched for casualty from the sides of an arena. Then the man got up and skated slowly to the side lines; someone replaced him, and the game went on.

Six minutes to play. No further score, and the defense of the visiting team grew vicious. Andy, Olson, and Wayne played their interchange in vain. The others were on to it now. Then, suddenly, with one of his unexpected moves, Andy swung one way, then another, and with lightning eye and accurate stroke landed another goal. The grand-stands went mad.

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"Another!" they shouted. "Another! Andy McLean, that's the boy! Give us another, Andy! Another!"

Three minutes to play. Andy obeyed. He gave them another, while they shook the grand-stands with applause; then, as the referee's whistle blew for the last time, he skated quietly to the players' entrance and disappeared with Sinclair.

"That," said Sinclair, "will give little Gracie, our referee, something to worry about all night. He will not be able to see how, in the best collegiate circles, it can be considered proper to make goals so swiftly!"

McLean turned around to look again at the referee. That white-sweatered gentleman was standing by the grand-stand talking to a girl—the same girl in the fur coat who had waved at him.

"Look at Gracie," mocked Sinclair. "He's talking to one of his girl friends."

"Oh, cut it out," said Andy good-naturedly. "What's on your mind anyway? He's not so bad."

"He's so darned high-hat," mourned Sinclair. "I just forget he isn't the puck now and then, and my stick gets itchy."

"You'd better look out. You'll land in jail, and then what'll we do for a goal?" Andy said warningly.

The members of the hockey team got out of their skating sweaters and into their regular clothes. The manager and the coach gave them a few words of praise and abuse, but not too much, for the discipline possible in college athletic groups did not hold in this one.

ANDY and Sinclair went out together, refusing offers for rides home. Their hearts were warm with success as they talked of the next game, and the reported strength of the team which they were to meet. In the vast crowd pouring out of the doors of the amphitheatre they lost their identity as heroes quickly enough. It seemed strange to Andy that all these people came out to see him play hockey, that these were the same people who called his name so familiarly from the grand-stands.

To him it had been a natural enough progress, from tumbling around with the little boys on the corner skating rink, to being captain of the school hockey team; then, when he went to work, a member of the team made up from the employees of Sanford-Low's big hardware establishment. They had played at first on open ice and got better at the game, until they began to get challenges from other local teams and from outside the city.

A sudden wake-up of a sporting editor to a new thing to interest people in, a few editorials, popular favor spreading, spreading, and there had risen the big closed rink, the commercially valuable game, and the city team. Kelley, the manager, had followed every move, a little ahead of the game all the time, anticipating the next jump.

Andy saw a lighted car pass with the white-coated girl within it, and turned toward her was the profile of the collegiate referee. He looked after her, not calling Sinclair's attention to that gentleman again, and the memory of the girl stayed with him as they rode on the back end of a street car down-town. People in the car recognized them. Some of them were content with stares and nudges, and some called "Great game, boys! Great game!" and such easy encomiums.

"They make me sick," said Sinclair. "They wouldn't be so chummy if we'd been licked. All the exercise any of them takes is getting up in the morning, and that's wearing most of them out. Then they come down and pay a dollar to tell us how to win the game, and go home all tired out."

"Come on," said Andy. "What's eating you to-night? Let's go to the Bon Ton. You need food."

They dropped off the street car when they reached the down-town district and stood on the street corner, watching people, girls mostly, following a bright hat or an extra short skirt with tolerant, half-interested eyes. They liked to watch the girls. It was a corner pursuit that Sinclair was used to and that Andy had done his share of, decently enough.

There were lots of nice girls that you met only that way, girls who went to the dances at the movie houses, girls who were all right. Each young man had had his share of small experiences, and had found nothing in them greatly disturbing or alarming. They philosophized about women as they stood there, and, having eased their minds without saying anything that differed in the least from the things men have been saying about women for generations, they went up to the Bon Ton Lunch for a little supper.

"OYSTER stew—that's the stuff when you're doing this training," said Sinclair.

The waiter brought them oyster stew, creamy and savory with paprika, and the boys bent over it hungrily. Hockey, girls, faded out of their minds with the sight and smell of food. It was only when they were reasonably satisfied that they began to look around them and wish they were smoking.

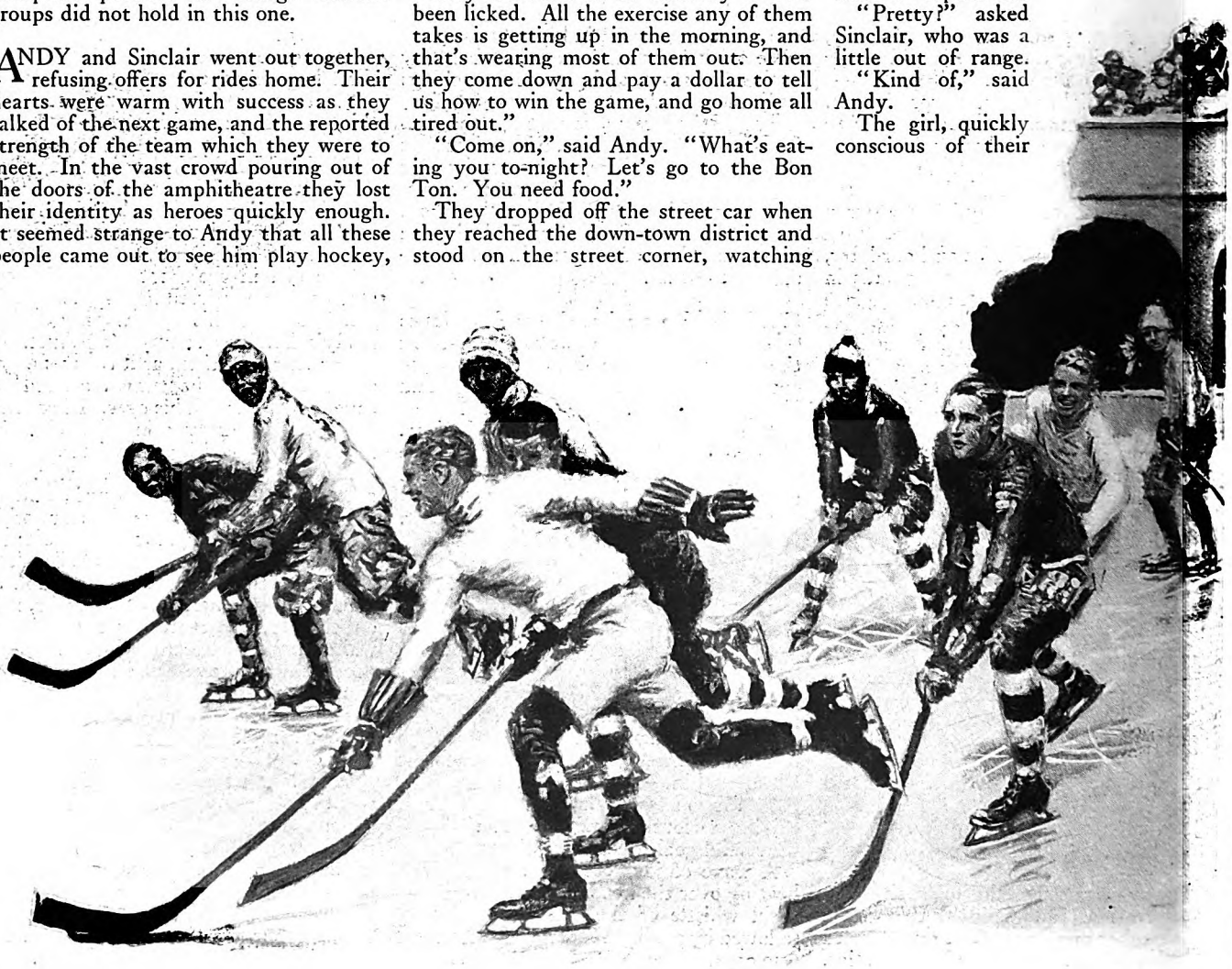
"Look at that girl," said Sinclair. "She took a tip from us."

Andy looked and saw a girl alone at a table, also absorbed in eating a bowlful of the oyster stew for which the Bon Ton had a reputation.

"Pretty?" asked Sinclair, who was a little out of range.

"Kind of," said Andy.

The girl, quickly conscious of their



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scrutiny, turned to look at them, and they saw that Andy was right. She was very pretty in a pert and competent way, blue-eyed, dressed in a tight little jersey frock that was the color of those eyes, and a soft blue felt hat, pulled down over her ears to the margin of her bob. She could take care of herself, that girl. Her costume, her face, proved it. City skill in both of them.

Sinclair's face changed as he met her eyes.

"Say, I know her!" he said. "That's Mary Callahan. She works in the telephone office."

They moved loungingly over to Mary Callahan's side and Andy was presented.

"I certainly feel important," said Mary, "talking to boys who get the write-ups in the papers you do."

They grinned, and without wasting her soup Mary held them with her smile.

"Did you win to-night?" she asked.

"Andy won," said Sinclair.

Andy swallowed his embarrassment. He didn't mind the noise from the grandstand, but there was something oddly disconcerting in facing this single personal enthusiasm. Mary Callahan's eyes were even deeper blue when she was eager. They shone with a splendid, unweighed praise.

"We certainly are proud of you boys," she said. "I tell you it gives the town something to think about. I hear them talking hockey in the hotel all the time."

"Working in the Greysolon Hotel?"

"Switchboard operator," said Mary. "I'm just getting off for to-night and I was hungry, so I thought I'd eat first before I go home. It's kind of a job getting a meal at home this time of night. The kids eat everything but the tablecloth."

She said it without a hint of complaint, rather with amusement, as she finished the last drop of oyster stew and buttered an extra cracker to use up the last of her butter. Then she stood up. The blue jersey dress just covered her knees, and she was slim and yet round.

"Going my way?" she asked easily.

Andy was, at least. It appeared that they did not live far from each other, and that in itself was interesting. Sinclair swung off by himself for his hillside rooming-house, and Andy and Mary took the same street car.

A NICE girl, Mary Callahan. She knew exactly what her adjustments to living had to be, and made them. Her mind was firm and steady, like her fingers, and good to look at, like her face. She knew many things about men, and she was tolerant or pert or sharp or friendly, as a situation might demand. With Andy she was friendly.

That was the way he started. But there was almost immediately a strange tang to his friendliness. During that twenty minutes on the street car, as they talked of hockey and Sinclair and the hotel where Mary worked, the consciousness of her never left Andy for a minute. The touch of her hair upon her cheek, the curve of her lips—he wondered restlessly what was getting into him, bothered by the curious exhilaration that seemed to be mounting.

But he was unwilling to let the source of it go. He insisted on going home with Mary Callahan, walking the three blocks from the street car. The snow had begun to fall softly, and it seemed to caress them both as they went slowly down the narrow cement sidewalks past dark little houses and shops. They were talking now less of things and more of thoughts, working into that state of confidence which is the gentle touch of one soul on another.

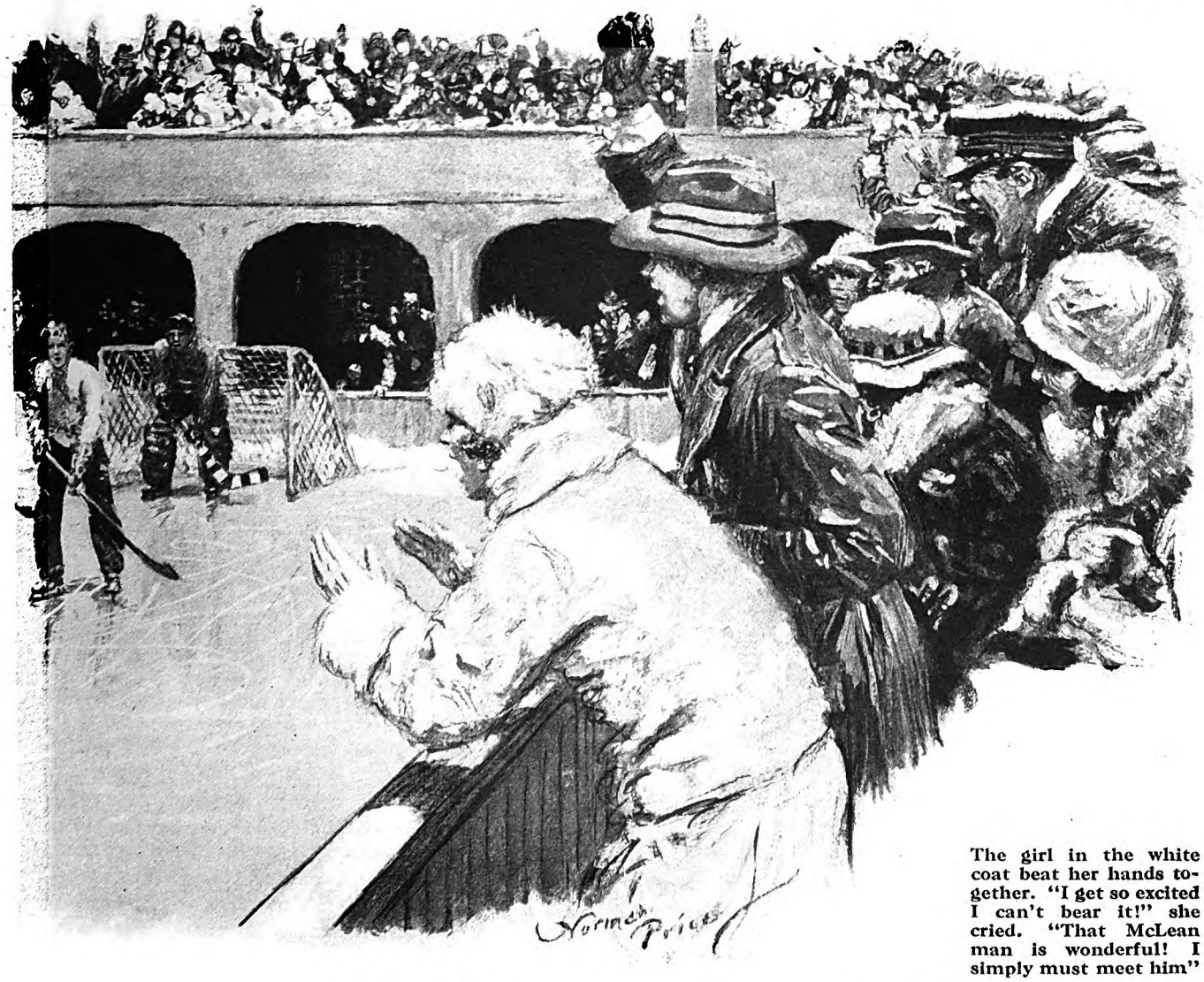
"What I want to do," said Andy, "is to get an interest in the business. A nice hardware business, you know, is the soundest thing on earth. People have got to have hardware, no matter what comes or goes. In the winter—in the summer—and there you are."

She nodded sagely at his ambition.

"I suppose there's a lot of things open to a fellow like you, so well known as you are. It's different with a girl."

Andy tucked her hand under his coat sleeve. That suggestion of difference seemed pathetic to him and very sweet.

They reached (*Continued on page 103*)



The girl in the white coat beat her hands together. "I get so excited I can't bear it!" she cried. "That McLean man is wonderful! I simply must meet him"

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Just A Minister To The Poor

By Mary B. Mullett

IF YOU ever find yourself in Albany, New York, and want to gain someone's attention and interest, try mentioning the name of Creighton R. Storey. The result, if your experience duplicates mine, will astonish you.

For example: I dropped in at the Albany Chamber of Commerce, to ask where Catalpa Drive was located. The gentleman in charge never had heard of the street, and seemed to think I must have the wrong address. So I picked up a telephone directory and showed it to him in black and white.

As he read it, he read also the name of the "party" living at that address. Instantly his face lighted up with enthusiasm; and if the keys of the city had been lying around handy, I'm sure he would have presented them to me with a speech of welcome.

"Oh!" he exclaimed; "is it *Doctor Storey* you want to see? Well, just let me tell you, there's not a finer man in this whole city than he is! Do you know him? . . . You don't? . . . Well now, why didn't you *say* you wanted to find Doctor Storey? Everybody in this town knows *him*. Yes, and loves him, too."

That is a fair sample of the responses that came whenever I mentioned this apparently magic name.

Albany is a big and busy city; the capital of the great Empire State. It is full of important political personages, of aristocratic old families, of business leaders. But the man who bears this name is not in politics, not a member of a distinguished family, not a business leader. He is a clergyman.

And he isn't at the head of a rich and fashionable congregation, either. His parish is probably the poorest in the whole city. His people cannot even pay his salary, small as it is.

The larger his church grows, the poorer it is; for most of its members are drawn from the humblest district in town; recruited from the byways, not the highways, of society.

Among them are the poor, the ignorant, the aliens; strangers in a strange land, needing help and guidance and understanding. They get it from this man, their counselor and their friend. And this friendship goes out, not only to the members of his own church but also to all who are in need of it, no matter to what sect or creed they belong.

He himself is poor in this world's goods. Twice he has had to make a deliberate choice. On the one hand, a prosperous church and a good salary—but on condition that he give up this other work! And twice he has refused.

His wife said to me: "I have learned to stretch a dollar as far as it will go. But there are limits beyond which it *can't* be stretched—and we often reach those limits."

Yet the work which Doctor Storey is doing in Albany costs a good deal of money. If I were to tell you where that money comes from, the list of names would read like the Albany Social Register and the Business Directory combined. For, back of this man, who has chosen to devote his life to the poor, stand the worth and the wealth of the city's "best people." His influence among the poor is extraordinary. But his influence among the rich is even more remarkable.

Everyone in Albany calls him "Doctor" Storey. But the degree was not conferred on him by any college or theological seminary. It was conferred by the people among whom he has lived for almost twenty-five years; an outward sign of the respect and affection they have for him.

SIXTY-THREE years ago, Creighton Storey was born in County Galway, Ireland, on the farm which his mother had inherited from her father. His parents were Methodists; but as there were no public schools, the Storey boys were educated in those conducted by the Church of Ireland, which corresponds to the Church of England and to our Protestant Episcopal church. They were confirmed in this church.

"I was the youngest of five brothers," said Doctor Storey, when I had persuaded him to tell me something about his life; "and I was the only one," he added, "that gave my parents any trouble. A wild, harum-scarum lad I was, in spite of my love for my dear and wonderful mother.

"Both my parents were deeply religious. But my father's religion was a stern and rigid creed. My mother's was tender and beautiful; all goodness and kindness and mercy. On the estate there were some little cabins—the sort that were only too common in Ireland then—which she had inherited with the farm itself. The rents were only a sixpence a week. But the tenants were so poor that it was hard for them to spare even a sixpence.

"My father used to make the rounds every Saturday to collect the rent. And it was always ready for him!" laughed Doctor Storey. "For my mother would send me, on Friday afternoon, to *distribute* the sixpences which my father *collected* on Saturday! He never knew why the rents were always so promptly paid.

"MY MOTHER was a Poe, a distant connection of the family of Edgar Allan Poe. When I was a child she taught me 'The Raven' and others of his poems; and even now, when I am tired, or perhaps a bit disheartened, there is something in their haunting melody that lifts me out of my mood of depression.

"She loved good reading and had us children memorize many beautiful poems, as well as passages from the Bible and from other books; so that, even before we were grown up, our minds were stored with good reading.

"I was her messenger, to distribute not only the weekly sixpences but also gifts of tea and soup and bread to the poor. Being a sociable lad, I liked to sit with the old women and listen to their tales of banshees and of fairies—'the little people,' as they call them.

"Sitting in those humble cabins, I unconsciously began to understand the bitterness of poverty, and to wonder at the cheer and the courage with which it so often is met.

"I had other friends too; and from some of them I learned things that were not good for me. Drinking was common, and I did my share. It was the custom; a bad custom for anyone, let alone a boy in his teens, as I was. My father raised horses. I rode them—and was almost killed by them two or three times. I fell violently in love too; which is no crime, to be sure, though it sometimes causes as great a commotion. (*Continued on page 198*)

This is One of a Series You Cannot Afford to Miss

THE accompanying article is the second of the "Just Folks" series, in which Mary B. Mullett is relating for you the stories of ordinary men and women who are living triumphant but unheralded lives. Each article is a unit, and can be read independently of the others; but you should read every one, for they contain extraordinary glimpses of life. As you read of these men and women, your faith in humanity will be renewed. The "Just Folks" article next month is about a boy of fifteen who lost both legs, and then both parents; but who has contrived to establish and maintain a home for his five younger brothers and sisters and for himself. He is seeing to it that "his family" is obtaining good schooling, and that it has wholesome home life. This is a story of amazing fortitude and cheerfulness, and of some mighty wise neighbors. THE EDITOR.

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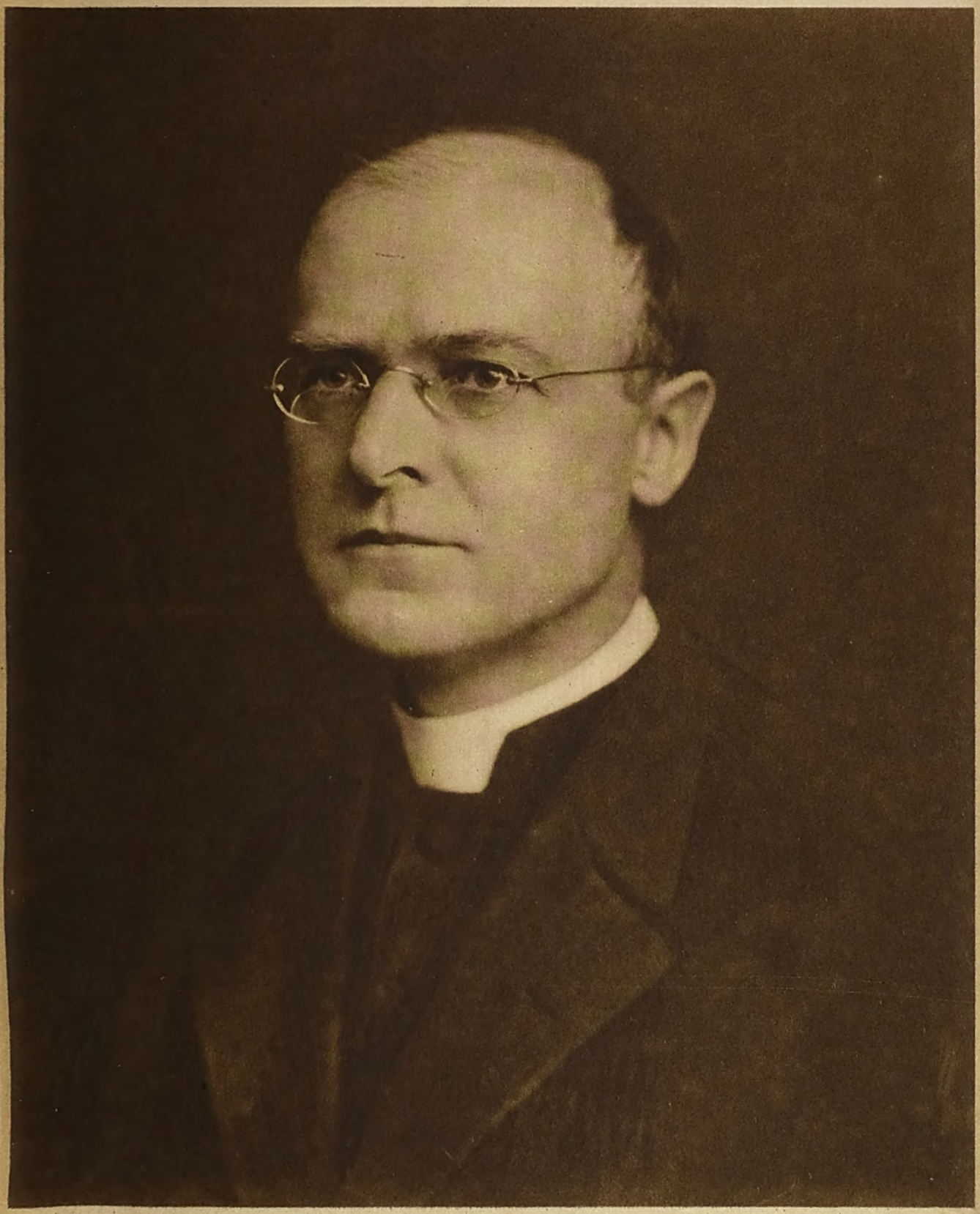

Photograph by Knapp

Creighton R. Storey

IN ALBANY, NEW YORK, where he is the rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, people call him "Doctor" Storey, not because he has received an official degree of D.D., but because his fellow citizens are glad thus to honor him. For twenty-five years he has lived in Albany, deliberately choosing the poorest parish to be found there. He has become a link between the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the educated, the aliens and the old American stock. He is the "common denominator" among all creeds and all classes, even among all political parties, for he is the chaplain of the State Assembly. He is also the chaplain of the almshouse and of the jail, and the Jews chose him to be the chaplain of their Masonic lodge. His idea of religion is that it should be to the human soul what air itself is to the human body; as beneficent, as simply and as freely available.

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Adolph Zukor

PRESIDENT of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, which controls the Paramount programs, Adolph Zukor sooner or later touches the lives of nearly everybody in the civilized world. Every week sixty million Americans go to the movies, and American-made films can be seen all over the world. In 1888 Mr. Zukor came alone to this country from Hungary. His first job was tying springs to the framework of haircloth couches. After working nine hours a day at this he went to night school to learn English. He became a fur merchant and manufacturer, and did not enter the moving picture industry until 1912, when he founded the Famous Players Film Company. Mr. Zukor is shown here with his four grandchildren. He is fifty-four years old.

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The Biggest Three Hours In Adolph Zukor's Life

He had staked all on a film which he hoped to sell to the big distributors; but they kept him waiting so long that he decided to get on without them!—In the fourteen years since Zukor cooled his heels in their anteroom, he has become a dominant figure in the motion picture industry

By Allan Harding

A GREAT ocean steamer was slowly making its way up New York Harbor—and crowded together on its lower deck were scores of men, women, and children; their faces a study in mingled hope and fear, for they were about to begin a new life in a strange country.

Among them was a sixteen-year-old lad, who looked in silent astonishment at the sky line of the city he was approaching. I feel pretty sure about his silence, for to-day, almost thirty-eight years later, he is a man who never wastes words.

The New York of 1889 was far from being the towering mass it is now. But even then it was big enough to amaze this immigrant boy; especially as it was only the second city he ever had seen.

On the way from his home village in Hungary, he stopped in Berlin and walked through its streets, lined with monotonous rows of buildings. But he never had imagined anything like this New York, which rose out of the water like some incredible dream-city.

He had come to this country alone, knowing neither its language nor its customs. Yet, as he himself has told me, he never for one instant has wished himself back at home.

"I landed," he said, "at Castle Garden, as all aliens did in those days. And the moment I stepped ashore I knew I wanted to stay. There was freedom in the air! And as I walked up Broadway, with its hurrying crowds, I felt the contagion of all that energy, activity, and ambition. I never have had a moment of regret that I came, nor of doubt that I was wise in coming."

For a man usually so chary of words, this was a rather remarkable excursion into speech. But when he really has something to say, Adolph Zukor can say it clearly and effectively.

An odd name: Adolph Zukor. Possibly it means nothing to you. Yet it ought to mean a great deal; for the man who bears it wields an influence which is felt by millions.

Endless pages have been written about the power of "the movies." As president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, Adolph Zukor is one of the men who direct that huge power. Physically small of stature though he is, he nevertheless is a giant in the motion picture world.

I wonder if you realize how impressive a statement that is. In an amazingly short time the "picture business" has become the fourth largest in the country! We have between fifteen and twenty thousand motion picture theatres.

Every week, about *sixty million* Americans go to the movies! Between seven hundred and eighteen hundred feature films are produced annually in the United States alone; an average of two new ones for every day in the year.

The influence of the men behind this great industry reaches all over the world. American-made pictures are sent to every civilized country. Of the films shown in Great Britain, for instance, four out of every five have been made in the United States.

It takes an army of three hundred thousand people to produce and to distribute this enormous output. The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation turns out a larger number of pictures than any other producing company. And at the head of Famous Players-Lasky is the former immigrant lad, Adolph Zukor.

SINCE he possesses this tremendous influence over us—for we all go to the movies more or less, and most of us go more rather than less—his life and his ideas are of decided interest.

I had a chance to say this to him—and did say it—when we met recently, by appointment, in his office. At that time, it looked down on one of Fifth Avenue's busiest corners. But his company has erected a towering building in Times Square, a few blocks away, and his office will soon be in that building.

From incoming steamers, other immigrant lads will look, with mingled hope and fear, at New York's amazing sky line. I wish they could know that in one of those soaring towers will be sitting a man who was once, like themselves, about to begin a new life in this new country. If that could be, I think the light on its shining peak would kindle a flame of courage in their hearts.

When I told Mr. Zukor that I thought the people whose lives he influences so constantly ought to know something about his own life, he at first responded merely with an interested smile. He is temperamentally as noncommittal as the typical Scotchman. In fact, with his brown eyes, (*Continued on page 171*)

"Check Your Troubles Here"

ONE dark, rainy afternoon, I stopped before a movie theatre on lower Third Avenue, New York City. "'Mated'—A Romance of Western Life and Adventure. Admission 10 cents.". . . It was a gloomy day. Smileless people with impassive faces passed up and down. Now and then one turned into the theatre: a lonely spinster; a young girl whose appearance suggested that she had lost a needed job; a shivering man with coat collar turned up, the sort that asks you for a dime to get a bit of food; a worried-looking motherly woman, who made you think of troublesome children and a crowded tenement. Not one but seemed to be carrying some almost visible burden of anxiety, or sorrow, or deprivation.

As I watched, I devised another glowing sign over the theatre entrance:

"CHECK YOUR TROUBLES HERE"

An hour of forgetfulness, of anodyne from pain; a swift flight from stern reality! Who knew what healing, what restitution of hope that hour of illusion would bring to those human hearts?

THE EDITOR.

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"Miss Bennett's Baby"

A Story

By Priscilla Hovey

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH SIMONT

"GOOD MORNING, Miss Lane!" Miss Bennett's voice was brisk, crisp, and cool. The day might be languid and mellow with summer sunshine, dank with a dreary November drizzle, cold and crunchy with snow, feverish with the first pulsings of spring, but Miss Bennett's good morning was the same.

And Miss Bennett's walk never varied. When she came down the corridors of Hathorn, her cap a stiff little soldier on her gray-gold pug, her blue eyes darting from left to right from behind nervously blinking lashes, her small pointed nose wiggling in a manner not unlike that of a rabbit, the skirt of her glossily starched uniform swishing from side to side, probationers made certain they were doing only those things that ought to be done and even the head nurses, internes, and doctors looked their professional best.

Miss Bennett, you see, was the general supervisor of Hathorn, and had been that for fifteen years.

"It may be," Miss Lane, the night supervisor, returned the greeting, "but it was far from a good *night*. Twenty babies in this place," she continued wrathfully, "and yet there are people who talk about race suicide! So far as I can see, the only person in danger of committing suicide is the night nurse of a maternity hospital. I've been simply flying all night long." By way of emphasis, Miss Lane jerked a lock of brown hair which had fallen from its appointed place beneath her cap, and twined it over her ear.

"There's only one on the 'gold coast'," she went on, referring to the third floor of Hathorn, where there were private rooms, private baths, and private nurses. "The Alexander baby. He's the governor's son, you know, and she's some heiress or other. You'd thought from the fuss that the child was the Prince of Wales, or, rather, the Princess. Two specialists, three nurses, and the telephone lines buzzing with relatives and reporters! Probably the governor'll be in to-day, so you want to keep your eyes open. They've named it Patricia."

Miss Bennett's eyes, however, were on the records. "What's this?" she asked sharply. "You lost a mother?"

"In the free ward," said Miss Lane, passing her hand wearily across her forehead. "I had it on my mind to tell you the first thing. The poor child was about dead when the ambulance brought her."

"Child?"

"Well, she couldn't have been more than seventeen. The police found her in the station and sent her here. She lived only until the baby was born. Plain case of neglect and malnutrition. Strange, though; the baby is perfect. It's a little small, but has a beautiful head."

"No name?" frowned Miss Bennett.

The night supervisor shook her head. "She wouldn't tell the police, and she had nothing on her clothes to help identify her. I've got the baby listed as Baby X. What does the hospital do in a case like that? With the baby, I mean. It's a nice little girl."

"It keeps her while the police investigate. Then, if no relatives are found, it transfers her to a foundling home." Miss Bennett's tone was matter-of-fact.

Miss Lane's face clouded. "Honestly," she exclaimed, "it doesn't seem right for two of the little things to come into this terrible world at the same time, one to have everything, the other nothing; one to live in a beautiful home, the other in an asylum. Honestly, Miss Bennett—"

But Miss Bennett disliked sentimentality. "Where is the child?" she asked tersely.

"In the nursery. Come along and see it." And the impulsive Miss Lane walked ahead, with little Miss Bennett mincing disapprovingly in the rear. She would have to report the affair to Doctor Futrelle, the superintendent, and communicate with the police, so she might as well see the waif.

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Miss Bennett had trained, however, some thirty years ago, and no one could testify as to whether she had used a pole or not. But all who had served under and with her since she had come to Hathorn could solemnly swear that she had never touched a baby. When asked to view one, as she often was, she would cross her stiffly starched arms primly, blink her eyes furiously, wiggle her nose, and say, "Yes, indeed, a very nice baby!" It was the thing at class reunions for some clever member to imitate Miss Bennett.

Miss Lane knew the tradition, yet she swung open the door of the free ward nursery, permitting Miss Bennett to enter first, and looked down the row of tiny white canvas beds until her eye fell on the nineteenth. On this was a card bearing the imprint of a tiny foot, also: "BABY X—DOCTOR HOWORTH."

"Isn't she a darling?" cooed Miss Lane at the diminutive occupant, who looked like a warm pink petal blown from a rose into the haven of the white bed.

Then Miss Bennett made her time-honored speech. Folding her thin arms, blinking her eyes, wiggling her nose with a little sniff, she said: "Yes, indeed, a very nice baby."

"I should say it is!" retorted Miss Lane angrily. With a sudden motion she picked up Baby X—which was of course not the thing to do—and thrust her on the crossed arms of the general supervisor, who had either to drop the baby or unfold her arms. Naturally, a dropped baby wouldn't look well in the records of Hathorn.

"Look at that head," exclaimed Miss Lane, not observing the slow red which had crept into Miss Bennett's thin cheeks as she stood reluctantly holding the nameless waif. "Did you ever see a more perfect one, I ask you! And the ears, close to the head. That little mouth, and the nose. And I do believe, Miss Bennett, she's going to have light curly hair! Look!"

Miss Bennett peered frowningly at the child in her arms. There was indeed on that warm, fragile little head a few silk-like golden threads which showed a spiral tendency.

"Put her back where she belongs," she said curtly. "I'm expecting a call at the desk."

She turned her back and swish-swished out of the nursery.

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Then, too, the work was deplorably behind schedule in all the wards, for the reason that the governor and his wife, and people whom the hospital didn't know, but were busily conjecturing about, had arrived to see the first Alexander grandchild.

Trips to the gold coast were being taken for any or no reason, Miss Bennett discovered. Promptly she quelled all further excursions.

"I'll bet Bennett would dare run the governor out by his coat tails," remarked Miss Collins, head nurse of the semi-private ward, after the supervisor had tersely reminded the diet nurse that the patients must have their trays at twelve

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o'clock, even if the President put in his appearance.

It was early in the afternoon when Miss Bennett herself arrived on the gold coast. As she passed the door of the Alexander suite, she caught a breath-taking glimpse of flowers, in tiny cradles, in bowls, in vases. There were orchids lifting their fragile aristocratic heads, roses just beginning to uncurl their perfumed petals, lilies-of-the-valley snuggling in cool green leaves, cheery bobbing jonquils, and quiet velvet-faced pansies. The governor had been and gone; the father of Mrs. Alexander—the Hollister Snowden, you know—had come and departed; but the two grandmothers, and several other adoring relatives, were still clustered about the crib.

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"She has a good head. See?" continued Miss Parks critically, quite oblivious to the fact that Miss Bennett was not proceeding true to form. But then, Miss Parks had been away from Hathorn and had doubtless forgotten.

"This baby had a perfect head," countered Miss Bennett, "and very prettily shaped ears."

Miss Parks, now aware that something was amiss, held the ignored heiress more closely to her.

"I'm afraid she is going to have straight hair," concluded Miss Bennett, designating Baby Patricia with a nod of her cap.

"What do you expect on the head of a day-old infant?" demanded Miss Parks hotly. "A set of Mary Pickford curls? My land!" And as it was time for little Patricia to visit her mother, she placed the baby over her shoulder, and somewhat haughtily made her exit.

"That Bennett woman gets crabbier every time I see her," she confided to Mrs. Alexander's day nurse. "I should think the hospital would pension her before long."

There were others who bore grievances against Miss Bennett in the days that followed, especially those connected with the free ward.

"Will you tell me why she's picking on us lately?" pleaded Miss Harcourt, the head nurse. "No matter where I turn, she's poking her nose into something. Ever since she found a probationer giving that Baby X a bottle that wasn't warm enough, she hasn't let us alone. She seems to make that poor little thing an excuse for complaint. She wasn't satisfied with its gain in weight, so she gave orders to have its formula changed. Imagine! I'd like to know what's got into her."

SOMETHING had indeed got into Miss Bennett, something she at first refused to recognize. She was merely doing her duty to see that Baby X was receiving a proper start in life, she told herself. In pursuit of that duty she journeyed from the free ward nursery to the gold coast nursery and compared records. Baby Alexander, after her first customary loss in weight, had gained two ounces. Humph! Baby X had gained but one ounce. Still, the new formula hadn't had opportunity to show results yet. Four days later, Baby Alexander had gained two and one-half ounces and Baby X three. Miss Bennett's thin lips curved in a smile, and an utterly dumfounded nurse heard her humming as she swished stiff skirts down the corridors.

She had a habit, almost demoralizing to the probationers, of entering the free ward nursery when the twenty babies were being bathed—not all at once, of course. She lingered until it was the turn of Baby X, and saw with a queer pang how plump the little body was and how pink and white the skin. The hair, too. Miss Lane had been right. It was going to curl!

Miss Bennett faced herself and the facts one night in her room, a week and a half after the arrival of the nameless baby. She didn't look so awe-inspiring when she had removed the starched uniform and the stiff white cap. Wrapped in a soft kimono she looked very small, tired, and lonely.

"You're thinking of keeping her," she addressed herself in the mirror, as she brushed the thinning strands of gray-gold hair. "And it's absolutely out of the question. Ridiculous! You couldn't keep her here in the nurses' home."

Yet why not? She had three rooms, and she certainly didn't need them all herself. There would be no one to care for the baby during the day when she was on duty. That was the trouble. Oh, it was clearly out of the question. The child would be well taken care of at the Foundling Home. She could see her there, keep in touch with her, and maybe, later . . .

Miss Bennett sat down, frowning. That wasn't a bit what she wanted—maybe later. She wanted— She looked about her at the three rooms that for fifteen years had been her home. The little room she used for a living-room would make a splendid nursery. It had two windows, and sun all the morning. She pictured it with white paper, and chintz curtains with bunnies and little girls on them. She saw a white crib in the corner.

Then she checked herself and flushed. What would the hospital think—Bennett and a baby! She was aware what the hospital thought of her now. It thought she was a hopeless old maid, a heartless old maid, one who cared for nothing but the red tape of her profession. And she had made the hospital think that.

Miss Bennett made her time-honored speech. . . . "Yes, indeed, a very nice baby"

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As Miss Bennett passed the door of the Alexander suite she caught a breath-taking glimpse of flowers, in tiny cradles, in bowls, in vases, and saw a group of adoring relatives clustered about the crib of the Alexander baby

Miss Bennett, you see, had a complex. The psychologists would probably have a long and fearsome name for it. Miss Bennett didn't even know she had it; but she knew she loved babies, had always loved them from the time she had commenced training, a shy, self-conscious girl of eighteen. She loved the plump ones with curly hair, and even the thin ones with red faces and crooked heads. Yet she had never given anybody a glimpse of her secret.

Difficult to understand? Not at all. Suppose you longed for some Wedgwood china; just a few delicate pieces to touch and caress and keep spotlessly clean. And suppose someone who cared only casually held for your inspection a vase, a vase so exquisite that your heart raced on seeing it, and said, "Isn't that a nice bit of Wedgwood?" And you, because you didn't want that person to see the yearning leap into your eyes and suffuse your face, crossed your arms very stiffly—not even offering to touch the precious vase—and said sniffily, "Yes, indeed, a very nice piece of Wedgwood!"

That's the way it had been with Miss Bennett and babies.

IT WAS rather uncanny that the case of Miss Lee, a probationer who had just recovered from an operation for appendicitis and was unable to do both her theoretical and practical work, should have come up just then.

"I'm sure I could keep up with the class in just one or the other," the girl told Miss Bennett sadly; "but I can't in both. I've lost so much, you see. I won't want to go home, though," she added with a catch in her voice. "Going home isn't anything to be ashamed of; but you know how it is if you start to do a thing and then don't finish. People think you weren't smart enough. But I guess I'll have to go," she admitted sorrowfully, "because I haven't any money, and I'm not fitted to get an office position."

Miss Bennett's thin, blue-veined hand gripped her desk, and she spoke quickly:

"Would you consider a position that would be, er, supplemental in a way to your hospital experience? For instance, one in which you would take care of a baby? Your practical work has been very satisfactory and would be entirely adequate. You would also be able to continue your studies in your leisure time. The remuneration, although small, would enable you to stay here until you felt strong enough to complete your training." She paused, rather breathless.

The girl looked up eagerly. A pretty little thing, thought Miss Bennett, pale, dark, and lonely, too.

"Oh, Miss Bennett," she exclaimed, forgetting to be awed by the supervisor, "that would be wonderful!"

"Remember, I haven't promised you anything," scowled Miss Bennett sternly. "I will, however, look into the matter for you."

The next day, Miss Parks sent out a hushed invitation to several of the head nurses and specials to view the wardrobe of Miss Patricia Alexander.

"Mrs. Alexander told me I might show some of the things to my friends," said Miss Parks. "She's awfully sweet, Mrs. Alexander is. Her mother brought them all from Paris. Dresses, bonnets, little shoes—everything! You never saw anything so gorgeous in your life. I want you to see the dress she's going to wear the day she leaves the hospital. My dear, it must have cost a hundred!"

Miss Bennett was not invited, but her keen, wiggling nose caught wind of the meeting. Silence fell on the group of nurses gathered in the rest-room when she entered. Were they going to receive a reprimand? But no.

"I came to look for a moment," said Miss Bennett, almost cordially.

And look she did, while the nurses touched, fingered, smoothed, stroked, and exclaimed. Miss Bennett minced here and there, her hands tightly clasped behind her. When she came to the dress that Baby Patricia was to wear the day she left Hathorn, she looked steadfastly, pursing her lips. Then she stood erect. "Very nice, indeed," she said stiffly. "Very nice, indeed."

"Very nice, indeed," mimicked Miss Carter, head nurse of the gold coast, after the supervisor had departed. "You'd think she was looking at a display of bandages, wouldn't you, for all the interest she took!"

But it was only Miss Bennett, who had looked and not touched, who knew that there were eight flounces of hand-crocheted lace on Baby Patricia's going-away dress, and sixteen tiny rows of tucks at the neck; that the little pink silk jacket had set-in sleeves and a hand-made silk cord caught with a gold clasp; that the carriage bootees were of white eiderdown lined with pink silk, and were made to resemble bunnies.

THAT afternoon she was off duty, and the hospital would indeed have been astounded if it could have followed her on her visits to the baby departments of the leading stores of the city. At four-thirty she had finished, and somewhat dazedly went to a nearby tea-room. She felt weak and tremulous, sorely in need of the stimulation of hot tea and toasted muffins. She dared not think of what she had done. She had spent one hundred and fifty dollars—for what? With fingers that shook she consulted her list. For bands, shirts, gertrudes, dresses, jackets, socks, bonnets, and a crib!

What would she (*Continued on page 98*)

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Six Things Women Look For When Buying A House

Value is one of them; and it is the only one of the six that the average husband considers of prime importance, says Frank L. McGuire, who has sold 12,000 dwellings in eight years—Straight tips that will help you when you buy or sell a house

By Magner White

IF YOU have not yet had the thrill of buying a house, you are probably looking forward to the experience. You plan to own one *some* day. Everybody does!

The man who lives in a rented cottage is ambitious to buy, while the one who already owns a handsome house would like to own a handsomer one. Ideas and conditions change as time goes on; children grow up and get married. In short, what was ideal a few years ago is likely to be inappropriate to-day.

Because practically everybody shares this universal interest in home-owning, you will be interested in what Frank L. McGuire, of Portland, Oregon, home-seller extraordinary, has to say about buying and selling homes.

In the past eight years, Mr. McGuire has sold nearly $35,000,000 worth of dwellings. During this period, he has handled the sales of homes to more than 12,000 families. And through his financing department he has helped more than three thousand families make the first payment on their homes.

The little one-room office in which he started alone has grown to a suite of twenty-four rooms, which occupies practically the whole second floor of a large building. One of the McGuire features most popular with prospective house buyers is the "photograph gallery." This is composed of row upon row of pictures of houses, arranged on the walls of seven or eight of the largest rooms in the suite. These photographs show almost anything, from $500 houseboats to $30,000 houses.

It was raining the proverbial pitchforks the day I called on Mr. McGuire. "Nobody," I thought, "would ever come out on a day like this to buy a house." But McGuire's office was crowded!

"Weather affects the buying of homes just as it affects the buying of other commodities," he explained, when I finally got through the crowd and into his office. "A change in weather," he continued, "nearly always affects home buying favorably. As soon as we knew this rainy spell was coming our way, we added six or eight salesman to our force to take care of the rush."

It was a rush all right.

"When a rainstorm follows a long spell of sunshiny weather," Mr. McGuire went on, "people want to get out of old houses into better ones, or out of tents into houses. But when a long rainy spell is followed by several days of sunshine and warmth, there's a movement in another direction: Hundreds of people want to get out of apartment houses, and out of the city into suburban homes.

"As a matter of fact, nearly everybody is a prospect for a home all the time. The change in weather simply brings a lot of them to make definite decisions. How many people do you know who consider themselves settled for life? Inquire a little, and you'll be surprised at what you learn.

"Even the man who has just built a house is, to some extent, a prospect for another house. If he could trade his house for one he thinks he'd like better, he would do it in a minute.

"ALL women have their 'dream homes,' especially young married women. But if a woman can't get the home of her dreams, she will take something else. Anything to have a roof of her own over her head. I remember one young wife who had two babies. Her husband sent her to us to look for a home. Many men do that—and it's an odd thing to do, when you come to think of it. The man who works regular hours every day will somehow find opportunities two or three times a year to get away to buy a suit of clothes. But when it comes to buying a house, which usually happens not more than two or three times in a lifetime, he sends his wife to do the preliminary scouting.

"We took this young wife around to see several houses, and finally she selected one. The husband was sent for. He looked the house over—and didn't like it. That was to be expected.

"Every human being has what we call his 'resistance number;' that is, the number of times he has to be shown houses before he is ready to buy. The wife had seen enough houses to satisfy her sense of comparison, and she had made her selection. The husband had seen but one house. As he had had no chance to compare it with others, he was dissatisfied.

"Now, the wife had been so thoroughly pleased with her choice that we thought it would be only a matter of a few days at most before she would bring her husband around to her view; so our salesman advised them to talk it over.

"The husband was shown around. Eventually, he had to admit that his wife had made a good choice. But he objected to the price and terms. In the end, he bought a house that didn't begin to compare with the one his wife had selected. It wasn't as large, or as modern, and it was rather inconveniently located.

"I felt sorry for the wife. I knew that she had built her hopes on the other house. While we were signing the papers to close the deal, I noticed that she seemed about to cry. It happened that I got a chance to speak to her alone—we were all passing back and forth through the different offices.

"I thought I would console her, and I said, 'I'm sorry we weren't able to get that other house for you; but I wouldn't take it so hard. You and your husband are both young, and maybe sometime—'

"She looked at me and started to smile, blinked her eyes; and then the tears did come! 'I'm not crying because I didn't get that *other* house,' she said; 'I'm crying because, after all these years, we've finally got a home of our own, and I'm so happy!'

"Sometimes I think there must be millions of husbands who don't really know how home-hungry their wives are. Time and again, I've seen women take houses that didn't suit them, just because they were so eager to get into homes of their own. We've actually sold houses to several men whose wives came to us and urged us to try to get their husbands interested in buying a home."

"YOU spoke of 'resistance numbers' a moment ago," I reminded Mr. McGuire. "What is the average 'resistance number'?"

"Usually, we figure that if we show a prospect six or seven houses, he is either ready to buy or he has decided he doesn't want to buy, after all. People seem to want a certain definite combination of factors, the combination varying with each individual; and they don't buy until as many as possible of these requirements are met.

"For instance, a woman, the average woman, will usually look for the following six things:

"ENVIRONMENT: As she drives up to her prospective home, she has a weather eye out for the type of neighbors she will have. She observes a woman hanging up clothes in the back yard, across the way,

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or next door, and wonders if she'll like that woman as a neighbor. She notices the children playing in the yards and streets, and she sizes them up as potential playmates of her own children.

"CLEANLINESS: The very first things a woman looks at when she steps inside a house are the floors and walls. Dirt and grease that could be removed for five dollars will often damage a house five hundred dollars' worth in the eyes of the woman considering the place for a home.

"CONVENIENCE IN ARRANGEMENT: In the first place, the closer the bathroom is to the kitchen, the better the average woman prospect is pleased. A bathroom situated off in a corner of a house, so that it can be reached only by going through one or two bedrooms, nearly always raises an objection. Then comes the kitchen; here, the ideal arrangement is one that saves as many steps as possible. Third, comes the location of the bedrooms. Women with small children generally want two bedrooms adjoining, so that one may be used by the children.

"CLOSET ROOM—and plenty of it: I sometimes wonder that so many houses are built without adequate closet space. I don't think the woman ever lived who complained that her house had too many closets in it. Plenty of closets of any kind are desirable; but closets which have windows or electric lights in them are the joy and delight of the house salesman, for few women can resist such conveniences.

"ADAPTABILITY: This means the house must fit the family. It also must fit the furniture. Windows or doors so placed that the housekeeper's furniture can't be put into the rooms to good advantage, or placed in such a way as to prevent occasional rearrangement of the pieces, will often hold up a sale when every other thing about a place is satisfactory. And if furniture is to be bought for the new home, the woman is equally concerned about the arrangement of the house, for she wants to know that it isn't going to cost more than she can afford to fit the place up properly.

"VALUE: Deep down underneath their emotional natures, all women are bargainers. They'll buy a house bargain, if they're in the buying mood, just as quickly as they'll buy a dress bargain. The department store advertises a $5 garment for $4.98; we advertise a $5,000 house for $4,990. But it is only accurate to say that women think first of all the other considerations before they come to the bargaining part.

"A man has an entirely different slant; his considerations usually run in this order:

"ACCESSIBILITY: How far is it to town, to his office, store, shop, or place of employment? In other words, how much 'gas' is he going to have to burn every day. And, in case the flivver should break down, how far is it to a street car, or other transportation? And, for the convenience of the family, how far is it to a school and a neighborhood store? Also, in many, many cases, having in mind Saturday afternoon recreation, how far is it to the nearest golf links?

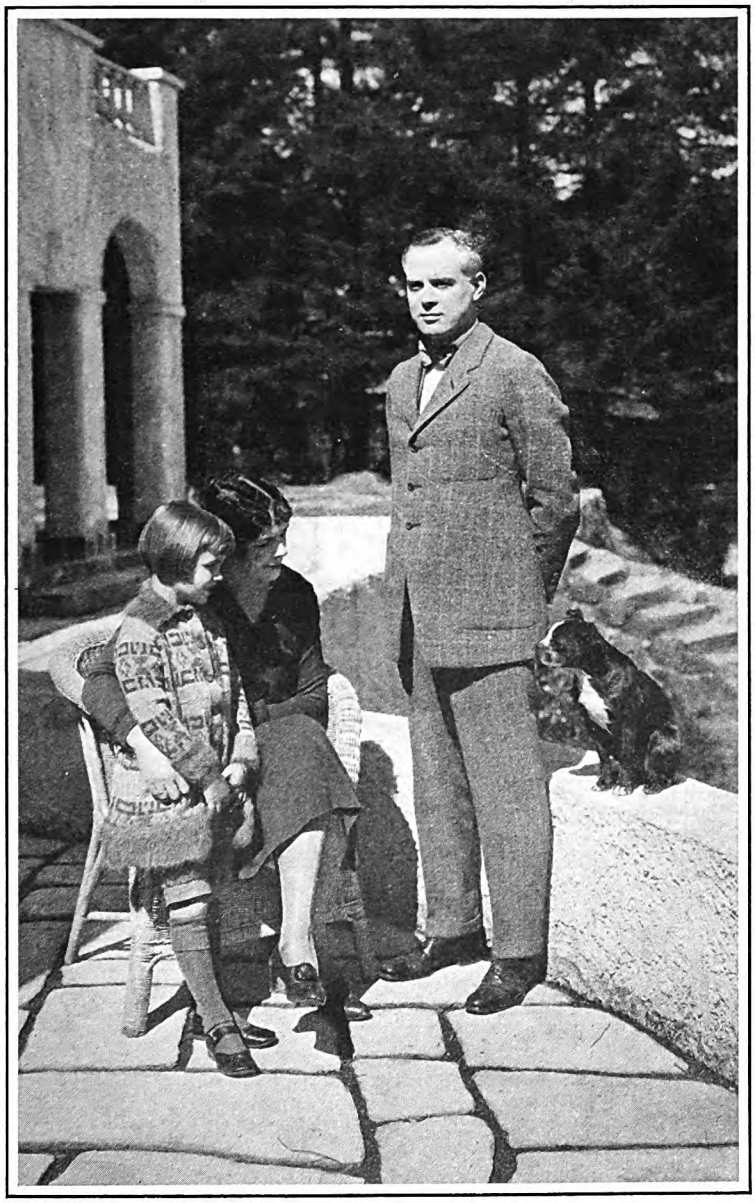
"VALUE: A man will smile at the woman with her $4.98 bargain, but when it comes to fifty or a hundred times that amount—ah, that's different! He's more of a bargainer than she is. He's very much concerned over whether he's getting his money's worth or not, and that brings us to our next point:

"CONSTRUCTION, and condition of repair: He will rap on the walls to see if they are solid; go up-stairs and spring his weight on the boards, trying to make the floors sag; climb up in the attic to see how solid the framework looks; go outside and scratch the paint with his penknife to see how old it is; check over the plumbing in the bathroom. And then, seven times out of ten, he'll head for the basement—if there is one—and have a look at the furnace. He wants to know if the grate has been burned out. A burnt-out grate can be replaced for a few dollars; but he'll just have a look anyway, thank you. And maybe, if the grate is burned out, he won't buy the house!

"UPKEEP REQUIREMENTS, or possibilities: One man will be happy because a place has a large lawn. Keeping it up will give him a chance for the outdoor exercise which he craves. But another will have only the place with a 'two-by-four' lawn; he doesn't want to spend any time keeping it up. Those who have a garden or a flower plot in mind are interested in the condition of the soil.

"A RETREAT (for himself): Whether he is entirely aware of the feeling or not, when a man looks over a place he usually has somewhere in the depths of his mind the idea of some nook or corner of the house that will be his—and his alone. One type of man will look for a room that will do for a den, a place into which he can retire and shut the door and be undisturbed. Another type will look for some spot where he can put in an amateur workshop, a place where he can tinker with things, or make things. In some men, this deep hankering for a retreat finds expression in an elaborately arranged and equipped garage; one with cabinets, an air pump, storage tanks and cans, a pit, and so on.

"ENHANCEMENT POSSIBILITIES: Many and many a man, when he considers a house, starts building air-castle additions all over it. If the lot is large, he considers how another house might look on the place, one he could rent, and thereby increase his income. If the house has one story, he may consider how another would look; or he may play with the idea of adding more rooms, or a sleeping porch. A house seldom suits a man in every particular, as is; he (*Continued on page 137*)



ANGELUS COMMERCIAL STUDIO, PORTLAND, ORE.

Frank L. McGuire is one of the most extraordinary real estate men in the West. He employs a staff of one hundred men, and within a few years has sold $35,000,000 worth of dwellings. Mr. McGuire was born in Portland thirty-eight years ago. In the accompanying article he tells what to look for when you decide to buy a house, and suggests a popular way for financing the purchase. This picture shows Mr. McGuire and his family on the terrace of their home in Portland, Oregon

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Don't Use Your Waste Basket As A Safe Deposit Vault!

Diamonds, necklaces, table silver, envelopes full of money, garments, and other valuables are forever getting mixed in with the family's rubbish, says Alfred A. Taylor, New York's Street Cleaning Commissioner—Stories of amazing finds in bundles of waste paper and in garbage cans

By Susie Sexton

ONE morning in May the office of Alfred A. Taylor, in the Municipal Building, New York City, received a telephone call from a man in Brooklyn. It was just after spring housecleaning time. Five thousand dollars in greenbacks, the man said, had disappeared from his home on Columbia Heights. Burglars, of course, might be responsible. But somehow he had an idea that those bills had been thrown away by mistake. His wife was such a thorough housekeeper!

The money was a serious loss. Unless it was found, the mortgage on the man's house would be foreclosed. He wondered if Mr. Taylor, who is Commissioner of Street Cleaning for New York City, would aid in the search.

Commissioner Taylor sent out the alarm to his thousands of subordinates, but he did not have much hope that the money would be recovered. If it had been carried away on any of the city's rubbish carts it was, by this time, in ashes at the bottom of a municipal incinerator—or it had been dumped out at sea.

After several days, the commissioner's fears apparently were confirmed. Not a trace of the money could be found.

Several months later, however, a Brooklyn street cleaner decided to paint a queer old-fashioned bureau which he had salvaged from one of the water-front dumps. As a preliminary, he went through all the drawers. When he pulled out a small upper one on the right-hand side, he discovered a large manila envelope neatly bound with rubber bands.

It contained five thousand dollars in bills!

The street cleaner told the story to the main office. An investigation was started. Commissioner Taylor suddenly remembered the man in Brooklyn. Getting in touch with him by telephone he inquired if his wife had thrown out an ancient bureau that spring. Yes, she had. Could he identify it? Certainly.

After a hurried trip across Brooklyn Bridge, the man was again in possession of his five thousand dollars. And the street cleaner who had found it for him would not take a reward. City workers are not allowed to accept money in such cases.

SINCE November, 1921, Commissioner Taylor has been chief executive of the largest and busiest street cleaning organization in the United States. Before that, he was general superintendent.

One of the most interesting features of his work is the annual recovery of thousands of dollars' worth of money, jewelry, insurance papers, real estate deeds, heirlooms, silverware, and furs, which got into the garbage can or the waste paper basket through somebody's carelessness.

In 1925, for instance, city officials in the Municipal Building returned to their owners at least one hundred articles of great value, after they had been heedlessly thrown out, and carried away by the street cleaners to one of the dumping grounds.

So valuable, indeed, is the treasure lost or thrown away in the garbage, ashes, waste-paper baskets, and snowbanks that men known as "trimmers" pay the city $122,000 a year for the privilege of reclaiming salable material from the dumps in three boroughs. In Manhattan alone "pickings" are valued at $48,054.86 annually; in Brooklyn at $48,000 and in the Bronx at $26,050.61.

Since the number of articles lost and found increases in proportion to the volume of business handled, it is only necessary to glance at the records of the street-cleaning department to get an idea of the "trimmer's" chances of success in making a living.

IN THE three boroughs just mentioned, 13,364,189 cubic yards of ashes, garbage, and street sweepings were carried away last year. This was far more than enough rubbish to fill the Gatun locks of the Panama Canal. It was 4,853,300 tons.

The total amount of ashes collected was 5,930,918.50 cubic yards. If the ashes were piled in one place for a year, the pile would be higher than the Woolworth Building. Garbage collected annually equals 1,812,253 cubic yards, and rubbish 5,621,017 cubic yards. Seventeen hundred miles of streets are cleaned daily.

During a very stormy winter, such as that of 1922-23, the snow removed has equaled 12,120,328 cubic yards. Eight thousand men, including officers, do the work of the department. There are ten thousand men in the emergency snow force.

The cost of this work during the season of 1922-23 was $20,300,855. This included the disposal of the winter's snow accumulation. The cost per capita was about one cent per day for each person living in the city.

Forty local dumping points, more than

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Keeping the streets clean in New York's congested tenement districts is one of the toughest problems Commissioner Taylor has. The street you see here was thoroughly cleaned one hour before the photograph was made. The refuse accumulated more quickly than usual because there was in progress a Jewish holiday, during which it is the custom to throw away all rubbish

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two thirds of which are on the water front, receive the city's waste. Some of the rubbish is carried out to sea and dumped; part is burned in the city incinerators.

By far the greater part of a trimmer's winnings is turned out of waste-paper baskets in the residential and semi-residential districts, Commissioner Taylor told me.

"Most people are more careless about throwing away valuables in the summer than they are in the winter," he said. "The heat makes them nervous and often irritable. A heavy blizzard or a bad thunder storm often has the same effect. At such a time, folks may lose all recollection of where they have put valuable property. Usually the street cleaner gets it.

"Each family in the city averaging four or five members throws at least five barrels of rubbish into the waste basket during the course of a week. After the paper has been sorted it goes to Riker's Island. Later, it is shipped to one of the large paper mills in the South, or in New England.

"City officials, mill owners, and sorters—everyone, in fact, who may handle the material after it leaves the basket in the living-room—are daily receiving inquiries about all sorts of things that have been thrown away by mistake," went on the commissioner.

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Cleaning the snow off Broadway. Within thirty minutes after the first flakes begin to fall in New York City—if the storm threatens to be severe—four hundred motor-driven plows and thousands of men are on the job. It sometimes costs as much as $1,500,000 to rid the city of an exceptionally heavy snowfall

"YOU would hardly expect a hard-headed business man, for instance, to conceal his money for two or three days in a rubbish container. Yet at least one of them did this very thing.

"When Inspector Charles Snyder took charge of what was then the city's largest incinerator, at Fifty-sixth Street and Twelfth Avenue, several years ago, he had a strange experience. This plant is one of the finest of its kind in the world. It handles four hundred and forty-eight tons of garbage and rubbish every twenty-four hours.

"The refuse is brought to the plant in sixty huge motor trucks. They feed six fires, each capable of receiving fifty tons. Each burns day and night. In addition, an immense concrete pit receives one thousand square yards of waste paper.

"One morning, shortly after the plant was opened, a well-known butcher called the inspector on the 'phone. An hour before, a rubbish container in which three hundred and fifty dollars in bills were hidden had been carried away from his shop. During the past week, he said, bandits had been terrorizing his neighborhood. As a protective measure he had put his money in an old paper bag and slipped it in with the rubbish until he could find time to go to the bank.

"While the butcher was out of the store, the collector had called for the rubbish.

"Inspector Snyder asked the butcher if he knew the number of the truck which had called at his store that day.

"No; he didn't. But he thought he could remember the driver. This was not encouraging, however, as that particular collector might have gone out by this time on another trip.

"The inspector told the butcher to come down to the office. There was a chance the money might be recovered. In the meantime, inquiries by telephone had revealed the number of the truck which had made the collection, and the spot where the rubbish had been dumped. When the butcher arrived, part of the refuse had been placed in the furnace. This was bad news. But the man would not be discouraged. So the remaining pile of rubbish was raked over carefully while he looked on.

"Pretty soon he became excited. Plunging into the papers himself he pulled out a printed scrap. It was one of his bill heads. The men kept on looking, and after a twenty-minutes search, they raked out a dirty old paper bag all crumpled up into a ball. It contained three hundred and fifty dollars in bills, tied around with a dirty piece of string!

"A funny thing happened down at the Jackson Street station on the lower East Side. A young woman rushed in one day very much excited. She had been sitting at the front door of her dwelling, she said, knitting a silk sweater. It was about half finished. The silk had been expensive. A friend came along, and stopped to tell her a good story. So interested did she become that she rolled up the sweater, stuck the needles into it, and laid the bundle aside on top of the ash can. A little later she was called into the house, and she forgot all about the sweater.

"While she was inside, the ash man came along. He dumped the sweater into his cart along with the other contents of the can, and drove away.

"When the young woman came out to resume her knitting, she found that all her patient work had been lost. She threw a shawl over her head and ran down to the city dump. In this neighborhood the dump is directly on the river front, and the rubbish is transferred almost immediately to the scows. When the inspector heard the girl's story he promptly gave orders to an Italian trimmer to look for the bundle of silk pierced with two knitting needles. Eventually it turned up, dusty with ashes. But the woman did not seem to mind that a bit. She tucked the work under her arm. And the last the inspector saw of her she was walking down the street, knitting as she went.

"ONE of the most valuable things we ever had reported as lost in rubbish was, so far as I know, never recovered," said Mr. Taylor. "This was a platinum ring set with a diamond worth twenty-three thousand dollars. The owner—a wealthy woman who lived on Fifth Avenue—sent the ring and her handsome pearl necklace to the jeweler's to be cleaned. Ten days later, she received a package from the jeweler's, removed the pearls and, failing to notice the ring, threw the wrappings away.

"The next day she learned through the jeweler that the boy who had delivered the parcel had obtained a receipt for both pieces. Immediately she began with her butler a search of the basement, but she found only empty rubbish cans. The collectors had already made their rounds. The woman informed us of her loss, and we did everything in our power to help her find the ring, even to the extent of keeping fifteen men busy (*Continued on page 167*)

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Heroes Of The Dark

One touch of danger makes all miners kin, says Chief Parker of the United States Mine Safety Service—Thrilling stories of rescues underground, where no call for help is ever ignored—The causes of disasters, and how the mines are now guarding against them

By William S. Dutton

AS LONG as anyone in those Western mining camps had known him he had looked just the same—snowy-haired, tall, straight as a West Point colonel. He had read a great deal, knew Capetown and Sydney. He spoke like an educated man—though somehow he had never risen above a foreman. Who he was, what was his nationality or his past, nobody knew—nor asked. Old Jim, as he was known, kept his past to himself.

He was foreman of the Alta mine, which was one of the famous Comstock Lode group, in the boom days of the Virginia City gold and silver district in Nevada. It was forty-odd years ago when boiling water from subterranean hot springs burst suddenly through the rock walls of the Alta, hundreds of feet down, and flooded the mine.

Untold tons of hot water deluged the Alta workings. The shaft, seventeen hundred feet deep vertically from the surface, and every level and drift of the mine were filled with that steaming torrent of destruction!

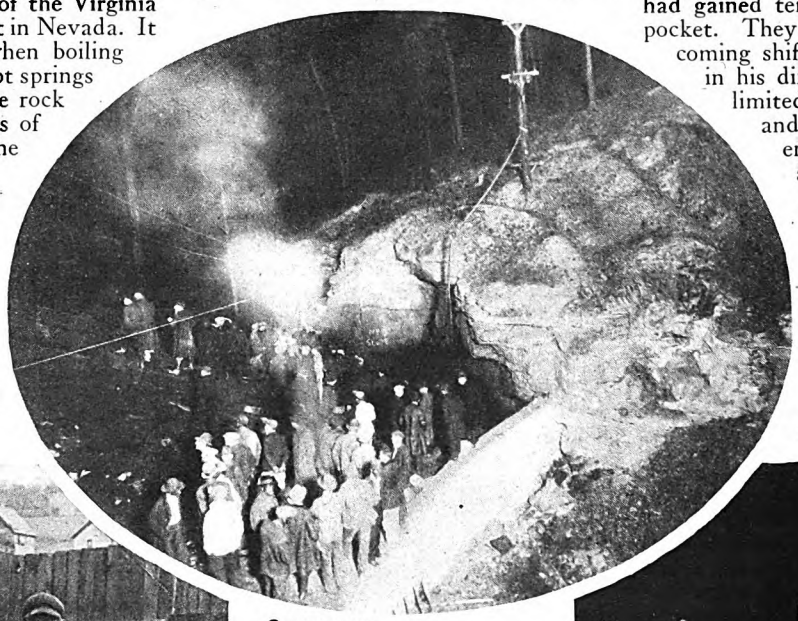
Fortunately, the flood burst as the shifts were changing. At first it was believed that every man of the several hundred endangered had been warned in time to beat the water to the top. Then Old Jim, making his check as foreman, added grim tragedy to the disaster: eight miners were trapped in that boiling flood.

Old Jim was pale as he made his announcement and called the names of the eight. And a deeper hush fell when he pronounced the name of the eight's leader. For within the week that miner, whom I'll call Ben Rush, and Old Jim had fought a pitched battle. Rush was the foreman's bitterest enemy!

It seemed inconceivable that Rush and his companions could be alive under that water, yet, due to a single circumstance, there was a bare thread of hope. They had been assigned to work in a drift off one of the upper levels. This drift might roughly be described as an underground corridor, about six hundred feet in length, with a slightly rising grade as one walked from the shaft toward its face.

Hope for the missing eight was based on the fact that the drift was inclined. Hold a glass tube, closed at one end, horizontally in water and it will fill completely; but *tilt up* the closed end of the tube, and it will fill only partly, leaving a pocket of air at the highest portion.

Old Jim and the mine superintendent, studying the mine map, reasoned that the eight, trapped by the water, had retreated to the back of the drift, until they had gained temporary safety in the air pocket. They had been with the oncoming shift, so each had a full meal in his dinner pail. How long this limited food supply would last, and how long the men could endure the intense heat and steadily fouling air of the pocket, was the question—provided they lived at all. The mine pumps were useless. An emergency



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(Above) Rescuers waiting to enter a mine at Dolomite, Alabama, after a coal-dust explosion

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(Below) Miners and breaker boys ready for home after their day's work in the anthracite mines, situated at Scranton, Pennsylvania

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

(Below) As the canary is more sensitive to poison gas than human beings, it is often used, as here, to test the air in a mine after an explosion

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call was sent to the railroad shops at Virginia City, twenty-odd miles away, for iron tanks that could be employed as huge bailing buckets. No such tanks were available. Working day and night the railroad shopmen made them, and they were rushed on flat cars to the Alta. Forthwith began the fight to lower the water level in the shaft, with the bail tanks hitched to a steam hoist, working alternately.

By the third day the water had been lowered until several feet of the entry into the drift was above it. The water, too, had ceased rising. A rowboat was let down. Two men volunteered to man it and make a preliminary exploration of the drift as far as they could go. An hour, two hours passed. The daylight darkened to dusk, and the dusk into night, but no signal came up from the two. Reluctantly, at length, bailing was resumed. Neither of the men ever came back.

When the water had been lowered until it was about thigh deep in the entry, the superintendent again called for volunteers. This time he asked for an exploring crew of six men to *wade* up the length of the drift, in an effort to see if the missing miners actually were there. The men, he explained, were to be linked together by a rope, not tied about their waists but merely passed from hand to hand; and they were to wear caps of ice cakes to help them endure the torture of the hot water and the heat.

The orders governing the procedure of this party were most rigid and explicit. First, no member of the exploring crew, under *any* circumstances, was to remove his ice cap. Second, no attempt was to be made to aid in any manner, or to rescue the imprisoned eight beyond assuring them that rescue was near. Third, in the event that any one of the party faltered or was overcome, his comrades were to make no effort to save him: the faltering man was to *let go of the line* so as not to endanger the others!

"These are drastic orders," said the superintendent; "but I want no man to volunteer who won't give me his oath to obey them implicitly. Some of you may come back. None of you may come back. Each man who goes must act for himself and, if necessary, sacrifice himself for the party."

Every miner who heard knew that as yet it was impossible to effect a rescue, and that information of the lost men was the most to be expected of the expedition. Also, every man knew the physical and mental agony that the expedition would entail. To volunteer was equivalent to offering one's self for certain torture.

But, at once, a dozen and more miners stepped forward. From them the superintendent chose six. These were without families or dependents. With one exception they were young, with all the daring and hardihood of youth. That exception was silver-topped Old Jim, the foreman. By virtue of his job and his intimate knowledge of the mine he demanded the right to go, and won it!

There was grim, breathless silence as the six were lowered by ropes down the shaft to the entry. Ice caps were in place; the guide rope was strung as a link between them; and in the most difficult position of all, the lead, was Old Jim. The others, with a comrade behind and in front, could steady themselves by the rope if they slipped on the uneven rock floor of the drift. Nobody was ahead to steady Old Jim—on his way to find his bitterest enemy, Ben Rush!

They suffered intensely, at the outset, from the ice caps. The ice froze into their heads. They had to fight back by sheer will the impulse to tear the caps from their heads, if but for a moment of relief. But shortly they were thanking heaven for that ice and the cool water that melted down over their hot bodies. The superintendent had understood what he was doing. The heat of the water and air was terrific.

At the end of the drift, they came upon the lost men huddled against the breast of the workings, and at once a feeble shout went up. Old Jim halted while water still separated his party from the eight miners. They were naked. Their food and drinking water were gone. Several of them were almost crazy, and all were near exhaustion. And from the parched, burning throat of each came the choked, quavering appeal, "Ice! Give us ice!"

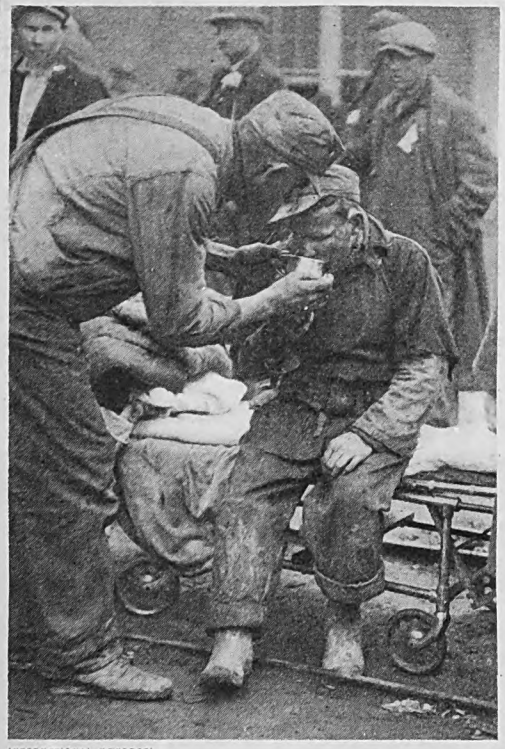
It was no easy message Old Jim had to deliver. The men had been praying for rescue, hoping against hope. Now, with a rescue crew seemingly at hand, separated

PHOTOGRAPH FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

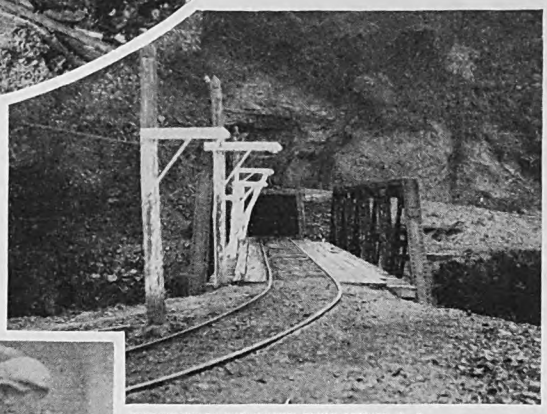
INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

The Lackawanna River flooding four mines near Scranton, Pennsylvania

(In the oval) Miner drilling a coal bed with an auger, before inserting blast. (Below) Reviving a rescuer after he had been overcome in an Indiana mine following an explosion



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL



PHOTOGRAPH BY PUBLISHERS' PHOTO SERVICE, N. Y.

An entrance through the side of a mountain into a bituminous coal mine

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by only a few feet of water, it wasn't a rescue crew at all. Ben Rush and his men had to endure that living hell longer, to watch Jim and his companions turn their backs.

"Don't fear, boys, we'll be back," Old Jim assured. "As soon as a way can be made we'll get you out."

AND then Rush, who had kept in the background, staggered to the fore of the others. "Jim, for the sake of God," he begged, "don't go without giving me a piece of that ice!"

"Ben, I can't do it," said Old Jim huskily. "That's orders."

"Just a piece—one small piece!" pleaded Rush. "You'll never miss it. Orders or no orders, Jim, I'd do as much for you!"

"I gave my oath," Old Jim repeated. "I can't break it. I've no choice, since the orders aren't mine." He turned away to go.

"Jim, just a little?" cried the other, down on his knees in agony. "Just a taste! I'm asking you as miner to miner!"

Suddenly Old Jim wrenched the ice cap from his head, wheeled around to face Rush, and swung it over the gulf. "Divide it up," he said in a hoarse voice; and, to his own men, "Let's get out of here!"

The others wouldn't let him take the lead on the return trip, but placed him second in line, over his protest. They would have given him of their ice, but he refused it. "No," he said; "I'll go as I am."

They hadn't gone far, in that water and heat, until Old Jim stumbled. He staggered a few steps, gasped something they didn't comprehend, then let go of the line as he went down. Nothing was said by the others. They simply picked him up and somehow brought him out, unconscious. When he revived he was in his own bunk, and Ben Rush and his men also had been taken out alive, thanks to him!

Dorsey J. Parker, chief engineer of the Mine Safety Service of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, tapped his desk thoughtfully for some minutes after he had told me that tale of Old Jim. It had been passed on to him by an associate who had known the foreman and had obtained the narrative first-hand.

"I'm not sure," said Mr. Parker suddenly, "that I should have told you that."

"Why?" I demanded, surprised.

"Because," he replied, "Old Jim and his men broke orders, not once, but twice that day. The most important factor in mine rescue work is implicit obedience to orders, in spite of everything. Jim knew that, as he showed when he let go of the line and went down. However, this story illustrates something that is true in every mine calamity. In time of danger, miners forget all disputes and enmities. It is a rare happening, indeed, underground, to have a call for help ignored, regardless of who makes it, or to whom it is made. Old Jim, by aiding Ben Rush, preserved a tradition of the industry."

A graduate of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute and later a student at Harvard, Mr. Parker began his mining career as a mule driver and coal digger in the mines of his native state, Alabama. He became assistant mining engineer, chief engineer, assistant general superintendent and general superintendent of various mines in the South, joining the staff of the United States Bureau of Mines as a field engineer in 1914. Two years later he was placed at the head of the Mine Safety Service. In this position he has become known in virtually every mining district of the country, and has personally been engaged at more than forty major mine explosions and fires. Under his supervision, thousands of miners in America have been trained in rescue and recovery work underground.

MORE than a million men in the United States are employed in mining. This big army, which produces our fuel, our minerals and our ores, is engaged in a task fraught with hazards. Death lurks in the rocks overhead. It sneaks through the air in the form of poison gas. It is kindled in remote, inaccessible caverns in the guise of mankind's dreaded enemy, fire. It strikes suddenly, in the dark, by flood, and by explosions which sweep a mine at the speed of two thousand feet a second. Ever present is that most terrifying of all dangers, burial alive!

To write in detail of all the heroic stories of mine rescues, would fill enough books to make a library. Therefore, when I sat down with Mr. Parker in his office at Pittsburgh, which is Mine Safety Service headquarters, I sought only typical tales of mine heroism. Every disaster underground produces its heroes. The Cherry mine disaster, in Bureau County, Illinois, on November 13th, 1909, brought them out by the dozens.

This calamity, in which, it was estimated, a total of three hundred lives were lost, was second in the size of its death roll only to that at Monongah, West Virginia, in December, 1907, where 361 were killed. Incidentally, that one month of 1907 is probably the blackest in all American mining history. During it, occurred five major disasters, in which were lost 661 mining men.

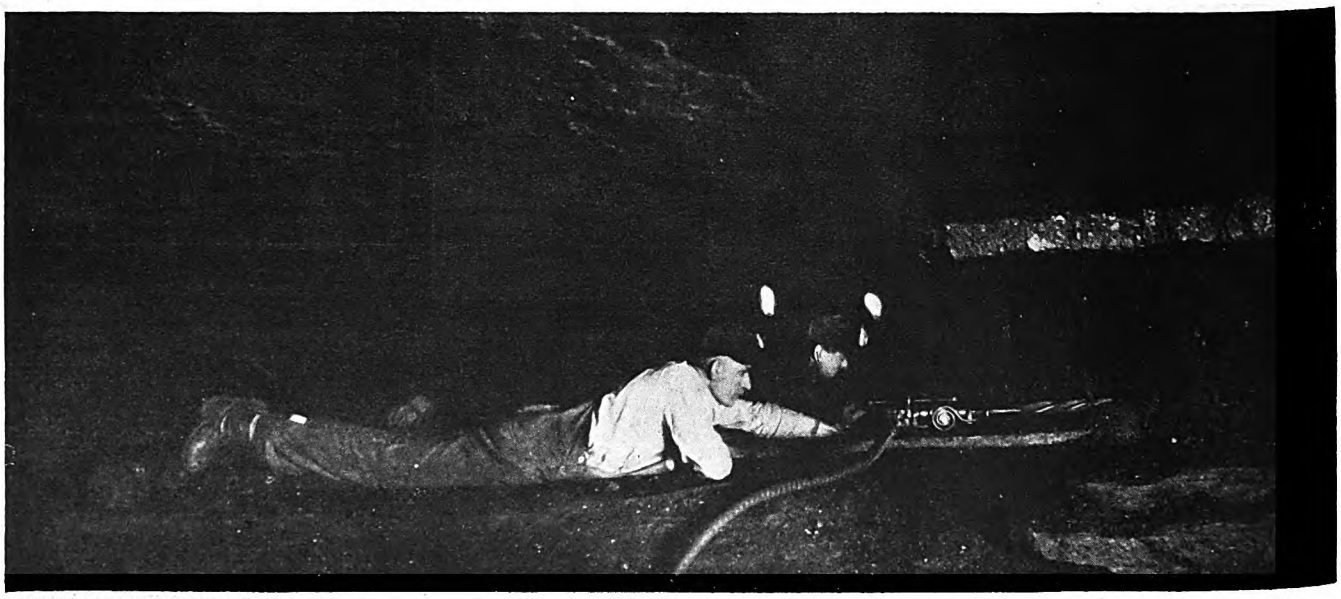
THE Cherry disaster, as records of the official investigation show, resulted from a very small thing: A car conveying six bales of hay for the mine mules was driven past the flame of an open kerosene torch in a passage in the second vein. The torch probably was brushed by the bales, and oil spilled onto the hay.

The small blaze thus started was fanned by the air current into a terrible conflagration, which filled the mine with deadly smoke and gas.

Alexander Norberg, third vein foreman, was one of the outstanding heroes of this fire. The third vein was the lowest worked part of the mine. Norberg had two hundred men under him there, widely scattered, when the alarm of fire reached him from the second vein, one hundred and sixty feet higher up.

Unable to stop the blaze with what water was available, second-vein men pushed the car with its burning cargo to the air shaft, with the intention of lowering it by the cage (mine elevator), to the third vein, where there was hose and water. They got the car half onto the cage, when the heat and smoke drove them back from it. The cage was then lifted slowly from above, at a signal. The car of hay tumbled off and plunged down to the third vein, showering fire and sparks as it went. There Norberg's men, with hose, extinguished the fire in the hay.

However, timbers in the passage through which the hay had been moved were burning, giving off volumes of smoke and an



HOTOGRAPH FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

Pennsylvania miners cutting a twenty-two-inch vein of coal in such a tight place that they have to lie down to work

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At work in a Michigan copper mine

intense heat. The air shaft between the third and second veins was ablaze, and from it smoke poured into the mine workings. Norberg, gaining the second vein with a section of hose, tried to attach it to a water line, but found the coupling too large. The nozzle of the hose accidentally struck him on the temple, and he was knocked unconscious for five minutes.

Revived, his first thought was of his men in the third vein. Escape from there was cut off by the usual channels. The air shaft was impassable, because of flames. In the hoisting shaft, the main cage ran only as far down as the second vein. But there was an emergency cage, which could be lowered to the third vein after it was attached to the main cage by chains.

Going to the surface, Norberg asked for volunteers who would go down with him on the main cage, attach the emergency cage and let it down to the men trapped below. Soon he had organized a small party, including some townspeople. They were lowered into the mine. The hoisting engineer on the surface lifted the cage up and down in answer to signals as Norberg hitched on the emergency cage. Then the engineer lowered again until the emergency cage rested at the third level.

Just at this juncture fire attacked a wooden portion of the suction air-fan in the air shaft, which was drawing smoke from the mine in a way to keep the hoisting shaft clear; and the fan was soon rendered useless. Smoke and flame "backed up" into the hoisting shaft where Norberg's party was making its heroic effort. Upon frantic rope signals, the hoisting engineer started to raise the cage, but before he had proceeded far a second signal came by the pneumatic system to "lower." This was obeyed. Suddenly the signals ceased. After a pause, the engineer raised the cage hurriedly once more, alarmed at the moments of silence from below. Norberg and his men came to the top—dead!

"Reports indicate that a chance incident caused that tragedy," explained Mr. Parker. "Norberg was trying to reach the third vein when the fire came up the shaft at him. He couldn't reach the pneumatic signal system. So three men climbed to the top of the cage and frantically jerked on the rope to attract attention above. The cage rose, in response. But as it did, another miner, seeking escape from the mine, came to the shaft and rang for the cage to be lowered. He knew nothing, of course, of Norberg's predicament. The engineer, thinking it was Norberg's signal, lowered at once. In consequence, Norberg and his party were plunged helpless into the danger from which a moment before they were escaping.

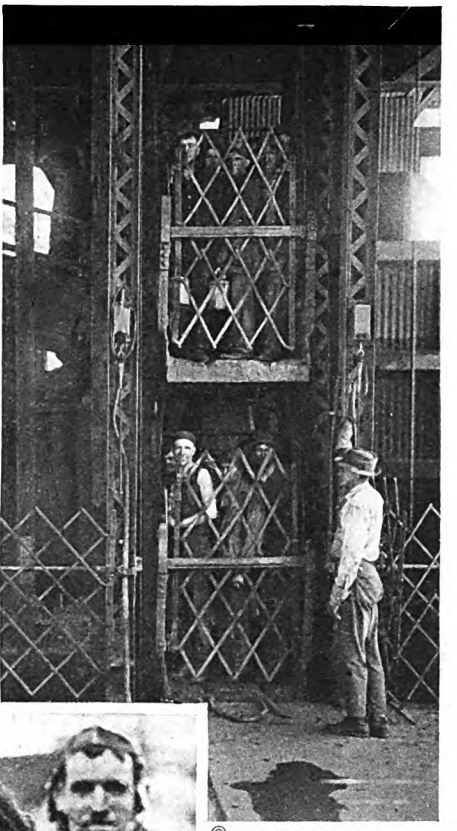
"There were countless acts of heroism at that fire," Mr. Parker went on. "Two young foreigners, one a mule driver, were among the first to discover the fire. Sending a warning into the lower vein, they obtained buckets, and tried to quench the blaze with water carried through smoke from the stables. It was largely through their efforts that the burning car was finally dumped down the shaft.

"While doing this, a miner who had joined them was overcome. The mule driver, unaided, carried him to the surface. Then, manning the cage with several others, he went up and down the shaft dragging onto the cage every miner he could find.

"The cage operator and his boy assistant remembered that powder and dynamite were stored in a small magazine in the path of the fire. Together they managed to load the explosives onto a car, push the car onto the cage, and, though the cager was overcome by the smoke, they got the dangerous stuff to the surface. To make sure that the detonating caps would not cause an explosion, the cager carried them in his hands.

"The fire was discovered early Saturday afternoon. Late in the day it was so out of control that the hoisting shaft had to be sealed, and all hope was abandoned for men still in the mine. Yet the bare possibility still existed that some few might be alive behind barricades. To reach them the fire had to be controlled.

"Sunday afternoon a hole was broken through the shaft seal. R. Y. Williams, a mining engineer of the United States Geological Survey, and a volunteer helper strapped themselves into a bucket so small that each man could rest but one foot in it. Donning oxygen-breathing apparatus, with electric lamps, and an automobile horn for signal purposes, they had themselves let down the shaft. The smoke was so dense they couldn't see a foot from them. (*Continued on page 130*)



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Miners entering the shaft, Bisbee, Arizona

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Members of a rescue party just before entering the blazing pit of the Birchingwood Colliery, in England

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It's Mighty Hard To Be Honest In My Town

MY FATHER was a martinet. Accuracy in every statement was his aim. Honesty was his religion. He trained me from the days of my infancy to search carefully, painstakingly, for the truth, and then declare it, regardless of consequences. Had he been less diligent in his instructions to me, or had I been a less apt pupil, I might not now be so generally misunderstood, even mistrusted, by my neighbors.

Their attitude puzzles me. Sometimes, it causes me to doubt the wisdom of my father's teaching and of my attempted adherence to his principles. Perhaps it would have been better if he had taught me expediency instead of such grim honesty. I wish it were possible for me to find out from you who read this piece whether I have done right, or whether I have been foolish. But that is impossible. Still, I shall set down my own experiences, partly to clarify my thoughts (there is nothing like writing a thing down to get it in the proper perspective), and partly because I believe my story will help others to face the problems of citizenship frankly, and decide upon the best course to follow.

I am what the local newspapers refer to as a "well-known citizen," "prominent merchant," "esteemed resident," and all that sort of thing. But if I am any of these it is because I was born into a position of prominence, and not because I have achieved it by any efforts, ability, or popularity of my own.

I love my town and my neighbors as much as anyone who lives in this splendid community of twenty thousand souls; but no one in town would believe me if I made that statement publicly. Perhaps you say I am making it publicly now, which is true, except that I shall not sign my name! Not a bit of it. My neighbors would make it hot for me if I were honest enough to do that! They would say, as they have so often said before, that I was knocking the town, impeding progress, hurting business, and a lot more along the same line.

This misunderstanding between my fellow townsmen and me has come about through my habit of telling the truth, which, as you probably have learned, is not always an expedient thing to do. In certain fields absolute honesty is demanded, and my neighbors would be the first to condemn dishonesty in those fields. I doubt if there is a town in the United States where bad checks are so rare as with us, where debts are paid more promptly, where the social ethics are higher, or where a man's word is more his bond.

It is in none of these ways that my neighbors object to my truth-telling propensities, and it is well for me that this is the case. Were it not, my unpopularity would have forced my business to the wall long ago. Once my business did come close to the wall. I shall tell that story first, so that you will not misjudge my town; and after telling it, I shall give you the story of the antagonism between me and those who live near me.

A good many years ago—it was during the panic of 1907—I was in a bad way financially. There was nothing to it, my creditors said, but bankruptcy proceedings. They hoped to get twenty to thirty cents on the dollar.

"All right," I said, "if you want to put me into bankruptcy you have the right to do it, and I haven't any power whatever to stop you. But I'll tell you this: whether I am put into bankruptcy or not, I'm going to pay every debt I owe, one hundred cents on the dollar. What's more, I'll pay interest on all of my debts that run more than three months."

"Are you *threatening* to pay us in full even if you don't have to and are under no obligations to pay?" asked one of the creditors.

"Exactly!" I replied.

"If that's his attitude, I think we should give him more time," said this creditor, addressing the others. They agreed.

I PAID out, dollar for dollar, with interest added on some of the debts. It took hard work and time, but I did it; and as a result my credit has been all that any man could want ever since. What is equally as important, the people of my town, hearing of the incident, decided that my store was a good place to trade. They still trade with me; but they do not like me personally. Strangely enough, they dislike me for the same reason they trade with me; namely, that I try to be truthful in everything! Let me illustrate:

Not so long ago a certain hospital had been decided upon by the Government of my state. My town was considered as a possible location for this hospital, which was to be an institution of considerable size with a large pay roll. Immediately, committees were formed, and all patriotic citizens bestirred themselves to see that we got that hospital. One of the committees called upon me and urged that I do everything possible to have the institution located in our town. It happened that the governor was a friend of mine, so my neighbors were eager to obtain my assistance—coöperation, they called it.

I want my town to grow. When new people come to town, I stand a chance of getting their trade. But this hospital question was not commercial, and I had no moral right, as I saw the case, to consider my private financial interests when they might be in conflict with the interests of the patients for whom that hospital was designed.

I had given the matter careful thought before the committee came to see me, and I had reached some disconcerting conclusions: My town is not easy of access. Its climate is not so good as that of some other places within the state, and the scenery is not so attractive as the scenery in several more favored spots. Obviously—to me—the hospital should be located in one of the three other places under consideration. How could I urge that the hospital be located here where I live, when the patients it was to serve would fare better elsewhere? The answer is that I could not, and did not.

BUT do you think the committee members granted me the right to consider the matter impersonally? Do you think they would admit that civic pride should take a back seat when the welfare of sick persons is at stake? No, sir, they would grant me no such right, and they would admit no such thing! Very positively, even nastily, they told me I was a knocker, that I lived off the town but would not help the town grow.

Nothing of what they said of me is true. I grant they may have seen the question in a light I could not see it in. Perhaps they actually believed the sick persons would fare better with us than anywhere else. I am willing to give them the right to see it that way. But why will they not reciprocate by giving me the right to arrive at my conclusions? Those of us who are in the minority are not necessarily wrong; anyway, the majority should be tolerant toward us; but it often is not. That's one of the aspects of this whole personal problem of mine that puzzles me.

To an outsider, the conversation that took place that day in my store would have been funny. And I'll confess it was a little funny to me. For instance, when I was so boneheaded as to say our climate and our scenery were surpassed by the climate and scenery of other places, the committee chairman was a sight worth seeing. He jumped up from his chair, his face became red, and I expected the steam to pop off as it does from a locomotive when the pressure becomes too great. He wouldn't wait for me to explain my position.

"Our climate is the best in the world," he exploded. "And there isn't a prettier place anywhere than this!" He went on at a great rate, and the others joined in the hue and cry. I don't know how they could make such extravagant statements. None of them had traveled very widely, none of them had made an exhaustive study of comparative climates, so how could they stand there and assert so positively that our climate is the best, and our scenery the finest in all the world? The answer, I suppose, is that they had civic pride, and in a contest between civic pride and literal facts, the facts sometimes come out second best. Are people ever right in closing their eyes to literal truth? And am I wrong in seeing things as they are—or trying to? That's what I should

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like to know. I have noticed that men with great civic pride—boosters, they are appropriately called—rarely tell the literal truth about population figures, scenery, climate, and city water supplies.

Which reminds me of another painful and puzzling experience:

A SLIGHT epidemic of typhoid fever once broke out in my town. A chemist who came to find what the trouble might be reported that our water supply was contaminated. I went with him before the city council and advocated that something be done at once. Again, there was a storm.

"Our water is the purest in the world!" shouted the mayor. "It comes to us straight from the mountains, straight from God's own wells. Yet you have the temerity to stand there and agree with this outsider, this 'expert,' who cares nothing for the town's reputation!"

"Your Honor," I replied, "I care so much for this town that I want it to have pure water. To me, it seems nothing short of criminal, nothing short of social murder to close your eyes to facts when human lives are at stake. Don't brag about the water supply—purify it!"

The mayor was a local livery stable man. He knew nothing about chemistry, nothing about water supplies. But he did know the kind of stuff people like to hear, and he proceeded to make me the goat for an outburst of "patriotic" oratory.

I often think that one of the chief evils of this fair land of ours is speeches. Generally, they consist of extravagant praise of our glories, and so are a sort of pleasant dope that dulls our ability to see urgent present needs. Certainly the address the mayor aimed at me had no practical sense in it, and when he paused for breath I told him so.

A fist fight probably would have ensued but for a mild-mannered councilman, who arose and made a long-winded talk about nothing. Our anger cooled off under the monotonous voice of the man, and so finally we got back to the real discussion of the evening.

The consulting chemist explained the source of the contamination, and showed how the trouble could be corrected. (This happened in the days before the country was blessed with almost universally pure water, thanks to the work of chemists.) But the mayor would not back down completely, so no action was taken that night. That is, none except to ask the local newspapers to say nothing about the contaminated water. "It will hurt the town," the commissioners explained.

The result of this policy of delay and secrecy (the mayor, I am sure, would have called it a policy of *protecting* the town), was some more typhoid. Eventually, something had to be done and, rather secretly, it was done.

"Let's purify the water," the decision was; "but let's deny that it needs purifying!"

I do not know whether any deaths resulted from the failure of the city government to act promptly, and, if any did occur, I do not know who will be held accountable in the final day of judgment. No one, probably, for human nature can scarcely be condemned for being what it is. Which again brings up my puzzle: Should I be like other human beings, or as I am?

"PATRIOTISM," my father used to say, "is one of the truly great forces in the world. But it should be *intelligent* patriotism, and scrupulously honest. Always remember that!"

I have always remembered it, and that's why I have got into so much hot water. Perhaps the trouble has been with my faulty (*Continued on page 76*)

If You Ask Me:

The place to win back your self-respect is where you lost it

THE story is told of two brothers who were caught stealing sheep and were convicted before a magistrate. He sentenced them to be branded on the forehead with the letters "ST," which stood for "Sheep Thief."

One of the brothers, repentant and unable to bear his shame, ran away to a far country where none had knowledge of his sin, and there tried to forget. He was not permitted to forget, for the people who saw the letters were filled with curiosity, and asked questions.

These questions drove him from land to land and kept his heart full of bitterness, so that he died in the prime of life and was buried in an unremembered grave.

The other brother repented also; but he did not go away. "I cannot run away from the fact that I stole a sheep," said he; "and here I will remain until I win back the respect of my neighbors and myself."

Years passed, as years will, and this one of the brothers labored and paid his bills and did good deeds in the land of his birth.

One day a stranger passed through the community, and when he saw the brand on the old man's forehead he said to a native, "Will you tell me, please, what those letters signify?"

The native scratched his head and pondered. "It all happened a great while ago," said he, "and I have forgotten the particulars, but I think the letters are an abbreviation of 'Saint'."

What a tragic figure is that other brother, with bitterness in his heart, who wandered over the earth to escape the eyes of men! But wherever he went, the eyes of the curious followed him, for he was an oddity. . . .

There are things from which a man can run away with honor and profit. If he is unjustly condemned because those about him are ignorant and full of the foolish prejudices that are the progeny of ignorance, he can move to another community, and there, among his own kind, find the measure of happiness to which he may be entitled. He has lost nothing except his reputation; his self-respect is intact.

But if he has, for any reason, and under whatsoever stress of temptation, done anything to sacrifice his reputation and his self-respect as well, running away will serve only to make bad matters worse. In one small world there is no place to hide from a nagging conscience.

If he goes to a distant land and there establishes himself as a man of honor, two ghosts will haunt him to his grave: first, the fear that some old acquaintance will appear and reveal the story of his past; second, the knowledge that he acted the craven, and is yet despised by those from whom he ran.

Does any beaten man fully regain his self-respect until he has in turn defeated whatever or whoever beat him? I doubt it. And if ever he cringes before a community's scorn, he will not again hold up his head until he has wrested from that community a deserved respect.

The business of "coming back" is not as difficult as it seems, for memories are short and to-day's opinions are based on the impressions received to-day.

Good sportsmanship seems to be absorbed from the atmosphere of America. If a man can make good to-day, there are few to recall his untriumphant yesterdays. A busy land has no time to rake over dead ashes.

Any man can live down his past if he doesn't live down on a level with his past.

Robt Quillen.

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Mellville took hold of the counter to steady himself. "Where did you get the reversible automobile rug?" he gasped

Boys Will Be Boisterous

The story of two sentimental sailors and a pair of sophisticated flappers

By Robert Bachmann

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

SOME say the modern navy began with the construction of armored men-of-war, some say it began more recently, with the introduction of electrically propelled ships. But those who really know will tell you it began when Moe (Battleship) Fishbein, the famous navy tailor of Sands Street, Brooklyn, installed steel clothes lockers in the back of his store, and rented them out for five dollars a month to the "suit-case" sailors who wished to dodge regulations and wear civilian clothes ashore.

Now, when Mellville Jeffers, seaman second class and bow man of the captain's gig, strolled along Riverside Drive on a Sunday afternoon all trimmed out in a sports model made of gray tweeds—plaited coat, knickers, and golf cap to match—that part of the U. S. S. "Ohio's" ill-fated crew still tailored by Uncle Sam had to scramble for cover in the wilds of New Jersey's Palisade Park, or dissolve from view 'mid the hot-dog stands of Coney Island.

"Every time I look at that goof he gives me a bad day. His head's so empty he could take a shampoo with a vacuum cleaner!" said Boathook Thompson, seaman first class and stern man of the same gig, who was one of those old-timers not yet converted to the newer attire.

"He's no sailor, he's a coat hanger. That guy's life is one long heat between his heart and his stomach. Always sounding off about love and romance and all that kind of alfalfa. I never knew they had so many kinds of love till I hear this Mellville get wholesale on the subject. There may be some argument about the all-American half-back, but if they was picking the all-American sheiks, this Mellville lad would be the captain of the team. His rating badge in the navy ought to be a spot of talcum powder on each sleeve!"

The direct cause for this outburst of Boathook's was an entertainment which the U. S. S. "Ohio" one pay day decided to give for their friends ashore. At a meeting held by the chief petty officers, part of the crew, headed by Shorty Davis, a manager

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of boxers and wrestlers, and Michelangelo Silvo—better known as Mike—the melancholy ship's barber, wanted to arrange a smoker with boxing and wrestling bouts.

Another section was in favor of a theatrical show, to be held in the sail loft, which stood right on the dock near where the "Ohio" was tied up. The remainder, including Mellville, voted to give a dance on the ship—not the ordinary sort of ship's dance, but a really formal affair, socially correct, with a hired orchestra, dance cards, floral decorations, and buffet supper served by a caterer.

Boathook had lined up at once with the boxing and wrestling faction, against Mellville and the "hoofers," as he called them.

"We got too many hip wobblers, with gliding feet and stand-still heads, on the ship now," he argued, "so why encourage any more of them? Besides, I'm seagoing. I don't want any hairpins around me. That's why I shipped in the navy!"

The following Sunday afternoon, Boathook was leaning against the port rail near the gangway, watching the usual stream of visitors flow aboard. Mellville Jeffers sat on a bitt near him. The matter of the entertainment was resting peacefully undisturbed until the coming week, awaiting the vote of the crew.

"Looking for someone, Boathook?" asked Jeffers casually, as he moved a trifle closer to his crew mate. The latter favored him with a look of disgust.

"I'm no gangway sharpshooter, and you know it. This bucket-o'-war could tie up along the South Pole without breaking my heart. All certain ones of this crew think of is skirts, queens, and bimbos, when, by rights, they ought to be plugging the Blue Jackets' Manual. If you could learn seamanship in a dance hall, this ship would be manned by a crew of admirals."

"Somebody's got to volunteer to show visitors around, ain't they?" queried Mellville. "Lotta nice folks come to the Navy Yard all the way from Ohio and other Far-Western states, just to see life in the U. S. Navy. A feller's got to be patriotic, ain't he? . . . Hello, what's all the excitement about?"

AT THIS moment there was a general craning and twisting of necks in the direction of the gangway. A more prolonged and detailed scrutiny disclosed the cause of this mass movement to be two very noticeable girls, most attractively clad in rather short blue silk dresses, with hats to match.

Though these hats were of commanding size they did not quite suffice to hide the tangle of light bronze curls which seemed to struggle beneath each brim for the right to make an appearance. One was rather tall, the other quite short; but both of them were so exquisite as to cause an immediate disregard of such an obvious thing as size.

"Polish your periscope, Boathook. Look at the two dear little patriots coming aboard to see the navy!"

"*You* don't need any periscope, you bet. You can lamp them beyond the horizon with the naked eye," came back Boathook, sitting down on top of the bitt Mellville had just vacated in favor of a standing view.

"Somebody certainly shook the peach tree down in Delaware," said Mellville. "Say, I'm dying to tell them all I know about this man-o'-war!"

"They won't miss any early trains listening to *that*. You don't stay on the ship long enough to remember her name."

"If I crash that crowd, and herd those two beautiful maidens away, will you help me steer them around on a sightseeing trip?" ventured Mellville.

Boathook refused. "Cutie curls and a baby stare mean nothing to me."

"Aw, be a good sport for once," pleaded Mellville. "Come to my rescue this time, and I'll take your duty any day this week you want to go ashore."

THIS sacrifice on Mellville's part was so astounding that Boathook could hardly refuse to yield.

"On one condition," he stipulated.

"What's that, throw in a month's pay?"

"More yet. Don't begin dribbling about love till I'm safely out of signal distance!"

A show of anger caused Mellville's eyes to snap open.

"You're on, providing you go port and starboard with me on the love dribble."

"What do you mean—port and starboard? Do you think I'll take a dive for one of these fluffs?"

Mellville looked Boathook right in the eye. "Sure, you would, you celluloid collar. One warm look from either one, and you'd burn up to a white ash. One shake of those curls and you'll dislocate both arms reaching for a life belt. That's why you duck them—you're scared of them!"

"Well, if it ain't little Valentino himself trying to teach an old shipmate how to handle an oar! Now, that's certainly nice and salty of you, old-timer. I'm gunshy of a brace of bimbos, am I? I got a yellow streak around the heart, have I? That's one right out of the funny paper, it certainly is. Suppose, then, you lose no time, and go over and get these two eye lotions, and I'll do my best not to get groggy, and remain on my feet till we show them over the gangway!"

"Allow me to present to you," said Mellville, a few minutes later, "my old friend and shipmate, Boathook Thompson. This is Miss Dot and Myrtle Hoffman," he explained further. "Boathook is the ship's grouch. He's so salty that soap won't lather on his face."

"It may be hard on the hoofers," grunted Boathook in return, "but the 'Oh-ten' happens to be a battleship, and not a beauty parlor."

"The 'Oh-ten'? I thought this was the U. S. S. 'Ohio'?" asked Dot.

"Well, you see," replied Boathook, attempting to explain, "all ships in the navy get nicknames. The U. S. S. 'Arkansas' is the 'Old Ark'; the U. S. S. 'Missouri,' the U. S. S. 'Misery'; the U. S. S. 'Oregon,' the Irish battlewagon 'O'Regon,' and like that. We are the 'Oh-ten' because when we went to England the limejuicers lamped the name 'OHIO' for a week, and finally asked us when the other nine 'OH'S' was coming."

Myrtle stopped short, and put her hands on her hips. "Say, sailor, do you think you are taking a pair of landlubbers out for a stroll?"

"Pardon me," apologized Boathook, confused; "but I didn't mean to string you. That's a true story, ain't it, Jeffers?"

"All I know," said Mellville, "is what I see in the papers." He started off at a brisk pace.

"When Mellville walks fast we are getting close to the galley," remarked Boathook.

"Almost there," admitted Mellville. "The galley, I might explain, is the ship's kitchen."

"It's the busiest part of the ship when the bean rag's hoisted," said Boathook.

"Bean rag?" asked Dot.

"Sure, the meal pennant—"

Myrtle came to a halt again. "Well, call me a comic strip; but are you cracking collegiate again?"

"Let him alone, Myrtle," interposed Dot. "Don't be funny out of the act. Don't mind her, Mr. Boathook; girls will be girls."

"And boys will be boisterous," shot back Myrtle. "But let that go. Show us the rest of the tour, Mr. Cook. I see where you and me are going to get along just as nice and pleasant as a taxi driver and a traffic cop!"

Before long, under Mellville's speedy guidance, everything had been inspected, and he lost no time proposing to go ashore.

"I'll be glad to take you girls home," he suggested, then looked defiantly at Boathook. "I guess you don't want to follow this through?"

"Don't I? Well, I'll stick with you till the finish. This is chicken gravy for me. Girls may be girls, but I ain't even had a flutter yet."

THE next morning in the barber shop Boathook took occasion to register several minor complaints to his friend Mike.

"I'll tell you how it was," he said. "I was going forty knots an hour until this Mellville ducks into Fishbein's, and comes out a few minutes later with his ice-cream suit on; and after that I was about as necessary as a phonograph in a deaf mute college. I began to see why he had rushed the party ashore. The little blond short ration had been kinda friendly up to that time; but now she froze up like an uncovered radiator.

"I couldn't blame her. There was Mellville, all varnished and striped around like a brand-new taxicab. And the language he released! For the first time since I was shipmate with him I discovered he was a college boy back from Indiana somewheres. He was one of those better kind of men from the Middle-West that a guy from Brooklyn has no more chanst with than a chunk of rock salt in a livery stable."

"It listens to me like you ought to begin taking soundings on yourself, Boathook, or you'll be sending out distress signals," cautioned Mike. "If I was you I'd steer clear and give those two dames a wide channel. They're too good-looking for a gob."

"Don't worry about me. The janes with ornamental maps leave me cold," replied Boathook. "Anyhow, I know these two wouldn't even waste a serious look at a guy like me. But they sure did treat us right last night. They have a lot of good ideas about things like books and life and all. I like a female with common sense who ain't narrow-minded. We went up to their apartment, in a big hotel up-

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"Well, boys, we just got back to the old town—had an awful time swimming over here from the station"

town that had a drum major standing in front with more gold stripes on his sleeve than the admiral, and what that little one stewed on the chafing dish ought to be made regulation for the ship's cook!"

Mike looked at the deck with a gloomy expression about his eyes. "Say, Boathook, on the level, you ain't by any chanst falling for one of these fluffs, are you?"

Boathook leaned back quite far and emitted a few gurgles of supposedly uncontrollable mirth. "Well, well, if that ain't good! That strikes me as about the wisest crack you ever made. Me slip to the deck for a bimbo! The one man on this old tub who's harder to nick than armor plate!"

"I only wanted to make sure," Mike continued, "on account this being the week when we have to vote on that entertainment proposition; and it begins to look like a big night for the hoofers unless a few more like you and me with hard-boiled hearts can swing it in favor of a boxing and wrestling smoker."

"I see," said Boathook, clearing his throat. "Well, those dancing dervishes will have no cinch. They can't tell us where to get off. An' then again maybe for the sake of good feeling all around and a shipmate spirit, we *ought* to have a dance on account of so many fellows having a mother and sister in this town."

"Females are out of place on a ship," declared Mike emphatically; "and all the world knows sailors have flat feet."

"You certainly can put things in a way that anybody can see them," replied Boathook weakly. "But there's some little argument between Mellville and me, him thinking I'm shy and running away from those girls, and afraid to go out with them. That reminds me—what's the latest thing in civilian clothes now?"

"Civilian clothes? There ain't no difference any more. College boys are wearing pants just as big around as ours. I always knew that if we waited long enough these salt-water bottoms would be all the rage. That's what they call Oxford bags, and they're the nobbiest thing you can hang on yourself, unless it's a coonskin coat."

Boathook's eyes widened. "A coonskin coat? Holy halyards! That's an idea, Mike. Those words dropped from your mouth like a string of pearls. I've got the pants now. How could I ever raise enough jack to buy a coonskin coat?"

THE matter of the ball, as expected, aroused some lively controversy and a consequent clash of factions. What swung the votes eventually so that the dance partisans managed to have their program adopted was not quite clear, unless it was a speech that Boathook made, which he had promised Mike would take the wind out of the hoofers' sails.

"Friends and shipmates," he began, "the idea in me making a speech about this here entertainment is on account of realizing what it means to a lot of fellows who have mothers and sisters and wives and I might say sweethearts, at home, and what it means to them all.

"All you birds what wants to see a lot of bouts staged, I would say to them I don't blame you, and I'm in favor of it. Boxing being the manly art of self-defense, why not go to the Half Moon Athletic Club or the Seventh Regiment Armory any Saturday night, and get both eyes good and full of the very best of that kind of manly amusement?

"What is the influence of a good woman on a man's life and, I might say, a sailor's life too? And if we adopt this dance, in spite of my protest, I would say let's all try and bring only the purest and fairest of the fair sex on the ship, for what influence is finer than the influence of a good and pure and refined woman who ain't always talking about bobbed hair or face powder and stuff like that, but who reads good books, and realizes how serious life is and how we all have to work out its problems and all?

"I thank you all very kindly for hearing my few words, and in conclusion I ought to say that I don't think this dance will go through; but if it does go through, why, we owe it to the captain of the ship and to ourselves and the good old 'Ohio' to make it the finest ship's dance ever pulled off in the U. S. Navy. I thank you!"

MELLVILLE JEFFERS was highly pleased with the way things had turned out; but he was, nevertheless, a little bewildered by Boathook's sudden change of attitude.

"What's up?" he demanded. "Since when have you become a tango tar?"

"Here's the idea, Mel," Boathook began impressively: "You know how it is with sailors. There's not enough social life. That's the trouble with the navy. I'd like to see them start a reading club right now on this old packet, and read a lot of worth-while books, so when a guy goes ashore he can hold some kind of a serious conversation with a girl, without asking her did she ever see Jack Dempsey fight, or will the Pirates cop the pennant again next season."

"I forgot to tell you that I made another date with the girls next Tuesday night," announced Mellville, as though it had just occurred to him. "I don't know yet where to take two swell girls like that; but we'll find a place."

"I need money worse than a cat needs claws," said Boathook through clenched teeth. "But make your date; I'll stick till they sound taps."

Very shortly after this conversation, Boathook strolled into Moe (Battleship) Fishbein's emporium of fine clothing, suits, coats, and underwear. It was his second visit. He stated his desires quickly to Moe, who had come forward from the rear of the store to greet him.

"Got any of those coonskin coats in yet?"

The famous Sands Street tailor stopped in the middle of his store and replied energetically with both hands.

"I should eggsplain it to you vons more

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that a coonskin coat I ain't got it," he said, slapping both thighs and turning the palms of his fat hands upward. "And vat a gob should want it mit a coonskin coat iss cross-word puzzles to a feller like me, who spends twenty years of a hard lifetime selling goods to seagoing sailors."

"Well, I got to have one," insisted Boathook, looking around aimlessly, as though waiting for Moe to produce one by magic. Suddenly his eyes snapped.

"Say, Moe! What's that on the floor back there?" He pointed to a hairy mat stretched out across the back of Fishbein's store.

"That's a skin—brought it to me out West from China by Sapinsky, boatswunmate's loafer on the 'Cincinnati' on the Asiatic station, for a pea-coat he still owes it."

"What is it?"

"How should I know? A seal skin it might be, or a sheep—I don't know—for what it cost me on customary duties it could easily be a vermin."

"Say, Moe, look here, bend it into a coat for me, will you? I don't care what it costs—I'll make you an allotment. I got to have a coonskin coat. How are the chances?"

MOE shrugged his shoulders and walked back for another look at his souvenir, to see if any hidden value could possibly be concealed therein which might have escaped his first casual examination. But there was nothing about it he had not previously noticed—it was just plain mountain goat, black bear, or gray dog, depending upon the charity of the beholder.

"Twenty-two dollars for the pea-coat Sapinsky owes me yet. I'll make it up for you at forty dollars complete"—he looked at Boathook and saw an expression of despair mold his features—"with plush insides," he added slyly, "and guaranteed to fit."

"Pull out the old tape," said Boathook, "and take my draft. Lay it sort of loose around the beam; that's all the rage now."

WHEN, on Tuesday, Boathook and Mellville left the ship to call on the Hoffman sisters, Mellville stopped in Moe Fishbein's to change his clothes, as he had done before. But this time Boathook did not wait for him outside.

"What, you got a locker?" said Mellville, surprised as Boathook followed him in.

"You bet! Had to have a cage for the old bearskin," returned Boathook; and in a few minutes he stood before Mellville—coonskin coat, navy Oxford bags, gray felt hat with Prince of Wales turn-down, and a pair of white canvas spats bearing the unmistakable marks of the sailmaker's mate's needle. Mellville took hold of the counter to steady himself.

"Where did you get the reversible automobile rug?" he gasped. But Boathook did not hear him. "Where's my cane?" he called out to Moe, who stood by beaming with gleeful satisfaction as he saw all the various component parts of this new 1926 model assembled for the first time.

When they arrived at the apartment, Mellville insisted on Boathook's going in first. They were taken up to one of the top floors, and with suppressed excitement rang the bell.

"Well, for the love of lipstick, look at Boathook!" exclaimed Myrtle after the door had swung back. "Somebody left the zoo gates open!"

"Come in, boys, and sit down," said Dot cheerfully. "Oh, my word! Boathook—where did you get that arctic scenery?"

"A perfect picture from kicks to Kelly," resumed Myrtle. "I love the Prince of Wales awning and the canvas slip covers for the feet. Sit down, but don't take off your coat; I want to park my eyes on it for a while!"

It was a cruel moment for Boathook, who would have suffered keenly had not Dot come to his rescue.

"You look more like you belong on Broadway than on a battleship," she said, admiringly.

"Well, just because a fellow's working for Uncle Sam it don't say he can forget his old university days, and dress like he didn't care what fashion decrees."

"Oh, were you ever a college student? What university did you go to—Harvard or Yale?" asked Dot enthusiastically. Boathook shot a glance at Mellville.

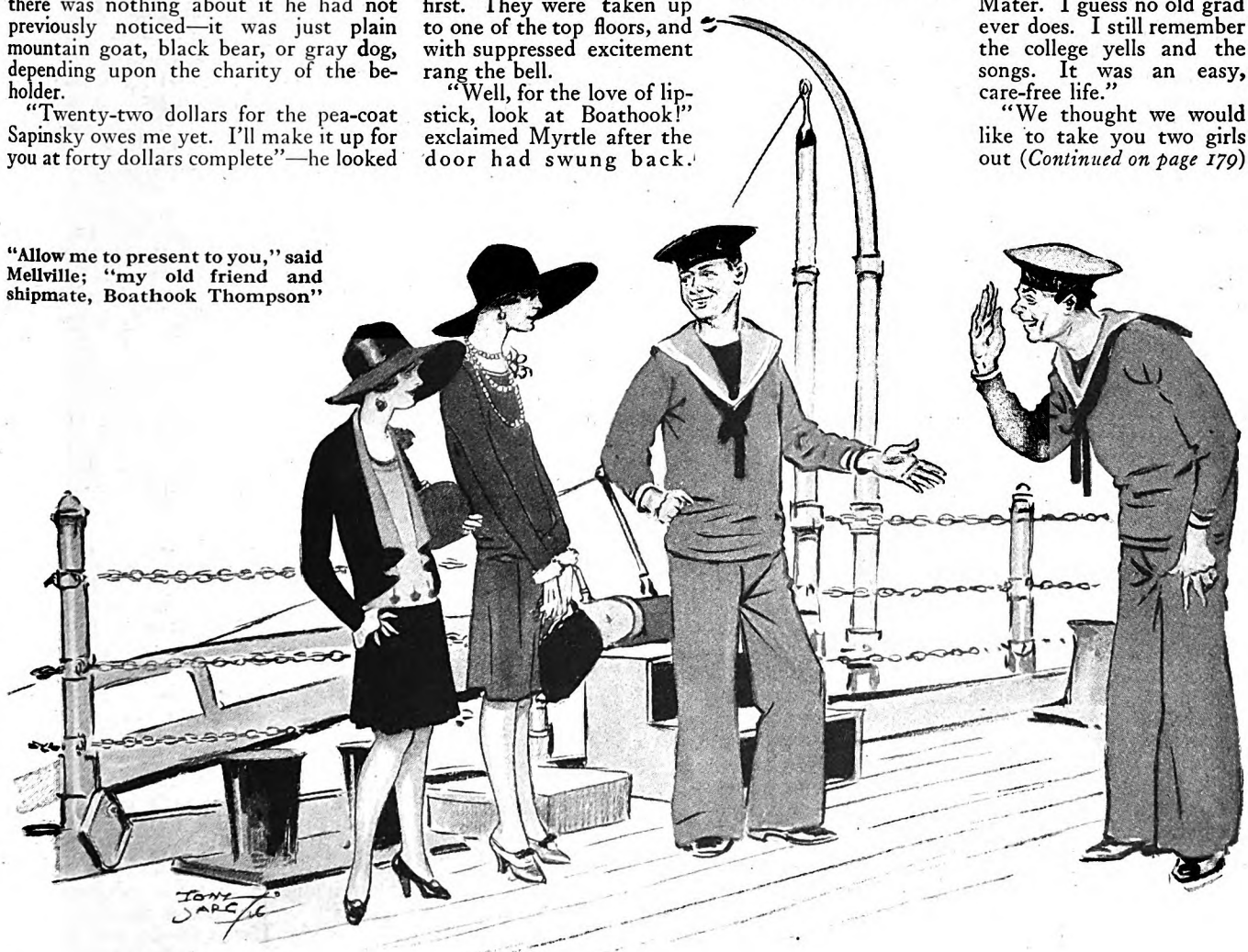
"Neither one of those. I went to the Peerless Business University, of Dubuque, Iowa; but I didn't quite finish the course."

"I never heard of it," said Mellville.

"WHAT year were you in when you stopped?" asked Dot.

"It didn't go by years. The course was thirty days straight-away to get a diploma. Three more days and I'd had one. But I never could forget my dear old Alma Mater. I guess no old grad ever does. I still remember the college yells and the songs. It was an easy, care-free life."

"We thought we would like to take you two girls out (*Continued on page 179*)



"Allow me to present to you," said Mellville; "my old friend and shipmate, Boathook Thompson"

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Gene Hewitt, Head Porter, Wouldn't Trade Jobs With A King

"All I wanted was to become head porter for a great hotel in Michigan," he says, "and that's what I am now—It's a fine job, because it gives me a chance to lend a hand to so many folks"—The story of lost packages and luggage that Gene has found, and of other remarkable services he has rendered

By Sherman Gwinn

IT WAS nearing noon, on a day several years ago, when a man of distinguished bearing hurriedly made his way through the crowded, busy lobby of the Hotel Statler, in Detroit, to the desk of an assistant manager.

"I'm Mr. So-and-so," he explained, and mentioned a name which the hotel man instantly recognized as that of a scientist of wide repute. "I'm expected to speak before a most important meeting in Detroit at seven o'clock to-night," he continued. "The portfolio which contains all the material for my lecture has been lost!"

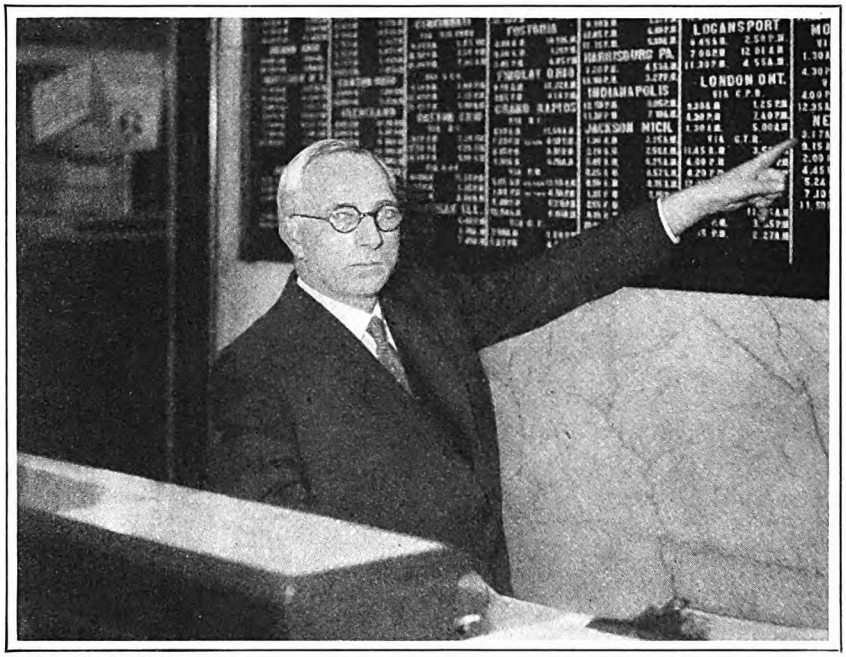
"You mean it's been stolen?" ejaculated the manager.

"I don't say so," said the scientist nervously. "I hope not. The data is of great value, but only a scientific man would realize its worth. This morning I left Cleveland by train. The portfolio was to have been delivered to me at the station by a messenger; but, though I waited until the last possible moment, the messenger didn't arrive. I concluded that surely the portfolio would be dispatched after me by the next train; but that train has been in an hour and my portfolio isn't here. I've made every possible inquiry, both by telegraph and telephone. I've been unable to locate the portfolio anywhere!"

"And you must have it by seven o'clock to-night?" the manager asked.

"That's imperative. If I don't recover it my lecture will have to be canceled. At Cleveland, I decided that additional blueprints were necessary to clarify my text. That they might be made and be ready for to-night I left the portfolio with a firm of engineers, receiving their positive assurance that it and the prints would be delivered to me at the Cleveland station.

"I've telephoned there as well as to the hotel at which I stopped, and to the offices of the engineers. The engineers insist they sent the portfolio to the station; the station officials declare it's not there. It isn't at the hotel. Nobody admits seeing it."



SPENCER & WYCKOFF, DETROIT

Gene Hewitt, one of the most popular hotel employees in the United States, is head porter at the Hotel Statler, in Detroit. For thirty years Hewitt has been gathering information that is useful to guests, and to-day he can answer readily any question a traveler is likely to put to him. "Ask Gene—he can tell you," is a familiar phrase about the lobby of his hotel. Hewitt has had opportunities to become a hotel executive, but he prefers the post he now holds. Before going to the Statler, he worked at several other hotels in Detroit, in Saginaw, and in Toledo

A moment the assistant manager was silent. "There's just one man," he said suddenly, "who might be able to find your portfolio in time. That's 'Gene' Hewitt, our head porter. If he can't get it for you, nobody can."

A QUIET-MANNERED, soft-spoken, silver-haired little man in his forties, few would take Eugene Hewitt for a hotel porter. He looks more like—well, he reminded me of an old-fashioned country physician I knew as a boy, who would drive twenty miles in the dead of night through a snowstorm, to administer to a suffering patient. Or you might take Hewitt for a kindly disposed college professor, one who would give up his evenings at home in order to tutor a backward student.

I might explain, before continuing the story of the scientist's dilemma, that Gene Hewitt is one of the most widely known hotel porters in the United States. During a hotel service of thirty years he has handled more than two million pieces of baggage, with a loss of less than six pieces. He has solved more knotty problems, and helped more distraught folks out of difficulties than has many a fair-sized police department. He has thousands of friends scattered in every part of the country. If he wished, he to-day might be a big hotel manager at four or five times the salary he makes—he has rejected several such offers. He told me he would rather be what he *is* than anything else in the world! But to go on with my story:

AFTER three hours of plugging over the long-distance telephone to Cleveland, Gene—few know him by any other name—located the missing portfolio. Sure enough, it *had* been sent to the station, but too late for the scientist's train, and the messenger had left it there. At a loss what to do with it, the station employees had sent it to the scientist's hotel, and the hotel had returned it to the engineers.

"By this time it was past three o'clock in the afternoon. The last mail train for Detroit due to arrive in advance of the hour set for the lecture already had left Cleveland. The portfolio was still one hundred and thirty miles away—too far for anyone to go from Detroit to the other city and back within the time limit,

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either by railroad or by fast automobile!

"I'll simply have to cancel the lecture," concluded the scientist. "There's nothing else to do."

"I've promised you the portfolio, and I'll get it," Gene assured him quietly. "Now, just let me do your worrying, and don't think of calling off the lecture."

At half past six—thirty minutes to the good—Gene himself placed the portfolio in the scientist's hands. His charge for the service was less than a dollar!

"Gene, tell me this," I inquired, "how were you able to locate the portfolio in Cleveland by telephone, though the owner himself had been unable to do so? And by what kind of magic did you get it to Detroit, once you did locate it?"

"The 'magic'," explained Gene, smiling broadly, "was a friend. The biggest reward I get from my work is the friends it has made me. Well, I called up one of those friends in Cleveland, told him the situation, and he made the next train with the portfolio.

"I was able to locate the portfolio when the owner himself couldn't, because I tried harder. He made three calls, and each time got the wrong man, somebody who knew nothing about what he sought. I kept on calling until I had reached somebody who *did* know. Altogether, I made perhaps a dozen calls."

"And all of those 'phone calls, your own time in making them, and the cost of bringing your friend from Cleveland and sending him back—all that cost you so little?"

"MY FEE," said Gene, "was the fixed charge that I make for a service, no matter what that service may be. I have twenty-two people in my organization, and we're called on to do all sorts of things: handle baggage, of course; buy theatre tickets and tickets for baseball and football games; make reservations on trains; plan journeys; find lost articles; in fact, we try to do everything within reason that folks ask us to do. The fee for this isn't large, and sometimes the service costs us many times the amount of it. But in the long run it all comes back with interest—in friends."

There aren't any fabulous profits in Gene Hewitt's job; nor are the tips as numerous and as big as some folks think. I had been told by a Detroit man that Hewitt was making $50,000 a year. Whereupon I asked Gene point-blank what he does make, and the figure he named was less than a tenth of $50,000.

"I'm content with that," he added quietly. "Maybe I could make more. Maybe I could run a big hotel. But I don't *want* to do that. I'm the happiest man in the world now, right where I am!"

"Why?"

"Because I've reached the goal for which I aimed!

"I didn't set out to be a governor, or a millionaire, or a big business leader when I started in the hotel business. I only wanted to become head porter of the biggest hotel in the state. This hotel was the biggest, I believe, when I first got the job.

"But that isn't all," Gene hastened on, eager to make me understand. "I know folks in every town in Michigan, and they know me and call me by my name. When I need help in my work they're glad to give it to me; and sometimes I'm able to help them. That's what my job is—helping folks—and I'm at it from morning till night. Why, at the end of the day, when I go home and think of having done something for somebody, say some little thing like finding that portfolio you were asking about, you couldn't *buy* what I get out of it for a million!"

"ASK Gene! He can tell you!"

Twenty-five and more years ago, guests stopping at the old Hotel Cadillac, in Detroit, began to use that expression. This was in the days of the horse and buggy, when Detroit was little more than a big town, growing up to cityhood. The boom days of its gigantic motor industries were then just in the dawning. The Russell House, gone long since, and the Cadillac were "the" hotels. And it was at the Cadillac, under the title of first assistant porter, that Gene, the question answerer, held forth.

In those days, if a traveler was in doubt about routes and hazy on time tables, he usually had to leg it over to the ticket office to get his information.

"What time's the next train for Kalamazoo?" a drummer would demand of a busy hotel clerk.

"Couldn't tell you, sir," the clerk would shrug. "Better find out at the station. But, wait a minute now—ask Gene, that little chap over in the baggage-room; he'll know."

If Gene didn't know he wasn't long in finding out. Nothing was too much trouble for him to find out.

GENE had come down to Detroit from the lumber woods of St. Clair County. His father was a farmer in summer, a lumberman in winter. There were nine children in the Hewitt family, of which Gene was third eldest. He was eighteen when an accident in the woods caused him to be laid up two months in a Detroit hospital.

"What kind of an accident?" I asked Gene.

"I was driving a team," he said, "and while the team rested I picked up an ax and went in to help the swampers. I slipped and cut my leg."

"Were team drivers expected to help the swampers?"

"Why, no," Gene admitted; "but—well, you see, the swampers were behind with their work, and while I sat there by the bobsled doing nothing I thought I might as well give 'em a hand."

Giving folks "a hand," I began to discover, has been the specialty about which Gene Hewitt has molded his life.

It was spring when they let him out of the hospital, an afternoon in June. The city was all new to him, and though he still limped a little he began to stroll around the streets, wondering, and taking in the sights. He was only a slip of a boy, not more than five feet tall, weighing only about one hundred pounds, and shaggy about the neck for lack of a hair-cut. He wore a lumberman's checkered mackinaw that was several times too big for him, a pair of clumsy felt-topped woods boots, and a cracked and battered old hat. Such was the figure he cut when, after hours of exploring, he paused in the street to stare open-mouthed through the doors of the Hotel Cadillac.

Evening was coming on, Gene recalled for me. Within the (*Continued on page 82*)

What to Do if You Lose Your Baggage

"IF YOU ever lose your baggage while traveling," says Gene Hewitt, "the first thing to do is to notify every person who might run across it in the line of duty. Describe the baggage, because if it has been lost the chances are that the tags have dropped off it. Then give the address to which the baggage should be sent when it is found. Most transportation companies have 'lost and found' departments, and it's a good plan to keep in touch with these. If nothing happens after your first inquiries, try again. Don't conclude that you never will see your baggage again, for the harder you try the more likely you are to find it.

"The railroads handle baggage for so many millions of passengers that just a little slip somewhere may lose a trunk. But as soon as that trunk turns up at the wrong place, everybody gets busy and tries to start it back to the right place. Then, if the owner has notified everyone possible to be on the lookout for his trunk, it won't be long before those who are looking for it cross trails with those who are trying to find its owner."

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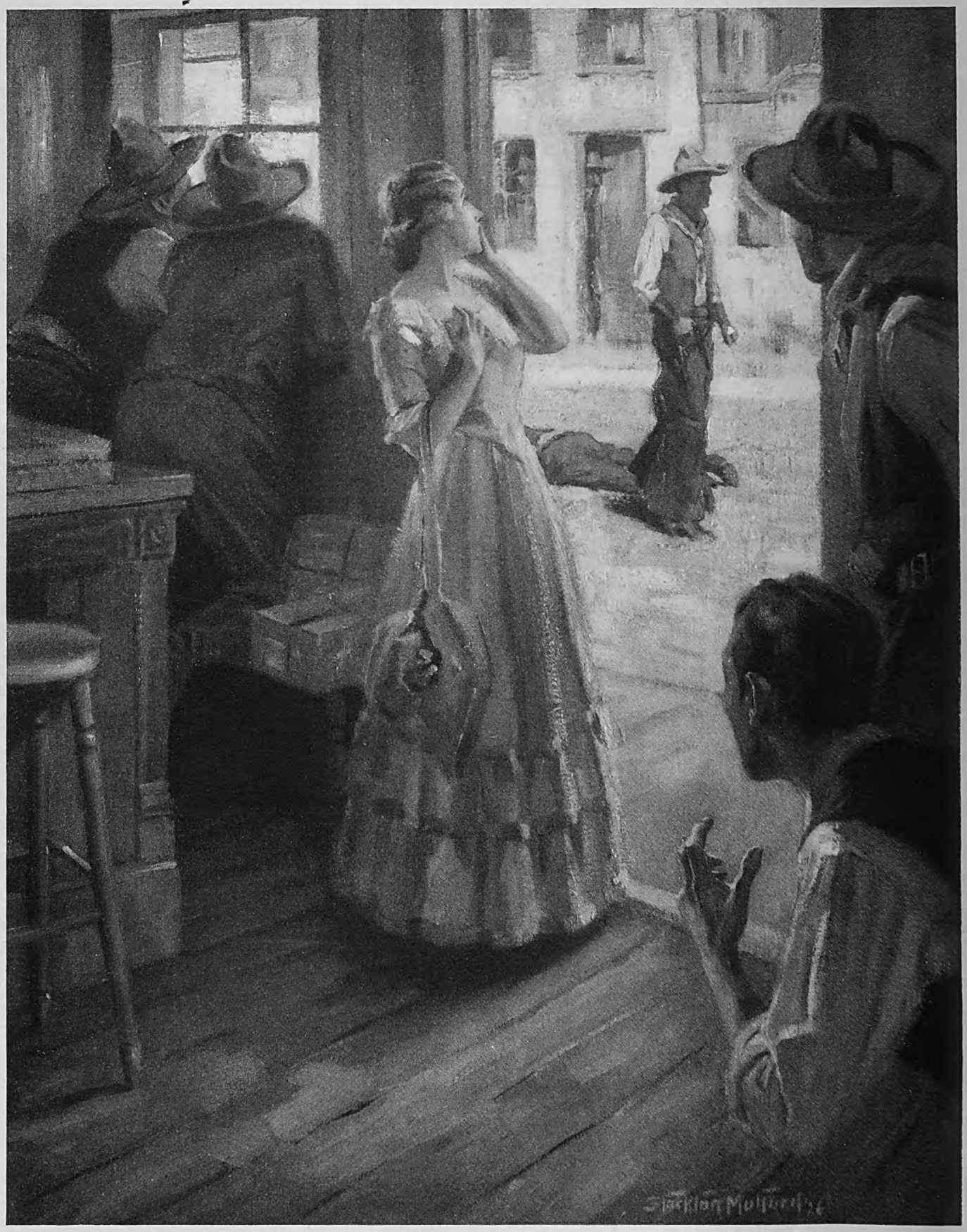

Hettie drew back with the last of failing strength. The quivering of her body ceased as if paralysis had set in. Cold, numb, awful suspense held her upright, waiting, as if for death itself

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"Nevada"

A romance of the West

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

Synopsis of the Three Preceding Instalments.

BEN IDE and his sister, Hettie, had sold their fertile ranch in California, on the shores of Tule Lake, and journeyed overland to the newer country of Arizona, taking with them their mother; Ina, Ben's wife, and their little boy; Ina's brother, Marvie Blaine—and a long train of men, wagons, and horses. There were three reasons for this move: Their mother's health, Ben's longing for a return to pioneer living, and the hope in his heart and in Hettie's that in a frontier country they might find the man they both loved.

Six years before he had come to them, a stranger, known to them only as "Nevada." For two years he had helped Ben in his wild-horse hunting; he had shared in the capture of the great stallion California Red; he had fallen in love with Hettie. And then he had recognized in Less Setter a scoundrel he had known in years past, and had seen through Setter's schemes to ruin the Ide family. He met Setter and his two accomplices in the road, killed them all in open fight, and escaped, with no word of farewell to Ben and Hettie.

By his deed he saved the ranch for them, and made possible Ben's reconciliation with his father and his marriage to Ina Blaine. This, Ben and Hettie knew. What they did not know was that their "Nevada" was the notorious gunman Jim Lacy, and that he had learned from them for the first time the beauty of friendship and the glory of love. They had made a new man of him—and yet to save them he had had to renounce his new self and become again Jim Lacy.

Jim went back to Lineville, where he had known Setter, resolved never to let Hettie know who he was, but to live up to her ideal of him. And again fate intervened. He had arranged to go to Arizona with Cash Burridge—who had determined to turn from cattle "rustling" to honest cattle raising and had bought a ranch there—and then once more Jim Lacy was called upon to kill his man and become a fugitive from the law. He came into the "Gold Mine" (Lineville's gambling hell) one night, to find a girl dying on the floor, where Link Cawthorne in a drunken rage had thrown her. Jim Lacy did the only thing his code allowed. And for four years no one knew his whereabouts.

Meanwhile, Ben Ide and Hettie had bought a ranch and cattle in Arizona from a man named Cash Burridge, only to find from Tom Day, a neighbor, that Burridge had cheated in the count of cattle; that he had passed on liens on the stock; and that the whole country was so infested with rustlers that not even Judge Franklidge, the boss rancher of the country, knew who were the honest ranchmen and who the thieves.

However, Ben stuck to his guns, built his ranch-houses, and hired a man named Dillon as foreman. When Ben Ide's cattle and his own began almost at once to be the chief targets for the rustlers, Judge Franklidge called Day and a trusted cowboy, "Texas Jack," into consultation. Texas Jack volunteered to go single-handed into the Mongollons, to pose as a rustler, in order to get information to break up their gangs. And when Franklidge and Day remonstrated, he confessed to them that he was the notorious Jim Lacy. So, once more, to save those he loved, Nevada made his sacrifice. He shaved off the beard that had disguised him, bought a new outfit, and rode into town—Jim Lacy once more!

He heard much gossip in the saloons, and learned that old Elam Hatt and his son Cedar were under suspicion. Then, on the street he ran into Rose, the only daughter of old Elam. He gained her confidence, found that she feared Cedar Hatt and Clan Dillon—and loved Marvie Blaine. Jim promised to help her. That night he saw her at a dance with Marvie—and he saw Hettie Ide! Hettie was lovelier than ever, and from a dark corner Jim heard Clan Dillon make love to her. Hettie repulsed his advances with scorn, and when Dillon tried to hold her by force she broke away from him and ran. Whereupon Jim stepped out of the shadow, knocked Dillon down, and got away before a crowd gathered.

IT WAS eleven o'clock when Jim Lacy entered the Ace High Saloon, at that period one of the noted gambling-hells of the Southwest. He bolted into the barroom, like a man who was pursued. He was, indeed, though not by any visible thing.

"Cowboy, what you runnin' from?" queried a tall man. He happened to be standing nearest to the door, his back to the bar. A brass shield, with letters printed upon it, stood out prominently on his vest.

Jim espied that, almost in the instant that he recognized this individual.

"Howdy, Macklin," he said, nonchalantly. "I was just runnin' from a sheriff."

"Wal, you run right into another," growled Macklin, surprised and annoyed. "Who air you?"

"I'm foreman of the Coffee Pot Outfit," drawled Jim.

"What's your handle, smarty? It jest happens there ain't any Coffee Pot Outfit at this particular time. . . . I've a notion to clap you into the jug. You kinda look pale 'round the gills. What have you been up to, an' who air you?"

"None of your business," returned Jim, with an abrupt change of tone and manner. "But if you hang around, I reckon somebody'll tell you."

"Hyar, you come right along with—"

"*Lookout, Mack!*" interrupted someone behind Jim. A glass went crashing on the floor, and the rasp of heavy boots followed. Then a man strode in front of the sheriff, facing Jim. "Excuse me, stranger, but I believe I know you. If I'm wrong say so."

"Howdy, Cash," returned Jim, extending his hand.

Cash Burridge looked a full ten years older than when Jim had last seen him. Drink and hard life and evil passions had broken the man.

"Jumpin' steers!" he ejaculated, grasping Jim's hand in both his. "If it ain't you!"

"Shore is, Cash. Just got in, an' lookin' for trouble."

"No! *Who?*" queried Burridge, with a sudden check to his almost boisterous welcome. He had bent forward and lowered his voice.

"Wal, nobody in particular, Cash. I just feel mean."

"I'm a son-of-a-gun! It's you—changed a lot. Most in disposition—if it's true. You're *lookin'* for trouble!"

HERE the sheriff interposed by placing an ungentle hand on Burridge's shoulder and turning him somewhat.

"Friend of yours, hey? Thet's no guarantee to keep him out of jail."

"Thunder!" exploded Burridge. "I'm tryin' to keep *you* out of the boneyard. My lord! If I told you who this man is you'd sweat blood!"

Macklin's jaw dropped and he swayed back against the bar, dominated by Burridge's fierce sincerity. Then Burridge drew Jim aside.

"It's you—really *you*, Jim?" he whispered huskily.

"Shore, Cash. Cain't you see?"

"But we heard you were dead."

"That was terrible exaggerated, Cash."

"Dropped from the sky! Jim Lacy, just down from heaven, huh? Well, I'm darned! . . . An' I never was so glad to see a man in my life! Where you been, Jim, since you left Lineville? Lord, I'll never forget that night you shot Link Cawthorne's eye out!"

"Wal, Cash, never mind where I've been."

"Sure, that doesn't matter, only I always had my idea, an' I was curious. I had a hunch you went to New Mexico, an' got mixed up in that Lincoln County War. *Some* of those hombres got out of that fight alive. I know one of them did. Close pard of Billy the Kid."

"Who?" queried Jim.

"I'm not givin' any man away, Jim. Sure wouldn't have said as much as that to anyone else. When'd you drift in?"

"To-day."

"You'll be recognized here."

"Who's goin' to recognize me, Cash?"

"You remember Ace Black? He's the gambler we knowed at the Gold Mine back in Lineville."

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"Shore, I remember Black."

"He's up-stairs playin' faro. Reckon Black will know you; but he'd never give you away. Hardy Rue, though. He will. He never cottoned to you. Always had a hunch you killed Less Setter. Rue has dogged me all these years. An' I'm layin' it to him that I'm down on my luck now."

"Wal! What come of your ranchin' deal heah, Cash?"

"JIM, you had me figured. I couldn't stand prosperity," returned Burridge heavily. "But I swear I went straight till I got in need of money. I'd made poor deals. I could steal cattle an' make money, but not by tradin' or ranchin'. I began to borrow. Then I had a chance to sell out to Ben Ide, a Californian. I did him dirt, an' I've lived to be sorry. There's a man, Jim! . . . Well, when I was flush again, I began to drink an' buck the tiger."

"An' now you're aboot broke. Who got all that money, Cash?"

"Aw, everybody. Brennan some; but then I don't begrudge it to him. Hardy Rue beat me out of most of it. I fell in love with a Spanish girl here. She an' Rue double-crossed me. Got my pile!"

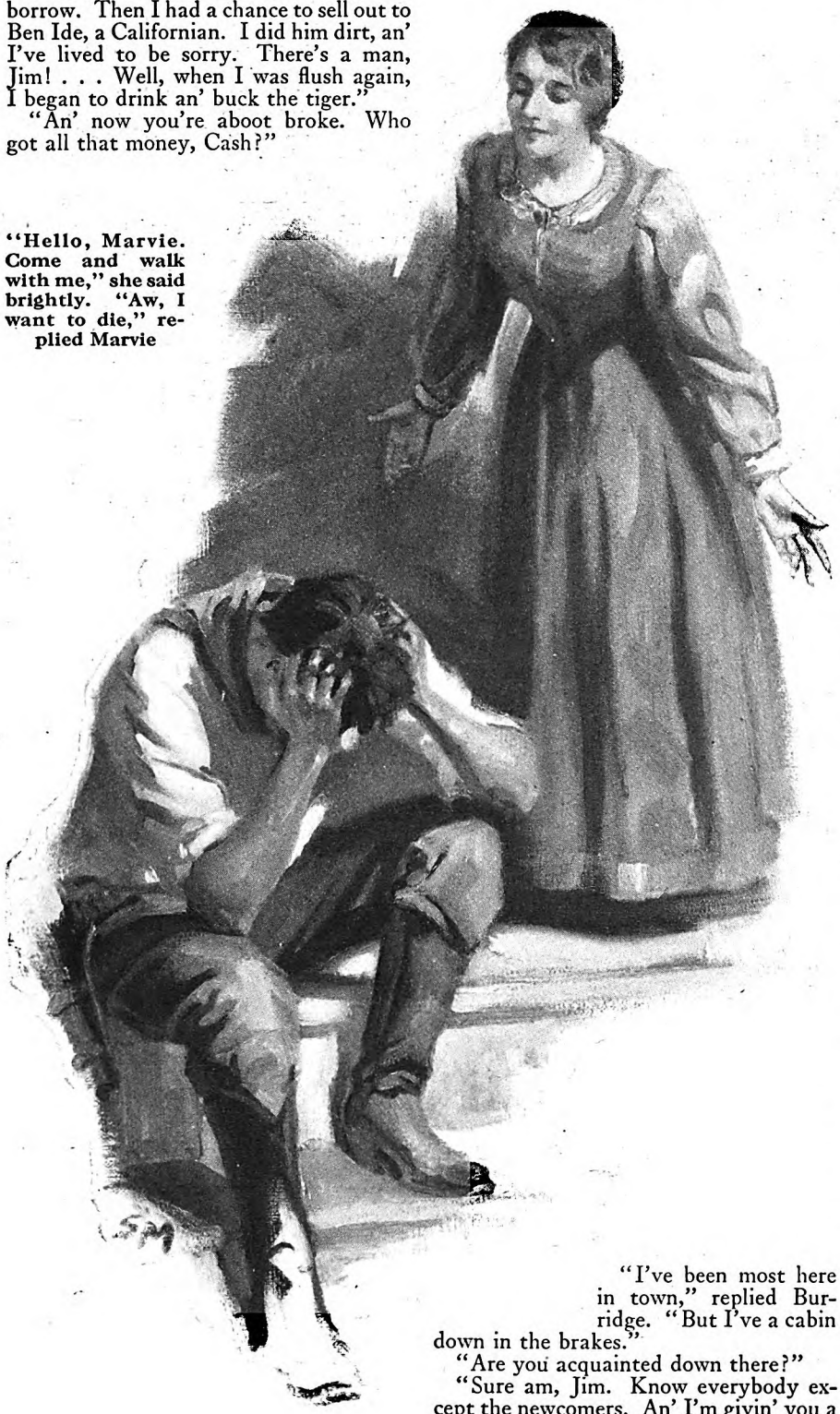
"Wal, why didn't you kill him?"

"I couldn' try an even break with Rue. An' I never had a chance to shoot him in the back."

"Is Rue heah now?" asked Jim.

"Reckon he's with that black-eyed hussy. It's a little early for him to drop in. Lord, it'll tickle me to have him see you with me. Rue was afraid of you, Jim. An' you need to watch him!"

"Where do you hang out, Cash?"



"Hello, Marvie. Come and walk with me," she said brightly. "Aw, I want to die," replied Marvie

"I've been most here in town," replied Burridge. "But I've a cabin down in the brakes."

"Are you acquainted down there?"

"Sure am, Jim. Know everybody except the newcomers. An' I'm givin' you a hunch there's some hard customers driftin' in. It's a rough country, an' big as all outdoors. I've sure learned to love Arizona."

"Wal, Cash, when you was rich an' high-handed I didn't have much use for you," said Jim, with a smile. "But now you're broke an' down on your luck, I reckon I'll chip in with you."

"Jim Lacy! You always was a queer one," returned Burridge feelingly. "Reckon I know you've got somethin' up your sleeve; an' whatever it is, I'm sure with you!"

"All right, Cash. Suppose you tote me 'round to look 'em over."

HETTIE IDE had attended the dance at Winthrop as a guest of Alice Franklidge, an unmarried girl of nineteen, daughter of the judge's second wife. They left the dance before midnight, to be driven out to the Franklidge house by Alice's escort. The night was cold and clear, with myriads of blinking stars overhead. Hettie removed her hat to let the cool wind blow her hair.

"Did you enjoy your first dance in Arizona?" asked the young rancher.

"Yes, indeed I did, Mr. Van Horn—in spite of a—a rather unpleasant incident," replied Hettie.

"Sure, we're awful glad. Sorry, too, somethin' annoyed you. But, honest, the dances now are Sunday-school affairs to what they once was. Isn't that so, Alice?"

"It is. I used to be afraid to go," replied the girl. "Fights were common. One for each dance! They're really nice now. Dad and some of the town men have seen to that. . . . Hettie, it mortifies me that you were annoyed by Clan Dillon. I know it was he. You danced with him—then came back to us all flushed and nervous."

"Yes, it was Mr. Dillon. He—he insulted me."

"I'm not surprised," returned Alice thoughtfully. "Dillon is a handsome, fascinating man. Very agreeable, winning. But I always thought him a little common and bold."

"Who was the pretty girl Marvie paid so much attention to?" asked Hettie.

"I didn't notice her. But I saw he was having a grand time."

"He had her with him just before we left," went on Hettie. "She hung back as Marvie came up to me. I think she was afraid to meet us. I thought her very pretty. Big dark eyes. Red lips. Curly brown hair."

"That was Rose Hatt," replied Van Horn.

"Rose Hatt? She couldn't belong to that notorious Hatt family we hear about?" asked Alice.

"There's only one family of Hatts, Alice, an' Rose is the only girl," said the young rancher. "I'd seen her before. Charley Moss danced with her. Pretty kid. An' she seemed modest an' quiet. Young Blaine sure acted smitten with her."

"Hettie, love affairs in Arizona go like fire in the dry desert grass," said Alice, with a little laugh. "*You* want to watch out, doesn't she, Frank?"

"Sure won't do her any good to watch out," returned Van Horn gayly. "One of our Arizona lads is goin' to get her."

Soon they arrived at the Franklidge home, which stood on a bench of high ground among stately pine trees. The girls went in to find Judge Franklidge beside an open fireplace. He greeted Hettie warmly.

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"Did you meet your brother?" he asked, as he placed a chair for Hettie.

"No. Did he come in, after all?"

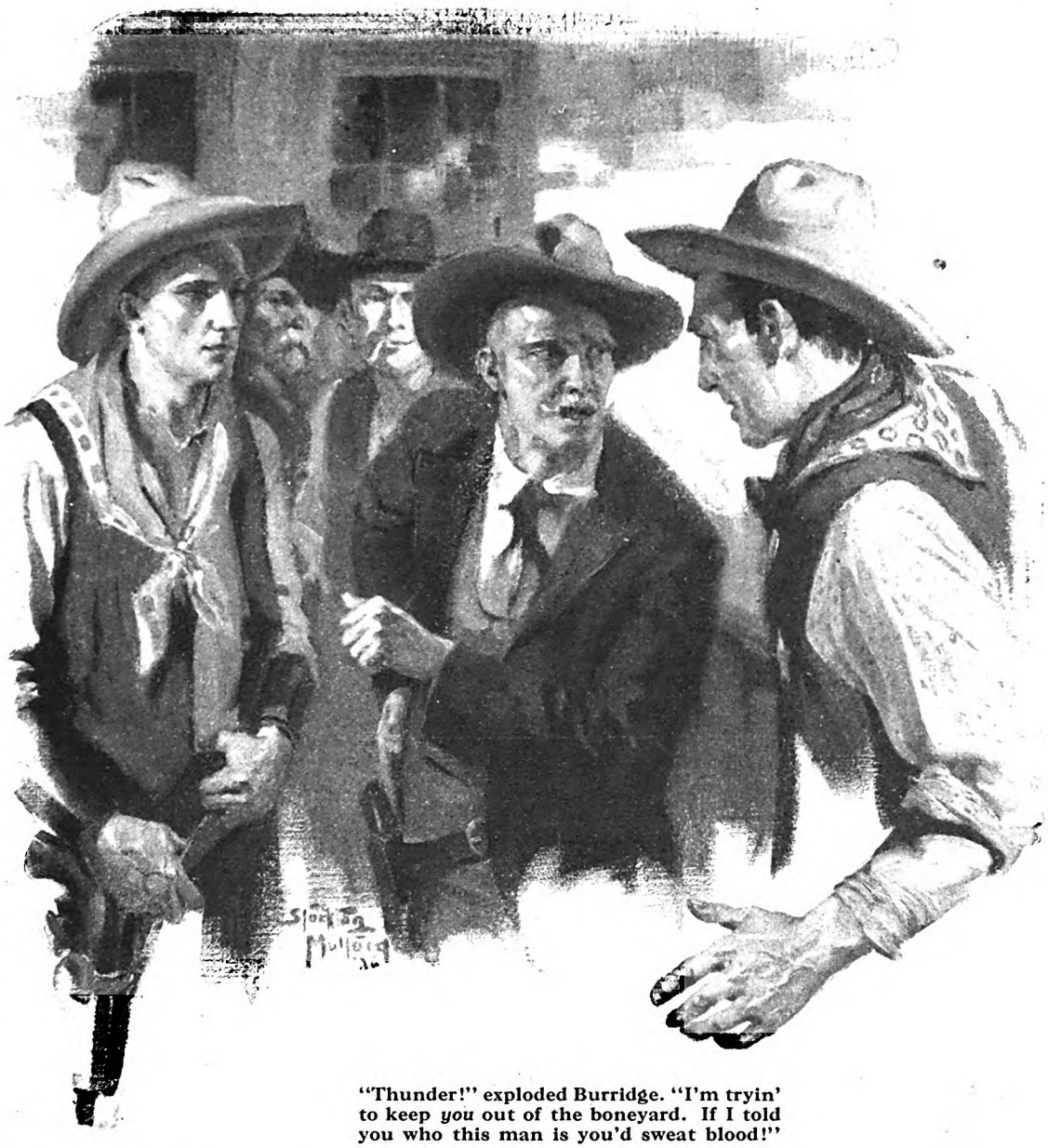
"Yes. He was here for an hour," replied the judge. "Came in to talk over a cattle deal. I advised him not to buy more stock just now."

"Was Ina with Ben?" asked Hettie.

"Sure was, and she looked powerful handsome. I wanted them to stay here overnight. But Ben said he'd rather go to the hotel, so he could be in town early. Left word if he didn't see you at the dance that you were to meet him to-morrow at noon sharp. At Brydon's."

"Goodness! I'm glad we got away from the dance before Ben arrived," exclaimed Hettie, with a rather unmirthful laugh.

"Well now, you don't say?" queried the judge, lowering his head to gaze at her over his glasses.



"Thunder!" exploded Burridge. "I'm tryin' to keep *you* out of the boneyard. If I told you who this man is you'd sweat blood!"

"I'M AFRAID it's going to be embarrassing for me when I see Ben. I'll have to tell him that I—I have discharged Dillon."

"Dillon! Clan Dillon? Did you fire *him?*" asked the judge, sitting up abruptly. "What for, lass?"

"I had reason enough, though I'm afraid Ben may not see it that way. He swears by Dillon. Well, Mr. Dillon has made it rather hard for me out at the ranch. He waylays me whenever I go outdoors. At first he didn't do me the honor to offer marriage. But finally he got that far along, and despite my refusal he kept at it. I did not know he was to be at the dance to-night, or I wouldn't have gone. But I danced with him, and walked with him, on the terrace. . . . And—well, to make it short, he insulted me."

"You don't mean he dared to lay a hand on you?" demanded the old rancher.

"Both hands, and arms too," laughed Hettie, though she blushed as she admitted it. "In fact, he was a ruffian. I imagine Dillon has had his way with certain kinds of women. I think he expected me to squeal, or beg—then flop into his arms. But I'm strong, and I broke away from him. And then I discharged him."

"You did right, lass; but how is Ben going to take that?" queried Franklidge seriously. "He thinks a heap of this Dillon. Only to-night he was bragging about Dillon's recovery of a bunch of cattle that'd just been rustled off into the brakes. . . . Still, come to squint at the offense, Ben can't overlook it."

"You don't know my brother very well yet," returned Hettie, shaking her head. "If he had *seen* Dillon insult me he'd have horsewhipped him. But Ben scouts my statements. He's tired of hearing about these lovelorn cowboys who annoy me. He thinks I'm—well, a little too sensitive. I declare I don't know *how* he will take this Dillon affair."

"I'll tell you, lass," replied the judge. "He'll not uphold you. Dillon will get to him first and soften his offense. And Ben will keep him on."

"That would be dreadful," said Hettie. "I'll actually be afraid of Dillon."

"Well, the only solution to your problem, Hettie Ide, is to fall in love with some fine Arizona lad," declared Judge Franklidge, with both kindly conviction and teasing good humor.

"Well," returned Hettie, "I'd take your advice, Judge Franklidge—if it weren't for an insurmountable obstacle. . . . I can't fall in love with a fine Arizona lad, because I'm already in love with a fine—*Nevada* lad!"

As the beloved name sounded on her lips, Hettie felt the swift blood rise to tighten and heat her face.

The judge laughed heartily, but Alice, intuitively grasping the import beneath Hettie's rather flippant speech, crossed over to her and put an arm around her.

"Dad is as bad as Ben, dear. Come, it's late. Let's go to bed," she said.

"WELL, Hettie," added the judge, in the same mirthful vein, "if I were forty years younger I'd contest this mysterious Nevadian's rights. Where is the confounded lucky jackass?"

Hettie looked back from the doorway, through which Alice was leading her.

"I do not know," she replied sadly.

When the door closed she heard the judge burst out: "Did you hear that, Van? It explains a lot. . . . Well, dog-gone me for a thick-headed fool! And I'll gamble Ben Ide is the same!"

One of the Franklidge stable hands drove Hettie into town the next morning, so that she had (*Continued on page 206*)

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Do These If You Can

By Myron M. Stearns

Puzzle 1: If you find the right letter and start there with your pencil, by spelling out the first line of a well-known nursery rhyme and drawing a straight line from letter to letter, you can make a picture that will illustrate the rhyme

ONE of the features of the New York Sunday "World" is a four-page section devoted to puzzles, tricks, and unusual games. It is called "Red Magic." The late Harry Houdini, the famous magician, was its editor, and among the contributors are such names as that of Sam Loyd, the puzzle man.

For as long as you can remember, you probably have seen an occasional "puzzle page" or "puzzle department" of a column or two; but for any newspaper to print a whole four-page puzzle section each Sunday is something that, so far as I know, had not been attempted before the "World" broke the ice.

F. Gregory Hartswick is the leader of the "Three Musketeers" who have actual charge of getting out "Red Magic." Houdini, of course, because of his many engagements in all parts of the country, could not directly supervise this work. The other day, I found Hartswick at a desk littered with puzzle correspondence and contributions, in a typical newspaper cubbyhole on an upper floor. At an adjoining desk sat Prosper Buranelli, the little Texan who furnishes so many brilliant ideas for the puzzle section. From an adjoining room came Margaret Petherbridge, the Brooklyn girl who showed her two associates that carefulness and accuracy are a necessary part of puzzle training.

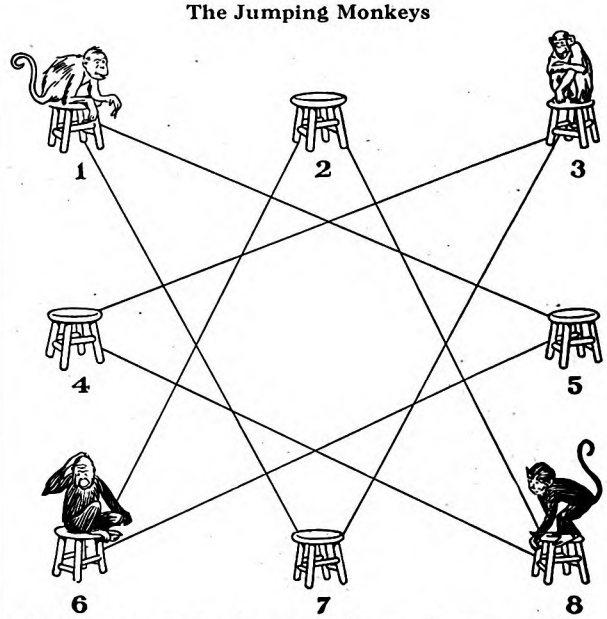
"Puzzles," Hartswick told me, "fall into classes, some of which are almost universally popular, while others appeal only to particular groups of people. For instance, the 'Monkey Puzzle' (which appears on this page) is one of the jumping counter class of puzzles that we often give a good deal of space to. They have the advantage of being equally easy —or equally difficult —for everybody, irrespective of puzzle experience. In some of the other classes, as I can show you a little later, experience or familiarity helps quite a lot."

In the puzzle of "The Jumping Monkeys," four monkeys—two white ones and two dark ones—are shown sitting on stools. Our problem is to reverse their positions in seven moves: to bring the white monkeys from stools 1 and 3 to stools 6 and 8 by moving one monkey at a time along the lines indicated on the illustration. While you are making these moves, no two monkeys can occupy the same stool at the same time. Any continuous jump counts as one move. For example, if there were no monkey on stool 3 in the present picture, the monkey on stool 8 could go along the line to stool 4, and from there to stool 3 and (if he wished) down to stool 7, and the whole operation would count as only one move. If you use nickels and pennies for the monkeys, you can have a lot of fun working out this problem. It is easy to solve it in an unlimited number of moves; but you may have some difficulty doing it in *only seven moves.*

ARE the directions clear? A monkey cannot go to any stool that is already occupied; but as long as the stool at the other end of the line he starts on is empty, he can go to it, and from there to any other empty stool that may be reached on a single line, and so on—as long as he goes only to empty stools—counting each

Puzzle 2: Rearrange the letters to form a sentence which the picture will illustrate

The Jumping Monkeys



Puzzle 3: In the drawing above, four monkeys—two white and two dark—are shown sitting on stools. The problem is to reverse their positions in seven moves: to bring the white monkeys from stools 1 and 3 to stools 6 and 8 by moving one monkey at a time along the lines leading from one stool to another as indicated on the puzzle. While you are making these moves, no two monkeys can occupy the same stool at the same time. A monkey cannot go to a stool that is already occupied; but as long as the stool at the other end of the line upon which he starts is empty, he can go to it and from there on to any other empty stool that may be reached on a line, and so on, as long as he goes only to empty stools, counting each continuous journey as a single move. Nickels and pennies may be used for the monkeys. It is easy to solve this problem in an unlimited number of moves, but not so easy in seven moves.

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continuous journey as a single move. Of course the *first* move has to be only along one line, as the position of the other monkeys makes a further continuation of the first journey impossible.

"IF YOU can do that," suggested Hartswick, "try a harder one. 'The Jumping Grasshopper' is one of the best that's ever been published. It's famous. It can be solved in forty-four moves, but unless you're lucky, or a regular shark, you can spend hours, or even days, on it."

The directions are printed below the puzzle (number 5 in our picture layout).

"What kinds of people," I asked, "work at puzzles?"

"So far as we can make it out," Hartswick told me, "*all* kinds. It seems to be a question of spare time, mostly; and, beyond that, getting started at it.

"Let's say a dry-goods clerk is commuting. On the way home, he finishes reading what he wants of the paper before he reaches his station, and so he turns to a puzzle page, and idly starts to work out one of the puzzles. That's all that is necessary in a lot of cases. After that—he's found a new recreation, a new way of passing spare time pleasantly. He may go on and put in more and more time on puzzles until he becomes a dyed-in-the-wool fan. Many people do.

"But if it ever reaches a point where he puts in *too* much time at it—as a few people, regular puzzle-addicts, do—he usually cuts it out entirely. It's easy to 'swear off' on puzzles, once you realize they're taking too much of your time or getting too big a hold on you. Only occasionally will you find a man or woman who simply *has* to keep on until the answer is worked out."

"What kinds of puzzles are most likely to get people started?" I asked.

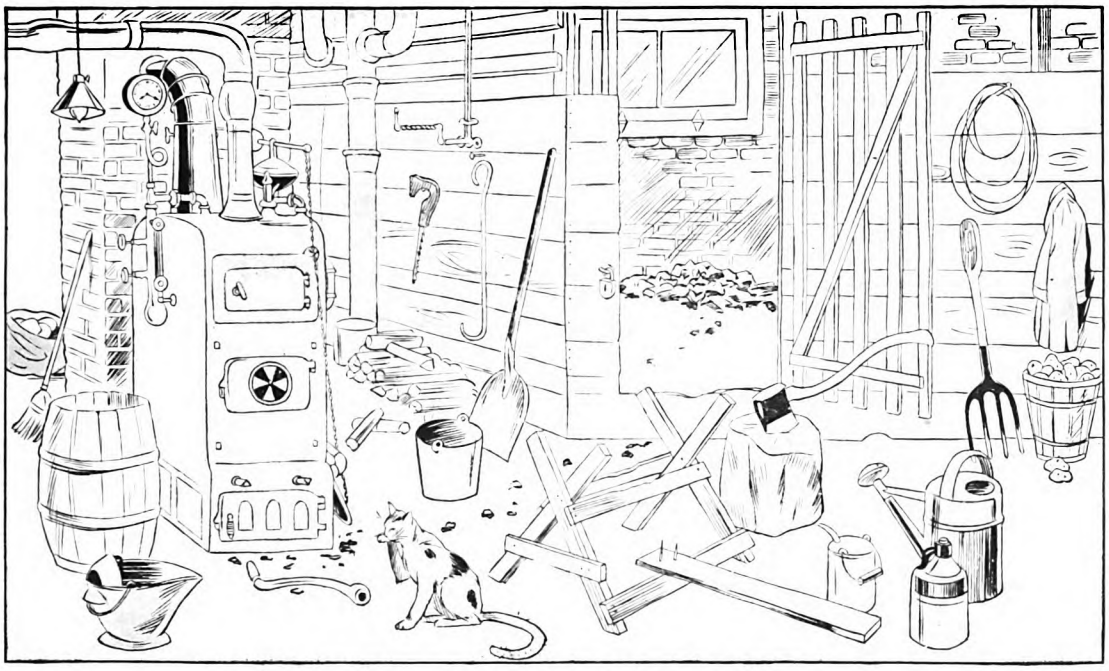
Hartswick thought a moment.

"Pictures puzzles," he decided. "Our 'What's Wrong With This Picture?' series seems to get almost everybody. Some papers buy the right to reprint just that one feature, and let all the rest go. The furnace-room picture [number 4 in our layout] is a sample.

"Another easy form of picture-puzzle that lures a good many people into puzzledom is the 'follow the dots' puzzle. [Puzzle number one in our layout is an example of this kind.]

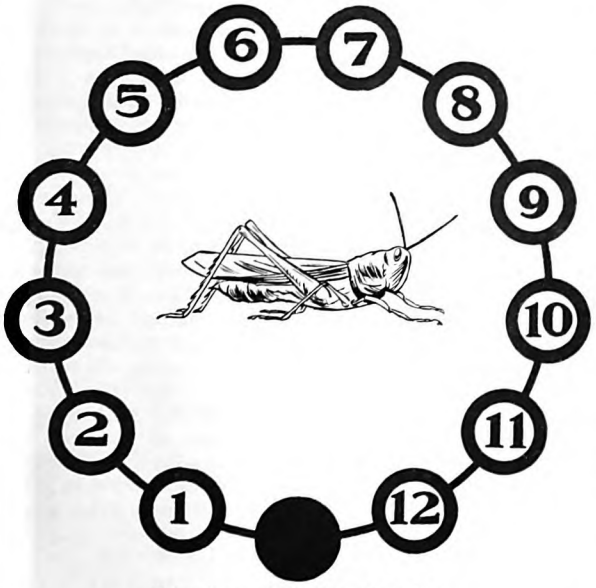
"The football field puzzle [number 6 in our layout] is a sample of still another class—dividing a field up into a given number of compartments, with only a limited number of straight lines.

"BUT once people get started on puzzles and puzzle-making," Hartswick went on, "we find that they like what I call 'language puzzles' best of all—puzzles that are built around the use of words or letters. Everybody who can read understands words and letters. Folks like to have definitions given that they can feel



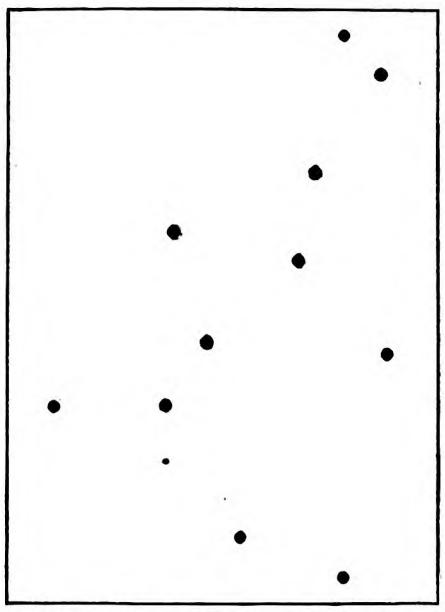
What is Wrong in This Picture?

Puzzle 4: The artist made fifteen errors, such as leaving a hoop off the barrel. Can you find the others?



The Jumping Grasshopper

Puzzle 5: The numbers in the circles represent counters. If you cut out of paper small disks and number them from 1 to 12 you will have all the equipment necessary. Place your numbered counters on the circles with corresponding numbers. You will note that they are in regular order, reading clockwise around the circle. Now, here is your task: to get the numbers so arranged that they will read in regular order around the circle in the reverse direction, with the vacant circle in the same position as it is at the start. You can move any number to a vacant circle next to it, or you can jump any number over another to a vacant circle, as you jump in checkers, except that the number jumped over is not removed. Your first move, of course, is either 1 or 12 to the vacant circle. You can move in either direction at will, as long as a single move or a jump is possible. The puzzle can be solved in forty-four moves.



Puzzle 6: Eleven boys were playing football on a vacant lot, as shown in the diagram above. Take a ruler, and with four straight lines divide the whole field so that each boy is in a separate compartment

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J	L	I	M	O	L	L	D
O	T	O	B	U	O	W	E
S	N	E	Y	R	N	I	F
A	P	N	S	E	S	G	E
X	E	O	C	M	B	H	L
N	O	D	T	T	U	R	L
S	H	R	Y	N	A	Y	E
R	E	G	O	C	O	W	P

Y	S	N	R	A	C	B	U
T	A	O	M	R	P	E	L
E	I	P	I	O	S	O	L
R	P	V	G	L	Y	N	R
Y	S	I	D	U	E	H	I
N	L	A	M	I	T	M	S
O	G	D	N	L	K	L	M
I	L	E	R	A	C	O	S

Puzzles 7 and 8: In the two "letter squares" above are hidden the names of flowers and poets—at the left 24 poets, at the right 20 flowers. Starting at any letter, you can go to any adjoining letter, forward or back, up or down, or diagonally in any direction until you have spelled out your word. You are allowed to use the same letters several times over

around for and fit out of their own knowledge. They like to work out stunts from familiar letters. We get a much greater response to language puzzles than to anything else we print."

To illustrate, look at the "Square of Flowers." (It is number 8 in our layout.)

You can't go wrong on these "Letter Squares." Whether or not you get the entire number of words, you get *some* of them, so your work is rewarded in proportion to your skill and patience. The best way to work them is to think of one kind of flower after another, and find out if that particular word is buried in the square.

The "Square of Poets" (number 7) is a little harder than the flowers, because the names are not quite so well known.

"WORD jumping," says Hartswick, "always finds favor." The process is to substitute for the first word a second that has just one letter different, as "Make" to "Fake." That is one jump. Or you can change "Make" to "Dome" in four jumps:

MAKE FAKE FAME
DAME DOME

Try these:

WORD JUMPING

Change ride to walk in five jumps.
Change kill to save in five jumps.
Change salt to wine in four jumps.
Change bird to hawk in four jumps.
Change rich to poor in eight jumps.
Change stay to part in seven jumps.
Change slow to fast in eight jumps.
Change whale to shark in three jumps.

"Hidden words"—also in the easy puzzle class—find plenty of devotees. Here are some good examples:

HIDDEN RIVERS

In each of the following sentences a river lies, unconcealed:

Abel, be a good boy.
Remo, Hawkeye and Potash were Indians.
So, derrick means a lifter, like a crane.
What did you do? Oh, I osculated.
Vol gave me a book.
And opposite Nan is Dave.
Yes, miss, our iceman calls regularly.
This pile? Nay, that one.

The answers to the "Word Jumping" and "Hidden Rivers" puzzles will be found at the end of this article. (Nos. 17 and 18.)

"Geography for Puzzlers" (number 10 in our layout) gives a list of hidden countries that you're familiar with. After solving the "Hidden Rivers" puzzle the "Concealed Countries" will leap out at you from their hiding places.

"IN FACT, all our hidden-word puzzles are easy," Hartswick pointed out. "They have to be. For we've found out that people will not stick long to puzzles on which they can make no progress—puzzles where the solution comes suddenly, if it comes at all. People want to be rewarded for industry. They want to see progress. So we divide all puzzles into two general divisions: those that can be worked out gradually, bit by bit, and those that 'come suddenly.' We call the former 'Construction Puzzles.' And we know that the others have to be kept simple, or will be, relatively, unpopular. To illustrate, take the anagram [number 2 in our layout]. We print few of them, because, even though they are an old form and had quite a vogue twenty years ago, they belong to the 'sudden solution' type of puzzles. They are not so successful as the construction classes. Once in a while a good one attracts a fair amount of attention; but the average of popularity is low. The one given in this article, which is used with an illustration to help it along, is one of the best.

"On the other hand, the enigma, one of the oldest forms of language puzzle there is, belongs to the 'construction-puzzle' class; and so, although it is less attractive to begin with, it is always popular."

Sam Loyd's Lollipop Puzzle

Puzzle 9: Widow Brown, who runs a candy shop, keeps her stock of lollipops in jars of three sizes, and arranges the full jars upon three shelves every morning, in such a manner as to have the same number of lollipops upon each of the shelves. Now, when the jars are filled to capacity and arranged as shown in our sketch, with the same number of lollipops on each shelf, who can tell how many lollipops are contained in the entire display if the smallest size jar holds five lollipops?

Geography for Puzzlers—Concealed Countries

Puzzle 10: Do you remember way back when you used to be able to take a yardstick and point out on the map any country named? Those were the days. Since then the map has been changed, but for the most part the boundaries are the same. See what you can do now. The only difference is that the countries are hidden.

Open your geography, Thomas. I am teacher.
On the map there is a wasp. Ain't it funny?
While we were looking for the books, we dented the cupboard.
I wish we were rich. I learned all about traveling to-day.
Although we had to leave the lager, many of us were glad when the boat left.
Have you read it? A Lytton of England wrote it.
Some say there are tears in diamonds.
They are odd, but are rich in a way. Very learned, you know.

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Word Square Construction

BUILD a square construction of words answering the following definitions:

UPPER LEFT

Used in making toilet powders
Abbreviation for a state
A city in Peru
Former title for a monarch

UPPER RIGHT

A ray of light
A lake in North America
Incorrect form of "is not"
To apportion

CENTER

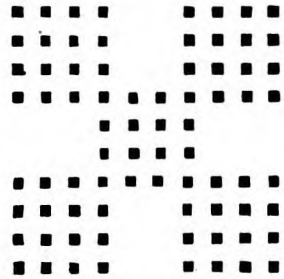
To stray, travel without a destination
Masculine name
On the top—above
Used for cleaning floors

LOWER LEFT

To stay the flow of
Part of an automobile
Name for Ireland
Bill of fare

LOWER RIGHT

A mineral
A song tune
A prevaricator
Sharp



Puzzles 11 and 12: At the right and left are two "word square" puzzles. The diagram above can be used for puzzles 11 and 12. In a word square each dot represents a letter, and each line of dots a word. The word must read both ways: across and down. That is, if the first word were "lame" it should not only be the first word across, it should also be the first word down. At bottom of page is Puzzle 13, a more difficult five-letter interlocking word square with nine squares

Word Square Construction

BUILD a square construction of words answering the following definitions:

UPPER LEFT

A sunken fence
Resort in New Jersey
A crowd
Small insects

UPPER RIGHT

A pair
Under the roof
Affirm
Lake

CENTER

Appear
Hence
Urges on
The greatest part

LOWER LEFT

A fruit
Molten rock
Pertaining to grapes
An ancient weapon

LOWER RIGHT

Shade of a color
Unobstructed
Destitution
Completes

To solve an enigma, write out the numbers of the letters in order first:
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, and so on for the total number. Then look over the definitions. You may find an easy one like:

My fifth, eleventh, and first form the name of a small insect, famous for its industry.

What else could it possibly be other than "ant" or "bee"? Putting the letters of "ant" down under the right numbers, we get:

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15
T A N

Look for another easy definition, and put the letters down in like manner. Before you know it the enigma is taking shape under your eyes.

Here is a sample for you to work out:

SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA

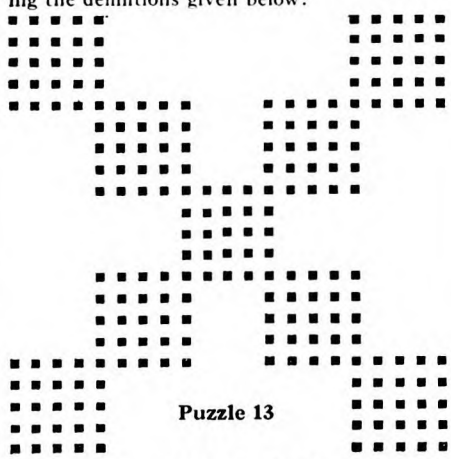
I am a popular quotation composed of 28 letters.

My 17, 13, 19, 28, 7, 1 is the title of a famous play.
My 24, 9, 27, 3, 4 is an instrument for boring.
My 5, 12, 10, 15 is a dull soft sound or impact.
My 16, 2, 20, 8, 22, 25 is to boil.
My 6, 18, 21 is for the head.
My 26, 23, 14, 11 is an outlet.

(See answer at end of article, No. 19.)

Word Square Construction

Build a square construction of words answering the definitions given below:



Puzzle 13

Or this one, which is a little bit harder:

ENIGMATIC PROVERB

I am a well-known proverb, containing twenty-nine letters.
My 8, 3, 14, 15 is something performed.
My 18, 21, 4, 2 is top of the house.
My 27, 1, 12, 19 is domesticated.
My 5, 17, 11, 20, 22, 13 is a cowboy's rope.
My 16, 28, 6, 26 is a period of time.
My 9, 25, 7, 29 is end of arm.
My 23, 10, 24 is small bite.

Except for definition four, which uses a frequently seen, but not generally accepted, spelling, this puzzle presents no stumbling block. The answer to this puzzle is given at end of article (No. 20).

"A still better sample of 'construction puzzle'," Hartswick told me later, "is found in 'Word Squares'."

First I had (*Continued on page 70*)

EXTREME UPPER LEFT

Unit of measure
To banish
Giant of mythology
To make proud
Renovate

UPPER LEFT

Wearing apparel
Passageway
Small islands
Rain mingled with snow
Trials

EXTREME UPPER RIGHT

Dens
Separate
Bravery, courage
To wear away
To scatter

UPPER RIGHT

Becomes white
Idolize
River in France
Mistake
Prophets

CENTER

Stores
Mean dwelling
Egg-shaped
Niter
Dormancy

LOWER LEFT

Male deer
Vacant
Solitary
A jinnee
Horse

EXTREME LOWER LEFT

Cognomens
Concerning
A fracas
An injection
To pilfer

LOWER RIGHT

Relating to the Pope
To humble
Turkish title
Remains of anything burned
Contract

EXTREME LOWER RIGHT

Brilliancy of success
Desire
Burdened
Turn aside
Portable shelters

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

Sarah Harrison Has Taken 4,000 Traveling Men to Church

ONE Sunday evening in October, seven years ago, a woman was having dinner with some friends in a hotel in Danville, Virginia. After dinner, her hostess asked her if she wouldn't play and sing a few songs. As the little group passed through the lobby into the hotel parlor, she noticed the usual number of transients and salesmen fighting the loneliness and monotony of a Sunday in a strange town.

The woman glanced at the men, and the thought came to her, "How they must hate their Sundays here!" And she wondered if something couldn't be done about it.

In the parlor, she played and sang not so much to her friends as to those men out there in the lobby. And one by one they came straggling in and quietly seated themselves about the room.

After a while she stopped playing. Almost immediately, one of them said, "Won't you please play some more?"

Miss Harrison spent the next hour playing favorite after favorite, as first one man, and then another, called out his choice. Presently, feeling somewhat at ease with her audience of strangers, she dared ask them a question, "Don't you men ever go to church on Sundays?"

The expression on their faces said, "Lady, you ought to know better than to ask us that!" Finally, one of the men spoke up:

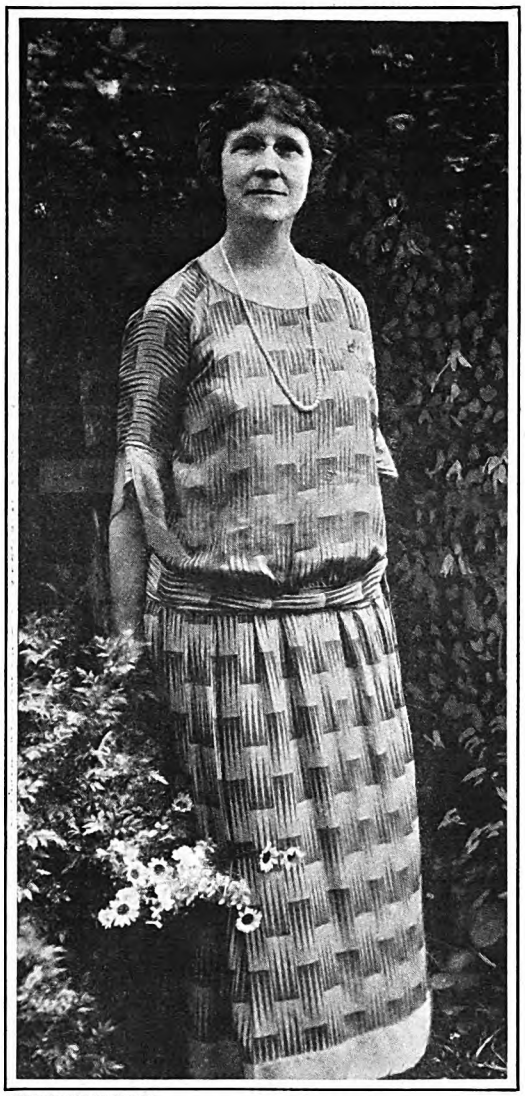
"Being in a different town each Sunday, we don't have much incentive to go to church. Besides, I have been traveling over the country for eight years, and no one has ever yet asked me to go to church with him."

This reply gave Miss Harrison an idea. She made up her mind that, after this, the Sunday sojourners in the hotels of Danville should always get an invitation to go to church. And the more she thought about it, the bigger the possibilities seemed, and the more enthusiastic she became.

How Sarah Harrison organized the "Pass It On Club" and came to be known to an army of traveling men from all over the country is the story of a unique human service. For in the seven years since she organized the club, Miss Harrison has taken to church with her over four thousand men and women who have "made" Danville, and she has turned their usually dull and lonely week-ends into periods of spiritual benefit and wholesome entertainment and pleasure. She has made them feel at home, away from home.

She and her co-workers not only take strangers to church but they also minister to the transient sick and disconsolate. Picnics, outings, and social gatherings are planned for them, and libraries of good books and magazines have been placed in all the hotels of Danville.

"When I had formulated plans to put my idea into effect," Miss Harrison said, "I went to several of my friends and asked them for their advice and help.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DURFORD

Seven years ago, Miss Sarah Harrison, of Danville, Virginia, invited a group of traveling men who were spending Sunday in a local hotel to go to church with her. After the service, she took the men to her home for a social hour. Since then, Miss Harrison and her friends have made Sunday in Danville a memorable experience for more than 4,000 strangers

"Many of those I consulted said that my plan was very fine, but that it wouldn't work out. 'Those men don't want to go to church. They will laugh you out of the hotel when you ask them,' they told me.

"I had faith in both the men and in my method of attack. But I must admit that my courage nearly failed me when I walked into the hotel lobby the next Sunday night.

But somehow, almost before I knew what had happened, every man in the lobby—there were eleven in all—was in one of the cars I had commandeered, and we were off to church.

"Later, one man told me that up to that date he had been to church only three times in five years, and those three times to funerals. One Sunday afternoon two years afterward, my 'phone rang and the same man said, 'Hello, Miss Harrison, this is John Jones, one of your charter members. Are we having church again to-night? Well, I just wanted to let you know I am here with several other good prospects, and rearin' to go.' He gave me his word that he had been to church eighty-six times in those two years, which isn't a bad record compared with the one he had made the five preceding years.

"Well, when we filed into the church that night, all eyes were upon us; but I didn't mind the neighbors thinking I was a little crazy. If ever my soul was thrilled it was when those men joined in singing the first hymn. Some of them had not seen a hymn book in years.

"After church, I invited the men to my home, where I had asked several of my friends to join us in a social hour. I had already prepared some refreshments, and we used every effort to make those men feel at home. And they did, too. Why, they were just like a bunch of boys at a party! They were not at all the same men I had seen lounging around the hotel lobby earlier in the evening, bored with just sitting, smoking—cursing the schedule or fate that had dumped them here for a whole day. Whether they knew it or not, they had really *wanted* to go to church, and now that they had gone, their spirits seemed to have risen, and they felt good over it.

"Then I told them my plans. I made them understand that I wanted them to feel at home in Danville. And I added that on every Sunday evening there would be cars to take them to church, and that there would be a social hour afterward.

"The men were most enthusiastic. So we named the club, drew up a few by-laws and with the names of those eleven men on the roll, the 'Pass It On Club' began to function."

Miss Harrison handed me the club register. In it there were pages and pages of names, over four thousand of them,

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and the range of towns and cities looked like a geography test. Every state in the Union and twenty-seven foreign countries had one or more representatives. In her scrapbooks were hundreds of appreciative letters, cards, and telegrams, from these men and from their wives, mothers, and sweethearts, and even from their firms.

Only those who have tried it can understand what it means to be ill and stranded in a strange town. Sarah Harrison has been an angel of mercy to many stranded by illness in Danville. She has placed libraries of over four hundred books in the hotels of Danville, and every Sunday morning she takes a new supply of magazines to each one of them. These books and magazines are at all times available to the guests of the hotels.

There are no dues to be paid to the "Pass It On Club," no initiation fees, and no rules or regulations. Miss Harrison bears most of the expenses. Quite frequently she receives contributions from the members and from organizations and citizens of Danville to help in her work, and whenever an emergency arises where financial assistance is necessary the members and the people of Danville have been most generous.

Every year the club holds a reunion, and all the churches combine in one big union service in honor of the event. On the Saturday evening preceding, a banquet is given in one of the hotels, and after the Sunday service an informal reception is held in Miss Harrison's home. These reunions are always well attended, considering the widely spread membership of the club.

Last year, fifty-six members came to Danville for the celebration, the majority of them having traveled scores of miles and some of them hundreds of miles to attend. HAROLD WILLIAMSON

Frank Allen Has Been a Policeman for Sixty Years!

SERGEANT FRANK B. ALLEN, an eighty-seven-year-old police officer of Rochester, New York, has served on the force for sixty years, and enjoyed every minute of it. And though he has just been placed on the retired list he is in the very best of health, taking a lively interest in police matters, and in the doings of the Grand Army of the Republic, of which he is a member.

Sergeant Allen is the only survivor of the thirty men who, on April 23d, 1865, were sworn into service as patrolmen, and who were the entire effective force of the newly organized Metropolitan Police Department of the City of Rochester, N. Y. Most of them were retired thirty to forty years ago. All save the old sergeant are dead.

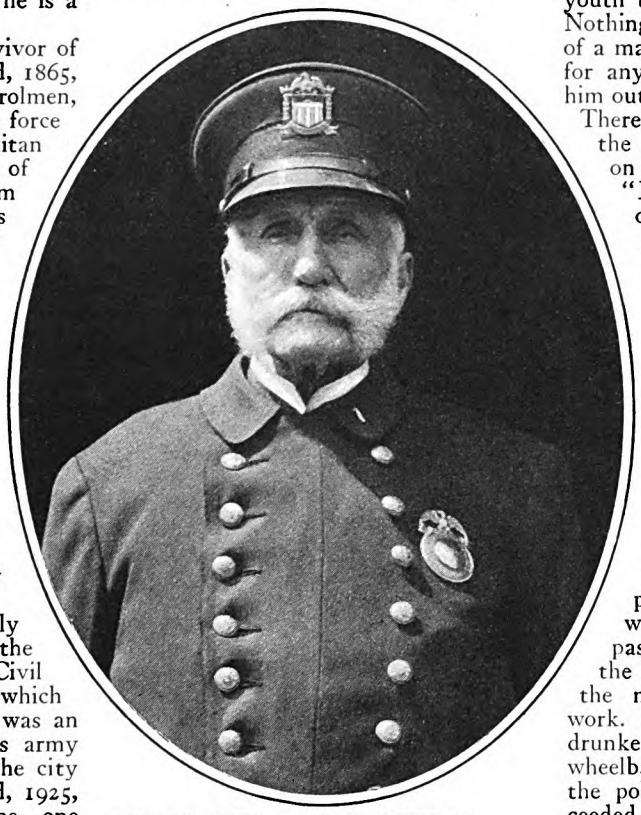
After twenty years of duty as night roundsman, Patrolman Allen was made a sergeant, and for the past forty years he has been in charge of the patrol wagon service. He refused time and again to go on the pension list, even though he was entitled to retirement with half pay over forty years ago. It was not until he had rounded out his sixtieth year of service that he consented to go off duty and accept a pension.

A week after being honorably discharged from his regiment in the Union army at the close of the Civil War, in many of the events of which the young man of twenty-seven was an actor, Private Allen changed his army uniform of blue to the blue of the city police department. On April 23d, 1925, he added his twelfth service stripe—one for every five years—to the sleeve of his coat.

The occasion was made a festive one by city officials, and the mayor was the first in the long line of those who visited Sergeant Allen's pleasant little home to offer greetings and congratulations. Two patrol automobiles filled with flowers drove to the door. The veteran sergeant had had a fall a few days before, otherwise he would have observed his last day of service by remaining on duty. The new stripe was presented by Mayor Van Zandt, who remarked that it was an honor seldom before won by any policeman in the world.

"It was a nice little speech," said Sergeant Allen later; "but what attracted my attention more was the crowd gathering around the house. Passers-by had seen the two patrol wagons drive up, and they thought the house was being raided!"

His love of fun, even when the joke is on him, has done more than anything else to keep the old officer young and happy. For his good nature and ability to see the humorous side of life has always made him a favorite in the department. Yet he is a most conscientious officer, and not once in the entire sixty years of his service has he been "on the carpet," the vernacular for being called before the commissioner on charges. Perhaps his ideas of the duties of a policeman may account for this unique record.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCHESTER KODAK EXCHANGE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sergeant Frank B. Allen, of Rochester, New York, is eighty-seven years old, and has just retired from the police force after sixty years of service. He was entitled to his pension forty years ago, but liked his job too well to quit

"A policeman is not employed to make trouble for people," explained Sergeant Allen, "and the best policeman is not the one who makes the most arrests, but usually the one who makes the fewest. A policeman is really a peace officer. I could never understand why so many people seem to fear a policeman. His duty is to protect the property and lives of the public. I have never permitted an arrest to be made, if it could be avoided. It is far better to take an intoxicated youth to his home than to the station. Nothing is gained by adding to the shame of a man or woman. I always feel sorry for anyone in trouble, and try to help him out of it."

There was a slight note of sorrow in the sergeant's voice when, reflecting on his long service, he said:

"It does make a fellow feel kind of lonesome when he sees his old friends and associates passing away. Wallace MacArthur died a year ago, and now I am the only one of the old guard left. But I am glad to have so many good friends, and especially so many young friends. Association with young men and reading the newspapers and periodicals keeps a man young. It's funny to me why so many old men want to talk only of the past. I like the pleasant memories of the past; but the future is far more interesting. I get lots of pleasure in thinking what Rochester will be like when its population passes the million mark, and of all the changes that must take place in the meantime, particularly in police work. Sixty years ago we used to trundle drunken men to jail in handcarts or wheelbarrows. I don't doubt at all that the police auto will some day be succeeded by winged patrol craft flying through the air."

As to the formula for keeping young, this question brought a smile and a quick reply: "Know how to make a joke, and take one. Don't worry about things you can't help; keep busy; love your work, and have regular habits."

To his fellow police officers, the sergeant gives this advice:

"Keep your eyes and ears open, and know enough to keep your mouth shut."

That Sergeant Allen loves his work is proved by his own words:

"If I had my life to live all over again I would be a policeman. I learned a lot during the sixty years I wore the uniform, and if I could now have the benefit of my long experience, and start all over again,

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I believe I would make a much better officer.

"Our force has grown from a handful of men to the strength of a regiment. When I began duty here in Rochester, there were no telephones, no patrol wagons, no Bertillon finger-print system, and mighty small pay. We had one day off a month and worked twelve hours a day. Up to about thirty years ago there was only one horse-drawn ambulance to serve the four hospitals, and it was kept in a barn up back of the Asbury Church, on East Avenue. When there was a call for an ambulance, we of the patrol wagon service went after it with a single horse, and no one seemed annoyed at the delay. How it all has changed!

"In police work to-day there is an opportunity for service, and the pay is sufficient to attract men of intelligence. While policemen have their books of rules, a good head and a kind heart are just as important as knowing the rules and regulations. The life of a policeman, which is in the open most of the time, is healthful, particularly if regular habits are observed, with plenty of exercise and a proper amount of rest, and meals at regular hours. I have always enjoyed good health, and these are the only laws of health I know."

Sergeant Allen is the only man in the Rochester police department who wears a beard.

"There's no rule in the department, as many think, against wearing whiskers," he said. "When the force was organized sixty years ago, nearly every man wore a full beard. I had my burnsides then, and I have worn them ever since."

HARRY A. CHASE

This Girl Steeplejack Fears Nothing but June Bugs

SWINGING on a scaffolding, one hundred and seventy-five feet above the street level, painting a giant stack, brings no fear to Ethel Hawkins, expert steeplejack of Indianapolis, Indiana. "But if a silly June bug should come clicking along, why, that would be a different story," chuckled this interesting and unusual young woman, as she sat embroidering in the attractive chintz-hung living-room of her little home. "I am not afraid of anything—bandits or burglars, or even bats—but bugs give me the 'willies'! I'd rather paint a dozen two-hundred-foot towers than have one of those horrible insects in my room, whether it touches me or not.

"I have been a 'steeplejack' since I married in my teens. My husband was in the business, and I was just crazy to help him. He finally let me start on the easier jobs. My brother, Remus Hall, with whom I now live, was a steeplejack and a splendid one, too, for thirty years, so I came by my profession naturally.

"Then my husband died suddenly, and I had to support myself. Well, painting stacks was all I knew; so I just stepped right into his job, taking his place with the company he worked for. I have been at it ever since, and I am now in business for myself. Height holds no fears whatsoever for me. It never did, and I hope it never will.

"The highest job I have done so far was on a one-hundred-and-seventy-five-foot stack for a printing company. Most of the jobs I've done are only about a hundred feet.

"This has been a busy year for me. I haven't had time to get my housecleaning done. But I'm going to pitch into it to-morrow, for I am not going to work at my business for about a week."

"Doesn't working every day get on your nerves after several months of it?" I asked, thinking of how dizzy I felt when climbing a six-foot ladder to hang curtains.

"Oh, mercy, no!" smiled Ethel Hawkins, reaching for more pink floss to finish the French basket she was working on, "the more work, the better I like it! That's another thing that makes my business so pleasant. There's always a demand for it. It's good steady work and good pay. It's the kind, too, that you can forget as soon as the whistle blows. I come home, clean up, get out my sewing or crocheting, and enjoy myself, with not a thing to worry about. I just love to sew or do any kind of handiwork. I crocheted that bedspread there; and I do my own housework—cooking and all—for my brother and myself. I enjoy it, too."

Dangling a hundred feet from the ground is an everyday experience for Ethel Hawkins, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Her husband was a steeplejack, and when he died she stepped right up into his job

"Do you play golf or tennis?" I asked her, observing her tanned and muscular arms.

"No, indeed," she said, with a twinkle in her eye; "I get all the outdoor exercise I need during my working hours. My job's not as easy as it looks to onlookers. Wielding that brush takes a lot of physical exertion. However, my recreation takes the form of this kind of thing"—holding up her embroidery—"or tinkering around the house, making curtains, or cooking. I like music too. My brother and I enjoy the electric piano, and sing with it sometimes."

Employers of Ethel Hawkins state that she is most efficient and painstaking with her work. One business head who has a number of branch houses said that he employs the young woman to do all the steeplejack jobs on all his plants, because she is so careful and thorough with her work.

The superintendent of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce tells a story on himself that concerns his meeting with her.

"One morning as I was at my desk, a very youthful, unusually pretty, and smartly dressed girl came in to see me, saying that a business friend of mine had sent her.

"Thinking she had come to ask for a contribution to some charity, I said, 'And what can I do for you?'

"'I am a steeplejack. I want the job of painting the Chamber of Commerce air shaft!' quietly answered the slim girl, in a soft voice.

"I gasped like a fish, for my friend had never mentioned to me the fact that the steeplejack who had done his work for several years was a woman. Well, she got the job, and she did a good piece of work, too."

The superintendent said there was considerable excitement among the employees of the building when they saw this pretty girl dangling in such a perilous position. There was even some talk of staging a daring rescue, but the businesslike manner in which Ethel Hawkins plied her brush soon put a stop to any such romantic idea.

She finished her entire job before dark that night, which, the superintendent told me, would have been record time even for a man.

MABEL WHEELER

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How many "well-fed" people are slowly starving?

Without knowing it, many neglect Nature's simple ways to abundant golden health and rosy beauty!

NOT FOR lack of sufficient food, but through failure to eat enough of those foods which Nature intends them to eat!

Vegetables, for example. Only too often people fail to eat enough of them. In vegetables are stored the mineral salts so essential to proper growth and renewal of the bodily tissues, bones, teeth, muscles.

DO YOU realize that well-made soup containing vegetables is one of the richest scources of these all-important nutrient elements? As vegetables are usually cooked and served, they have lost much of their most valuable food content. This is due to the fact that the water in which they are boiled is almost always thrown away. Yet while the vegetables are being cooked, that water absorbs a large portion of their mineral salts. In soup, however, these mineral salts remain to enrich and invigorate.

What a bountiful supply of rich vegetable goodness there is in every plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

Baby lima beans—dainty and enticing. Sweet little peas—the pride of the garden. Country Gentleman corn from the finest fields. Tomatoes—red-ripe and luscious with all their appetizing flavor. White and sweet potatoes—the best that grow. Snow-white celery. Chantenay carrots—the pick of the world. Selected turnips and cabbage. Okra, sweet red peppers, parsley fresh every day from our own farms, a touch of onion and leek to make the flavor even more tempting. In all there are fifteen different vegetables—and don't forget that you receive the full benefit of the mineral salts stored in them by nature to give you health and vigor.

And in addition to all these, Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains invigorating broth of choice beef, pearl barley, alphabet macaroni, herbs and seasoning—blended by our famous French chefs into as delicious a soup as you can place on your table. Thirty-two ingredients, all told!

HERE is an ideal luncheon or supper dish. It has the real nourishment you need at the midday or evening meal. It tastes so good and is so invigorating that you always welcome it, even when you do not feel like eating a heavy meal. At dinnertime it makes a real part of the longer meal. And let the children eat Campbell's Vegetable Soup often—it's so wholesome. 12 cents a can, at your grocer's.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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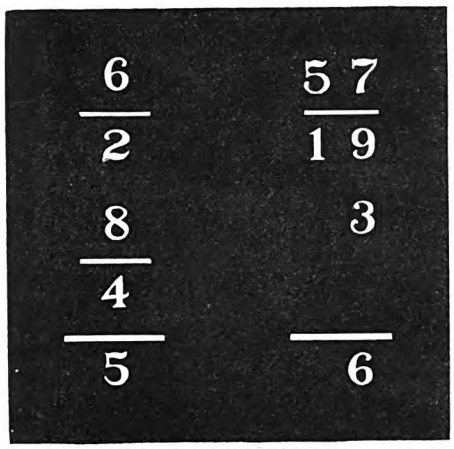
Do These if You Can

(*Continued from page 65*)



Juggling the Digits

Puzzle 14: We see in this illustration how the even digits can be arranged to total 5, and the odd digits arranged to total 6; The problem now requires the regrouping of the nine figures, the odd figures in one group and the even in another, the totals of the two groups to be alike. It can be done without employing improper fractions. This is a digital study calling for patience and ingenuity. Can you do it?

to learn what a word square is. It was not hard. For example:

```
• • • •
• • • •
• • • •
• • • •
```

Each dot represents a letter, each line of dots represents a word. And the words of the square must read alike both ways, across and down. Like this:

LAME ALAN MAID ENDS

So the first definition might be "crippled." The second, "a man's name," and so on.

I tried it out with a simple one, consisting of five squares of four-letter words, the corners of which interlocked (number 11, left, in our picture layout):

Running through the definitions, I came to "Name for Ireland" in the lower left-hand square. That was easy. A four-letter name for Ireland? "Erin," obviously. So I put it down, both ways:

```
  E
  R
ERIN
  N
```

After that it was like sliding down a greased incline.

Then I tried one that was harder (number 12, at the right, in our layout):

That showed me how important the definitions are. The two lower squares and the center came out quite readily, although one of the words called for a little poetic license, and I decided that three of the other definitions were—well, at least, "rather tricky." But the upper two squares took a longer time, with one unfamiliar word, and a few tricky definitions thrown in for good measure. If you can do it, I claim you're good.

Then, beginning to feel proud of myself, I tried the five-letter sockdolager, with nine square (number 13 in our layout).

It wasn't really as hard as it seemed, although it took some time to work out. The one spot I stumbled over was where the five letters really made two words instead of one, although the definitions were all right enough.

"You'd be surprised," Hartswick told me, "to know what difficult word squares real puzzle-fiends will work out. There's one school superintendent, for instance, who's mentioned in almost every issue of the National Puzzle League journal, 'The Enigma,' as having worked out every puzzle they printed in the previous issue.

"THE puzzle bug is certainly deep-rooted in some people, particularly those who have been solving puzzles for years. They have their favorite kinds, sometimes particular varieties, that they learned to prefer ten or twenty or thirty years ago. You should see the stickers they print in 'The Enigma.' Why, you have to work out their word squares and acrostics and all the rest with a dictionary in one hand and a slide-rule in the other!"

"What about mathematical puzzles?" I asked. "You print a good many mathematical puzzles. I know, for I've seen them."

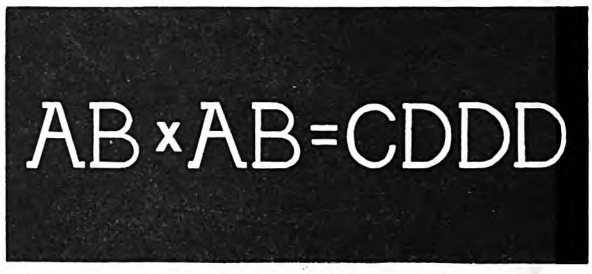
"Sure thing," he answered. "Some people like them better than anything else. If you happen to be slanted that way, try the 'Lollipop Puzzle' [number 9 in our layout] or the two mathematical puzzles [numbers 14 and 15]. All three are by Sam Loyd, our mathematical puzzle 'shark.'

"'Juggling the Digits' [number 14 in our layout] is perhaps the most difficult of the three. In fact, if you're not a good mathematician as well as a puzzle fiend you may find yourself stumped."

"How do you *know* all this about the popularity of different kinds and classes of puzzles?" I asked. "Is it just your own theory—guesswork?"

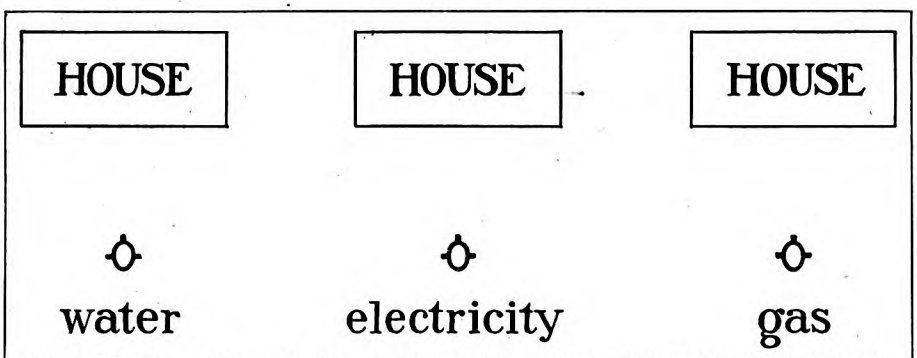
"Not at all. We have a definite barometer—contributions. We can tell the popularity of any particular brand of problem by the replies it brings in. We get letters from all over the country direct to the 'World,' and indirectly through the other papers that get the puzzle material syndicated to them.

"Here's one from Oakland, California, from a hospital: 'Please publish code or cryptograms or any word-puzzle, for they are amusement and pleasure to shut-ins.' Here's one from Toronto, Canada; a protest against the use of words that are too hard. And here, next to it, is a New York letter that says: 'Being close to seventy years of age, I am already fagged with the fifteen hours spent on puzzles during the last few days.' And here's a telegram from one of a party on tour with Alma Gluck. Here's one from a navy man whose ship has just returned to port; he worked his puzzles out on the open sea. Here is another protest on word-definitions that are too hard. Here is a letter from Booth Tarkington, and here is another from the governor of the Panama Canal Zone. Here is one asking why the puzzle section can't be printed on better paper, so that the puzzles won't



The Multiplication Problem

Puzzle 15: Can you substitute figures for the letters on the blackboard so that when the first two are multiplied the result will be as shown? In other words, find a number which when multiplied by itself gives a four-figure result of which the last three figures are the same



Puzzle 16: The problem above is to install gas, water, and electricity in each of the three houses, by bringing a line in from the water main, the electricity main, and the gas main to each house without crossing any of the lines

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Now More Dependable than Ever

Probably no single feature of Dodge Brothers Motor Car has been more widely talked about and commended than the power and promptness of the starter.

The *new* two-unit starting and lighting system now advances Dodge Brothers leadership in this important respect still further.

There are now no moving starter parts when the car is in motion—no starter chain—no noise—no wear. The new starter is even more DEPENDABLE than the old, and far simpler and more compact in construction.

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wear out so fast at the edges while being carried around in a pocket!

"A man writes in from White Bear, Minnesota, to say, 'These cryptograms are the cat's whiskers—but are your typographical errors accidental or put in just to make them harder?' But, except for just a line or two of praise or blame or comment, the run of the letters carry nothing except new puzzles. The enigma-addict contributes enigmas, the word-square fan constructs a word square, and occasionally one of the real old-time puzzle-fiends will come through with an arithmetical or geometrical problem.

"So you see, while we know which kinds of puzzles are best liked, we learn very little about any individual puzzle that we've published, good or bad. One letter will refer to one puzzle of a class, and another to another. But no single puzzle stands out, except one:

"Here's a letter from Spokane, Washington, that tells it as well as I can:

Will you please advise me whether or not the plumbing problem can be worked? The problem [number 16 in our layout] is to install gas, water, and electricity in each of three houses, by bringing a line in from the water main, the electricity main, and the gas main to each house, without crossing any of the lines. *I want to know if it can be done!*

"About once every three months we have to print that puzzle over again, and say whether or not it can be worked. But, so far as I know, that's the only puzzle we've ever had anything to do with that stands out as being anything except one of a particular class."

Answers to Puzzles

No. 1.—Begin at "T" and spell out "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe." The connecting lines will draw a shoe and complete the picture.

Anagram

No. 2.—Winter has come.

The Jumping Monkeys

No. 3.—Move as follows (moves in parentheses count as single moves): 1-5 (3-7, 7-1), (8-4, 4-3, 3-7), (6-2, 2-8, 8-4, 4-3), (5-6, 6-2, 2-8), (1-5, 5-6), 7-1.

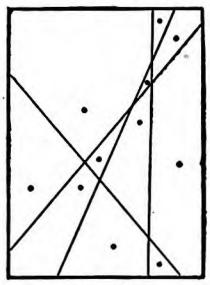
What is Wrong?

No. 4.—Hoop off top of barrel; no handle on pail; wrong sort of hands on meter; no place on oil-can to pour in oil; grate handle with round hole; keyhole-sawblade reversed; one grate turned upside down; poker not on nail; only one hinge on furnace door; padlock staple on coal bin too low; no petcock on gas jet; cellar window hinges should be at the top; handle on fork turned wrongly; no handle on sprinkler; guard on coal hod should be in front.

The Jumping Grasshopper

No. 5.—Make the following moves:
Move 12, 1, 3, 2, 12, 11, 1, 3, 2, 5, 7, 9, 10, 8, 6, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 8, 6, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 8, 6, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 8, 6, 4, 3, 2, 12, 11, 2, 1, 2. You will then have reversed the pieces in 44 moves.

Football Field Puzzle



No. 6

Poet Word Square

No. 7.—Burns, Browning, Bryant, Carlyle, Cowper, Dryden, Emerson, Field, Hood, Hunt, Jonson, Longfellow, Lowell, Milton, Moore, Noyes, Poe, Pope, Rogers, Saxe, Scott, Shelley, Spencer, Tennyson.

Flower Word Square

No. 8.—Aster, bluebell, carnation, cosmos, daisy, dandelion, geranium, hemlock, iris, lilac, lily, magnolia, marigold, pansy, peony, poppy, primrose, rose, tulip, violet.

The Lollipop Square

No. 9.—Eliminating six of the smallest size jars from the top and bottom shelves, and comparing the remaining jars, we learn that two of the largest size were equal to four of the medium size. Substituting large for medium size on the middle shelf, we have three smallest and two and one half of the largest, which we know to be equal in contents to the two largest and six smallest on the top shelf. This comparison reveals the fact that three of the smallest are equal to one half a large jar, or a whole medium jar. Since the smallest size holds five lollipops, then the medium would hold fifteen and the largest size thirty. Three of the largest, seven of the medium and fifteen of the smallest size which were displayed on the shelves, therefore, would have a capacity of 270 lollipops.

Geography for Puzzlers

No. 10.—Siam, Spain, Sweden, Chile, Germany, Italy, India, China.

Word-Square Construction

```
TALC     BEAM
ARIZ     ERIE
LIMA     AINT
CZAROAMETE
    OTTO
    ATOP
STEMOPSALT
TIRE     ARIA
ERIN     LIAR
MENU     TART
```

No. 11

```
HAHA     TEAM
AVON     EAVE
HOST     AVER
ANTSEEMERE
    ERGO
    EGGS
PLUMOSTONE
LAVA     OPEN
UVIC     NEED
MACE     ENDS
```

No. 12

Word-Square Construction

```
METER                 CAVES
EXILE                 APART
TITAN                 VALOR
ELATE                 ERODE
RENEWAIST     PALESTREW
     AISLE    ADORE
     ISLES    LOIRE
     SLEET    ERROR
     TESTSHOPSEERS
          HOVEL
          OVATE
          PETRE
     STAGSLEEPAPAL
     TOLET    ABASE
     ALONE    PASHA
     GENIE    ASHES
NAMESTEED     LEASECLAT
ANENT                 CRAVE
MELEE                 LADEN
ENEMA                 AVERT
STEAL                 TENTS
```

No. 13

Juggling the Digits

No. 14.—To juggle the odd digits and the even digits into two sums which will produce like results, we make the following arrangement:

Odd digits: 79
$5\frac{1}{3}$
$84\frac{1}{3}$

Even digits, $84\frac{2}{3}$, which of course equals $84\frac{1}{3}$.

The Multiplication Problem

No. 15.—Put 3 for A, 8 for B, 1 for C and 4 for D, and you get 38 times 38 equals 1,444.

House Service Lines Problem

No. 16.—It cannot be done. A "tricky" solution is offered by bringing one line *under* one of the houses—the other eight can be run in without crossing any lines. But this **is**, of course, merely an evasion; working the problem in a single plane—as is supposedly the case in giving it on a sheet of paper—it cannot be done.

Word Jumping

No. 17.—Ride, tide, tile, tale, talk, walk.
Kill, rill, rile, rive, rave, save.
Salt, sale, sane, wane, wine.
Bird, bard, hard, hark, hawk.
Rich, rice, race, pace, pale, pole, poll, pool, poor.
Stay, slay, flay, flat, feat, peat, pert, part.
Slow, flow, flaw, flat, feat, peat, pest, past, fast.
Whale, shale, share, shark.

Hidden Rivers

No. 18.—Elbe, Mohawk, Oder, Ohio, Volga, Po, Missouri, Lena.

Shakespearean Enigma

No. 19.—Tell the truth and shame the devil.

Enigmatic Proverb

No. 20.—A fool and his money are soon parted.

He Captured the Vanishing West Before It Vanished

(*Continued from page 29*)

country such as ours was, plenty of bad men were mixed in with the good. Some were bluffers, but some were the real thing.

"Henry Wormwood, better known as Hank, was, I think, about the first town marshal Miles City ever had. His hair was sandy, and he wore it long. You would think, to look at him, he was an affected dandy; and never in your life would you make a worse mistake.

"I knew Hank Wormwood as I knew Elbert Hubbard, long-haired men both, and I learned that a man can wear his hair long and be a real man, and *all* man.

"One night Hank came in and said there was a bunch of soldiers on leave from the fort in Strader's saloon. One of them, it seemed, was getting tough drunk, and telling what he thought of the town marshal, and swearing that 'no red-headed,

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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long-haired son of a gun' could do anything to *him*.

"'I've got to go and get him,' Hank said.

"'Better not, Hank. He's got a lot of friends. If he don't get you, likely they will.'

"'No,' Hank said, 'he's got to go back to the fort and interview the adjutant, and I reckon I'll take him.'

"Strader's Saloon and gambling hall was a lively place when Hank stepped inside, but it went quiet quick. There must have been twenty-five soldiers present. Hank was 'fixed,' of course; that is, armed. He wore his six-shooter in a holster under his left arm, and he could fan it fast when he had to. But he was careful as he went in to keep his hands well away from the gun, and not make any suspicious moves. He walked straight up to the soldier who had done the talking, acted friendly, and looked him straight in the eye.

"'What's this I hear?' Hank said. 'You wouldn't do anything to hurt me, would you?'

"The soldier *could* have done it, as far as it was a question of beef and muscle. He was not as tall as Hank, but far more powerful. But while Hank was only moderately strong, he had a pair of long hands with exceptionally long, slender, sensitive fingers, and he also had the tremendous advantage of knowing what he was going to do; the soldier, on the other hand, was left guessing.

"Suddenly, Hank's hands shot out. He caught the soldier around the neck, his two hands making a complete circle, and quick as a flash he lifted the soldier off the floor.

"It was a grip like a hangman's noose. The soldier was choked. His tongue popped out of his mouth. He couldn't get any wind. His face went purple. Holding him against the wall for a moment with one hand, Hank reached down with the other and took away his gun; then set him down.

"Hank, with his man covered, coolly surveyed the rest of the soldiers.

"'I'm goin' to take this boy back to the fort,' he said. 'I advise you fellows not to interfere.'

"He walked out with his man, and not a soldier made a move to stop him.

"THERE were far worse kinds of men than the mere braggarts and loud-mouthed toughs, and they also had to be dealt with. One day I was standing in front of the old Bella Union Theatre, in Miles City, talking to Tom Irvine, the sheriff. X. Biedler, United States marshal, and a famous manhunter of vigilante days, came along.

"'Don't turn around and look,' he cautioned us; 'but when you get a chance, notice the two fellows sitting in front of Chinnick's shack. I've got to get those men; and I don't know how I'm going to do it. They'd spot my limpy leg a mile off!'

"These two, it seemed, had been traced as the bandits who had held up a paymaster's train not long before, killing one of the guards. Other crimes besides were chalked up against them. They sat in full view, but their position was highly strategic.

"John Chinnick's shack, from where we stood, was not more than two and a half or three city blocks, but the ground all around it was open and unobstructed. Any man who undertook to cross that open patch was under their eyes and, if they didn't like his looks, it was as certain as daylight he would soon be full of lead. X. Biedler had a lame leg, and was known by sight from one end of Montana to the other, and then some. He had absolutely no chance of getting near the two desperadoes where they were then and taking them alive.

"Chinnick, in front of whose shack they were resting, was himself a product of the country and the times. Known as a business man and trader, he had various irons in the fire. But his word was as good as his bond. If John Chinnick promised to do a thing, he would do it. When his time came to pass over, he died with his boots on.

"'*I* can't go and get those men for you, X.,' Tom Irvine, the sheriff, said to Biedler. 'They know me as well as they know you, and would shoot me just as quick. Don't take any notice; but there's a man across the street who can get 'em for you, if anybody can.'

"'Who is he?'

"'Lem Wilson.'

"Lem Wilson that day was wearing high-water overalls, an old shirt and hat, and a pair of farmer-style corn-huskers' boots. He looked like a farmer's half-baked son. But Lem was older and smarter than he looked just then.

"'HE IS one of the 'Dobe Walls boys,' Tom Irvine explained.

"That of itself was a convincing recommendation. In the famous 'Dobe Walls fight, a handful of men armed with buffalo guns and surrounded by hundreds of Indians had picked off every enemy who approached within five hundred yards; and every night some of them slipped out and cut off the heads of the dead and stuck them on poles, which they displayed around the walls. They were rescued on the verge of starvation; but not a man thought of surrender. I doubt if Lem Wilson knew the meaning of fear.

"'But how,' asked Biedler, 'are we going to get word to Wilson? If those two men see us talking to him, or anything makes them suspicious, they'll shoot him too.'

"This difficulty was overcome by getting word sent in a very roundabout way through Fred Schmalsle, another 'Dobe Walls veteran. Lem fastened two six-shooters inside the tops of his ragged old overalls in such a way that to all appearances he was unarmed. He then walked straight up to Chinnick's shack, and what followed was very simple. It usually was, when the man going after something or somebody he wanted knew exactly what he meant to do.

"'What do *you* want?' the outlaws asked.

"'I'm goin' to see Chinnick,' Lem replied.

"He walked right past them. A minute later, being at their backs, he gave a command, and their hands shot into the air fast. Ragged Lem Wilson and Fred Schmalsle marched them in front of their guns to X. Biedler. They were taken to the scene of their crime, tried, hung, and forgotten within a few days.

"I pack a little lead myself, and always will, but not enough to talk about; only enough for experience! I never felt much afraid of a man laboring under intense excitement. Once I was shot at by a man standing not more than eight feet away. I felt sure at the moment that my time hadn't come, for my assailant trembled so violently that his gun wabbled in his hand. The bullet never even touched me.

"Another time, a man who was after me followed me down Main Street. I knew he was behind me; and when he got too close for comfort I suddenly stepped off the sidewalk into the street, where there was room for action if we had to have it. I turned and looked him straight in the eye. At the time I was not 'fixed;' but for some reason he believed I had a gun. Perhaps that notion saved my life.

"'You are not going to do anything,' I said. I felt perfectly cool. 'The right blood isn't in you,' I added; 'you don't dare.'

"He was white, and trembling like a leaf. Probably it wasn't what he expected. If I had dodged into a doorway, there might have been a different ending. As it was, he holstered his gun, and never interfered with me again.

"SOMETIMES men unexpectedly turned out to be heroes. Jim Pym seemed to us in Miles City very unassertive, quiet and ordinary. To show you the kind he was, I once saw another man pull a gun on him in front of my shop. He took the gun out of the fellow's hand, tossed it away, knocked his assailant down, kicked him, and told him to leave town and not show his face in it again. The fellow left.

"Jim and Mrs. Jim, as we knew her, lived in a little log shack near Bill Reece's dance hall. Jim was mighty good to her. One day, a younger man was visiting with her at Jim's house, or at the dance hall. Unexpectedly, Jim came on the scene.

"What was the younger man to expect, caught like that, from a man like Jim Pym? Certainly he looked for no mercy; doubtless he felt he would be killed like a rat. So he pulled his own gun without a word, and shot Jim dead.

"Well, we laid out Jim for burial. And under his shirt, next to his heart, we found—what do you suppose? A Congressional medal awarded James Pym for exceptional gallantry on the field of battle!

"Not a man of us had ever heard Jim breathe a word of it. He was just old Jim Pym. And the medal was worn inside his shirt, where no man would see it.

"Later, General Edward S. Godfrey, now the last surviving officer from the general engagement in which Custer and his entire command were killed, told me, as we talked together, standing on Reno's Hill, June 26th, 1916, what he knew of Jim Pym. The throats of the wounded, he said, felt as if they were filled with dry cotton, from the thirst. They lay helpless, suffering, under fire. Jim Pym crawled down to the river time after time and got water and brought it back to them. He saved many a life that day.

"And Jim was to wear the medal they gave him, *under* his shirt, unwilling to be known for the things he had done. And he was to die by a dastardly bullet, in plain view of those whom he had served faithfully and long. Oh, the West did breed men!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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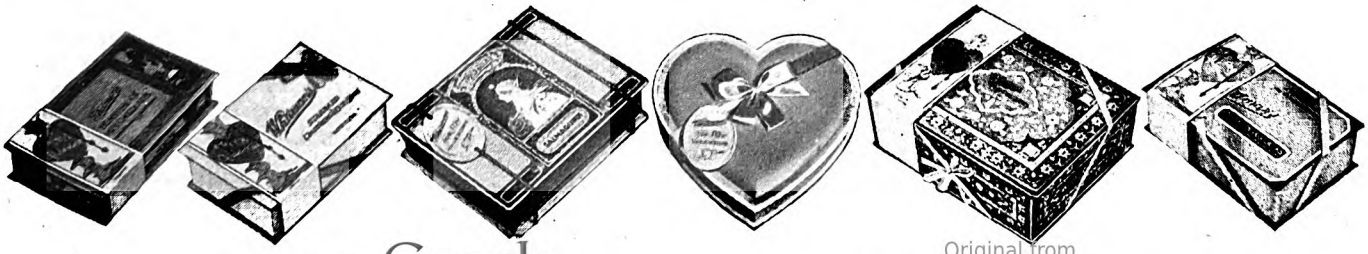
The Sampler
–a favored Valentine token

Do you want her to know who sent the Valentine? You don't — *and you do,* especially if it's Whitman's Sampler. There's an air of unusualness about this famous box of sweets that you'll be proud to have her associate with your name. How she will enjoy the delicious chocolates and confections, the selections of the most critical candy tastes in America! Give the Sampler and you give a thrill.

A glance at the mysteriously written address. An air of suspense as the package is opened. Then a real thrill of pleasure when she finds it's a box of

Whitman's Chocolates

Suit the Valentine to the individual taste. Each of the celebrated Whitman packages has its own "personality" and its own admirers. The Sampler, A Fussy Package, Salmagundi, Cloisonné, Bonnybrook Milk Chocolates, The Heart Box. Selection is easy from these beautiful boxes, with their special Valentine bands and the charming variety of their assortments. Every box sent direct from us to our agents in your neighborhood.



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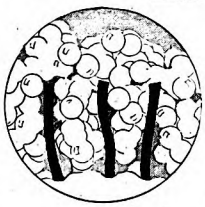
Super-moist Bubbles

why they make shaving easier, quicker

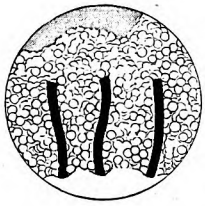
YOUR razor does its work at the base of your beard, not at the surface. In order to soak whiskers soft and pliable right where the cutting is done, your lather must hold an abundance of water in contact with the bottom of each hair.

For science asserts it is the water which the lather holds that really softens whiskers.

Colgate chemists have created a super-moist lather. This lather goes deep down to the bottom of each whisker. If you look at the lather pictures on the right, you will see proof. Note the amazing smallness of the Colgate bubbles. See how compact they are—how closely they nestle to the base of each hair. That's the reason this modern cream gives shaving comfort hitherto unknown.



ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This lather-picture of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream shows how the tiny moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the bottom of every hair, holding water, not air, against the base of the beard and softening it right where the razor works.

How Colgate Lather Works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

(1) The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair, and floats it away.

(2) With the oil film gone, millions of tiny water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard right where the razor does its work.

A week's better shaves Free

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

We ask you to prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just clip this coupon. We will send you a generous trial size tube free.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK

© 1927, C. & Co.

In Canada,
Colgate & Co., Ltd.
72 St. Ambroise St.
Montreal

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501-B, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

It's Mighty Hard to Be Honest in My Town

(*Continued from page 51*)

application of the principles he taught me. Perhaps I am boneheaded. I'm sure I don't know what the trouble is. Yet, it does seem to me that my course was the only right one in the case of the hospital and the water supply. I wish I could know positively.

And here's another case:

My town is a college town. The college has for some years put out a winning football team. Pride in this team long ago outgrew all reasonable bounds. I was graduated from that college, and I like it as much as I should. But the mere fact that I attended a certain school does not, as I see it, make that school the very best one in the whole wide world. Yet I am expected to reason along that line. If I remember the law of syllogisms taught me in college, your major premise must be right, or the syllogism falls. But here is the syllogism they ask me to make and live by:

Any college I attended is the best in the world.
I attended Blank college.
Therefore, Blank college is the best in the world.

Absurd? Absolutely. Anyone will admit it is absurd if you put it to him in this fashion; that is, he will admit it abstractly. But don't try to live up to your own common sense about colleges! Take that bit of advice from me, and save yourself a lot of trouble.

HERE is what happened last year: The best football team in the history of this school was to be broken up by the graduation of six varsity men. Other players must be had. To get them, the alumni who run the athletics combed the state, and obtained names of the twenty or thirty best high-school players to be found. Then they asked other alumni to visit these high-school boys and urge each one to attend Blank college. They came to me. Why, I do not know.

"Here's a list of names," they said. "Three of these boys are sons of your friends. Two others, we believe, are related to you. So you are just the man to get these five to attend old Blank next year! We just must have them, especially Brown and Jones. They are the best little half-backs in the state, and you can get them. You have influence with their families."

"Maybe I could get them," I replied; "but I'll not promise to try. Blank may not be the best school for those boys to attend, and, frankly, I could not, for the sake of our football team, or out of loyalty to a school, deprive a boy of the kind of education he should have.

"I know two of these boys very well. One of them has a genius for mechanics. The other has always wanted to take over his father's farm. Blank college hasn't any mechanical courses, nor any agricultural courses. Do you think I would be

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27th in 1924

18th in 1925

9th in 1926

4th in 1927

Celebrating the Most Significant Record in Motor Car History

1927 marks the third milestone in the history of Chrysler—today, more than ever, an outstanding success in the motor industry.

In 1924—its first appearance at a national automobile show—Chrysler exhibited in *27th place.*

During the year that followed 32,000 Chryslers were built and shipped. This achievement was a first-year production record for a quarter century of automobile manufacture.

A discerning public, appreciative of a new measure of performance, beauty and comfort, paid more than fifty million dollars for this new Chrysler—winning *18th place* for Chrysler at the 1925 National Shows, where rankings are determined by the sales volume of the preceding year.

Then followed another even more sensational year. In 1925, the public purchased 137,526 sixes and fours of Chrysler manufacture, which placed Chrysler in *9th place* a year ago.

Today Chrysler is in 4th place!

In three years, public preference has enabled Chrysler to overtake and pass in volume of sales 23 other manufacturers.

This stupendous honor, gained only three years after its debut, comes as the result of the production and sales in 1926 of *170,414* Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80".

The fifty million dollar sales record of Chrysler's first year has grown into a staggering volume of $249,194,940 paid for Chrysler Products in the past twelve months.

An impressive indorsement of Chrysler quality, Chrysler value, Chrysler *leadership.*

In response to such a public tribute, the Chrysler Corporation can only express its deep and sincere appreciation.

In return for the confidence proclaimed by this record-breaking public preference, Chrysler pledges itself—with its increased and more modern facilities—to an even stricter maintenance of the high integrity of its public service and to a protection of the good will reposed in its unique engineering and manufacturing plan of Standardized Quality.

CHRYSLER

"50 ~ 60 ~ 70 ~ IMPERIAL 80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

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Aqua Velva
PROTECTS
your face—
keeps your
SKIN
like velvet

Here's *After-shaving Comfort* *on the coldest day*

THESE winter mornings are hard on the freshly shaven face. Once you leave the warmth of the house, you hit icy winds on your way to work. Your skin needs special protection.

Try This. After shaving tomorrow, slap on a few drops of Aqua Velva, the new scientific after shaving liquid—keeps the skin as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it—gives all day face comfort.

5 After-Shaving Comforts

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards against wind and cold.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture of the skin, leaving it flexible and comfortable. Aqua Velva keeps it as soft and smooth as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

And the coupon below makes it easy for you to test Aqua Velva.

The large 5-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva cost 50c (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

Williams Aqua Velva

FREE OFFER—CLIP AND MAIL COUPON

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 12, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

_____

_____

_____

Amer. 2-27

doing right if I persuaded those boys—as I probably could do—to come here? Would it be a decent thing to do, a Christian thing? Gentlemen, you are asking me, for the sake of a football team, to do what might result in the partial loss of four years out of the lives of these boys; and I won't do it!"

My fellow alumni left the store in deep disgust. They could find no words to express their opinion of such a dour, crabbed, disloyal man. I heard nothing more from them directly, but apparently they got in their work: I was not reëlected a trustee of Blank this spring! I don't care particularly, for the job was not important. The trustees never did anything much but meet, hear some dry reports, adopt them, and come away.

I do not want to bore you with an endless repetition of my adventures in living up to my opinions. Reading this as you do, abstractly, and not as applying to your town, you will know what I am talking about, and probably say I am right. Would you say the same thing about a fellow townsman such as I am? I wonder!

NOT long ago, a very sensational evangelist was making arrangements for a meeting in my town. His outrunners came before him and began to pump up enthusiasm and make physical arrangements for a meeting in my town. They wanted, first of all, a field in which they could put up a big tent; and I owned a field which they said was well located. "Right on the car line, and on a paved road," they told me. "Near at hand, too. We are sure, Brother, that you will let us have the field free, for the work of our Master. It's a glorious opportunity we are offering you. God gave you that field for this occasion."

I thought they would sing a hymn and offer a prayer before they finished, but they did not. In fact, they left with anger showing on their faces, for they didn't get my field.

I am a Christian, or try to be one; I believe in churches and give liberally to them. I have no objection to evangelistic meetings. But I did object to this particular evangelist. His personal reputation was not good. And there were other vacant fields where he could pitch his tent and pass his hat. Possibly I did wrong in denying the use of my field; but I acted as I thought best. But do you think all of my neighbors granted me the right to act the way I did? Not much!

The point of the story about the evangelist—and about all the others I have told—is this: I have a right to my opinion, and a right to act upon it, as long as I do not hurt anyone else. I am sure of that; but there are a lot of folks who would deny me that right.

Secretly, a great many men in my town agreed with what I did when the evangelist's men came to me; but only a few had the courage to say so openly. A neighbor who lives on the same street came over one evening and told me he thought this particular evangelist a fake (he has since been publicly discredited), and gloried in my spunk in turning his agents down. But when the meeting got under way, this same neighbor accepted an invitation to sit on the platform with the evangelist, and thus publicly endorse the meeting.

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ADDING · BOOKKEEPING · CALCULATING AND BILLING MACHINES

Burroughs Portable Adding Machine

50,000 NOW

in the hands of satisfied users

First advertised only seven months ago

Think of it! 50,000 Burroughs Portables added to the 1,050,000 other Burroughs Machines that have been sold throughout the world.

The Portable is every inch a Burroughs, built in the Burroughs factory to Burroughs standards, from the best materials Burroughs experience can buy—passing the same rigid inspection as the highest priced machines—carrying the same guarantees—backed by the same Burroughs nationwide service. Portable, convenient, speedy, accurate, easy to operate, low in price, high in value—giving to everyone, everywhere, complete satisfaction.

Ask for demonstration or complete information. No obligation.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO.
6222 Second Boulevard DETROIT, MICH.

Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited. Sales and Service Offices in all Principal Cities of the World.

$100
Delivered in U.S.A.
Easy terms if desired
$115 in Canada

Burroughs Has Built More Than 1,100,000 Machines

ADDING · BOOKKEEPING · CALCULATING AND BILLING MACHINES

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BEAUTY THAT SPARKLES

CLEAN

Teeth kept dazzlingly white by this dual-action dentifrice that washes and polishes them clean.

BEAUTIFUL teeth are *clean.* Every smile should show clean teeth. Here is the simple way to dental cleanness.

Modern mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces. Then it thoroughly washes teeth, gums, tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual-action of Colgate's brings unequalled cleanness, removes the causes of decay.

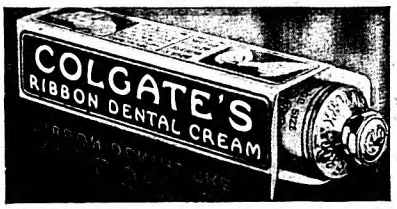
IF CLEAN—WHY WORRY?

A normal healthy mouth needs no drug-filled dentifrice. Visit your dentist at least twice a year. Brush your teeth with Colgate's at least twice a day. Then you need never worry over mental dental ills.

© 1927, C. & Co.

Colgate & Co.

Est. 1806—NEW YORK



Free to the readers of this publication — a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 200-B, 581 Fifth Ave., New York.
Send me a sample of this modern dual-action Dental Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal

There have been many other such incidents. There was the popular subscription for stock in a new hotel, when no new hotel was needed; the effort to make the town a summer resort, though it has not the attractions necessary for one; the movement for a skyscraper on Main Street, where all other buildings are from two to four stories; the plan to have all use electric signs, and then the plans to have these signs removed, because they were unsightly, and the booster trips here and yonder over the land.

In such enterprises I have taken no part. My rôle is that of an onlooker, and sometimes that of an obstructionist. But I never try to obstruct anything that is actually for the promotion of human happiness. My efforts are altruistic, rather than boosteristic.

The wordy combats with my neighbors have caused me a good bit of worry; but I have had some fun out of them. Once I attended a community meeting, the object of which was to boost the town's population. A long resolution was read. It had a dozen "whereases" and a final "now, therefore." The purport of the resolution was to urge people living in the country around about to move into town and establish their homes. It was adopted unanimously, of course, as all resolutions of that nature are. "Unanimously" means a few weak "ayes" when the motion is put, and a hearty statement from the chairman to the effect that the motion is adopted.

Well, at the meeting I am talking about, the usual procedure was gone through with, and then I arose to speak.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen," I began, "the discussion that has just taken place interested me very much. The united front you displayed was indeed impressive. But, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, I think we should go further. I have here in my hand another resolution which I want you to consider, and which I hope you will adopt."

I then proceeded to read a resolution I had scribbled hastily. It was an endorsement of a "back to the farm" movement. It had half a dozen or so "whereases," and the customary "now, therefore" at the end of it. The evils of farm desertion were stressed; the danger of draining the country in the interest of the towns and cities was cited. I put the motion as fervently as I could, and seconded it myself. The vote was taken, and the resolution adopted.

I had a lot of fun out of that. The meeting had adopted two resolutions which contradicted each other, and no one seemed to realize what had happened. It is generally that way with such meetings. Read enough "whereases" and "now, therefores," and your motion will pass.

ANOTHER story, and then I'm through: At one of the recent political campaigns in my state, a local man was running for the office of governor. A great sentiment was worked up for him in this, his home town. On all hands, men urged us to present a "united front" in support of the "home boy." Again, I got into trouble. It happens that I did not regard this candidate as the best man in the race, and it happens that our state was particularly in need of an able governor.

When a man is chosen governor, he is

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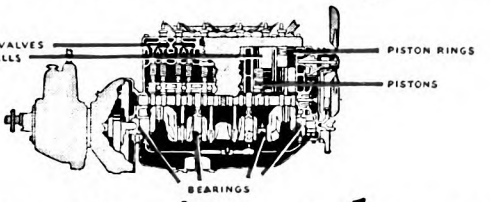
How big does 5¢ look to you? Big enough to risk the good service you get from your car?

Mobiloil costs you only 5¢ more per quart than ordinary oil. But this extra 5¢ buys Mobiloil protection for...



3 out of every 4 motorists who ask for oil by name, ask for Mobiloil, because ...

Make this **CHART** *your guide*

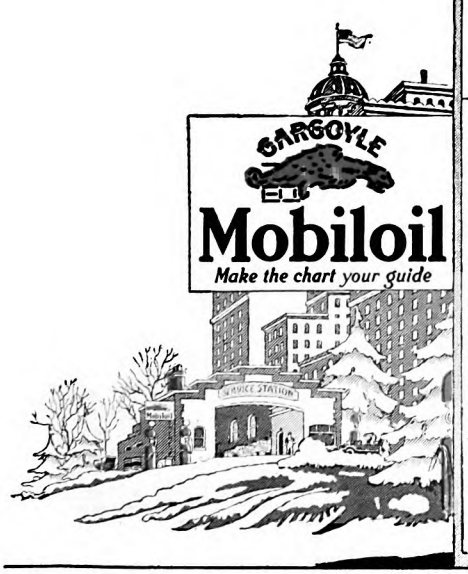
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

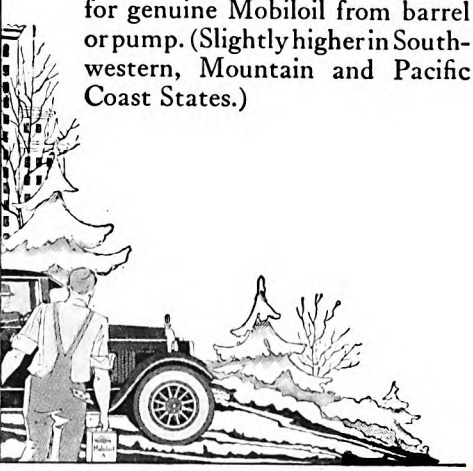
The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil, indicated below, are Mobiloil "E," Mobiloil Arctic ("Arc"), Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil "BB," and Mobiloil "B."

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926		1925		1924.		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	....	....	....	....
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile (4 & 6)	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....





Mobiloil has kept down their repair bills. Mobiloil has cut down their carbon. Mobiloil has given them more power and greater quiet.

61 years' experience in lubrication is behind every quart of Mobiloil. And 42 Mobiloil engineers specify the grade that is correct for your car in the Mobiloil Chart. This Chart has the approval of 609 manufacturers of automobiles and other automotive equipment.

The Mobiloil dealer has the complete Chart. Through it he will guide you to the lowest-priced lubrication.

30c a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas.*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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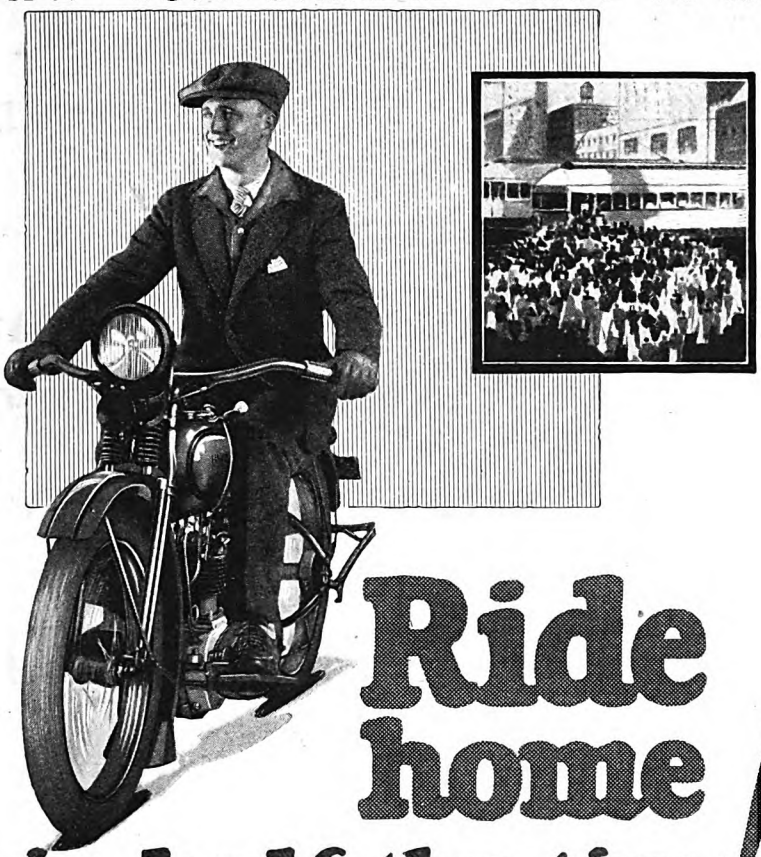
SAFE – COMFORTABLE – EASY TO RIDE!



Ride home! – in half the time!

A comfortable spin in the fresh air!

AT quitting time you breeze home in comfort—while the other men are jamming into crowded street cars or busses. You get fresh air all the way—save time—enjoy a great out-door sport—all at a cost of *one cent per mile!*

The Harley-Davidson Single—new-type motorcycle—is the engineering triumph of a company that has been a leader in the industry for many years. When you buy a Harley-Davidson you are buying *dependable transportation.*

The Single is easy to ride and control—*safe.* Parks in any 2x8 foot space—*convenient.* Travels 80 miles on a gallon—*economical.* Powerful Ricardo-head motor.

Easy to buy, too. Ask your Harley-Davidson dealer about his Pay-as-you-ride Plan. Price complete with 3-speed transmission and full electric equipment, f. o. b. Milwaukee $235

Send the coupon for literature and full details.

The HARLEY-DAVIDSON [New-Type Motorcycle] Single

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
Dept. AM Milwaukee, Wis.

Delivery Service that Saves Money

Quick, dependable package delivery for three cents per mile! The twin-cylinder Harley-Davidson Package Truck gives you the lowest cost fast delivery service obtainable. Has solved the delivery problem in 37 different lines of business. Write for the facts.

80 miles per gallon

Big sales opportunities in open territories

Harley-Davidsons will be on display at the National Motorcycle Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City, Jan. 31 to Feb. 5.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.,
Dept. AM, Milwaukee, Wis.
Interested in ☐ Single; ☐ Package Truck.
Interested in your Dealer Proposition ☐ Is my territory open?

Name _____

Address _____

put in that high office as the servant of the entire state, not of one locality. Why, then, should local pride be a big factor? The relative ability of the candidates is the thing to consider; their post-office addresses are the least important thing about them. What should I do in this case—vote for the local man, whom I regarded as rather poor gubernatorial timber, or vote for the best man, regardless of local feeling?

Well, you know which I did. And you also know the effect my action had upon my popularity with some of my fellow citizens. Was I right in voting for the best man, as I saw it?

As I said at the outset, I put down these stories to clarify my own thinking, and to help you, if possible, decide upon your course of action in meeting local issues. I have no way of knowing whether you have derived either pleasure or benefit from these experiences of mine. But I have derived both pleasure and benefit—the pleasure that comes from parading my views in public, and the benefit that comes from getting something off my chest!

BECAUSE our Puritan forebears rather inclined to the idea that anything pleasant was sinful, a great many people to-day get all tangled up with their consciences and ruin their health, their happiness, and their dispositions. Next month, in "Are You Overworking Your Conscience?" Dr. William S. Sadler tells about some remarkable cases of over-conscientiousness that he has met in his medical career. Don't take life with too deadly seriousness is his advice. Conscience needs educating and bringing up to date, as well as other things.

Gene Hewitt, Head Porter, Wouldn't Trade Jobs With a King

(*Continued from page 57*)

hotel lobby what seemed like a million lights blinked and glowed amid such splendor as he had never dreamed of. An orchestra played softly from some unseen retreat. Beautiful women and finely dressed men moved about, and among them were servants in uniform. Gene thought that would be a fine place to work.

In his mackinaw and woods boots, Gene clumped right in past the startled door man. He smiled as he told me about it.

"I didn't get very far in the front," Gene said. "The door man collared me, and told me if I was looking for a job I'd better get myself around to the rear door.

"The hotel had as head porter a man named Pete, who, up to that time, was the biggest man I'd ever seen.

"'What do you want?' he shouted at sight of me.

"'Work!' I told him.

"He looked down at the size of me, then roared with laughter. 'Work!' he said. 'What in blazes can *you do?*'

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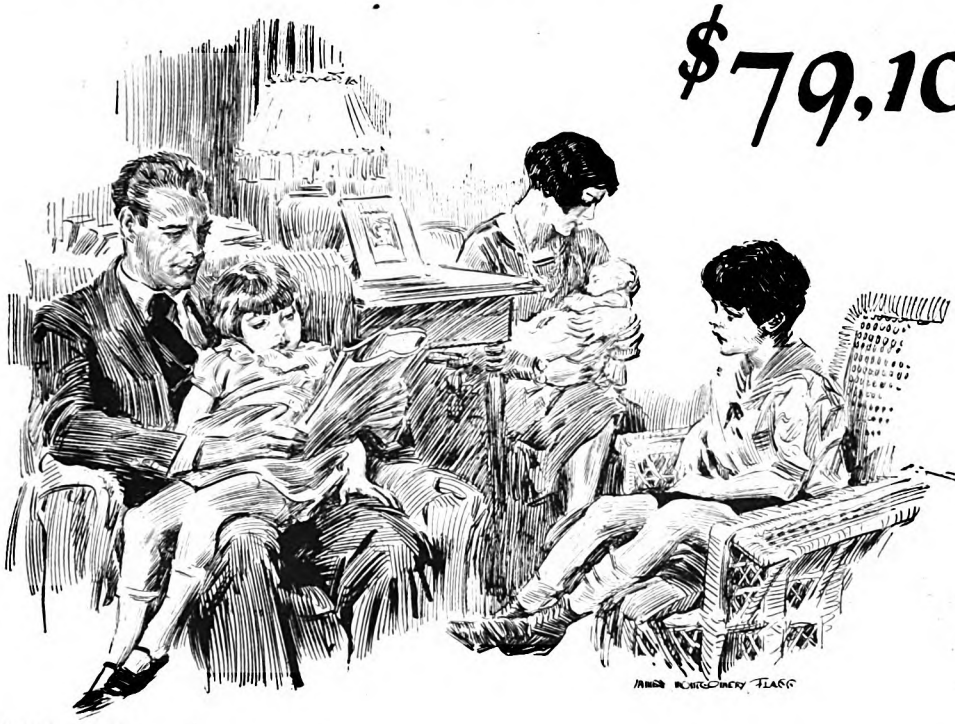
"Broke"—but Worth $79,100.00



©1927 M. L. I. Co.

DAD earns $50 a week. He has just paid the rent, the grocery bill and the milk bill. He says he is "broke but happy". He has his wife, his children and his comfortable little home. He feels far from rich, but in reality he and his family are worth a small fortune.

Because they have good health, this typical American family represents $79,100 of the nation's wealth.

As a useful American, Dad, at 30, can figure himself as actually worth $31,000 today—for that is the present value of his future earnings less his personal expenses. Dad is one of thousands who are earning $50 a week—an average Dad. If Dad is frequently sick or if he dies young, he will be worth less than $31,000. With better-than-average health and longer life, he should be worth a great deal more. His family will be better protected, better nourished and given a greater chance for future success if Dad keeps well.

Mother's contribution to the family wealth—her time and energy, love and devotion—can never be measured in money. But at a very conservative estimate, the money value of her services must be at least half that of Dad's—$15,500.

That rosy-cheeked, four-months-old baby boy is worth $9,500 this minute, while big Brother, seven, and little Sister, five, are worth $16,000 and $7,100 each as future productive citizens.

But their fortunes are locked up in their own bodies. They will reach the full measure of their wealth only by keeping healthy and fit for their daily work—otherwise their fortunes will shrink.

Let Dad—every dad from coast to coast—learn how to use the great discoveries of modern medical science to prevent disease and prolong the lives of his children, his wife and himself.

And if he thinks that he is "broke", let him find out what he really is worth in dollars and cents to himself, to his family, and to his country.

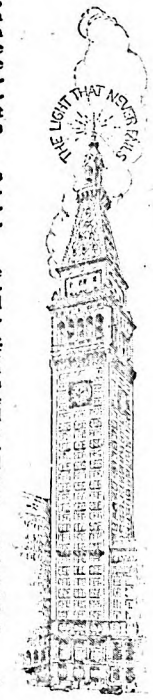
Contrasted with the total material wealth of the country in 1922—railroads, buildings, land, mines, etc.—which amounted to 321 billion dollars, the economic value of the lives of the entire population was 1500 billions. More than six billion dollars were lost last year because of needless deaths.

With these tremendous values in mind the importance of health and welfare work becomes apparent.

Seventeen years ago the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company instituted a health and nursing service for policyholders. More than 20 millions of dollars were expended in this campaign. During this period, the mortality rate of policyholders declined more than 30 per cent and the accumulated saving which can be ascribed to welfare work, has totalled the amazing sum of 43 millions of dollars.

The Metropolitan will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "The Value of Human Life at all Ages". It tells what you are worth, also the potential worth of each member of your family.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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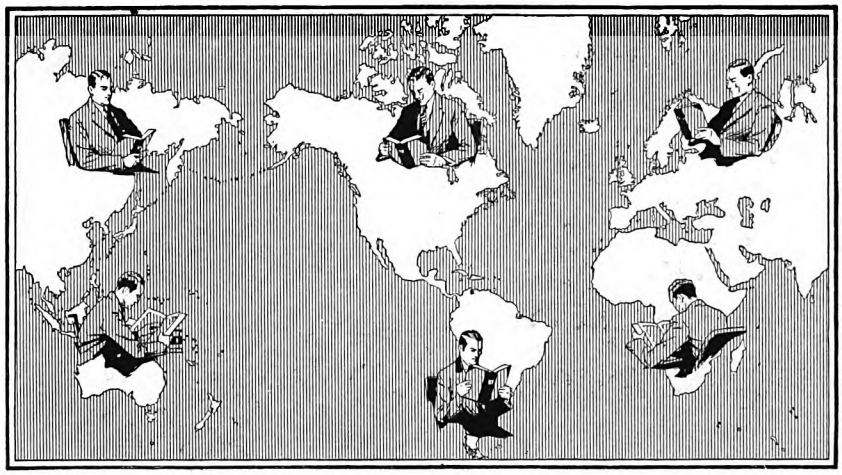

The Whole World Is the Campus of This Famous School

In the past thirty-five years, nearly three million men and women have enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools in the United States and Canada.

That, in itself, is an amazing record of service and a tribute to the instruction rendered by these Scranton schools over a long period of years. Yet it is by no means a complete story of the far-flung activities of this institution.

Almost as important as the work of the I. C. S. in this country is a branch of its educational service to which you may never have given a thought—the training of thousands upon thousands of men and women of other nations and in practically every nook and corner of this wide world.

The following list shows just a few of the foreign countries served by the I. C. S. and the number of students enrolled in each:

United Kingdom (England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland)	200,000
Australia	40,000
South Africa	22,500
New Zealand	16,000
India	7,500
Straits Settlements	4,000
Egypt	2,000
Burma	1,000
Philippines	15,000
China	4,000
Spain	8,500
Hawaii	1,100
France	700
Argentine and Chile	24,000
Brazil	3,100
Colombia	1,800
Cuba	7,200
Mexico	11,000
Panama	3,000
Peru	1,100
Porto Rico	2,400

Branch offices are maintained by the I. C. S. in many of these foreign capitals (*as in leading cities in this country*) and they have proved of great help to ambitious students. More than two hundred and fifty people are employed in the London office of the I. C. S. alone.

When you read over such imposing figures as these, you begin to realize something of the tremendous size and influence of the International Correspondence Schools and the part they are playing in the educational programs of many nations.

Truly it has been said that "the sun never sets on the I. C. S. student."

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Founded 1891 *More than* 3,400,000 *students*

MAIL THE COUPON FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 7463-E, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Personnel Organization
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Banking and Banking Law
- ☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
- ☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Private Secretary
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Show Card Lettering
- ☐ Stenography and Typing
- ☐ English
- ☐ Civil Service
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ Illustrating
- ☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electric Lighting
- ☐ Mechanical Engineer
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Railroad Positions
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ Civil Engineer
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Metallurgy
- ☐ Steam Engineering
- ☐ Radio
- ☐ Architect
- ☐ Blueprint Reading
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ Automobile Work
- ☐ Airplane Engines
- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ Agriculture and Poultry
- ☐ Mathematics

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES

- ☐ Home Dressmaking
- ☐ Professional Dressmaking
- ☐ Millinery ☐ Cooking

Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

"'Anything,' I said. 'Whatever you've got.'

"At that Pete went into another spasm. 'Say, d'yuh think this is a nursery?'

"But Pete did need help, and finally he agreed to give me a trial. My pay was to be eighteen dollars a month, with room and board. The next morning I started in, sweeping up the baggage-room and alley.

"Business was good, and plenty of salesmen were registered at the hotel. Pete had to supply these salesmen with boys to carry their sample cases around town. About nine o'clock, after his last carrier boy had been assigned, a dry-goods salesman came in for a boy. He had eight or ten heavy cases.

"Pete looked at the cases, sized me up disgustedly, and then turned to the salesman.

"'You'll have to take this kid,' he grumbled. 'He's dumb, but he's the best I can give yuh until to-morrow.'

"I FOUND a pushcart and piled the cases onto it, and we started out. Whenever the salesman came to a customer I had to unload, tote the cases inside—usually up long flights of stairs—and when he had finished carry the whole lot out to the cart again. I had been in the hospital for two months and my leg was still sore. After a while I thought my back was broken, and that my arms were coming loose from my body.

"'How you coming, kid?' the salesman would ask me.

"'Fine,' I'd say. 'This is *easy*.'

"I tried to do what he wanted before he had a chance to ask me. By night I was half dead, but I didn't let the salesman know that.

"At the hotel Pete was waiting for us. 'Sorry I had to get yuh that lunkhead,' he apologized, jerking his thumb at me. 'To-morrow I'll give yuh a good boy.'

"And then I got my first big thrill: 'I'll keep the lunkhead,' said the salesman. 'He's the best boy I've ever had.'

"He was in Detroit three or four days, and each morning before starting out he asked for me. After that, Pete put me on as a regular carrier. I'd get up at five-thirty, sweep up the place, and at nine start out with samples.

"It was only a week or two before I discovered that traveling salesmen were always asking questions about trains. So I got time tables and studied them. In spare time I talked with the men at the ticket offices. From older salesmen I picked up bits of knowledge that I could pass along to younger men. I tried to serve these men so well that whenever they came to the hotel they would ask for *me*.

"One night, after I had been working about a year, I lay in bed in my little upstairs room and checked up. I found that I knew dozens and dozens of men, not only their names and what they did for a living, but also their habits. I knew who smoked cigars, and the brands they smoked; and who smoked cigarettes, or a pipe, and those who didn't smoke at all. I had it all down in my mind, ready to be put to use whenever these men asked for Gene. They did ask for me, sometimes two and three at a time, when I could only go out with one.

"'Why, just dozens of people ask for me, and remember me!' I said to myself. 'And all because I've helped them!'

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Supremely happy because yours is *The smiling* MOUTH of YOUTH

MOST IMPORTANT are the six little glands in your mouth.

As long as they are active, vigorously supplying the natural fluids that prevent decay, your white teeth stay sound, your gums remain hard and healthy-pink.

But this protection of the mouth glands is all too easily lost.

For the exercise that keeps them active, youthful, is not given by our modern diet. The soft foods we eat need too little chewing. Soon the mouth glands cease producing their natural fluids. Then decay begins.

Especially to correct this — to renew the vigor of the mouth glands as well as to polish the teeth — Pebeco was prepared. As you brush your teeth with Pebeco you can taste an important salty ingredient. You can feel its soft crystals dissolve.

This important substance in Pebeco restores for you each day the healthy, smiling Mouth of Youth. A tingling after-feeling tells you that the tiny mouth glands are refreshed, revived.

Made only by Pebeco, Inc. A Division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

Where the six tiny mouth glands must be reached

With most of us, the important little mouth glands are slowing up from our very earliest years. Too soon soft foods deprive the teeth and gums of their protection. The numbers show where the mouth glands are, three on each side. They should be working day and night, producing the fluids that neutralize the acids of decay. Pebeco restores these fluids to cleanse and purify, even where the toothbrush cannot reach.

All the Loveliness and Charm of joyous Youth are Yours

How thrilling to be popular, admired—even envied—for your gaily flashing smiles, your piquant, adorable mouth!

"I like the sharp clean tang of Pebeco," writes one enthusiast, "because I love to feel happily confident that my teeth show shining white, my whole mouth pure and wholesome. I feel so free to laugh when I have used Pebeco each day."

Free Offer: *Send coupon today for generous tube*

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D-27, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER FEB., 1928

PEBECO
keeps the Mouth Glands young

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A car for every purse and purpose

THIS YEAR the General Motors line is an imposing Automobile Show in itself.

Here is every style of body. Every type of design—four cylinder, six cylinder, eight cylinder. Every improvement. Every price, from the Chevrolet touring car at $510 to the Cadillac with special coach work at $9,000. *A car for every purse and purpose.*

Every one of the models now on display is different and distinguished. Yet two unifying characteristics bind them all together:

1 EVERY CLOSED BODY is by Fisher. The quality of all body workmanship is Fisher quality, whether you pay $500 or $9,000. And because Fisher is owned by General Motors, and its plants are a part of the General Motors plants, you know that every resource and artistic skill has been utilized to make the body and the chassis a perfect quality unit.

2 EVERY MODEL has shared in the advantages of General Motors research, purchasing standards and Proving Ground tests; and in the economies of volume production made possible by world-wide sales. Dollar for dollar you will buy more value in the car you select because of General Motors quality and the public's purchase of 1,200,000 General Motors cars last year.

THE GENERAL MOTORS line is a direct result of the record-breaking patronage accorded by the public in 1926. The economies which this great volume afforded have been passed on to the car purchaser in even better quality. With great pride we invite you to inspect the new General Motors cars and to make one or more of them your own.

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND · BUICK
CADILLAC · GMC TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS, TRUCKS & BUSES
FRIGIDAIRE — The Electric Refrigerator

"At the thought of it I felt as if I owned the whole world. And right then, that night, I decided to myself that some day I was going to be head porter in the biggest hotel in the state!"

IT WAS when Gene Hewitt said this, with an earnestness that the words themselves can't even suggest, that I began to get an insight into the bigness that can be put into a humble job. I began to realize his joy in his work.

Gene had said something about his friends. You will notice, as this story goes on, how his first step upward toward his goal, and every succeeding step upward, came through the friends he made.

The Hotel Vincent, at Saginaw, asked Gene to come to it as head porter. Some of his friends had suggested him for the job.

From Saginaw he went to the St. Charles, at Toledo; and from Toledo back to the Russell House, in Detroit. After the Russell House was torn down, the old Cadillac insisted that he become its head porter. Then the Statler was built, the biggest hotel in Michigan. Before it was completed, friends had told E. M. Statler about Gene, and one day, without announcing who he was, the big hotel owner called on Gene for a service which, while exacting, was such as any guest might request. The way in which Gene performed it won him his place in the Statler organization.

Every promotion that Gene Hewitt has had has been *offered* him without solicitation! He's never had to *hunt* for a better job! I asked him why, and before answering he pondered several minutes. Finally he said slowly:

"I think it's because of one thing; that is, it's due to this one thing more than any other. I've never met a man and done anything for anybody without thinking at the time, 'Some day I'm going to meet this man again; when I do meet him I want him to think well of me.'

"Here in the hotel I meet many people in a day. Some are traveling men who come through regularly; others are strangers who never before have been in Detroit, and who maybe will never be here again. But I never take a chance on anybody. I treat them all alike.

"Not long ago a man I had never seen before stopped at the window and asked me to get two tickets for a certain theatre at which a famous actress was going to play. As he had asked for the tickets early, I was able to get him two of the best seats in the house.

"Later on, another man, a prominent citizen quite well known to me, asked me to get him four seats for the same show. By that time the house was almost sold out, and the best I could get were two seats adjoining the first man's pair, and two seats farther back.

"'I tell you what you do, Gene,' he said: 'Switch that fellow's seats to me, and give him the two I have in the back of the house.'

"'No, sir; I can't do that,' I told him. 'He's paid for those seats, and they belong to him.'

"'But he'll never know the difference,' this man argued, 'and there's ten dollars in it for you if you make the change.'

"'No, he won't know the difference,' I admitted; 'but *you* will! If I did such a

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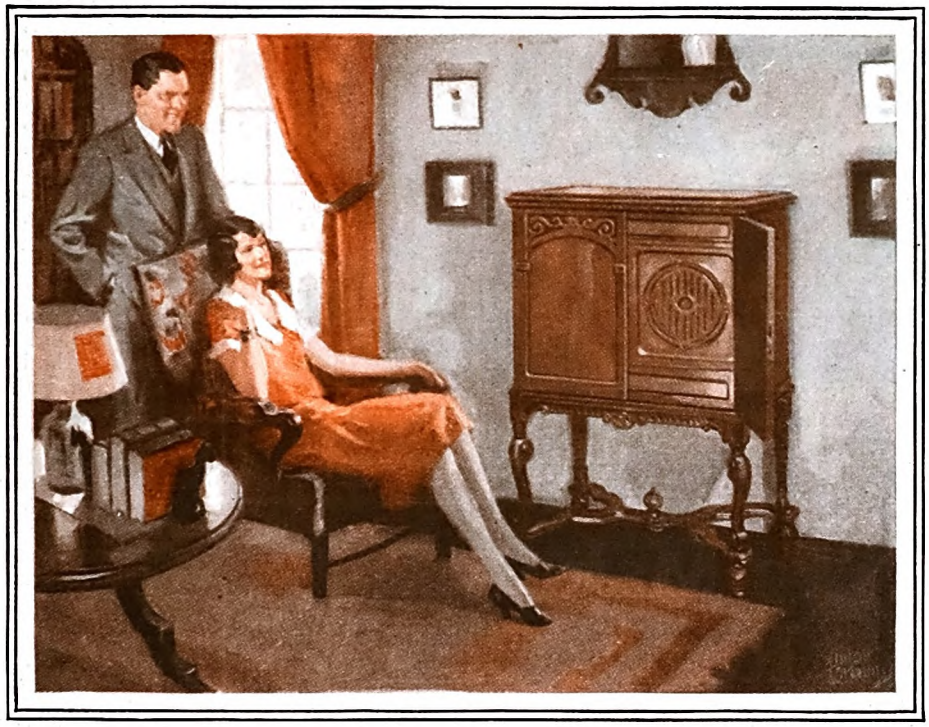
The Instrument that Astounded the Critics



Now for the first time music *electrically* reproduced—
Joint Achievement of Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company and The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company

From the stage of a New York concert hall the Panatrope reproduced the pianist Godowsky's rendering of Liszt's Liebestraum; a noted violinist's playing of Schubert's *Ave Maria;* a selection by the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra; an aria by the noted soprano, Florence Easton. In each instance, so realistic was the rendition, so completely lifelike in both richness of tone and volume, that the audience marveled. They had never before heard music reproduced *electrically!*

MUSIC *electrically* reproduced is so real it startles . . . fascinates one! Other reproduced music suffers by comparison.

When the Brunswick Panatrope was first demonstrated in New York City a little more than a year ago, critics were frankly amazed. The newspapers reported the event in front-page space. Its electrical principle, all agreed, was the one to which all future reproducing musical instruments must come.

Compare any reproducing musical instrument you have ever heard, no matter how impressive that instrument may seem, and the Panatrope will excel it in every way.

This invention puts not only all recorded music, but radio, at your command. The Panatrope serves as loud speaker for your present radio with astonishing results. Other models combine in one beautiful cabinet the Panatrope and Radiola Super-heterodyne. These instruments operate entirely from the light socket. Certainly no musical instrument offers greater possibilities for home entertainment than the Panatrope.

Hear the Brunswick Panatrope at any Brunswick dealer's. Buy no musical instrument or radio until you do.

"Light-Ray" electrical recording (musical photography)—exclusively Brunswick—is a remarkable development whereby the entire range of musical sound is recorded *naturally;* Brunswick records by this new method make your phonograph sound like a different instrument. And on the Panatrope the results surpass belief. New records out every Thursday.

The Brunswick PANATROPE

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., General Offices: 623-633 S. WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

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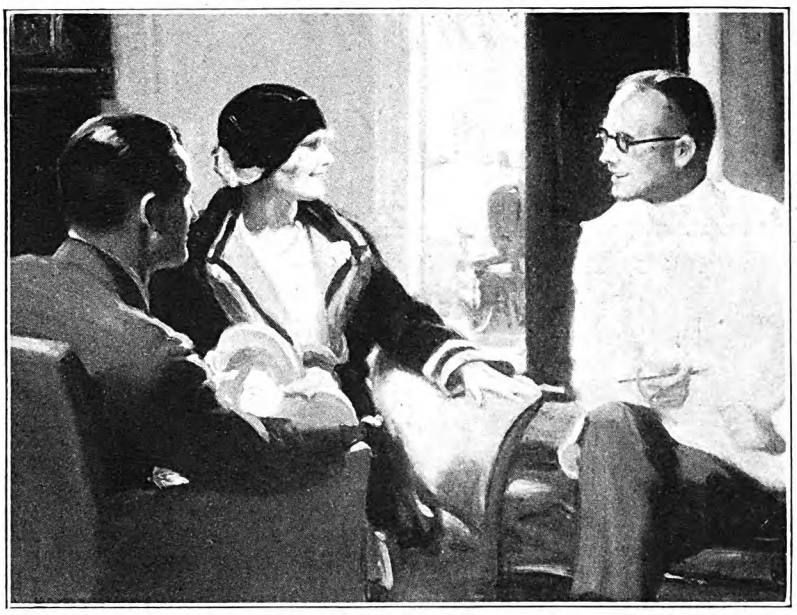

The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

To Make Smiles Really Count

Keep the Teeth Free of Film

Send coupon for 10-day tube

MOST persons' teeth and gums are imperiled, say many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing is being advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previous methods. These are embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year. Make both a habit.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

FREE — Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1031, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada 2344

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

thing you'd be justified in thinking I'd do the same with *you* at some other time. Just put yourself in the other fellow's place.'

"Well, that gave him a new viewpoint, and he kept the tickets I had got him. Since then he has shown greatly increased confidence in me.

"I've always tried to play square with folks, no matter whether I know them or not, no matter who they are.

"You can never tell what a man will develop into. Years ago a certain man used to come to my window—to have me look after his baggage, or to get him a lower berth, or to post him on train times. He was just a plain traveling man, 'drummers' we called them then; and he didn't make any too much money. Lots of times I could have let some bigger man in ahead of him, or not been as attentive to him as I should, or switched him from a lower to an upper berth to please somebody more prominent. But I never did. He got the same treatment I'd give the President of the United States.

"That man isn't a salesman any more, but the owner of the business. Folks fall all over themselves to please him, because he's rich and well known. Every now and then he comes through Detroit, over the old route he used to travel twenty-five and thirty years ago, just to renew old acquaintances and revive old times. And one of the first places he stops at is at my window!"

"WHAT was the hardest service," I questioned, "you were ever asked to perform?"

"It all depends on what you call hard," responded Gene. "Finding that portfolio for the lecturer and getting it back to Detroit might look hard at first glance; but in the end, as you know, it was easy. I just kept on trying—and got it. That's the whole secret of doing things in my line.

"Some months ago two girls came to me just about in tears. They had started out from Cleveland on a vacation trip, and were carrying their belongings in a leather suit case. At Detroit, where they changed boats, one of them happened to open the suit case. It contained a man's shirts, underwear, and socks; a shaving outfit and collars. It wasn't their suit case at all.

"At once they abandoned the trip, to find the right suit case, and somebody sent them to me. Their tickets had been bought for the complete trip, and were limited; yet they couldn't go on without the lost clothes—and they had been saving up for the vacation for months. They were frantic.

"I looked up some time tables, and found that the boat they should have taken from Detroit would reach Port Huron at a certain hour. They could remain in Detroit for the night, and still catch up with the boat by taking a trolley in the morning.

"I told them this. 'Now, don't worry,' I said. 'I'll have the suit case for you by morning, and you can go on with your trip as if nothing had happened.'

"Then I opened the man's suit case and looked through it. There wasn't a name in it, an address, or a single mark of identification; but there *was* the number of the cabin the owner had occupied on the Cleveland boat the night before. Also,

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Would you like *two* pay checks instead of one—

each week in 1927?

E. J. Dryden

FRANKLY—are you in earnest in wishing to increase your income, but doubtful as to the aid you could get from home-study business training?

E. J Dryden, of Laredo, Texas, was doubtful, too. But he determined to try, and to measure his results by the good old sign of the dollar!

He was earning $150 a month when he started with LaSalle. His course in Higher Accountancy was completed in eighteen months. His salary-increase paid for the training **plus $1.00 an hour for every hour spent in study.**

After his first lesson in Business Management, dealing with Selling, he tried out his newly acquired knowledge. **In six weeks he made $750 in commissions working after hours.**

He has since followed thru with Commercial Spanish, and is now completing his fourth course—in American Law and Procedure. For two years past his earnings have been better than $11,000 a year.

Again we ask—are you in earnest in your desire to increase your salary?

Send for Free Book About Your Own Field

You are faced with a problem—and the only way you can solve it is to get the facts.

A special 64-page booklet describes the opportunities in your field of business and outlines a definite plan that will enable you to realize them.

The coupon will bring this booklet to you free—and with it your copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

Dreaming—wishing—you've had enough of that! Send for those booklets NOW.

A. DEUTZ C. DEUTZ

A. DEUTZ & BROTHER
JOBBERS AND EXPORTERS OF
HARDWARE
AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
MACHINERY & SUPPLIES
LAREDO TEXAS

LaSalle Extension University,
Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:

My schooling stopped when I was fourteen; and when I first enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy I was earning only $150 a month.

Yet that training enabled me to make certain suggestions to the firm I worked for which resulted in a trip to Washington with all expenses paid and a commission of $2,126. That alone paid for the training seventeen times over!

Since then I have followed thru with two other LaSalle courses; I am now on my fourth. And for two years past my earnings have been in excess of $11,000 a year.

I used to think you were too extravagant in your claims for LaSalle training. Now I honestly believe you are too conservative. Why don't you tell the full truth about what LaSalle can do and is doing to lift men out of the low-pay class and put them in command of the really important places in the business world?

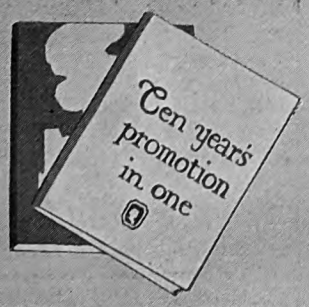
Sincerely yours,

E J Dryden

Auditor

Find Yourself Thru LaSalle!

these books free



LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 233-R CHICAGO

I shall be glad to have your 64-page booklet about the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Law; Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish

Name..... Present Position.....

Street..... City..... State.....

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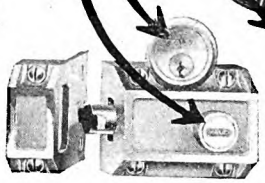
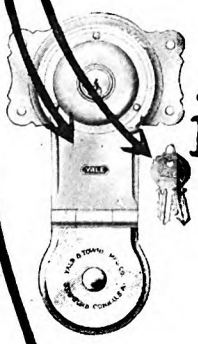
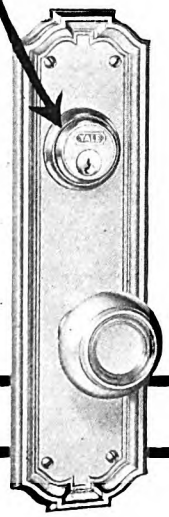
TRADE **YALE** MARK

To you the *name*







Yale says *Safety* but to intruders it says *Stay Out!*

There is only one maker of Yale Locks and Keys. The mark Yale means the name of the maker.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

by the shirts and other things, I decided the owner must be an elderly man.

"With this information, I notified every port at which the Cleveland boat had stopped, every office of the steamship company at which the man might make inquiry, and all the railroad offices where he might go to take a train. I covered every inch of the ground, after which all I could do was wait.

"Late that evening a little bent and wrinkled old gentleman stormed into the hotel carrying a patent leather suit case. He was looking for me, and was as mad as a whole nest of hornets.

"'Here I open this suit case,' he said, 'and find it filled up with a lot of women's trash! Dash the women, anyway! Can't they let a man travel in peace? Now I want my clothes, and want 'em quick!'

"'What makes you think I have them?' I asked.

"'Because,' he shouted, 'at every place I asked about my suit case they told me to go to 'Gene, at the Hotel Statler.' You're Gene, ain't you, eh?'

"I gave him his suit case, and he grabbed it up and started for the door in a hurry.

"Some men are always in trouble with their baggage," added Gene, "and this sputtery old chap was one of that kind. He had left the boat at a little town, in a great big hurry, as usual, and had picked up the first suit case that looked like his own. Then, of course, when he discovered his mistake, he blamed the girls.

"WE ARE asked every day, mostly by men, to find lost suit cases and articles that have been mislaid, and it's very, very seldom that we don't find them. Folks don't want your suit case any more than you want theirs. They're usually only too glad to get matters set right.

"However," he continued, "finding lost baggage is only a small part of our work. We get all kinds of requests, and some of them are mighty odd ones too. I think one of the toughest requests that's ever been made to me was to get something that wasn't lost at all. We knew right where this thing was, but it took real work until we got it."

Gene's eyes were twinkling.

"There was to be a society 'coming out' party here at the hotel that evening, and there had been some mighty elaborate preparations. Days had been spent in getting ready, several hundred people had been invited, and of course the young lady who was to make her début had ordered a specially-made gown. This gown was to have been delivered to her suite of rooms in the hotel during the afternoon. But when she arrived at six to dress, the gown wasn't there.

"The hotel parcel-room had heard nothing of it, nor had the room clerk, nor anybody else. She rang up the modiste who had designed the gown, but the shop was closed for the night. She called up the modiste herself at her home, only to be told by a servant that his mistress was in New York. The servant knew nothing about the business.

"Well, at this point you can imagine the excitement. It was almost seven o'clock and the party was to be at nine. The girl's mother begged me to help them.

"'What's the latest possible minute you can give me?' I asked her.

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"I WAS SO TROUBLED WITH INDIGESTION AND HEARTBURN that I could not sleep. My brother-in-law was eating Fleischmann's Yeast for indigestion and made me try it. I ate it regularly, three times a day. After a short time the whole condition was relieved. I no longer have any indigestion and I am now perfectly well."
MILDRED M. WILLIAMS, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

"I WAS MUCH TROUBLED WITH CONSTIPATION after returning from the World War. As a result, headaches and dizziness also besieged me. I learned of the wonderful benefits being obtained from Fleischmann's Yeast and began taking it regularly. Now my digestion is perfect and my constipation has entirely disappeared."
ARTHUR E. PRAY, New York City

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Theirs, the greatest wealth

Victims of stubborn present-day ills—they gained new health, new ambition—*by eating one simple food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. J-37, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"FOR TWO YEARS I WAS NEVER FREE FROM BOILS, pimples and blackheads. They broke out on my face, on my neck and on my back. Finally, a doctor prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast, and I started in to take it at once. My face became clearer, my pimples disappeared and I have never had a boil since."
EUGENE BLACKMER, JR., Denver, Colo.

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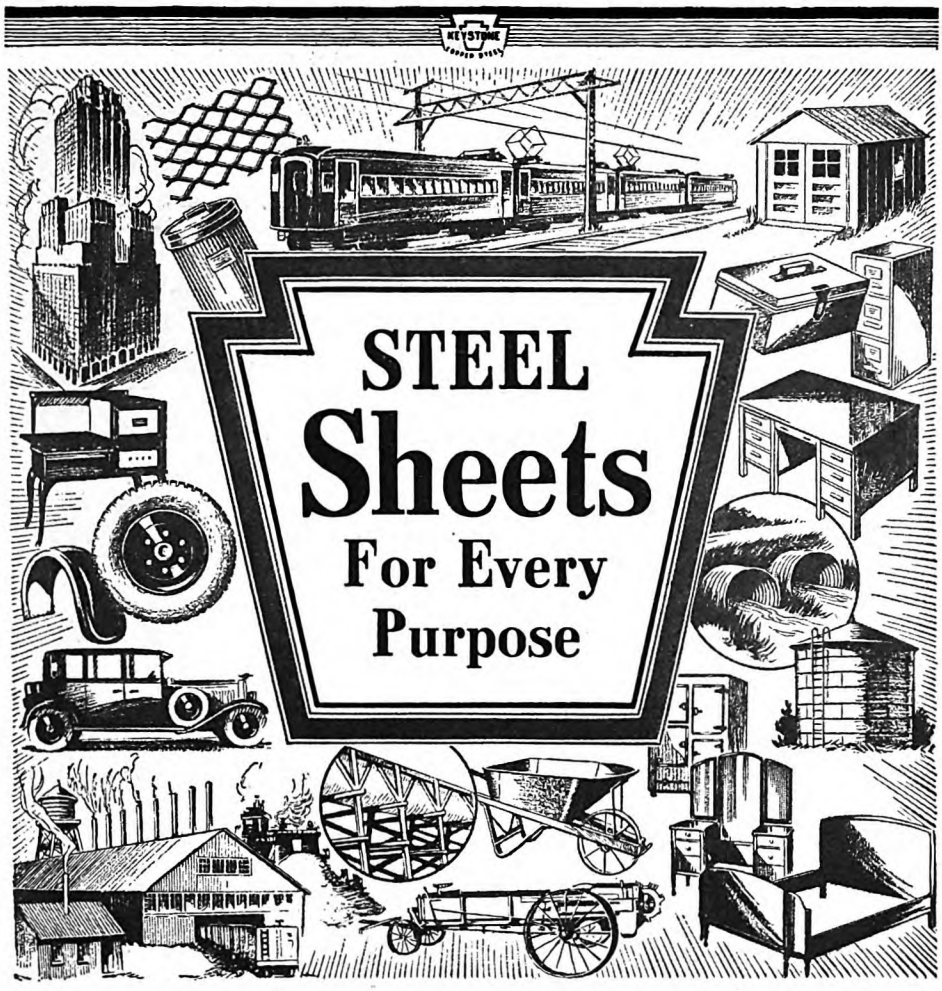

SHEET STEEL—the material of economy and utility, is rapidly gaining in popularity in all lines of industry. This Company is the leading manufacturer of

Black and Galvanized Sheets

Automobile Sheets, Electrical Sheets
Formed Roofing and Siding Products
Special Sheets, Stamping Stock
Tin and Terne Plates, Black Plate, Etc.

—highest quality Sheets and Tin Plates for every purpose to which sheet metal is adapted—for building construction, metal lath and general sheet metal work, automobile bodies and parts, heating and ventilating equipment, metal furniture, railway uses, machinery, utensils, vaults, culverts—and for every conceivable use. Sold by leading metal merchants. If you have a sheet metal problem, write the nearest District Sales Office. When resistance to corrosion is an important factor, use Keystone rust-resisting Copper Steel Sheets and Tin Plates. Our FACTS booklet will interest you.

Sheet Mill Products

Black Sheets for all purposes, Apollo and Apollo-Keystone Copper Steel Galvanized Sheets, Culvert, Flume and Tank Stock, Formed Roofing and Siding Products, Special Sheets for Stamping, Full Finished Sheets, Automobile Sheets, Electrical Sheets, Stove and Range Sheets, Barrel and Keg Stock, Etc.

Tin Mill Products

American Coke and American Charcoal Bright Tin Plates, Taggers Tin, American Old Style and American Numethodd Roofing Terne Plates, MF Roofing Tin Plates, Fire Door Stock, Black Plate for all purposes: Enameling and Japanning Stock, Stove Pipe Stock and Elbow Stock, Special Stamping Stock, Etc.

Manufactured by AMERICAN SHEET AND TIN PLATE COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES

Chicago Cincinnati Denver Detroit New Orleans New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh St. Louis

Export Representatives: UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS CO., New York City

Pacific Coast Representatives: UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS CO., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle

"'Not a minute later than nine,' she said. 'If the gown isn't here by then, the whole affair will be ruined.'

"'Very well,' I promised, 'I'll have the gown for you at nine.'

"I learned that the gown had been delivered to the hotel during the afternoon, that the boy had found no one in the room to which he had been directed, and had returned the gown to the shop.

"'Then it's still in the shop?' I inquired.

"'Yes,' said my informant; 'but I don't know how you're going to get it. There are only two keys. Madam has one and the head fitter has the other. I've no idea where the head fitter lives, and she has no telephone.'

"I searched the directory. Next, I called every person I could find connected with Madam or her shop, and at last I found a cousin of Madam's who knew the head fitter's address. This enabled me to get one of her household to a telephone, and I explained the situation.

"'I'm awfully sorry,' came the reply, 'but Miss Blank has gone to the theatre, and she left no word as to what theatre it is.'

"I called all the principal theatres, but not one of them would page Miss Blank.

"'We'll let you go through the audience and look for her,' they said; 'but it's against our rules to page anybody.'

"'But I haven't the time to look for her in person,' I pleaded, 'and it's extremely important that I reach her at once.'

"'Well, that's the rule,' they said, 'and we couldn't break it for anyone.'

"As a last resort I again called Madam's cousin, told her of my failure to find the head fitter, and added:

"I'm going to wait until eight forty-five for a key. If I haven't got one by then, I'm going to break into the store. I'll pay for whatever damage I do, but, damage or no damage, I'm going to get that gown.'

"I got a policeman, explained things, and we hopped into a taxi and went to the shop. I picked a likely looking window in the rear. The officer agreed to witness all that happened, and to stay on guard in case I did have to break in.

"About seventeen minutes to nine another machine dashed up and a woman got out and ran toward me. It was Madam's cousin and she had a key. The gown was delivered on time."

"Would you actually have broken into the store?" I asked Gene.

"I certainly would have," he replied; "and Madam would have thanked me for doing it, too. The young lady who wanted that gown was one of her very best customers."

"ASK Gene!"

The Statler in Detroit has almost a thousand employees, and they know that expression just as well as the most honored guests. There is probably not a department in the hotel to which Gene, at some time, has not "lent a hand."

"I'd rather help one of the girl workers here," he told me, "than a millionaire."

He didn't tell me this story which I am going to tell you, but it happened just the same.

One of the young fellows working in the Statler restaurant, an ex-soldier, died suddenly of influenza, and left a wife and child. To keep herself and her little boy the widow opened a small rooming-house

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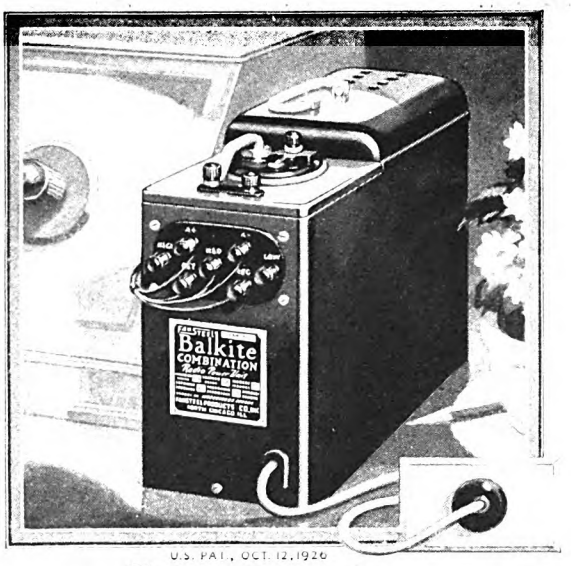

U.S. PAT., OCT. 12, 1926

Add the new Balkite Combination *to your radio set now*

with your "A" battery it supplies all radio power automatically from the light socket

Now you can operate your radio set from the light socket. Merely by adding the new Balkite Combination Radio Power Unit. Once connected to your "A" battery and set and plugged into the light socket, it *supplies automatic power to both circuits.* You need not even turn it off and on, for it is controlled by the filament switch already on your set and is entirely automatic in operation. It will give you a constant quality of reception that cannot be secured in any other way.

Balkite Combination can be installed in a few minutes, either near the set or in a remote location. Like all Balkite Radio Power Units it has no tubes, nothing to replace or renew, is a permanent piece of equipment, and is built to conform with the standards of the Underwriters' Laboratories. It is noiseless in operation. It will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring up to 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—any set of 8 tubes or less, including power tubes.

Add Balkite Combination now and know the pleasure of owning a receiver always ready to operate at full power not only this season but for years to come. Price $59.50. [In Canada $83.] Ask your dealer. *Fansteel Products Company, Inc., North Chicago, Illinois.*

Three New Balkite "B"s
Including Balkite "B"-X for sets of 8 tubes or less

Eliminates "B" batteries and supplies "B" current from the light socket. Three new models. Balkite "B"-W at $27.50 for sets of 5 tubes or less requiring 67 to 90 volts. Balkite "B"-X (illustrated) for sets of 8 tubes or less; capacity 30 milliamperes at 135 volts—$42. Balkite "B"-Y for any radio set; capacity 40 milliamperes at 150 volts—$69. (In Canada: "B"-W $39; "B"-X $59.50; "B"-Y $96.)

The New Balkite Charger

MODEL J. Has two rates. A low trickle charge rate and a high rate for rapid charging. Can thus be used either as a trickle or as a high rate charger. Noiseless. Rates: with 6-volt battery, 2.5 and .5 amperes; with 4-volt battery, .8 and .2 ampere. Price $19.50. (West of Rockies $20. In Canada $27.50.)

Balkite Trickle Charger, $10

MODEL K. With 6-volt "A" batteries can be left on continuous charge thus automatically keeping the battery at full power. With 4-volt batteries can be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added. Rate .5 ampere. Price $10. (West of Rockies $10.50. In Canada $15).

All Balkite Units operate from 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle AC. The Balkite Charger is also made in 25-40 cycle models.

The greatest concerts in radio • **Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony**

Every other Saturday night a symphony concert. On intervening Saturdays one of Mr. Damrosch's famous piano lecture recitals. Over Stations WEAF, WEEI, WGR, WFI, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ, WGN, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, WOC.

BALKITE HOUR • SATURDAY EVENINGS
9 P. M. Eastern (8 P. M. Central) Standard Time

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

THE BALKITE LINE OF ELECTROLYTIC DEVICES IS PROTECTED BY EDGAR W. ENGLE U. S. REISSUE PATENT NO. 16,436, DATED OCT. 12, 1926

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This game of penny ante *can break a man*

PENNY ANTE! That's the kind of game millions of men in this country play every day. They can lose only a little bit at a time, in such a game. But they play *every day*.

Some "trivial" abuse of themselves, *every day*. It breaks them years before their time. The average man in America starts on the down hill road at the age of 31!

He plays a kind of penny ante—with his health. He knows better than to gamble with typhoid, or small pox. But heart disease, and other "degenerative" diseases which come from *small daily abuses*, are on the increase. Penny ante!

One of the widespread practices is the use of artificial stimulants—of caffein at mealtime. Caffein acts on the heart—a little. It excites the nerves—a little. It disturbs sleep—a little or quite a lot.

It is so unwise—so needless. You can have all the benefits of a hot drink—the social qualities, the invigorating warmth, the fine flavor—without a trace of any stimulant. Try Postum!

It is made of roasted wheat and bran. It is as wholesome as the grain itself. Its flavor is liked better than that of any other mealtime drink in millions of homes.

The best way to judge is to make a test—a thirty-day test that will show the *results*. Make Postum your mealtime drink during this period. Note the effects. *Then* decide.

Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, will help you start the test.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal the kind you boil."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—A. M.—2-27
POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada address
CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

© 1927, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

into which she put all her savings. She was getting along nicely, when one day some neighbors carried in the little boy from the street. An automobile had struck him. He was blinded; both legs were broken. As weeks passed it developed that the accident had rendered him insane.

The mother went into debt to help her boy. In all she spent more than three thousand dollars trying to get him well. This money had to be paid somehow, and friends suggested that she get a lawyer and sue the man responsible for the accident. She went to several lawyers. The most they would promise her was five thousand dollars in damages—and they wanted fifty and sixty per cent of that.

Gene Hewitt heard of the woman's trouble. He went to her, got her story. Personally he could not help her, but he knew of a man who could. That man was one of the biggest lawyers in Detroit.

"I know him," said Gene, "and I'm going to ask him to take your case. He's always been my friend, and I'm sure he'll be your friend now."

The lawyer did take the case. In three weeks the widow received ten thousand five hundred dollars damages for her boy. And the lawyer's fee—well, that was less than one per cent.

The Job I'd Like Best of All

Prize Contest Announcement

DID you ever look at another man and say to yourself, "If I had his job, I'd be perfectly satisfied?" Probably you have said precisely that! Well, now—just for the fun of it—suppose all the jobs in the world were open to you, and you were absolutely free to choose any one of them, which one would you select? Remember, the limits of your imagination are the only limits to the choice you are making—you can be President, lawyer, steeplejack, deep-sea diver, designer of animal crackers, salesman, diplomat, farmer, organist on a calliope, dancing master, sailor, locomotive engineer—just anything that appeals to you! Of course, it is possible—as is the case with Gene Hewitt, about whom you have just read—that the job you now have is the one you like best of all; if so, tell why. In any event, tell what your actual job is; and then give your reason for the selection of your particular dream job. The contest is wide open to women and men alike.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words, we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes February 20th. Winning letters will appear in the May, 1927, issue.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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Frigidaire keeps food fresh

regardless of every change in weather

WINTER weather is never a safe substitute for refrigeration. Outdoor temperatures change from day to day. Icy cold days, *too cold* for proper food preservation, are often followed by days so mild that foods of all kinds may spoil very rapidly.

With Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration in your home you will be protected against every change in weather. Day and night, and day after day, your foods will be kept at low, even temperatures—fresh, pure and wholesome, retaining all of their original flavor. You will enjoy the better, more convenient, more dependable, and more economical refrigeration that is now being enjoyed by more than 250,000 Frigidaire users.

New low prices have made the *value* of Frigidaire greater than ever before. Metal cabinet models are priced as low as $225—and mechanical units for installation in the standard makes of ice-boxes as low as $170. (All prices f.o.b. Dayton.) The General Motors deferred payment plan affords the most convenient and economical way to buy.

Visit the nearest Frigidaire Sales Office and see Frigidaire in actual operation. Or mail the coupon below for a copy of the Frigidaire Catalog.

Frigidaire
PRODUCT of GENERAL MOTORS

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION
Dept. C-16, Dayton, Ohio

Please send me a copy of the Frigidaire Catalog

Name.....

Address.....

.....

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Super Six

speed, power and safety

A Principle Long Held in Check
Now Released to Full Capacity in the
New Hudson Super-Six

With the released Super-Six principle, performance takes on a new meaning. You have control of any speed you demand, with a smoothness and alertness never experienced.

You need never be passed by any other car. And you will never feel the slightest effort is exerted by the motor in traveling as you wish, whether it is for a short, swift spurt or a sustained all-day run.

Safety is of paramount importance in such a car. Hudson has positive 4-wheel brake control. The quickness and ease with which you can bring it to a dead stop from any rate of speed is almost beyond belief.

This new Hudson has a low center of gravity. It rounds curves safely. It does not shimmy. At all speeds and on every road it is the easiest driving and riding car we know.

You meet every hill as though it did not exist. For the released Super-Six principle gives to Hudson the most powerful automobile motor of its size ever produced.

The bodies are of such variety and beauty as will satisfy all demands for luxury and exclusiveness, as well as comfort and price advantage.

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Standard Models
COACH
SEDAN

Custombuilt Models
ROADSTER
PHAETON
BROUGHAM
5-PASSENGER SEDAN
7-PASSENGER SEDAN

HUDSON

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Also an Essex Super-Six

The Speedabout

Fastest Six in the World Per Dollar of Cost

The full revelation of the Super-Six principle is just as clear, dramatic and amazing in a smaller car—the Essex Super-Six. It towers above all light car standards of the past.

The Speedabout, fastest of all small cars for its price and size, and faster than most cars of any price and size, illustrates the capacity of the Super-Six principle, its engineering design and our own manufacturing resources. It is the smartest, sturdiest, safest, and most comfortable sport type ever attempted within hundreds of dollars of its price.

High speed by no means is of chief importance in a car intended for general use. But a car of high speed requires stamina, continuous reliability, safety and roadability. And so when such ability is demonstrated, superiority in those qualities which count most is likewise proved.

Therefore the standard of dollar cost as revealed by speed is a true revelation of value.

ESSEX SUPER-SIX

2-PASS. SPEEDABOUT
4-PASS. SPEEDSTER
COACH
COUPE
SEDAN

Four Other New Essex Super-Six Models

There are four other bodies on the Essex Super-Six chassis, all attractive, all smart in line, finish, upholstery, fittings and color.

You will see them on the road—for their beauty, dash and spirited action cannot be missed. You will ride in them, for their thrill is irresistible.

And their cost is little more than any "Four".

2 NEW CARS
12 BODIES
A VARIETY OF COLORS

ESSEX

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A flash... a cry!

One woman writes: "Foolishly I tried to rouse a fire with kerosene and turpentine. The explosion burnt my face and hands terribly. Fortunately I had Unguentine in the house . . . Now not a scar remains."

Quick, Unguentine!

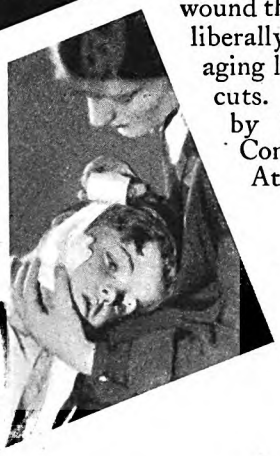
Stop the pain · · · prevent infection and unsightly scars

GREAT or small, burns are part of the hazard of everyday life. Neglected, improperly cared for, they mean days of discomfort—often infection—scars that disfigure for life.

Today such risks are needless. At once—in your own home—apply the surgical dressing relied on by physicians and hospitals the country over. Unguentine! Magically the pain vanishes—healthy healing begins. New healthy skin forms quickly. And almost invariably *no scar remains!*

Keep a tube of Unguentine in your medicine chest. Spread it on the wound thick. In severe cases, spread liberally on gauze and apply, bandaging lightly. For all burns and cuts. Unguentine is made only by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. At your druggist's. 50 cents.

A mother's experience: "When he was four my little son set fire to some curtains. He was frightfully burned. I applied Unguentine—his pain was eased. The burns healed wonderfully."



No needless scars— thanks to Unguentine

So many boys and girls are branded by burns for life. Often needlessly. Unguentine prevents infection; the wound heals quickly, smoothly.

Unguentine · · FREE—a generous tube

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO., Dept. A-1, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me a free trial tube of Unguentine and "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

Norwich

—A trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

"Miss Bennett's Baby"

(*Continued from page 41*)

do with all of it! It was ridiculous to think of keeping Baby X. Absolutely out of the question. Were not the police still investigating? In all probability they would discover the child's relatives. And if they didn't, the Foundling Home stood ready to receive the waif. She would give the articles away for Christmas presents. Still, a crib was a cumbersome gift. At any rate, she had requested the stores not to deliver her purchases until she notified them. Doubtless she could cancel the entire sale. She sighed with relief. That was just what she would do!

A few days later, when the police announced as their sole discovery that the girl-mother was known as Mary Rose, and formally closed their investigation, Miss Bennett marched triumphantly up and down the corridors in double-quick time, and completely forgot to cancel the sale of the crib and its accessories. She had dreaded relatives so!

That night she lay awake, unable to sleep. Names surged to her lips, names wrote themselves before her eyes. Patricia Bennett. No, no. That was too copy-cat. Besides, she didn't altogether like Patricia. Anne Bennett, Ruth Bennett. Too short. Bennett needed something lilting, to soften its harshness. Nancy Bennett. Sally Bennett. Nancy and Sally were very fashionable now, but somehow they didn't belong with Bennett. Phyllis. Lois. No, no.

THEN it came to her, so suddenly that she sat upright in bed, a thin braid of gray-gold hair hanging over each thin shoulder. Why, of course, Barbara Bennett! Why hadn't she thought of it at once? She whispered it. She said it aloud, softly and gently. Barbara Bennett. It was just meant for Baby X with the curly hair—the little pink petal. It sang itself. It was sweet, gracious, dignified.

Miss Bennett rose, wrapped a faded gray kimono about her and paced the floor in her excitement. Should there be a middle name? Barbara was really enough; yet wasn't there an obligation to the child of seventeen with the sunken cheeks and the purple closed eyelids? Barbara Rose Bennett, then. She said it reverently. It was the perfect name!

Before she went to sleep, however, she told herself that the whole idea was ridiculous, absolutely out of the question. Baby X had been at Hathorn two weeks and a day now. Soon the civic machinery would creakingly set itself in motion and transfer her to the Foundling Home. It was better for her to go there, more fitting from the common-sense viewpoint. Then, too, what would the hospital think!

The civic machinery groaningly started the very next day, but not until it had received a vigorous prod from Doctor Futrelle, the superintendent, who on a visit to the free ward nursery noticed the presence of the waif. Two weeks and two days. Humph! The hospital couldn't keep it forever. Strange, Miss Bennett hadn't

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kept him in touch with the case. He went to the supervisor's office and found Miss Conkling, her assistant, at the desk. Miss Bennett had gone for luncheon, said Miss Conkling.

Well, well, no matter. And Doctor Futrelle, scowling importantly, called up this authority and that authority, until he received the definite assurance that a representative from the Foundling Home would call for Baby X the following day.

Miss Conkling meant to tell Miss Bennett of what had occurred, but a letter from a young interne in a far-away hospital, which she had not yet had time to read, made her forget. After all, the transferring of a nameless baby to an asylum wasn't of great import.

Miss Bennett sighed with relief that night. She ought, of course, to remind Doctor Futrelle that Hathorn was harboring Baby X longer than necessary, but she might as well wait a few days. And in the meantime, the dresses, the bonnets, and the crib waited to be sent, and little Miss Lee waited for her position.

THE next day went down as history at Hathorn, although it was a day that commenced mildly enough. To be sure, there had been an influx of new babies in the night, and Miss Lane vented her wrath on Miss Bennett in the morning. "The free ward's 'most full," she remarked. "When is that Baby X going? About time, isn't it? We need the room."

"I—I should think so," faltered Miss Bennett. . . . She certainly must notify Doctor Futrelle. Two or three days would probably elapse before the baby was actually moved, and in that time she would definitely decide what to do.

She was nervous as she went about her duties that morning. She paid a visit to the free ward nursery, a visit which had no other object than that of viewing the occupant of the nineteenth bed. Baby X was growing now, growing and wiggling. She weighed a whole ounce more than Patricia Alexander. Her skin was a faint pink, like that on early budding apple blossoms, and her eyes—when she deigned to open them—were a bright, warm blue. She was far prettier than Patricia Alexander.

The supervisor made recurring visits to the free ward nursery to still the troubled warning that spoke to her, and when she went to lunch she rebuked herself for her folly. There was plenty of time. She would notify Doctor Futrelle that afternoon. Doctor Futrelle would notify the authorities. Authorities, as she well knew, were always notably slow about acting.

So successfully did she conquer her fear that, when she returned and found Miss Conkling not at the desk, she thought of nothing unusual. When ten minutes had passed, and Miss Conkling was still absent, she frowned and walked briskly down the corridor. She had no special need of her assistant, but she desired to know her whereabouts.

"Have you seen Miss Conkling?" she inquired of Doctor Howorth.

"She was in the free ward a moment ago," replied the interne.

On Miss Bennett tip-tapped and swish-swished. The missing nurse wasn't at the head nurses' desk; she wasn't in the sterilizing-room. She might be in the nursery. Quickly she opened the door.

"Does your favorite smoke go sour sometimes?"

Great After Smoking

"You smoke pretty steadily, Bill, don't you?"

"Yes, what makes you ask?"

"Well, because you always seem to enjoy it so thoroughly. But with me my pet smoke goes sour sometimes when I smoke that way."

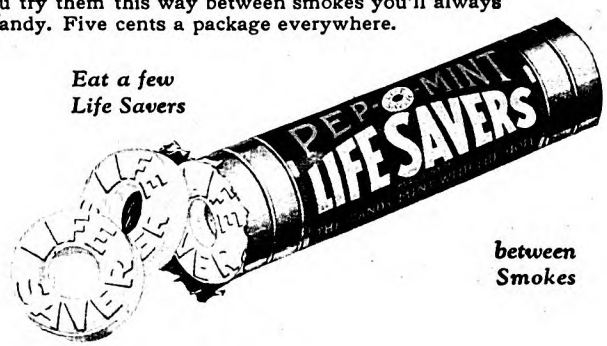
"The answer is easy," the other man said. "Just eat a few Life Savers in between and see how much better each new smoke tastes!"

* * *

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, these little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke so much better.

It's a fact; Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes you'll always have a package handy. Five cents a package everywhere.

Eat a few Life Savers



between Smokes

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Pep-O-Mint
Wint-O-Green
Cinn-O-Mon
Lic-O-Rice
Cl-O-Ve
Vi-O-Let

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Old Pipe-Smoker Switches Back to Favorite Tobacco

Evidently, one way to appreciate a certain tobacco is to try another kind.

At least, that has been the experience of one veteran pipe-smoker. By switching temporarily to other tobacco he finally came back to his old-time favorite with a new appreciation and a vow never to change again.

Read this "signed confession":

Peoria, Ill.
Aug. 26, 1926

Messrs. Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Just a confession and an appreciation.

A number of years ago I was a user of your Edgeworth smoking tobacco. But like some others, perhaps, I was led by alluring advertisements to change.

A few days ago I went into a drug store to get some tobacco, and on the case was the familiar can of Edgeworth. I bought it and since then I have enjoyed old-time comfort.

So my confession is that I made a mistake in changing to other brands, and my appreciation is such that Edgeworth will be my Smoke Pal while life lasts, which may not be long, for I have passed my "three score years and ten."

Very truly yours,
(signed) E. P. Fishburn

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3-N S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.*]

Then she stared, with panic at her heart, for there, beside the nineteenth bed, was a large, capable-looking woman in a severe gray uniform. Across her knees was the wailing Baby X, being brusquely assisted into a coarse gray wrap. Standing near the window, observing her nails with a critical eye, was Miss Conkling.

MISS BENNETT forgot the hospital, forgot she was the stern and mighty supervisor, forgot years and yards of routine. She saw only Barbara Rose Bennett, in casual, careless hands.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded, and her voice quavered angrily.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you." Miss Conkling flushed guiltily. "Futrelle breezed around yesterday," she added slangily, "and called up everybody in the city. Wanted to get the child out. The Foundling Home sent Miss Jacques over this noon."

"She's not going," announced Miss Bennett. And to the consternation of the placid Miss Jacques, who was continuing the process of buttoning Baby X into the gray hood, the supervisor took the crying infant into her own arms, held it against her thin shoulder, and cooed soothingly, "There, there, darling! Don't cry!"

Miss Conkling stared agape. Bennett holding a baby!

Then they all gathered. A probationer, peeking into the nursery, realized that something unusual was happening, and scurried away to summon witnesses. Miss Harcourt entered. Doctor Howorth came. Lastly, Doctor Futrelle made his appearance. And all stared at little Miss Bennett holding the nameless baby in her arms. The fire of possession blazed in her blue eyes; her cheeks were glowing, and her cap—that stiff little soldier—was tipped to one side of the gray-gold pug. Miss Harcourt afterward remarked that it did her soul good to see Miss Bennett's cap on crooked.

As is always the way, they all talked at once, especially Miss Jacques and Doctor Futrelle. Miss Bennett remained tight-lipped, except to repeat at intervals, "She is not going."

"We can't keep the child forever!" announced Doctor Futrelle, in exasperation. For the life of him, he couldn't understand what the fuss was all about!

"You're not going to keep her forever!" retorted Miss Bennett icily. "She is leaving to-morrow, but not for the Foundling Home."

"Where?" Miss Jacques and Doctor Futrelle demanded in chorus.

Suddenly the stiffness and the starch seemed to leave little Miss Bennett. She must tell them! Would they laugh?

"With me," she replied in almost a whisper, an appealing whisper; while the longing she had always suppressed leaped into her eyes and flooded her face.

Then she instantly stiffened, and arched her eyebrows, as she did at probationers when they broke thermometers or made beds with wrinkles in them. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't have a baby; that is, adopt one if I see fit?" she challenged them. "Her name is Barbara Rose Bennett, or it will be when the necessary papers are passed. She will live with me. And now," she looked at the group sternly, "I think you had better return to your duties. The routine of the hospital has been disturbed long enough!"

After they had silently filed out of the nursery, she took off the gray hood—Miss Jacques had forgotten it—and tucked Baby X into bed. "To-morrow, sweetheart," she promised, "you'll be in your own little crib!"

THE next day at three o'clock Patricia Alexander left Hathorn. She wore the dress with the eight flounces of lace and the sixteen rows of tucks, also a pink silk bunting tied with pink ribbons. A goodly retinue accompanied her: Miss Parks, her day nurse, held her, and Miss Curtis, her night nurse, walked at her side. Then came her mother, with a third nurse. The sleek limousine of the Hollister Snowdens waited for them at the hospital entrance.

An imposing departure, surely, but few saw it; for in the free ward nursery, at approximately the same time, Barbara Rose Bennett was preparing to go. All the nurses who could safely leave their posts were present. They stood in a semicircle while Miss Bennett skillfully held the baby on her knees, took off the hygienic but plain hospital garments, and put on the silk and wool band, the shirt, the gertrude, a dress with eight flounces of lace and sixteen rows of tucks, and a pink silk bunting.

"Gorgeous! Heavenly! Beautiful!" exclaimed the nurses.

When Barbara Rose was dressed, Miss Bennett gave her into the arms of little Miss Lee, who stood flushed and self-conscious near by.

"Now I think we're ready," she announced briskly, wrapping a cape about her own shoulders. "And I also think," she added sternly, "that you had better return immediately to your duties. I don't like to see the routine of the hospital demoralized in this fashion!"

But they didn't go, not one of them. They stood at the window and watched the trio to the end of the journey. It was a short journey, merely across the green courtyard to Hathorn Hall, the nurses' home.

The audience watched until the doors of Hathorn Hall had opened and closed on the three. Then Miss Lane, who had cut her day's sleep short so that she might attend the occasion, wiped her eyes, blew her nose, and remarked, "It isn't a bit sad, really. It's just glorious. Only it makes me feel—"

"I know it," replied somebody else, searching for a handkerchief. "But who ever would have thought of Bennett and a baby!"

IF YOU were asked to name the ten greatest thinkers whose thought, coming down through the centuries, has had an enduring influence on mankind, whom, out of the great roster of human genius would you name? Would you head your list with great historical figures, like Cæsar, Napoleon, or Lincoln? Or with men like Marcus Aurelius, Galileo, or Herbert Spencer? Make out your list, and your reasons for your choice, and then, next month, read Will Durant's article "The Ten Greatest Thinkers," and see how closely your selections and his tally.

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Will you be as fit at forty?
not if ACIDOSIS *has its way*

Medical science now definitely traces most of the causes of invalidism and death after forty to acidosis, the most insidious foe of human health which civilization has to combat.

Acidosis is the scientific term for excess acid in the system. It is caused by lack of balance in the diet—too much of one kind of food and too little of another.

In the winter months when fresh vegetables and fruits are scarce acidosis makes its greatest headway. Uric acid is stored up in the body to torture the individual with rheumatism, Bright's disease, kidney trouble, high blood pressure or heart disease. The body must have an alkaline reserve to win its hard fight against acidosis and its kindred maladies.

One of the greatest natural sources of alkali is Florida grapefruit. In its sparkling healthful juice there is health and vigor. It is rich in vital minerals and vitamins and it is quickly converted into alkali by the processes of the body.

By setting up an adequate alkaline reserve in your body you not only offset the dangers of acidosis but you protect yourself against dangerous colds and influenza. The alkali also is a splendid whitener for the teeth. It firms the gums and aids in combatting pyorrhea.

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The Upstart

(*Continued from page 33*)

her house. It was not as sturdy as the McLean house, not as neat. A shabby place—even the snow could not conceal that, try as it might.

"Well, here we are," said Mary, with a frankly regretful little laugh. "Thanks for taking me home."

She held out her hand, and he kept it within his own for a minute.

"Funny," he said, "how well we got to know each other to-night."

"I think it's like that with some people, don't you? If they're just meant to know each other, they sort of fit. And there's others that you know for years and never get any further with. Isn't that so?"

He was grave over her reflections, and the exhilaration of fitting with her danced in his blood. The snow fell around her, and her lifted face under the blue hat was mystical. All the rules and embarrassments which guarded Andy faded into nothing. He drew her close and kissed her gently.

For a moment she yielded to him, as if she were under the same spell that had touched him. Then she pulled away, all the harsher for that moment's yielding.

"That's not the sort of thing I go in for," she said sharply, "even with crack hockey players!"

Andy was abashed, and as the matter was quite beyond him in explanation, he tried to laugh it off.

"I didn't mean anything—"

But for some reason that made her angrier yet. She went into the house and closed the door, and left him standing there, awkward and disturbed. Then he pulled his hat on and went down the street. He tried to whistle the tune he had started the evening with, but it didn't sound right. Not right at all.

THE morning newspapers, tossed alike upon the snow-swept terraces of estates out north and the wooden porches on Pine Street, all carried pictures of Andy, and headlined his name across the top of the sports page. The game the night before had put Cosmopolis definitely in the running for the national championship, and the city was conscious of a new point of excellence. The chamber of commerce, at a board meeting that noon, talked of a plan for a winter jubilee, to center around the hockey games and combine with an Exposition of Industry.

Marjory Blair cut Andy's picture out and stuck it under the glass of her dressing table. As she looked at it, she liked to remember the way Andy McLean swept across the ice, the way he stood out from the others, the way he had turned to look at her last night. South end, north end, wherever he came from, Marge didn't care very much.

She was bored. Her eager body, her readiness for life appeared to be going to waste on her. She couldn't get anywhere, do anything on her treadmill of associations, which seemed to grow smaller instead of larger. Like most of the girls she knew, she had one abiding horror, and that was to be stuck, to turn into one of the fattish young matrons or the dull unmarried women who were the reason for afternoon parties. Marge avoided afternoon parties like the plague, unless they were guaranteed in advance as peppy.

Her mother had neurasthenia, and had long ago taken comfortable refuge in the fact that the young people of the day were beyond her, and would doubtless come out all right; her father had two foster children, golf and bridge, who needed all the time and attention which he could spare from business; Dicky was only a brother, with a brother's devout interest in everything except his sister.

So Marge played a lone hand. At first she held the cards—looks, money, brains, all the honors—in one hand, but lately she had been increasingly conscious that she never seemed to make a game. Somebody else always walked off with the winnings—husband, career, or some vivid excitement—and Marge was left to keep on playing.

When Andy met her, the night after the hockey game, she was skating with her brother at the big rink. There was skating with music there every night just after the hockey practice. She wore something warm and orange-colored, and she picked up the introduction to Andy with a swift flattery that took him off his feet. He stayed and skated with her, and found that she skated very well, though he had to slow up somewhat.

Andy hardly knew how it happened, but instead of dropping in at the hotel just to see if Mary Callahan was there, as he had intended to do, he found himself bound for the Blair house, with Dicky and Graves Clark, the detested referee, and half a dozen others of a gay skating party. Marge made it very easy for him. She kept him close to her, and he had a blurred sense of her still holding to him when he went home. He wondered once, rather definitely, what Mary Callahan would say to this. These people didn't shut the door in his face, the way she had.

THAT night, for the first time in his life, he saw the commonplaceness of Pine Street, flat and wooden under the trembling acetylene light. He thought of the place where the Blairs lived. All his life he had known about the difference, but it had never meant anything until now. It was just accepted as the way things were. But to-night, as he undressed in his dingy bedroom, hardly high enough for him, and listened to the family snores through the thin partition, Andy felt the stretch of discontent within him, and with it the first surge of vanity.

The Cosmopolis hockey team won the next two big games; the Eastern sporting papers wrote up the team; and the chamber of commerce fixed the date for the winter jubilee to coincide with the last games of the season. Sinclair called it all rot. He said they didn't need any jubilee. All they needed was good ice, and a team with its mind on the game. He looked at Andy as he said that last. Sinclair did not think highly of Andy's social ventures.

But Andy hardly noticed. His days were full and interesting. He was be-

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A YEAR ago Jerome Lama was a machinist in New York. Tonight, in full dress suit, he will entertain thousands, to thunderous applause. Labor has changed to pleasure. Pleasure brings fame and fortune. Over Radio Stations WJZ, WOR, WNYC, WHN, WRNY, WOKO, WMCA, WEAM and WEBJ, millions have heard Mr. Lama.

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Thousands have already learned—mystifying and fascinating their friends, invited everywhere, achieving startling popularity, opening the way to professional success. Let me tell you about these delighted, money-making Saw Musicians whose music rivals the violin. Let me prove that you, too, can quickly play like a professional. Write me today. Play at the next party.

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coming accustomed to the inside of the Blair house and the Blair car, and other cars and houses. Andy was having a vogue of his own. Marge had seen to that. If Andy was to be her find, it was necessary that he should be a find that other people coveted. It was also necessary that he covet her.

He hardly knew how it came about that he kissed her the first time. Things had been leading up to it for some time, the soft pressure of her body against his as they drove home in the car, the lift of her face as she said good night. Yet Andy felt a kind of resistance, as if the thing wasn't altogether right, a resistance that melted slowly down, until his lips touched hers.

"I'm sorry," he said at once. That seemed to be the right thing to say.

"Why?"

"You'll think I'm pretty fresh," he said awkwardly.

"I don't think anything of the sort," she said. "I think that if two people are drawn to each other, it's nobody's business but their own."

He fingered his cap nervously.

"Don't you, Andy?"

"Yes, of course."

"And I've been crazy about you from the first day I saw you playing hockey."

"Sure it's me and not the hockey?"

"Both of you," laughed Marge.

He knew where her seat was in the amphitheatre now, knew that the eyes of all her crowd were upon him. He was not quite as poised as he used to be, when he came on for the first time to the swing of the band. Cheering thousands—that was easy; but there in the center seats was the girl who was crazy about him, who told him so—and all her friends watched him. It made him self-conscious and faintly cocky.

They had a run of easy games with little teams, then a bad break with Minneapolis.

THE morning after that game he looked tired, and got two pieces of advice. His mother, pouring his breakfast coffee, gave him the first.

"You look tired, Andy," she said. "You don't want to neglect your business for that hockey."

"The hockey's pretty important just now, Mother."

"I know. We're awfully proud of you too, Andy. You know that. It's a nice, healthy game. But you've got a good job, and this hockey's all over in a few months. I'm always afraid one of those sticks will catch you the way they did that other poor lad, one night we saw the game."

"Don't you worry about me," said Andy.

The other advice differed rather widely. It came from Marge, who had insisted that Andy lunch with her at the Greysolon Hotel.

"You look tired," she said. "You ought to give up that fool job in the hardware shop. How can they expect you to play your best hockey when you work all day like that?"

Andy grinned. It struck him as comical.

"But that's my real job, Marge—the store."

"Why don't you get out of it?" she urged. "I'll talk to Father and get him to find you something. They're always talking about what hockey does for the town. Why don't they take care of the players? The town owes you something for the free publicity you give it."

"Oh, I like the store," said Andy. "You see, I want to get an interest in the business some day, and I think that I can."

Margery gave him a side look. The hardware store wasn't in her picture at all. She couldn't be running around with a shop clerk.

"Better let me talk to Father," she said.

They were very handsome as they walked out of the hotel together. Some people, mostly women, recognized Margery Blair, and many people recognized the hockey player, and Marge was conscious of the exciting combination that they made. She put her hand on Andy's arm, and the girl at the switchboard, who had just seen a hole in the air as Andy McLean's eyes had rested on her questioningly, felt miserable and angry and contemptuous all at once. She snapped at the next man who spoke gayly to her, although she knew he was the harmless sort who only wanted to be friendly.

THE hockey team went to Cleveland for three big return games. It was during the third game that Andy did his big stuff. He made the goal that gave Cosmopolis two out of three games, and a minute later was slashed on the head with a hockey stick, as his mother had feared.

It was spectacular, so much so that for a few days sporting pages all over the country focused on Andy, while he lay in a Cleveland hospital. He came back to Cosmopolis very much a hero. The news reels in the movies carried his pictures; every small boy in town knew him by sight, and a great many young women were jealous of Margery Blair. For Margery very obviously had him in tow.

He had given up his job in the hardware store when he came back from the Cleveland hospital, and gone into the bond business with some friends of Margery's father. Such a personable and popular young man had a very good chance selling bonds, and his hours were pretty much what he chose to make them. And Andy didn't work too hard. He, too, began to feel that the town owed him something, to swagger a bit in consciousness of celebrity.

"Left the store, I hear," said Sinclair.

"Yep," said Andy. "No money in it."

"Oh, write it on the ice! You got to have a million with those new playmates of yours, I suppose."

"Oh, dry up," said Andy.

"Sure. My conversation isn't what you're used to now, boy, since you've been hitting the high spots. By the way, Andy, what did you do to Mary Callahan?"

"To who?" asked Andy, the quick red spreading over his face.

"You heard me all right. Mary Callahan. My gosh, she's certainly out with a hatchet after you. You may be the town's idol, but you're not Mary's sweetie!"

"That's all right with me," agreed Andy; but he felt a little sick and hurt. Queer how the mention of her name brought back the picture of the sagging

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Our national propensity to Colds

This common trouble can be traced, quite often, to the susceptibility induced by Auto-Intoxication.

OF all diseases to which the flesh is heir, colds are the most costly in lost time and in impaired health. And yet taken care of in time, a cold is not a trouble difficult to defeat.

A good rule with colds is to get at the source of the trouble, and get at it promptly. For unless a cold is quickly shaken off, it often develops into a more serious ailment.

Usually the real cause of a cold can be traced to stoppage of waste products in the intestines. When waste products are not promptly eliminated they start to ferment and to set up poisons which are spread through the body by the blood—producing a form of self-poisoning called Auto-Intoxication.

Auto-Intoxication weakens our bodily powers of resistance—it makes us easy prey for the germs of colds—it takes some part of health from nearly everyone.

* * *

Don't take a chance with colds. At the first sign of a "stuffed up," congested condition—correct the stoppage—clear out the intestines of poison-producing wastes.

For this, there is no better helper than Sal Hepatica. Sal Hepatica, a palatable, effervescent saline, attacks a cold at its source. It rids the system quickly of waste products, bathes away the intestinal poisons and aids in keeping the blood stream pure and in condition to destroy the germs of colds.

You may take Sal Hepatica on arising or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

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Sal Hepatica

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little porch, the soft-falling snow, the rise of something sweet and fearful in him that had never come again. He walked away, and then turned.

"What's she got against me?" he asked abruptly.

"I don't know. But it's certainly enough, whatever it is."

"She hadn't told, anyway," thought Andy gloomily. He had a good many gloomy moments lately. Sometimes he wondered whether his head was all right since that Cleveland game. There was so little kick left in anything.

HOCKEY and a crowd screaming and yelling at you, driving you to win, pounding at you, scaring you into winning. Bonds—going around to offices and telling the men there some patter about them, and letting the talk drift back to hockey, if they were fans. Learning to be skillful about that was part of the game.

Seeing Marge, eating with her, driving with her, being with her in her home, which had seemed so like a palace at first, but now was less magic and impressive Marge herself, no longer strange and distant, but only an eager, possessive girl who had a sort of claim on him, who had taken him up, who had plans for him. She frightened him sometimes with her air of possession.

Yet he knew, and Marge knew, that he had never asked her to marry him. Not that—yet. Not even when she came to Cleveland, and he was sick there. He supposed vaguely that he would, in the end. She herself had hinted at it as entirely possible, but Andy had never felt it so. Maybe, when he was selling more bonds, and had made some money, and had a car of his own, the thing would be suddenly feasible.

The great Winter Jubilee had been planned to exactitude to meet the dates of the last three hockey games in Cosmopolis. There were to be three games with the leading team in the Eastern League, to decide the national championship. The chamber of commerce had put on its great exposition. The automobile show was in progress, everyone taking advantage of the visitors to the city and the excitement.

But the hockey team was the center of interest—and Andy McLean, star player, the center of the center. His picture was everywhere. To the whole city he was "our Andy," and there were letters written to the newspapers suggesting that some fitting civic celebration be made to honor him. Marge liked it. But Andy's mother, still making his coffee every morning an hour later than his father's breakfast, showed no undue pride.

"I'll be glad when it's over, Andy," she told him. "I'm always afraid that you'll get hurt again, and, after all, hockey's not a trade. And it takes so much of your time and your strength."

Andy laughed and kissed her, and went out to his work of four hours selling bonds, followed by hockey practice, lunch with Margery, and adulation.

Never had the auditorium been so packed. Orange sweaters and checkerboard green ones shot in among each other, fighting for the puck, hitting at it, missing it. The Eastern team had a fine skill that the Cosmopolis players had not known existed until that first night. They met it with strength and endurance, but they lost the first game, three to nothing. The second game they won by a single goal, and by the third night the whole attention of the city seemed to be focused on that great central rink where the championship was to be settled.

Sinclair was sore. He hated the extra pomp about the big game; he hated the fact that the objectionable referee, Graves Clark, was again to be in charge, and was evidently a favorite official with the Eastern team.

"Keep your mind on your game, Andy," he said, "and your eyes off your lady friends in the grand-stand. You've got to forget the crowd."

"Say, who do you think you're talking to!" answered Andy viciously.

"Oh, I know all right," Sinclair told him, his own nerves on edge with two nights of playing. "I'm talking to a bird who's all swelled up like a poisoned pup!"

Andy turned toward him angrily, but the signal for the game stopped them. They flung themselves into it; but it wasn't like the old game. The fun was gone, the comradeship. It was an ugly, deadly battle against the smooth, trained mechanism of the other team.

Afterward people said with amazement that McLean's game went all to pieces, and that was why the score was so overwhelming against the Cosmopolis team. Up in the grand-stand Margery Blair, white under her rouge, tried to sit as if she didn't care.

But at the last score she got up and said to her brother, "Let's get out of this, Dick. Awful flivver, isn't it?"

"Aren't you going to wait for Andy?"

"I'll see him to-morrow," said Margery. "Graves Clark is coming out later."

Dick Blair followed his sister silently. He told himself that it was clear enough why Marge didn't get married. Marge had a yellow streak.

THE girl at the switchboard in the big hotel looked up at the first man who came in from the game.

"Who won?" she asked.

"They gave your town an awful trimming, sister. Ten to nothing—McLean went all to pieces. Missed every chance he had. So did the goal keeper."

"What number did you say?" asked the girl. Her voice was very stiff and mechanical. "Booth number three, please."

When he had gone into booth number three she put her hand up to her face and drew a long, trembling breath.

The newspapers in the morning were very definite. They said that McLean and Sinclair had slaughtered the game between them, and the entire team had been hopelessly outclassed. Andy read it and made no comment. He put on his coat and went to his place in the bond office, where he refused to talk about the game. It was a long, hard day. Nearly every man he tried to see was out or busy.

Spring, with picnics and motor trips, with the rebirth of tennis and golf and the passing of all interest in hockey, came swiftly. The great skating rink was turned into a dance hall for the summer. Pine Street put its sleds in the basement and took out lawn mowers and porch swings. And up and down the business streets, in and out of offices, Andy Mc-

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What more could a fellow ask?

A FRIENDLY pipe, mellowed with age and sweet as a nut. A tidy red tin of Prince Albert . . . good old Prince Albert. Give me these, and my good health, and you can have your cabin-cruiser and your winter vacation. I won't envy you for a minute.

But don't get me wrong. I'm not too easily pleased. As a matter of fact, I'm mighty particular about the kind of tobacco I choose for a constant companion. After playing the whole smoke-circuit, I've settled on P. A. as the one and only tobacco for *me*.

You'll begin to understand "why" the moment you open a tidy red tin of Prince Albert. The fragrance that rises to greet you promises a smoke such as you've never known. Then the big moment: you tuck a load in your old jimmy-pipe and light up! . . .

That's it. That's P. A. Cool as a bench by the river at night. Sweet as a baby's smile. Fragrant as a dew-wet garden. Mild as milk, yet with a full body that satisfies all the way down. If you don't know P. A., you can't know what you're missing.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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Our gums lead a lazy life!

IN these days of soft food and delicious cookery, it's not remarkable that dentists lay so much stress on the care of the gums.

For dentists know that these widespread gum disorders are in large measure due to the lack of natural roughage in our food—to the almost total absence of those coarse, fibrous elements that invigorate the gums and keep them in sound and sturdy health.

Gums then grow tender and weak. The blood does not circulate freely within their walls. They bleed easily under the brush, and "pink tooth brush" warns us to be on our guard against more serious troubles.

How Ipana and massage bring gums back to health

Dentists say the best corrective—and preventive, too—is massage of the gums. And thousands of dentists instruct their patients to massage their gums with Ipana Tooth Paste *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

For Ipana's content of ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic agent well-known to the profession, renders Ipana of definite aid in the toning and strengthening of weak, undernourished tissue.

Make Ipana your tooth paste for at least one month!

The coupon, of course, will bring you a ten-day trial, enough to acquaint you with Ipana's cleaning power and its delightful flavor. But the better plan is to start at once with a full-sized tube from the druggist. Use it faithfully for one month. That is a fairer test of Ipana's power to improve the health of your gums.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J-27
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1926

Lean sold bonds, or, more often, he tried to sell them.

There wasn't much money in the business these days. Everyone had an excuse—times were bad, business dull, an order had just been placed elsewhere. There was no particular reason why men should buy of Andy McLean now. He was no longer a hero, his celebrity was trimmed with failure. He didn't know too much about the bond business, and he wasn't a very good bond salesman. Not nearly as good salesman as he had been in the hardware store.

THERE came a day in June when Andy was worried. He had had an unprecedented run of bad luck, and the head of the office had intimated that it was time for him to do better.

"You see," said the head, "we took you on, Andy, at Mr. Blair's recommendation. That's all right; but we ought to have results by now. This is business, not hockey."

Andy went out, black at heart. How could he tell them that he hated selling bonds, and that was why he couldn't do it; that he hated selling them as much as he loved selling shining pieces of machinery and clever contrivances, the useful miscellany of hardware.

He lounged down the street, thinking over his prospects without hope. His suit had grown shiny, and he felt unimpressive and lonesome and a little hopeless. Then as he stopped to go into an office building he saw a familiar car at the curb, and within it Margery Blair.

He had seen her only once since the game. He had gone to see her, to explain just why it was such a failure, and she had said that she understood perfectly. Then she had gone away for the spring months, and he had not seen her since then. Once she had sent him a card from Florida.

Andy went up to the car.

"Hello, Marge," he said.

She was different—or was it merely her summer clothes?

"Hello. How are you?" she asked brightly, and seemed to look at him without really seeing him.

"It's great to see you back. I've missed you."

"Missed me?"

"Of course," he said stubbornly, unwilling to admit the fact of his snubbing.

A young man in clever, rather exaggerated, clothes came out of the office building and over to the car with an air of belonging. Andy recognized the ex-referee.

"How are you? What are you doing in this part of the world again?" Andy asked with forced cordiality.

"I'm here for the golf tournament," said the young man coldly.

Andy had not known there was a golf tournament. He stood there while the young man stepped past him and into the car. Andy's grin was the ghost of his former cheerful one.

"Hope I see you again," he said to Marge, half ironically.

She made no answer as the car started, being thoroughly finished with that winter episode. But through the window Andy caught the deliberated words of the man, echoed by the girl's silence:

"What a nerve that upstart has, hanging around—"

There was deathly sick feeling in the pit of Andy's stomach. If he'd only hit him first! If that car hadn't moved!

"Ice too soft for hockey, Andy?" asked someone behind him. He whirled savagely, and saw Sinclair.

"Saw you talking to little Gracie, the referee," said Sinclair. "Pretty new clothes he's got!"

Andy's tightened fists unclenched.

"Did you hear what the fool said?"

"No; but I can guess it would have been one of the last words of famous men if that car hadn't moved away."

SUDDENLY Andy laughed, a good, wide, cheerful laugh, the first of its kind in months.

"Say, Sinclair," he said, "do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to stop selling these darn bonds. I'm going to sell things I know something about—in a hardware store."

"I knew you'd get your mind back," triumphed Sinclair. "Come and have lunch with me!"

They ate at the Bon Ton, sharing a steak in honor of the occasion. Then they lingered, talking of hockey and what they would do next winter. It was in the midst of their talk that Sinclair's shrewd eyes, diverted for a moment, stayed on a girl who had just come in.

"There's Mary Callahan," he said. "Remember the night you met her here? What did you ever do to get her so down on you? I always wondered."

Andy was red to his hair. He forgot Sinclair's eyes, forgot to be embarrassed, as he stood up and gazed at Mary Callahan. All he cared about was that in going out she should look at him. He wanted to see her again, to have her see him now.

Mary Callahan turned, as if disturbed by his glance. Her eyes rested on him again as if he were a hole in the air. Then they changed as she seemed to read his face, read the mistake and misery, and the acknowledgment of it. She hesitated.

"Hello. How's the hero?" she asked, coming over to where he stood—and in her voice was forgiveness.

He did not know what he said. He was looking into the depth of her eyes, conscious of the hair curling deftly on her cheek, and the sweet, firm mouth—and with it all came again that perfect sense of fitness, of completeness.

"Going my way?" asked Mary Callahan, as she had asked before.

Andy picked up his hat.

"I'm always going your way!" he said. And left Sinclair staring after them.

WHEN HARRY PIDGEON was a lad on an Iowa farm he read of glamorous far-off places. When he became a man, he sailed off in a homemade boat to see those places. For almost four years, alone in his thirty-four-foot yawl, he adventured. A truly amazing feat, which covered a distance of thirty-five thousand miles. "And the most dangerous thing that a man sailing alone has to face," says Harry Pidgeon, "is clear, calm weather, with a good breeze blowing!" Why such a strange statement should be true is explained next month in "This Iowa Farmer Sailed Around the World Alone."

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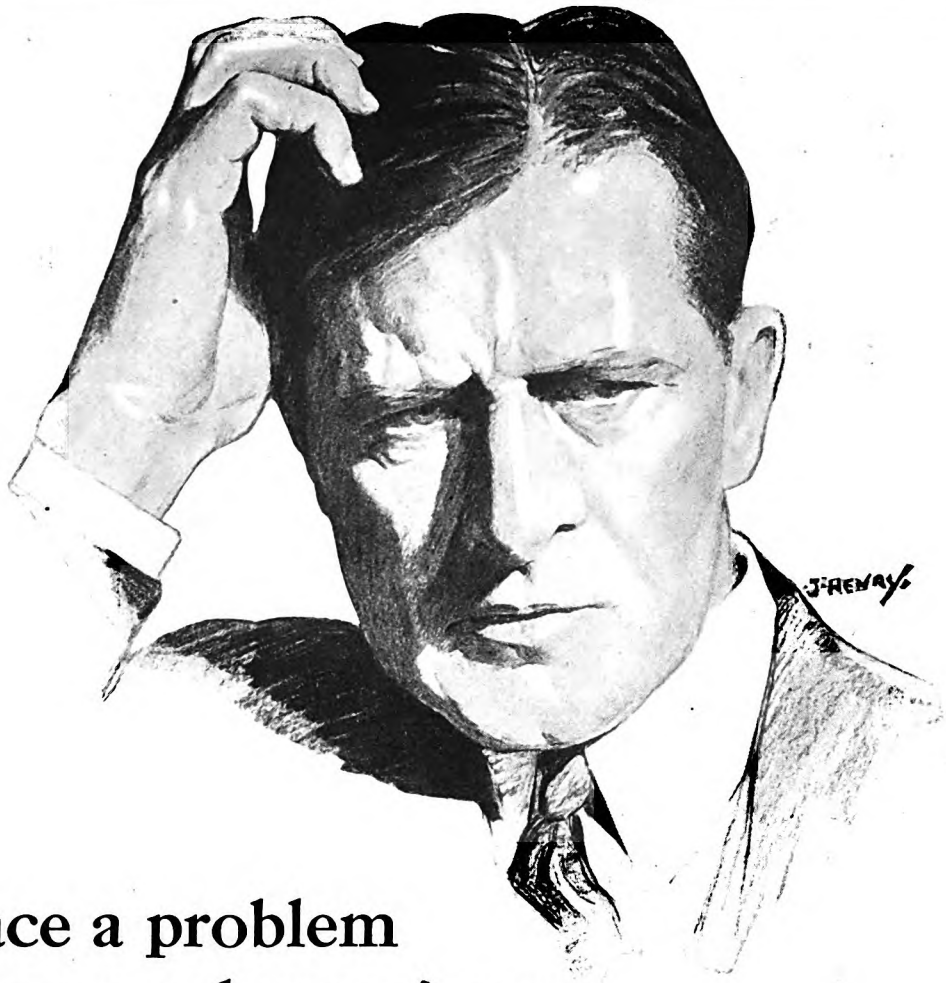

When you face a problem outside your personal experience

—that's where the Alexander Hamilton Institute comes in

NO one lives long enough to meet *every* kind of business problem.

Your experience—whether you are president of a great corporation or assistant cashier in a small-town bank—is strictly limited by the number of hours you have lived. And no man can live more than twenty-four hours a day.

The difference between the president and the assistant cashier is this: the president *must* be able to solve immediately and correctly any problem, *whether he has met it before or not.*

Right there is one of the reasons why 38,803 presidents and business heads are subscribers to the Institute's Modern Business Course. In many of their private offices, you will find the twenty-four volumes of the Course within easy reach.

Few of these men have any intention of following the Course in detail. But they realize that one single paragraph in any chapter may have just the idea that will solve a puzzling problem or increase immediate profits. Wrote one of them recently:

"When I enrolled with you I had no idea of finishing the reading or solving all the problems or taking all the lectures. I merely said to myself: 'These people have gathered together some of the smartest brains in business and in university teaching. They offer me those smart brains as my staff of business advisors, at a price that is just nothing at all. I'll take their advisors and keep them here beside me; even if I only look to them for the answer to one problem a month, I shall be making money.' For in my business an idea doesn't have to be a very big idea to show a handsome profit."

What do *you* do when you face a problem that is outside your personal experience?

We invite you to send for a little booklet which will tell you what you *can* do. It gives all the details regarding the Alexander Hamilton Institute. You will find your questions answered in it. You will understand much more clearly, after you have read it, why over a quarter of a million men—60% of whom are executives—keep this oasis of information at their elbows as a constant source of advice for the solution of business problems and perplexities.

The coupon below is for your convenience, but if you prefer to write a letter, do so. In any event, it will cost you nothing and may mean a great deal to you in the months to come.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
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Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

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AFTER SHAVING

Amazing Exhilaration—Like a Cold Shower!

The men are all talking about what a delight Listerine is after shaving.

It is impossible to describe its effect on you. All the thrill of a cold shower is there, with none of the trouble, and with a fraction of the time.

It starts you off with a bang and the whole world looks brighter. Just try it and see, and find for yourself why we are not taking a chance in risking our money to tell you.

Douse it on, full strength, after the hot water. It closes the pores and draws up the muscles.

You look younger—even *feel* younger. And you are left with a nice feeling of safety—because Listerine insures you against possible infection.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

THEY STICK TO IT! The way we get new users for Listerine Tooth Paste is to get people to try it just once. After that they rarely switch. LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

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My Reasons For Being Thankful

FIRST PRIZE

I Am Thankful to Be a Farmer's Wife

I AM thankful that I am a farmer's wife. We have passed through drouth, hail, and falling markets; but, in spite of it all, we are coming into our own. Although we are operating a large grain ranch, our chickens, as a side line, have been very successful this year. We are happy not only because of our financial success but also because we have won out against great odds.

I am happy that we have an ideal home for our three children. We live in an attractive valley surrounded by mountains. The soil is fertile, the air invigorating, and the scenery wonderfully beautiful. Our home is comfortable. As a family, we work and play together. My husband and I are partners. We check on a common checking account and I keep the books. It is *our* home.

I am thankful for the school advantages our children enjoy. Our little schoolhouse is only a quarter of a mile away, and every morning I watch our little ones trudging happily along to school. We always take care to select a good teacher. The present teacher is young, cheerful, and sympathetic. The schoolroom has comfortable seats, good blackboards, an excellent library, and a phonograph. I give thanks when I see my children developing into healthy, happy, independent workers.

Although we live some distance from a church, we manage to take our little ones to Sunday-school almost every Sunday.

I am thankful for the friends that we make each year. Various helpers are needed on our ranch, and we employ many strangers. Throughout the year we entertain college professors and hoboes alike, and the children are interested in all of them. Sometimes they seem to prefer the "floater" to the educated man who occupies an important position in the community! Right now a teamster is their favorite playmate.

I am thankful that here on the ranch I am learning each day to discover much good in everyone, and that I am believing more and more in the eternal goodness of God!

W. J. H.

SECOND PRIZE

I'm Glad My Parents Brought Me to America

I AM thankful that I had the privilege of coming to America and making it my home.

I am thankful for my parents, who made this possible. Not until I married did I realize what it must have meant to my father to leave his home and family for eighteen long months, to prepare the way, and to my mother, who left all her

She needs you so!

To you alone can she look for this special care

For your little girl you ask many special things—things that will mean her future health and happiness. She is so helpless and dependent; she needs so many kinds of care—which only her mother can understand and give.

It's not only big things that she needs. Some of the little common things of every day are vital to her development.

To one of these simple things, in particular, school authorities are asking mothers to give special attention today. *To the school day breakfast!*

School nutrition authorities have found by actual test that the kind of breakfast your children eat has a direct effect upon the kind of work they do in the morning.

They have found that the one proper basis of school day breakfasts is a *hot* cereal. Note what the U. S. Bureau of Education says about this:

"Eat a cooked cereal every morning. It makes you feel warm and gives you energy to work hard and play hard."

So important has the Breakfast Rule become in the school health program, that it is now displayed on the wall in thousands of school rooms:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast."

Such a little thing—yet it means so much! So much that you want for your children—strong bodies, quick minds. And only *you*, their mother, can do this for them!

Tomorrow morning send them to school with a supply of physical and mental energy to last until noon. You can provide it in no surer way than with a steaming bowl of Cream of Wheat.

This famous food has been the stand-by of physicians for 30 years. They recommend it to mothers as an ideal cereal food.

They like it for its energy value. It supplies the life-giving energy young bodies and brains need—a full morning's supply of it.

Cream of Wheat is so easy to digest, too. It contains none of the indigestible parts of the wheat, so its rich store of energy is quickly and easily freed for use.

You alone can see that your children start off in the morning *fully prepared* for work—with the sustaining nourishment that a Cream of Wheat breakfast gives. If you need a new box of Cream of Wheat, your grocer will send it today.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

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To mothers

We have a booklet for you which contains authoritative information on correct diet for children from 6 months to high school age. We will gladly send it free with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Sign your name below and send to Dept. P-2, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Name.....

Sample (check if wanted).....

Address.....

To teachers

To co-operate with your school health program we have had prepared by an experienced teacher a plan to interest children in eating a proper breakfast. Sent free to teachers or any school official. Fill in and mail form below to Dept. P-2, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Name.....

Grade taught.....

Address.....

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You pay no more for MAZDA lamps

It costs no more, in time, trouble or money, to have MAZDA Auto Lamps—and no one claims that there is anything better, at any price. As a matter of fact, every notable improvement in auto lamps that has been made—the concentrated filament, the depressible beam, the corrugated bulb, and so on—*every one* is a development of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

Look for "MAZDA" on the base

The mark "MAZDA" is not the name of a product, but the distinguishing mark of a *Research Service* which has been the means of improving incandescent lamps and reducing their cost since 1910.

NATIONAL MAZDA AUTO LAMPS

National MAZDA Auto Lamps

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

old associations, relatives, and friends, to set out for America, seeking a higher standard of living, and bigger and better opportunities for her three children.

I am thankful for the privilege of enjoying some of the many advantages America offers to her sons and daughters. For I have many fine friendships; I own my own home; drive my own car, and have a good position with plenty of possibilities; and all these things are far and away beyond the greatest aspirations and expectations of my days in Europe, where I went to work at the age of thirteen.

When I think of buddies who were killed in Flanders' Fields, I am thankful that I was able to return home sound of body and of limb.

I am thankful that it has been my privilege to marry an American girl.

Surely I should be thankful to God, from whom all blessings flow. C. G.

THIRD PRIZE

My Deafness Has Won Me Many Friends

SOME people might think I have little reason for being thankful, for, like the old lady in the story, "I'm deef and half blind; I've lost all my teeth and most of my hair; but, thank God, I have my faculties!"

If we stopped to consider, we'd all be most thankful for our "faculties," for how could we appreciate our other blessings without them?

It may seem hard to believe, yet it is a fact that I am thankful to be deaf! I have been deaf from little childhood; I am "ha'f blind," and have always been far from strong; but all my life I have been surrounded by understanding, sympathetic friends, who have done all in their power to make a rocky road smooth. My family are patient, and thoughtful of me always, though a deaf person must often be trying. The school for the deaf from which I was graduated has given me some of my best friends—the teachers who have followed me through the years with an affectionate interest; the deaf friends, who have accomplished great things in this hearing world, and who have been loyal friends these many years. My neighbors—how thankful I am for them! Their countless acts of thoughtfulness will never be forgotten. Even the children will repeat what other people are talking about, when I fail to understand, so that I shall not feel left out. It is hard to read lips when I am in a group of people all talking at once; but someone is sure to repeat to me the interesting bits of gossip and the jokes.

When I am traveling, I find friends everywhere who are willing to help me along. Any trolley conductor will take pains to come to my seat to warn me when we are approaching my street, if I tell him I am a stranger and deaf. Everyone is kind. I never meet with unpleasantness because of what some people call my "affliction." Instead, it has given me the best friends anyone could have, and has helped me to appreciate them truly; it has saved me from many irritations and much friction that hearing people have to endure. E. I. B.

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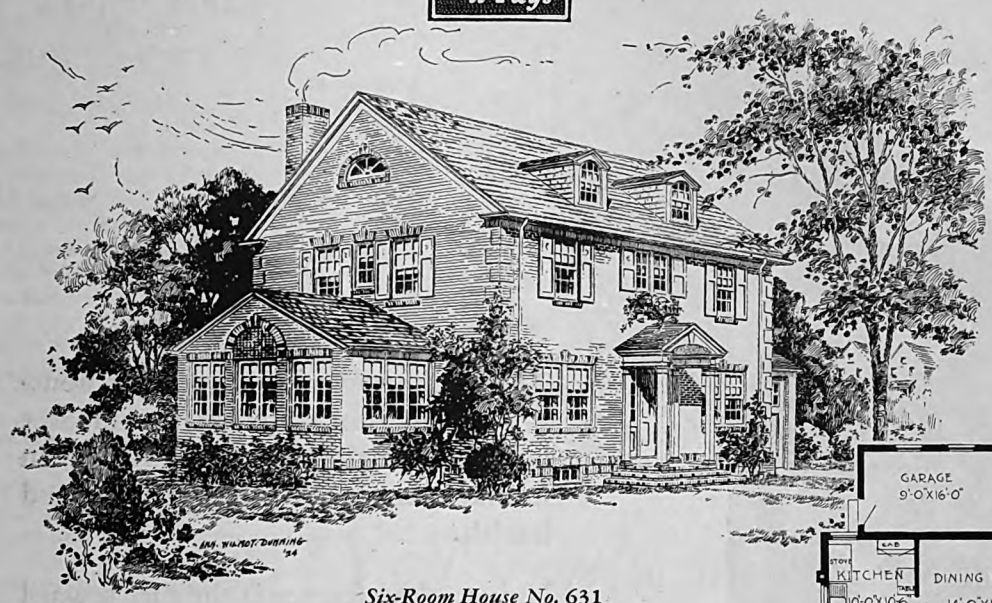
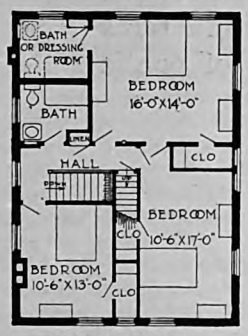
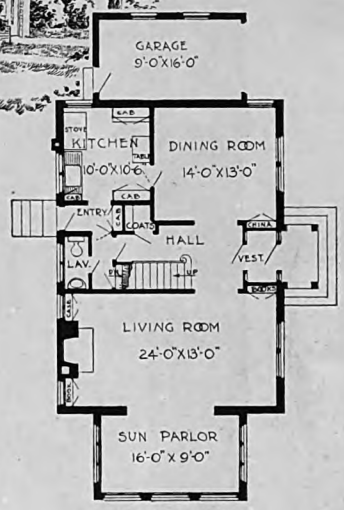
A·F·B·A
USE FACE BRICK
—it Pays



Six-Room House No. 631
One of many designed for the home-owner by the Service Department of American Face Brick Association.



SECOND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR

Beauty That Endures

THE woman's eye will note the thoroughly practical interior arrangement and distinguished exterior of this Face Brick house. Time enhances the charm as age enriches the beauty of its color tones. The passing years exact little toll, for the Face Brick house is truly the permanent economical house. The "Story of Brick" contains interesting facts for the prospective home-builder—sent free on request.

YOU MAY FIND THESE BOOKLETS INTERESTING

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" embrace 128 designs of Face Brick bungalows and small houses. These houses are unusual and distinctive in design, economical to build, and convenient in floor plan. Issued in four booklets showing 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses, and 7 to 8-room houses. The entire set for one dollar; and any one of the books, 25 cents. We can supply complete working drawings at nominal prices.

"The Home of Beauty" contains 50 designs of two-story six-room Face Brick houses, representing a wide variety of architectural styles and interior arrangements, selected from 350 designs submitted in a nation-wide Architectural Competition. Sent for 50 cents. Complete working drawings for these houses at nominal cost.

"The Home Fires," a most attractive fireplace book, with many designs, gives full directions for fireplace construction. Sent for 25 cents.

"A New House for the Old." Stop repairing and painting by veneering the old house with beautiful Face Brick. Booklet sent free.

AMERICAN FACE BRICK ASSOCIATION

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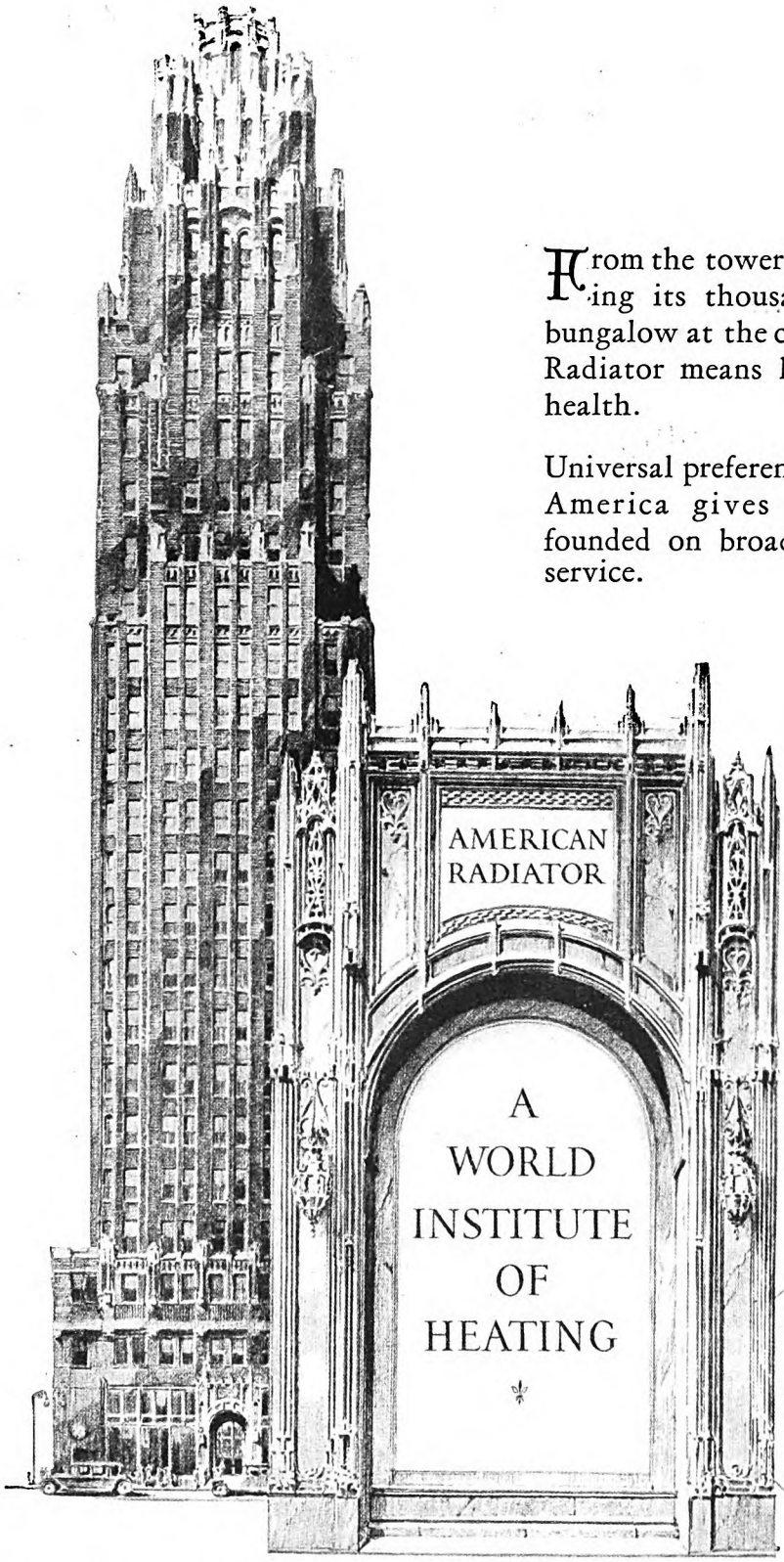
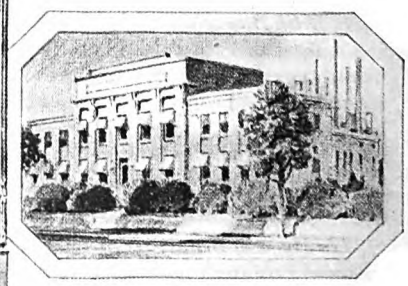
Universal preference is the sure reward America gives to the industries founded on broader vision of public service.



All that modern science affords is employed by American Radiator, at its Institute of Thermal Research to perfect heating products.



AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Showrooms and sales offices: New York, Boston, Providence, New Haven, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati Atlanta, Chicago, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Brussels, Berlin

Makers of IDEAL Boilers, AMERICAN Radiators, ARCO Hot Water Supply Heaters, VENTO (Ventilating) Heaters, Heat-Controlling Accessories, etc.

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42 Pictures of Davy Crockett Help Run the Dallas "News"

(*Continued from page 11*)

My election as a director and vice president in 1906 antedated my brother's death by just one month."

Promotion from office boy to mailing clerk was young George B. Dealey's first upward step in the business. It doubled his pay, added numerous responsibilities, and gave him authority of a department.

"My new position also put me on night work," said Mr. Dealey, "for the 'News' was a morning paper. The presses started before three A. M., and I had to get the papers for out-of-town subscribers into the early mails.

"Sometimes the mail wagon came before we were ready, and went on without us. Then my two helpers and I would have to wheel the papers to the depot in a handcart, running like fury to catch the train.

"Though we were the principal newspaper in the state, our equipment was primitive. The press was an old double-cylinder affair with a capacity of three thousand papers an hour—compared with our modern presses, which turn out more than two hundred thousand an hour. In those days, our paper stock came flat, in quires. To make it 'take the ink' we wet this paper in a water trough before feeding it to the press. First, we printed the two inside pages, then the sheet was turned over and we printed the two outside pages. After the sheets were printed they were put into another machine for folding. The machinery was driven by a small steam engine, and cord wood was the fuel.

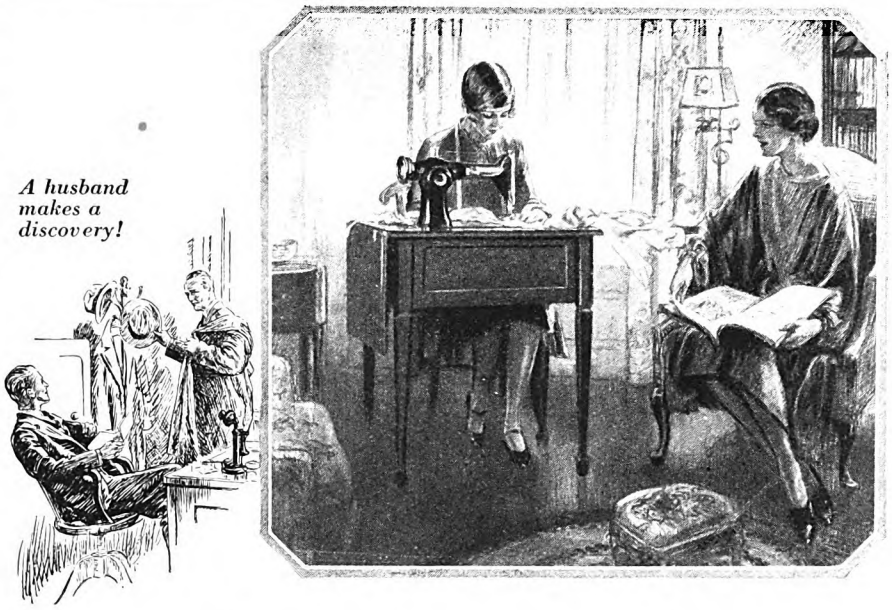
"THERE were no linotype machines in the seventies, no mailing or addressing machines. All papers sent through the mail had to be addressed by hand. Illustrations were unknown, the only 'art' being a few stock woodcuts. Advertisements were simple notices, and ran month in and month out without change.

"About 1880 we put in our first web perfecting press, which printed from a roll of paper, and a couple of years later addressing machines were invented and were installed in the mailing-room.

"Henry Ward Beecher visited Galveston and lectured in the Auditorium. I had visions of being an orator, and wanted to go to college. I sent for catalogues of various institutions, and selected the University of Virginia. Our family fortunes had improved by now—my father had given up the unprofitable shoe shop and was proprietor of a tea, coffee, and spice store that was thriving. In addition to T. W. and myself, another brother, James Q., was working on the 'News.'

"But James Q. was the only one of us who went to college. He was determined to get an education, and finally did so. He is now head of the department of political and social science at Brown University, in Providence, Rhode Island, and author of several books."

What happened to George B. Dealey's



A husband makes a discovery!

"You should see what has happened at our house!"

"NEW draperies at the windows. New curtains. Mary and the children with more clothes than they ever had before—seems they have something new to show me every time I come home. And do you know why? A new Singer Electric! They tell me it's more fun and a lot easier to make things now than to go shopping about for them—and the cost is about half. Sure, we always had a sewing machine in the house, but this Singer Electric is something new—as quiet and smooth and swift as a straight eight. You can't imagine the difference. Why, the folks should have had one long ago. It has paid for itself already!"

Husbands and fathers everywhere are making this discovery of what a new Singer Electric means to a home. Happy interest in sewing, more clothes whenever they're wanted, money saved—the best investment a family ever made.

To wives and mothers! If you have not yet felt the thrill of sewing with a modern Singer, a surprising experience awaits you. And there is an easy way to learn for yourself what this new kind of sewing machine will do. The nearest Singer Shop will gladly send a machine to your home to use for a few days in doing your own sewing. You may have your choice of the widest variety of models—electric, treadle and hand machines—a type for every need. Any one of them may be yours on a convenient plan by which you will receive a generous allowance for your present machine, and your new Singer will pay for itself as you save.

An Opportunity—

More than 8,000 representatives now carry the message of Singer Service into the homes of America. In such a large organization there are always openings for ambitious men and women. The work is pleasant, and interesting, and rewards are in direct proportion to results. If you wish to be considered for employment either in your community or elsewhere, write Personnel Dept., Singer Sewing Machine Co., Singer Building, New York.

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

"Short Cuts to Home Sewing"

This interesting practical 48 page illustrated book shows you how to save time in a hundred ways on your sewing machine—how to do all the modish new details of trimming—no matter what make of machine you may have. The book is free. Phone or call at the nearest Singer Shop [see telephone directory] or send for a copy by mail, to the Singer Sewing Machine Company, Dept. 48-P, Singer Building, New York, N. Y.

SINGER

SEWING MACHINES

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There can be no compromise with safety

Don't risk a skid—

Be sure always to have WEED Chains in your car. Put them on when roads are slippery, or deep in snow, or muddy. It takes such a little time compared with a lay-up for repairs. It saves the car from skidding, or becoming stalled, just at the season when you need it most.

You can buy WEED Chains at garages, automobile accessory and hardware stores. Just tell the dealer the size and type of your tires—he has the size of WEED Chains to fit them correctly.

Use

WEED CHAINS

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario
District Sales Offices: Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco

Makers of WEED *Bumpers and* WEED *Levelizers*

A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc. in business for *your* safety

college prospects is interesting, though not unique. The Missouri Press Association visited Galveston in 1882, and Mr. Dealey was one of the committee to meet the delegates and entertain them. In the party was Miss Olivia Allen, of Lexington, Missouri, daughter of one of the visiting publishers. That chance meeting with Miss Allen settled his future: two years later they were married.

The year 1884 was eventful, not only for Dealey but also for the "News." Colonel Belo and his associates had long considered the project of establishing another newspaper in north Texas, where they might duplicate for that region what they had done with the Galveston "News" in south Texas. Young Dealey was relieved of his mailing-room duties, and sent out to visit the towns of north, northeast, and east Texas, to see what circulation might be expected. He traveled on this mission for about a year. And when it was finally decided to establish the new paper in Dallas, Colonel Belo sent him to that city to prepare for its coming. The first issue of the Dallas "Morning News" appeared on October 1st, 1885, with George B. Dealey as business manager.

Dallas at this time was a raw country town of about 20,000 population. The St. Louis papers had a larger circulation in its section of the state than did any local newspaper, and the task assigned young Dealey—he was only twenty-six years old—was to make the new "News" a "go," in competition with these outside metropolitan papers. He did so well that in ten years Colonel Belo had simplified his title to that of manager, and added greatly to his responsibilities.

This accomplishment took heavy toll of Dealey's versatility, energy, and time. Many a week, day in and day out, the young manager was on the job from early in the morning until late in the night. His salary, when he came to Dallas with his wife and first baby, was one hundred dollars a month. This was soon raised to one hundred and thirty-five dollars, and with this encouraging spurt in their fortunes the young couple decided to buy a home.

"My wife deserves all the credit for this," said Mr. Dealey. "The payments on the house amounted to sixty-five dollars a month, and that left only seventy dollars for living expenses. How she managed I don't know; but somehow we got enough to eat and to wear out of that abbreviated income.

"It was really the turning point for us—for it was the first time I had been pushed to save. I began to look ahead to the possibility of becoming a shareholder in the newspaper company. There was a lawyer in Dallas who had one share of stock, and I told him that if ever he wanted to sell, I'd like the chance to buy. A few years later he was willing to sell, and that one-hundred-dollar share was my first interest in the business."

THE period of the Spanish-American War was a strenuous one in the newspaper field, and its close found Mr. Dealey worn out from much overwork. He fell prey to a serious illness, but stuck to his desk, finally collapsed, and was sent away to recuperate—his first vacation in years. While on this absence he received a note from Colonel Belo thanking him for his

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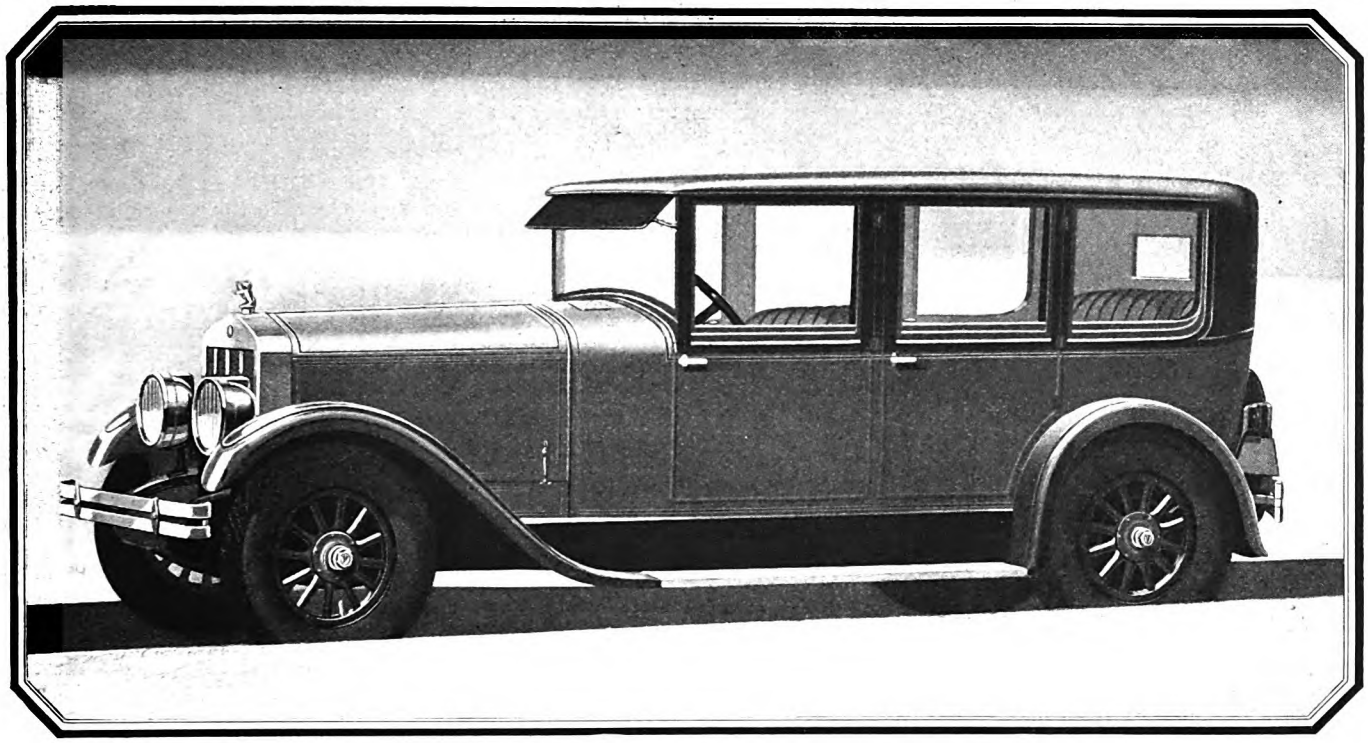

The 25th Anniversary Franklin

This great car is the climax of the Franklin policy of always keeping ahead

ON VIEW AT ALL DEALERSHIPS. Now offered at the most favorable price in Franklin history, with a special 25th Anniversary Easy Ownership Plan also available.

FRANKLIN

FULLY EQUIPPED F.O.B. SYRACUSE, N.Y. COUPÉ NOW $2490—SEDAN NOW $2790 OTHER TYPES IN PROPORTION

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Beautify your skin intelligently

Science declares the value of soap

"YOU cannot be clean without a good soap. The ideal soap is one which aids the secretions, removing just enough to take away the dirt, and yet leaving enough of the oil to make the skin soft and flexible."

This quotation from a recent article by a prominent physician and health commissioner well describes the action of Resinol Soap, and it is the Resinol ingredients which make this result possible. Any soap will *clean* the skin, but Resinol Soap goes a step further—it soothes as it cleanses.

To an exquisitely pure, scientifically balanced, toilet soap, have been added the Resinol properties which to thousands of people are synonymous with clearness, softness and beauty of skin. In the lather of Resinol Soap these properties are carried deep into the pores. That is why skins bathed with this soap are thoroughly cleansed—yet seldom troubled with dryness, smarting, stinging and redness.

Buy a cake from your druggist or toilet goods dealer today. Its distinctive, refreshing fragrance, and rich color will reveal at once the presence of the Resinol ingredients, and a week's use will prove their beneficial effect.

RESINOL OINTMENT is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.

Mail this coupon today

Dept. 5-A, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name .....

Street .....

City.....State.....

fidelity—and pinned to the note was a very substantial "thank-you" in the shape of a check for one thousand dollars.

Colonel Belo died in 1901, and his only son succeeded him as president of the company. In the early part of 1906 the young president was suddenly stricken with spinal meningitis and died. Within six weeks the veteran vice president of the company and the secretary-treasurer also died, and George B. Dealey was left with a tremendous load to carry. By right of experience and seniority he was next in line to head the corporation. But he had been a vice president less than two months, and, inasmuch as the property was largely owned and controlled by the Belo family, he hesitated to accept full responsibility.

In this emergency a brother-in-law of Colonel Belo's was called in to represent the family in directing the property, and Dealey was made vice president and general manager. The brother-in-law died in 1919, and then Mr. Dealey could no longer refuse the presidency. He had been with the institution forty-six years, and was so identified with it that "Dealey" and Dallas "News" were almost interchangeable terms.

When he formally assumed the office of president, in January, 1920, the employees gave him a surprise party, and presented him with a loving cup and other tokens of esteem. Telegrams, letters, and notes of congratulation came pouring in from all parts of the United States, from leaders in many walks of life—many of them former "cubs" who had served their apprenticeship on the "News."

"HOW do you manage to win and hold the loyalty of your employees?" I asked Mr. Dealey, knowing the comradeship and feeling of "belonging" that is ingrained in the "News" organization.

"I think," he replied thoughtfully, "it is because we judge by the efforts they make rather than by the results they attain. If a man does a good piece of work, he gets a word of praise from his chief. But, regardless of results, if he makes the right effort he is recognized. That policy extends all down the line, and is very personal. No employee can lie home seriously sick without the management knowing it and doing something about it. If a veteran employee needs a change of climate, he gets it, and doesn't have to worry about the wherewithal.

"One of the things that might surprise you is the reaction that this sort of policy gets from the other fellow. Most people are square, and instead of taking advantage they will meet you more than half way. On numerous occasions, I have simply had to make men take the rest that they had earned by their long, loyal service and that we were anxious and eager for them to have. One of our department heads became invalided some years ago. He refused to take his salary without working for it, and was too sick to be continued in his old post of responsibility. So we created a special position for him, and he held it until his death.

"Another factor that we depend on is the good judgment of our men. Policies are worked out in conference; they don't emanate arbitrarily from the president's office. When a new man comes to work on the paper he is not thrown into mid-stream, to sink or swim. A responsible executive sees him; there is a friendly chat, in which the head of the paper tells the newcomer its policies; he is made to feel his responsibility as a professional man and as a member of our staff."

A MAN who is now a prominent journalist in the North was recalling his first day on the Dallas "News." "I was told to see Mr. Dealey," he said; "when I entered his office I saw a gray-haired man with ruddy face and twinkling blue eyes look up alertly from a big desk. I told him my name, and he smiled and motioned me to a seat. He chatted as a friendly college dean might with a lonesome freshman. Finally he said that if at any time I needed money, he wanted to caution me against borrowing it from the outside. Any advances that I required I could obtain from the office cashier. He explained that he wanted all members of the staff to be free from the slightest suspicion of outside obligation."

I asked Mr. Dealey about this. "Yes, it is a rule with us," he answered. "Every member of the newspaper organization must be clear of debt to any outside interest, and untrammeled in every way."

That principle is applied consistently. The governor of the state offered an appointment on an important educational board to one of the "News" executives. It was promptly declined, though the paper is a strong exponent of the work represented by the board. Mr. Dealey has again and again been importuned to accept nominations for political office. On three different occasions, banks have sought to elect him to their boards of directors. He has always declined such offers.

He is a trustee of his church—the Westminster Presbyterian—has been president of the Dallas United Charities for eighteen years, is an officer or member of various societies for study, discussion, and civic improvement. But, apart from these non-political and non-commercial connections, he has allowed nothing to divide his allegiance to his newspapers or to influence his direction of their policies.

Many honors have come Mr. Dealey's way. Austin College, the University of Missouri, and Southern Methodist University, have each made him an LL. D. The scrapbooks that his secretary keeps are filled with personal mementos of the friendships and honors he has collected in the sixty-seven years of his life. But about these things he has little to say. His interest centers in the newspapers and the publishing house which have been his life.

SEVEN years ago, when he became president, the company's publications included the Galveston "News," the Dallas "Morning News," the Dallas "Evening Journal," the "Semi-Weekly Farm News," and an annual, "The Texas Almanac." In 1923 the directors decided to concentrate all the company's activities in Dallas, which had long been its headquarters. Accordingly, in that year the Galveston "News" was sold to local men of its city. Two years later, Mr. Dealey and his associates began negotiations with the two survivors of the Belo family, who held two thirds of the company's stock, with a view to reorganiza-

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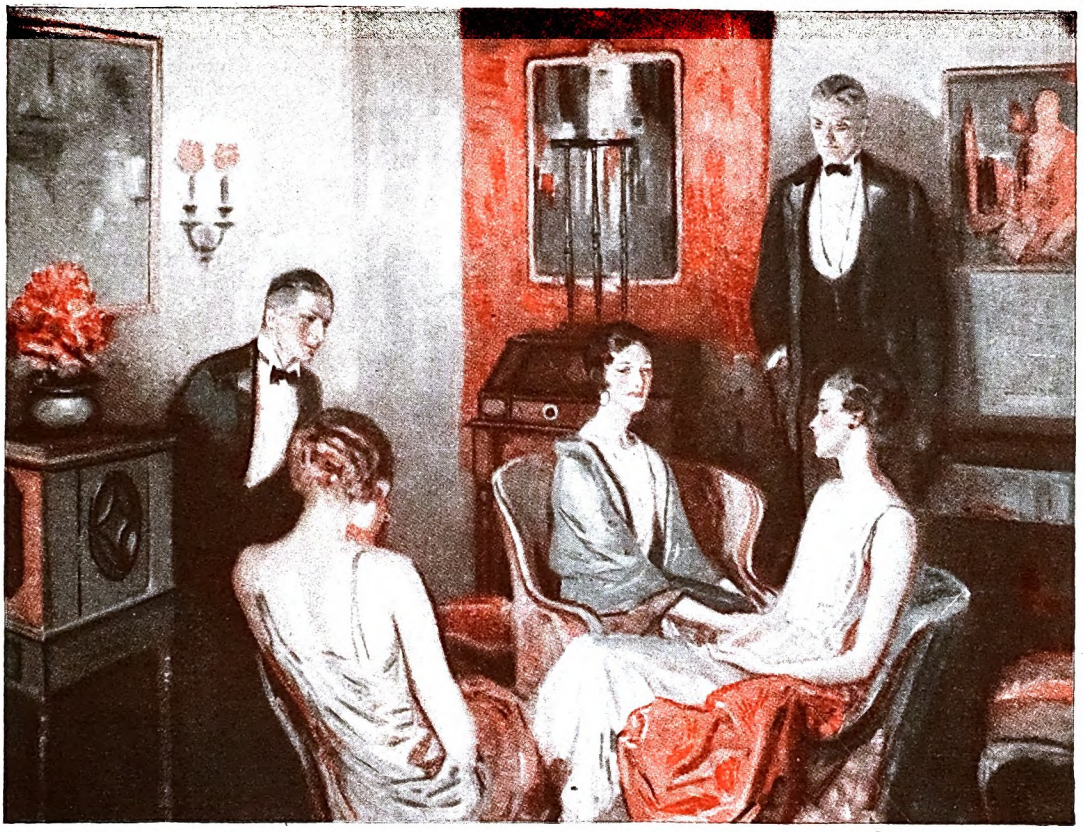


The high sweetness of the violins carries the theme; the deep drums beat the rhythm; a great symphony holds a million audiences in its spell.

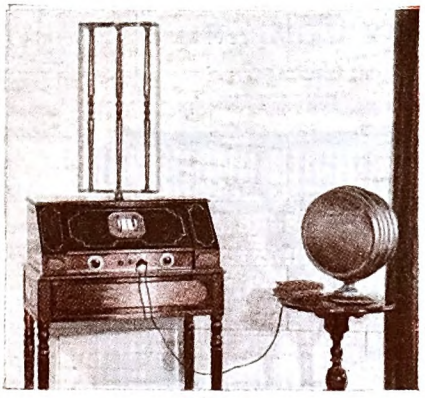
RCA has made radio *not only* greater—*but* simpler

EVERY RCA Radiola shows this trend toward simplicity—combined always with new achievements in performance.

Consider the eight tube super-heterodyne, Radiola 28. It is the culmination of twenty-five years of radio development—a remarkable instrument of music and of radio. Yet it stands as a simple, charming piece of furniture, and captures the magic of distant music with the turn of a single control!

In the RCA Radiolas of today, single control has been tried and proved .... it is no experiment. With these same Radiolas, operation from the lighting socket has had many months of testing and perfecting. They have shown the remarkable musical possibilities of radio when hooked up with the power of the lighting circuit.

The new RADIOLAS *that are such remarkable* MUSICAL *achievements are at the same time the* SIMPLEST *of musical instruments.*



Radiola 28, eight tube super-heterodyne single controlled. With 8 Radiotrons $260
RCA Loudspeaker 100 . . . . . $35

And practically every new feature that is heralded in radio today was first developed by RCA engineers—or by their associates in the General Electric and Westinghouse laboratories. In RCA Radiolas, modern radio has had the "road test" of experience and there is nothing to compare with them in tone or in performance.

They have made the old type radio obsolete, and have brought a new conception of radio—and of music—to thousands of homes. Whatever price you plan to pay for radio, be sure to hear the RCA Radiolas. From the least expensive Radiola to the most remarkable "electrical" model, each represents the most advanced radio of today—and the most thoroughly tried and proved.

Buy with confidence Authorized Dealer RCA *where you see this sign*

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

NEW YORK · CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

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The "Mountie" isn't lonely any more

WHEN the supply ship steams south from the last outpost of northern civilization in September, not to return until the following July, loneliness will never again beset the lives of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who patrol that vast, wild area.

Radio is now brightening the long winter nights with music, special programs, messages and greetings from their "home folks."

And in the receiving sets of the "Mounties" is the best equipment obtainable. The batteries they use *must* be dependable. They *must* serve until new supplies are brought in a year later.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

tion. In the summer of 1926 the deal was consummated.

Thus it was that George B. Dealey, who was employed originally because he was the office boy's little brother, passed into financial—as well as executive—control of the property he has had so important a part in building and molding.

"There is just one more question," I said to Mr. Dealey, as I rose to go. "Do you find that the David Crockett picture really has an influence?"

"Oh, of course it has an influence," answered Mr. Dealey. "There is no magic in it. It is not a talisman. But it does call to mind the principle that Davy stood for. I have had many of the men speak of it as a useful reminder. Only the other day one of the departments got into a bad jam, and the men responsible for it were called on to thresh the problem out. I happened to be passing down the hall as the conference adjourned, and one of the men stopped me and said, 'Well, we're back on sound footing now. For a while it was rather delicate going; but there was old Davy looking down on us, and he straightened us out.' No one can come to work here without being confronted by that picture. Inevitably he asks 'Whose picture?' and 'Why?' When he is told, the impression is far more effective and lasting than it would be if I printed Davy's precept on poster sheets in jumbo type and plastered them all over the office walls."

The Heir at Law

(*Continued from page 14*)

"Did my brother ever consult you about a will?"

"He did not."

"Or in any manner about the distribution of his estate at death?"

The questions were volleyed at the lawyer.

And again Colonel Braxton answered with his formula:

"He did not."

Lurty relaxed, and for a moment his heavy body seemed to heap up in the chair as though devitalized. He was like one escaped out of a peril, and breathless from it. This was the thing he feared. This was the thing that alone concerned him. This was the reason for his message to the man before him. It was to make certain whether or not his brother's lawyer had any knowledge of a will! And now that he was certain, the pressure of fear lying on his back was lifted.

He was free!

He had hesitated before an irrevocable act, lest in this attorney's hands there might be collateral evidence. Counselor to doubtful enterprises, as the dead man had defined him, he was habituated to an excess of caution. He knew that when an irrevocable act was done, it could not be undone. But when one knew, indirections could be given up. One could go forward with a decisive unconcern.

He now spoke sharply and with decision:

"Then my brother's estate descends to me by operation of law, and I take it."

He got on his feet firmly, like a man ashore out of treacherous waters.

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IN THE HEART OF EVERY WOMAN
Is the Desire to Beautify

HOW WOULD WHISTLER decorate *your* breakfast nook? A suggestion may be had from a color scheme he himself carried out: The ceiling he painted light blue, like the sky itself; the cabinet work and the furniture were of the light radiating color—yellow; the curtains white, but worked in yellow.

You can well imagine the beauty of it all, when in the morning the table was set for breakfast with dainty blue china—so simple and yet so joyous.

Today—the colorful room is the attractive room. There is still beauty and good taste in fine grained wood, and refining beauty in white, ivory and gray. But these only serve as a proper background for *color*—and it is *color* that is bringing a new cheerfulness into the home.

Lucas has satisfied this instinct for beauty—for color in the home—with a product that is fully as modern as the demand for it, and has called it—*Luco-lac*—a brushing lacquer.

Luco-Lac is equally beautiful for the odd piece of furniture or for an entire room. Also use it on woodwork, floors, toys, porch furniture, etc. A wide range of colors gives a choice of tints, as well as black, white and clear. Write today for lovely Color Card and helpful book—"The Way to *Luco-Lac*." Both sent free. Address our Dept. A-2, at Philadelphia, or your nearest branch.

What is LUCO-LAC?

Luco-Lac is a brushing lacquer which—

1. *Dries in half an hour* with a smooth satiny sheen.
2. Is unaffected by hot or cold liquids.
3. Actually improves with cleaning.

The "DO and DON'T" of Home Decoration

For those little painting jobs around the house that every home owner loves to do himself, there is a handy little *Lucas* book that simplifies the work and improves the results. Any of these books will be sent free. Address our Dept. A-2, Philadelphia, or your nearest branch.

Booklet J—"The Way to Luco-Lac"
Booklet L—"House Paints—Their Uses and Application"
Booklet C—"Treatment and Care of Floors"
Booklet U—"Treatment of Walls—with Paint and Color"
Booklet A—"Enameling Inside and Out"
Booklet S—"How to Paint Furniture and Other Household Articles"

John Lucas & Co., Inc.
Paint and Varnish Makers Since 1849
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK PITTSBURGH CHICAGO
BOSTON OAKLAND
And Local Distributing Points

Lucas
LUCO-LAC

BRUSHING LACQUER
The Beautifying Finish That Time Improves

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90 Cold Driving Days to Come

Arvin Heat Repays You in 1

ARVIN HEAT! For as little as $1.75 for Fords and only $7.50 for the most expensive cars, you can have this cold weather driving comfort in your car—busy, friendly waves of Arvin warmth breezing up around you as you drive. At such a trifling cost there's no reason why anyone should drive a car without an Arvin Heater.

Winter has just begun. There are plenty of cold days ahead—bitter days that will make you dread driving an unheated car. And the comfort that Arvin will give you on just one of these days will more than repay you.

There's an Arvin for *every* car. All accessory dealers sell Arvins—under a direct from factory to user guarantee of satisfaction. Your dealer will tell you which Arvin Heater is best for your car. You or your garage man can install it. Get your Arvin today and you'll never have another cold drive.

INDIANAPOLIS PUMP & TUBE CO.

General and Sales Offices—INDIANAPOLIS

Also Makers of Indianapolis and De Luxe Tire Pumps, Automobile Jacks and Dan Patch Coaster Wagons for Children

ARVIN HEATER

KEEPS YOU WARM IN YOUR CAR

The Low Cost of
ARVIN HEAT
for ALL CARS

ARVIN Heaters are made in several types. There is a model for your car—for all cars—priced as low as $1.75 for Fords and only $7.50 for the most expensive cars. All accessory dealers sell Arvins. Your dealer will tell you which Arvin Heater is best for your car. And once installed, Arvin Heat never costs another cent.

ARVIN HEATERS

ARVIN HEAT

ARVIN HEAT

They Sure Do Heat!

"And Marshall Lurty's daughter?" replied Colonel Braxton. "Shall she take nothing?"

There came an ugly sneer into the man's face.

"The law will give her nothing, and I will give her less!"

Colonel Braxton looked vaguely about the room.

"It is not the law that gives," he said. "The law permits one to take. It is the owner who gives."

"And am I not the one to take?" cried Mr. Caleb Lurty, in some heat.

"You are the heir, as the letter of the law reads," replied Colonel Braxton.

"And do I not take?"

"You take," replied the lawyer, "if your brother has not already given."

HE PAUSED; his eyes wandered about the room. His voice dropped to its leisurely drawl. He shifted his weight a little, like a man at ease.

"Mr. Caleb Lurty," he said, "it is a strange world. There is something behind it that is hard to fool. Human ingenuity moves with every sly precaution, and by some accident of chance, as it seems to us, the very subtilities of these precautions trip us.

"Observe, sir, if you please, what has happened here. This morning Marshall Lurty's daughter came to me, and against all right, against all justice, against all honor, I was forced to say that she was not her father's heir, and that the law distributing the estate would give her nothing. But I undertook to see you, in the hope that you might be moved by humane considerations outside the law, and so at least divide your brother's property with his daughter. As I was setting out, your message reached me, and it cheered me, Mr. Caleb Lurty, for I reflected that perhaps you also were considering such an act of justice." His eyes moved slowly from Caleb Lurty's face to his feet. "When I looked you over I realized that this hope was foolish!"

He went on. The big putty-colored man standing behind the walnut desk, neither moved nor spoke. His habit of caution held. He would hear, first, what this thing was that threatened.

"But what happened? . . . Look, sir, if you please, what happened."

The attorney's voice moved distinctly, although unhurried.

"When I entered this house, I was certain that your brother had died intestate. I had no knowledge of any existing will, and all my answers to your interrogations were precisely true. Marshall Lurty had never consulted me about the distribution of his estate, nor the form of any will, and no such testament had been lodged with me. And yet, Mr. Caleb Lurty," his voice went up sharp and decisive on the words, "I now have such a paper in my possession: Marshall Lurty's will, written by himself, and bequeathing his estate, real and personal, to his daughter!"

And putting his hand into the bosom of his coat, he drew out a folded paper.

And for once—for a single instant in his cautious life—the man by the desk was toppled off his balance.

"You got it out of that book!" he cried.

Then, as though he caught swiftly at

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APPROVED BY 18 MONTHS OF PUBLIC USE
NO OTHER BATTERY IS LIKE IT

The Layerbilt patented construction revealed. Each layer is an electrical cell, making automatic contact with its neighbors, and filling all available space inside the battery case.

Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, the Heavy-Duty battery that should be specified for all loud-speaker sets.

Practical tests have shown this to be the most economical of "B" Batteries

In daily use in the home, Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486 has fulfilled the promises made for it in laboratory tests. More than a year's study of the performance of this battery in the hands of the public has shown that it is the most satisfactory and most economical "B" battery ever developed. All loud-speaker sets require Heavy-Duty batteries—and the Layerbilt has proved itself absolutely the best of them all.

If you are now using the smaller, Light-Duty batteries, the Eveready Layerbilts will give you twice the service though they do not cost anything like twice as much. If you are already using Heavy-Duties, the Layerbilt, the longest lasting Heavy-Duty ever built, will run your set at least 25% longer, and again you will save money. Unless Eveready Layerbilts now are connected to your set, you spend more on "B" batteries than you should, and you can have no idea how good a "B" battery can be. The Layerbilt holds a surprise in store for you.

Eveready Layerbilt's unequaled service is due to its unique construction. All other dry cell "B" batteries are made of cylindrical cells, with many soldered connections, and a great deal of space is wasted between the cells. The Layerbilt is built up of layers of *flat* current-producing elements, that make connection with each other automatically, and that fill all available space inside the battery case. It is every inch a battery. In it you get more active materials than in any other battery and the Layerbilt construction makes those materials much more efficient current producers.

Those are the convincing reasons why the Eveready Layerbilt has proved itself the longest lasting, most economical and reliable "B" battery ever built.

Just remember this about "B" batteries—Heavy-Duty batteries are more economical than the smaller Light-Duty batteries on all loud-speaker sets, and the patented exclusive Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 is the most economical of all.

Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
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Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

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WJAR–*Providence*	WWJ–*Detroit*
WEEI–*Boston*	WGN–*Chicago*
WTAG–*Worcester*	WOC–*Davenport*
WFI–*Philadelphia*	WCCO {*Minneapolis* / *St. Paul*
WGR–*Buffalo*	
WCAE–*Pittsburgh*	KSD–*St. Louis*
WSAI–*Cincinnati*	WRC–*Washington*

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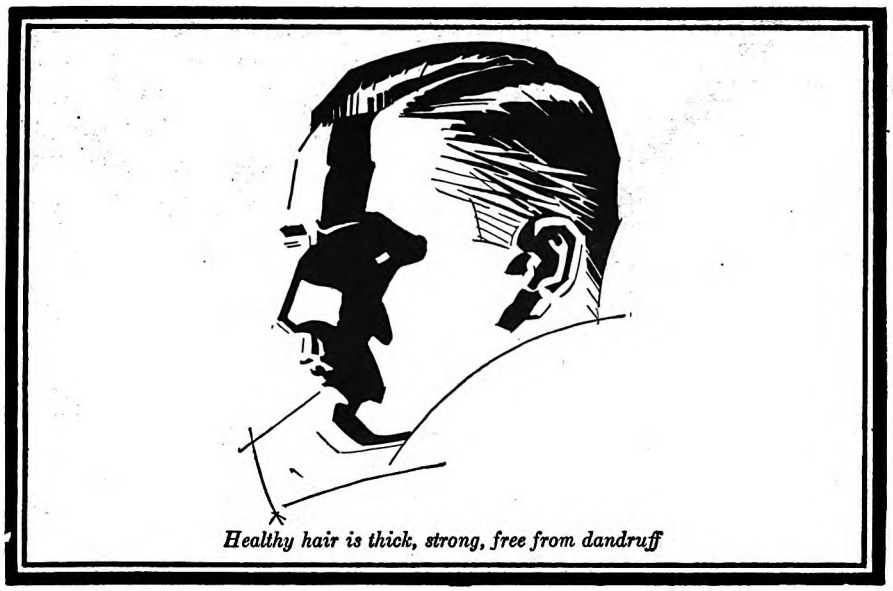
Healthy hair is thick, strong, free from dandruff

Your Hair—is it still vigorous, abundant?

THINNING HAIR needs special care to regain normal health. Dandruff will never leave you unless you definitely combat it. Unchecked, either of these ills leads all too soon to baldness!

Yet both can be prevented and can, in most cases, be overcome even when long established.

And the means of doing this is *very simple:*

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

The whole treatment takes less than three minutes and leaves your scalp tingling with new vigor! Within a few days the improved appearance of your hair will astonish you.

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Make this care of your scalp as regular a part of your morning toilet as brushing your teeth.

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the words to get them back, he brought his hand up sharply over his open mouth. But the words were out. And Colonel Braxton repeated them in his even voice

"Out of that book," he said, indicating one on a shelf before him. "I got it out of that book while you were absent seeking your confirmatory picture. And I have it properly in my possession, for I am named in the closing line as executor."

Colonel Braxton went on, unhurried, like one in a leisurely explanation of some ordinary and trivial event, while the other stood, his hand clenched over his open mouth, his eyes and face fixed in desperate introspection.

"Mr. Caleb Lurty," he said, "I have had some experience with men who contemplate a criminal act, and their precautions. And during our conversation I understood precisely what you had in mind. Only the fool destroys an important paper in the moment that he finds it. A clever person, a cautious person, like yourself, takes no such chance. He conceals it, and sets about to discover what collateral evidences may lie about to indicate that such a paper exists. And so, when you found this will among your brother's papers, you concealed it in that book and sent for me, to discover what I knew, seeing that I was mentioned as the executor in it."

Colonel Braxton continued, while the man before him remained in an attitude of indecision.

"That was clever of you, for it might happen that I, as attorney for your brother, had some knowledge of this will, a copy of some notes, upon which a suit for the daughter could be founded, if the will did not turn up. And it would be a wise precaution to learn beforehand precisely what you would have to face in such a suit. It would determine your defense and the advisability of some sort of compromise. And so you concealed the will in that book, and sent for me, before you burned it.

"In your extremity of caution, Mr. Caleb Lurty, you were thinking of a great many things. But there was *one* thing you did not think of." The colonel paused a moment as if to lend emphasis to the words that followed. "You did not think how a volume on this wall, if displaced, would indicate that fact by the disturbed dust on the shelf. Well, I thought of that, and when I saw it, knowing what you had in mind, I deemed it advisable to see why that particular volume among all the others should have been disturbed."

AND now the big, wavering creature came to a decision, as though the submerged desperado in him rose, scattering its disguises. Caleb Lurty's hand moved toward the half-open drawer in the desk before him. He looked the lawyer steadily in the face.

"You think, sir, that it was my plan to burn this paper. Well, I have changed my plan. . . . You shall burn it for me."

His voice was cold, measured, and exact.

"You will find a box of matches on the table before you. Strike one and hold the paper in the flame."

He brought his hand up from behind the desk, the big pistol gripped in his fingers, and, extending his arm, he pointed the weapon at the lawyer.

Colonel Braxton did not change his

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posture. His voice, when he spoke, maintained its leisurely drawl.

"Mr. Caleb Lurty," he said, "you have made one mistake that would get you in the penitentiary. . . . Will you make another that would get you hanged?

"If you could not conceal this folded paper, how are you going to conceal the body of a dead man? When you have shot, sir, what are you going to do after that? If I am a peril to you living, think what a menace I will be to you when I am dead? . . . Think about that, sir. What are you going to do with the body? When you have fired, Mr. Caleb Lurty, you will have a dead man on your hands."

For answer, the man took a watch out of his pocket and put it on top of the desk before him.

"I will give you three minutes by the watch," he replied.

The long heavy barrel of the pistol remained leveled at the lawyer, the hammer back, Lurty's big finger on the trigger. The hand holding the weapon now rested on the desk top beside the watch, as for ease and for a steady aim. The menace was determined and deadly beyond question.

Colonel Braxton put the folded paper into his pocket and faced the man stooping over the desk.

"Mr. Caleb Lurty," he said, "since you give me this time of grace, I will use it in some suggestions for your benefit. The Commonwealth of Virginia will presently try you for this murder; and I cannot see a theory of defense. You are known to be here on this day in this house, and so no *alibi* would hold; no animus against your person could be shown in me, and so no plea of self-defense would stick. And all the vagaries of insanity would go to pieces before the definite and directing motive that moved you to the act. It will be a desperate case, sir, in its every feature."

Colonel Braxton paused, as in some reflection.

"THERE are only two men in Virginia who could possibly save you from the gallows, who could by any chance get you off with imprisonment for life, and I fear that you could bring neither to your aid. One is Mr. Wellington Monroe, and the other is Judge Coleman Northcote. Mr. Wellington Monroe would not take the case of an assassin whom he believed was guilty. And you would find, I think, Judge Coleman Northcote on the other side, for he has a persisting notion that I have been of some service to him in certain critical periods of his life."

There was a slight pause, and then he went on:

"You might get old Fontain Dever. But his tears—and he depends on tears—would hardly move a judge or jury in a case like this. And you might get young Pennington Carlisle, if you paid him in four figures. He would pack the courthouse and bring in elements of drama. And he would get your case remembered for his brilliant speech. But, also, unfortunately, he would get you hanged!"

The lawyer seemed to consider the hard point.

"And yet," he said, "it will be a case to put the best one among us on his mettle. You will have made so many conspicuous blunders in it."

Next in line—yet never chosen

—perhaps it's *comedones**

FOR three years he had been next in line. They had given the Department Manager's job, with its high salary and prestige, to another. He never suspected that *comedones* kept him always "next in line."

It is a misfortune to suffer from comedones — the scientific name for blackheads. What's more, you may not even be conscious of them, though others notice them. Comedones often interfere with business success, for you can't be clean cut and attractive when they are present. Do *you* wonder why you don't get ahead? Perhaps it's *comedones*.

Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome *comedones*. It gets in where comedones form, rolls out all the dirt and oily secretions. It stimulates a healthy circulation, keeps the pores open, and gives you a clean, ruddy complexion.

Try this treatment

After you shave, spread Pompeian Massage Cream generously over your face — and *rub*. Continue to rub until the cream rolls out. Note how dark the cream looks. That's the dirt that was in your pores.

Don't let comedones form. Use Pompeian Massage Cream every day—especially when social or business engagements demand that you look your best. It means a healthy, wholesome skin. It means more joy in living.

Use at Home after Shaving

To get full pleasure and benefit, use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home after shaving. Your face will feel and look like a million dollars. 60c jars at all drug stores.

*WHAT ARE COMEDONES?
(*pronounced* kŏm'ē-dōnes)
Dictionary definition: A small plug or mass occluding the excretory duct of a sebaceous gland, occurring frequently upon the face, especially the nose. It is often called blackhead.

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Human beings simply are this way— that's all—

MAYBE it isn't just laziness. Maybe it's simply human nature. But unless you are very unusual, you are like the majority of us.

You forget to change the oil in your car every 500 miles, as you should; you neglect to water your radiator and you forget to watch the inflation of your tires.

And how often you are tempted to wear a shirt the second day because the buttons are already in it.

Even when it comes to small daily tasks that have a very direct bearing on our own personal well-being, we are often inclined to be remiss.

Tooth brushing, for example. Despite the fact that after you have brushed your teeth, you feel wonderfully refreshed, tooth brushing is just another one of those irksome early morning jobs that have to be done.

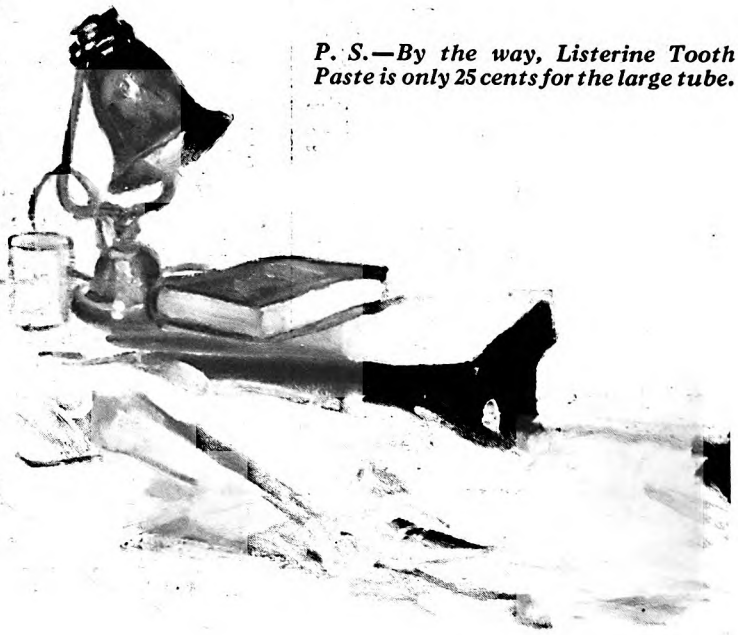
Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people—for in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use.* It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made! It contains a specially prepared cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*



P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

**This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth decay.

LISTERINE

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WITH no special training as a writer, this man is making $2000 a year extra income in his spare time, writing articles and stories with Corona. Many people have this talent for writing. Few ever develop it.

Nearly all successful writers own Coronas. They tell us that Corona makes writing easy — that it actually helps them think more clearly, write more vividly. Corona can be carried anywhere, yet it will do the heaviest kind of work. Its amazing durability has been proved by the experience of nearly a million users.

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Corona has the four-row standard keyboard used in all offices and taught in business schools. If you are accustomed to using a large machine, you will be at home on Corona. If you have never used a typewriter before, you'll find that it is easy to learn with Corona.

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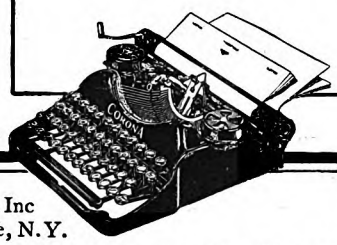

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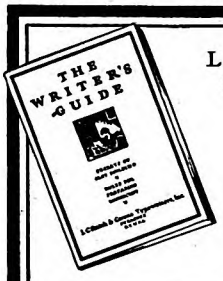

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Do you own a typewriter?..... What make?.....
Would you like to know its trade-in value?.....

The thick voice of the big creature behind the desk broke in:

"You have a minute longer."

Colonel Braxton made a courteous gesture of acknowledgment.

"And I will use it, if you please, to point out one of those blunders to you. You imagine, sir, that I came here alone, and therefore there would be no witness to your act. But if you take a step beyond your desk and look out through an opening in the trees, you will see, at the foot of the hill, within an easy stone's throw, a carriage with a negro driver, and a gentleman at leisure on the seat behind him reading a Richmond paper. That gentleman is Mr. Dabney Mason. He is no fearful person like myself! When he hears your shot, he will come up, and you will have him to kill. And after that, the negro driver will come up, and you must shoot him too, for you cannot permit an escaping witness to this affair. Thus, Mr. Caleb Lurty, once on the way, there will be no end to murder."

The trapped creature glanced sidewise at the window, for he feared some trick. He started like one awakened from a dream. And the primordial brute that had emerged to dominate his will, withdrew. He turned toward the window, leaving the automatic behind him.

Colonel Braxton gave the beaten man no further notice. He walked past him to the door. But there, as he went out, he paused and addressed a final word to him;

"You gave me three minutes, sir," he said; "I will do better. I will give you three hours—three hours to cross the border of Virginia."

There came an iron vigor into his voice:

"And I pledge you my word of honor, Mr. Caleb Lurty, that if I find you in this state to-morrow, I will promptly get you the three things that the acts of your abominable life have earned: a striped suit, a shaved head, and a seven-foot cell . . . all free, at no cost, sir, with my distinguished compliments!"

IN THE carriage on the road below, Colonel Braxton related the incidents of the adventure to Dabney Mason. That gentleman was not astonished at the recovery of the purloined will, for he was accustomed to these spectacular successes in the affairs of this eccentric lawyer. But the peril in which the man had stood disturbed him.

"My friend," he said, "why did you go alone into this danger?"

"Danger!" echoed Colonel Braxton. "Why, Dabney, I was never in any danger!"

"In no danger," cried the man, "the creature might have killed you."

"Now, Dabney," replied Colonel Braxton, as in a soft reproach, "you must credit me with some rudiments of common sense. . . . Whenever I see a deadly weapon accessible to fools or children, I unload it."

And opening his hand he disclosed the half-dozen cartridges that he had taken from Caleb Lurty's weapon, when, upon entering the room, he had paused for a moment beside the desk.

He balanced them thoughtfully in his hand, and then tossed them into the bushes by the roadside.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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NOT so many years ago the use of a burial vault was confined largely to the rich.

Yet there was always in the human heart the desire for permanent and positive protection for its loved ones who had passed on.

And this desire has grown, until today, with the resources of a great industrial Nation, it has been gratified.

Now every family, regardless of its means, may provide absolute protection against the elements in the ground.

Such protection is found in the Clark Grave Vault, the highest standard of burial protection ever attained in practical, economical form.

This vault, being made of metal, is not porous. Keystone 12 gauge copper steel, or Armco Iron, highly rust-resisting, is used throughout.

And on the higher priced vaults is applied a plating of pure cadmium (by the Udylite Process, exclusive to this vault) which gives a measure of rust-resistance heretofore unknown.

Not in a quarter of a century has this vault failed. It has satisfied the great universal desire of the human heart in such a way that its use has increased nearly five hundred per cent in the past few years.

Your funeral director will recommend and supply the Clark Grave Vault.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

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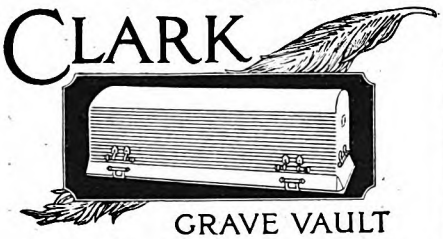

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

Heroes of the Dark

(*Continued from page 49*)

They made three attempts before they were able to reach the second vein, which they found blocked up by a fall of roof. Though they blew their signal horn constantly, they received no response from within the mine.

"After Williams's exploit, others invaded the mine in the same manner and attacked the fire in the second vein with water hose and fire extinguishers. Falls of roof and the increased intensity of the fire upon receiving air prevented their making much headway. Then Williams and a companion again were lowered in a bucket, this time down the air shaft, which was kept sealed with canvas while they went below. This trip furnished facts about the interior on which was built a plan of attack that, with the assistance of Chicago firemen, proved successful. Indirectly, it made possible the rescue of twenty men.

"This rescue took place *six* days after the start of the fire. A party recovering bodies heard a noise and saw a shaded light. Going toward the light they came upon eight miners, who had saved themselves by building a barricade of rocks, coal, mud, and clothing. They had just broken through their barricade and were trying in their weakened state to reach the surface. They told of twelve other men still entombed behind the barricade and too weak to move without aid.

"THE mine was filled with the deadly afterdamp of the fire. It was impossible to descend into it and traverse a half-mile or more of passages littered with roof falls, abandoned mine cars, and dead mules, without the use of oxygen-breathing apparatus. This was available, but trained apparatus men in sufficient numbers were not. George S. Rice, another government mining engineer, undertook to train volunteers on the spot in the use of breathing apparatus. With these inexperienced helpers, Williams and Rice entered the mine.

"Because the use of the oxygen-breathing apparatus is limited to two hours, the party penetrated as far as they could without it. The air was bad, causing headaches; but there they established a base.

"The first men to reach the barricade from the base were unable to get through because of the smallness of the hole. This had to be enlarged to admit them and their equipment. They worked in an insufferably hot temperature until they were exhausted, but they were able to regain the base.

"A second party went out, and this time broke through the barricade. One by one, eleven entombed miners were brought out and raised to the surface.

"By this time, the rescuers were so exhausted that they could do no more. Yet one miner, utterly helpless, was still behind the barricade, somewhere in the workings. The task of finding this man was left to Williams. With one helper, he passed beyond the barricade to make the search, the most dangerous of the work yet performed.

"Time passed with no sign of the two. Becoming alarmed, Rice moved with fresh men up to the barricade. The air to this point had now been cleared sufficiently to act without helmets. Finally, Williams and his helper appeared at the hole, the unconscious man dragging between them. Just as they shoved their man through the barricade they collapsed. Rice, fortunately, was able to revive them with oxygen."

"WHAT was the most difficult rescue operation that *you* ever undertook?" I asked Mr. Parker.

"I was merely a participant in it," he answered, "and though I had something to do about its direction I in no sense did anything more heroic than the others engaged in the work. Some months ago fire broke out in the workings of a bituminous coal mine in Pennsylvania. After an unsuccessful fight of five hours to control it, the blaze had gained such headway that it was decided to seal up the burning portion of the mine and let the fire smother out for lack of oxygen. While men were engaged in building the sealing wall, gases and dust in the air ignited and there was an explosion. Twenty were killed, including the general manager of the mine, the superintendent, and foreman.

"An emergency call was sent to us in Pittsburgh. I rushed with our rescue car and crew to aid in the recovery of the bodies.

"It might be well to explain here that we have ten such rescue cars stationed at strategic points over the country. They are equipped with various sorts of rescue apparatus, emergency hospital facilities, and are manned by experienced men and a surgeon. At a call for aid, the nearest car is attached to a fast railroad train and hurried to the scene of trouble. Our sole mission is to give what help we can, in coöperation with mine officials and state mine inspectors. The latter usually are in charge at a disaster.

"At the mine in question, we found it impossible to enter the affected area, because of the poisonous gases. The bodies were too far distant in the mine to reach, even with oxygen-apparatus. How to recover them without further loss of life became a fine problem in mine engineering, for there was the constant menace of another explosion.

"We began by penetrating the gas-filled area as far as it was safe to go with the apparatus, and there building a sealing wall. This prevented further escape of the gases. Then we launched an operation that engaged between sixty and seventy men continuously for ten days, working in an atmosphere so charged with poison that a man without breathing apparatus couldn't have lived in it three minutes.

"It was the most trying and hazardous kind of work. As soon as the first sealing wall was built, the passage was partitioned down the center, but an open space left at the end next the seal. Fresh air was then forced by fans into the half of the passage to the right of the pa*rtition,*

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Lest your cheery home fires turn and destroy

THE hearth fire and the lazily smoking chimney have been symbols of good cheer since men first built houses for their abode. Good cheer—until one forgets that the fire that cheers can also destroy.

National fire figures bear eloquent testimony to the fact that men do forget. Fire every year takes its greatest toll of homes. And unguarded hearth fires, soot-clogged or defective chimneys and flues, carelessly handled stoves and heating systems occasion the greatest loss.

Carelessness plays a tragic part in the yearly loss of life and property. Every North America Agent can help you guard against carelessness and its costly results by giving you expert advice on Fire Prevention.

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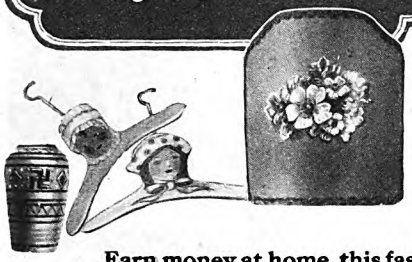
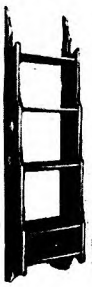
Paint These Lovely Things Yourself

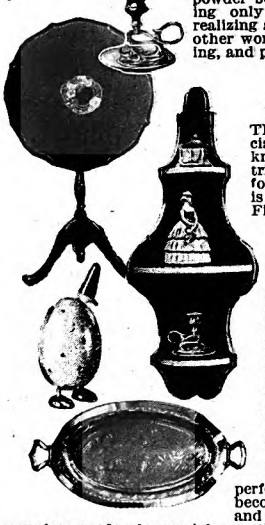
For Profit and Pleasure



Earn money at home, this fascinating new way, in spare time —through membership in Fireside Industries, the national guild of artistic home workers!



THIS is the most delightful work you could imagine; you will enjoy every minute you devote to it. Many people do it solely for the artistic pleasure they get in creating beautiful things. But it also *pays surprisingly well*, for there is an enormous demand for giftwares. Many of our members make $20 to $50 a week, and have built up profitable businesses from small beginnings. Think of decorating a French powder box, for example, requiring only an hour's work, and realizing a profit of $2.00. What other work could be so interesting, and pay so well?



No Special Ability Needed

The co-operative association of homeworkers known as Fireside Industries now has openings for new members. This is your opportunity. Find out how you can secure a membership. The work is easily learned, and a perfect joy to do.

You have only to follow the simple directions given by Gabriel Andre Petit, the Art Director, and you can easily learn the latest methods of decorating wooden toys, parchment lamp shades, novelty painted furniture, book-ends, greeting cards, batik and other lovely objects of art.

Through Mr. Petit's perfected system, the work becomes extremely simple, and you are furnished a complete outfit of materials, worth $10.00, without extra cost. You can start making money almost at once.

Money-Back Guarantee

What thousands of others are doing in Fireside Industries, you also can do. So sure are we of your success in this fascinating work that we guarantee to refund your money in full if, after completing your instruction, you are not entirely pleased. You take no risk whatever.

Beautiful Book FREE

The beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, explains all about this new way to earn money at home. It will be sent you, absolutely FREE and without obligation. Just mail the coupon, or write, enclosing 2c stamp to help pay postage. But do this at once, while openings for new members are available.

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City..... State.....

(Write in pencil—ink will blot)

and the foul air drawn out through the half to the left of the partition. This artificial circulation of the air cleared the passage up to the seal.

"This much gained, apparatus men went through the seal, which was closed behind them, and advanced a second stage of two hundred feet, and there erected a second sealing wall. The ventilation system I have described was extended, and the second stage cleared of gas. Over and over again, through the winding passages of the mine, the operation was repeated, advancing each time from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet. Cross passages had to be closed off. The oxygen-breathing apparatus was worn continuously, and if you've ever worn a gas mask you've some idea of the discomfort of working in breathing apparatus. An advance of more than two miles was made in this fashion, day and night, until the bodies were reached.

"Additional to this hazard, there was the menace of explosions. In fact, one explosion did occur on the first day and knocked the entire party off its feet. Fortunately, nobody was hurt.

"YOU will readily understand from this," Mr. Parker added, "that rescue, recovery, and fire-fighting work in mines must be performed by trained men, intelligently directed, and perfectly organized. In view of the many dangers, it would be sheer foolhardiness, and result only in needless loss of life, to let men have their heads, unrestrained, at such a time. There is never any difficulty in getting volunteers for hazardous tasks. The big difficulty is in holding the men back for their own safety.

"Necessity, at times, forces mine officers to take risks themselves which they would not think of imposing upon their men. I don't uphold the practice, *as* a practice. The advisability of taking the risk can be determined only on the spot. Often, too, what would be dangerous for one man to do is not dangerous for another.

"An example of this comes to mind in connection with the foreman of a small cement mine. Virtually, all of the capital of the owners was tied up in it. One day, a most dangerous condition developed in the roof over a portion of the main workings. The foreman detected every indication of an impending fall of rock that would close that section of the mine.

"He ordered every miner from the threatened area and from the mine. Then, relying upon his experience to warn him in advance when the fall would take place, he started single-handed to remove all valuable mine property in the workings. He worked for hours in the endangered mine, loading property onto cars and sending it up to the surface. Within fifteen minutes after he came up the fall occurred!

"Slides and falls of roof are not nearly so spectacular as fires and explosions and floods. Yet to the mining man underground roof falls are his greatest hazard.

"Speaking of hazards," said Mr. Parker, "I have here the diary of a mine foreman covering a fight against a mine fire that was waged continuously for almost eight months. It is a remarkable document, in my opinion, for during that period the foreman and his men faced and conquered almost every hazard that lurks underground."

Mr. Parker tossed the diary over to me, and for an hour I sat and read the daily chronicle of that fight. It needed but little imagination to catch the thrill of those terrible encounters with underground dangers, and to read heroism untold between the lines of this plain, matter-of-fact document.

Let me boil the facts down for you.

THE mine was situated in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania. Fire broke out in an abandoned and caved section, and spread with fearful rapidity. Within a few days the whole colliery had to be shut down.

Out of work, the men begged to be allowed to fight the fire, and preference was given to those with families to support.

From May 17th till the end of December from four to ninety men were working at the fire every hour of the twenty-four—and not *one* person lost his life.

Taking into consideration that the men had to battle against not only fire but also poisonous gas, cave-ins, coal slides, steam, explosions, hot water, and bursting pipe lines, owing to sulphuric acid eating into the pipes that were carrying water to quench the fire, I agreed with Mr. Parker that this was a remarkable record.

Time and again the men were trapped in the gangways by gas and cave-ins, or nearly roasted alive by the intense heat of the roaring inferno. Hot coal and rock had to be removed in a suffocating temperature. And once the pumps and electric lights were put out of commission by a violent storm, causing steam to boil through the passages.

"In the old days without modern equipment," continued Mr. Parker, "it would have been impossible to have conquered that fire without recourse to sealing or expensive flooding operations. Even today there are a number of such fires still burning in mines which had to be sealed up and abandoned. One mine in Nevada has been sealed and burning since 1895. A fire in a large copper mine in Michigan has been burning for more than thirty years, and another there for about fifteen years.

"It is virtually impossible perfectly to seal a large mine. Cracks and breaks in the surface, or porous rock strata will permit the fire to 'breathe in' oxygen, and so keep alive. Sandstone, for instance, is pervious to air, and so is coal.

"All types of mines are liable to fire. This risk is not confined to coal mines by any means. Mine passages, you know, are timbered. The mines contain mule stables, wooden structures of all kinds, empty explosive boxes, oil and grease, gasolene, oily waste, and miscellaneous material, such as newspapers, discarded clothing, hay, manure. When you consider that an average acre of coal land, for instance, will yield about five thousand tons from one bed, and that any fair-sized mine will produce that much coal in a single day, you will gain some conception of the vastness of many underground workings.

"The temperatures which men undergo in mine fire-fighting are almost unbelievable. A few years ago, in a Utah coal mine fire, men wearing breathing-apparatus were able to work a few minutes in a temperature of 190 degrees Fahrenheit, and for at least one minute in a temperature of 220 degrees.

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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM - By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a *great* driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

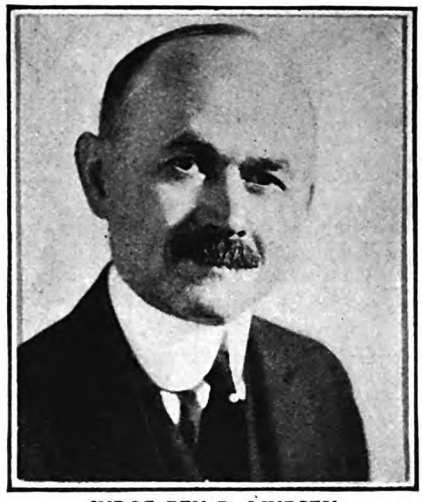
When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself, it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says, "The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(*Signed*) BEN LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 550,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for *you*.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

Your copy is waiting for you. It is absolutely free. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today. It costs you nothing, it obligates you to nothing, but it is absolutely sure to show you the way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget about it. Don't miss a big opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

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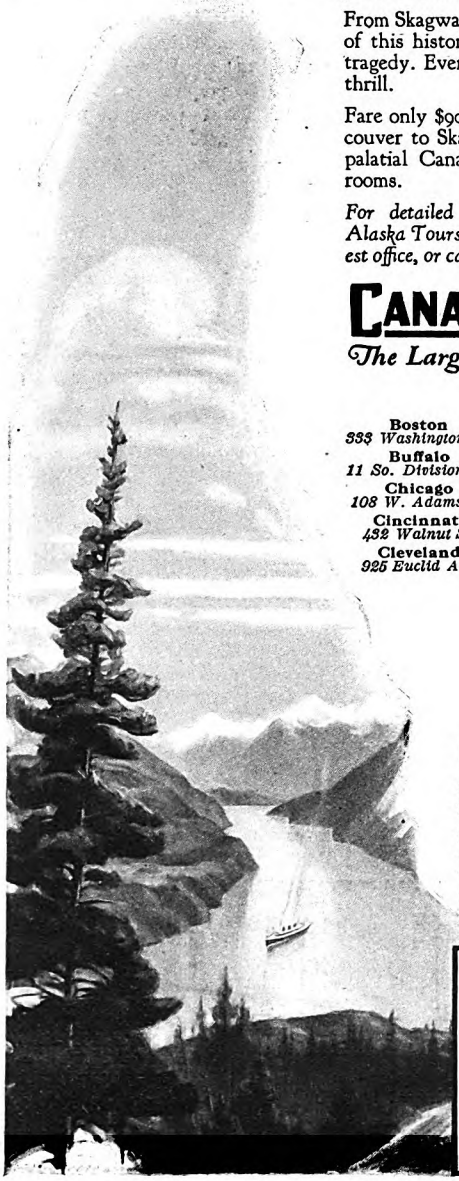

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"Barricading is the best defense of the trapped miner in case of fire. The impulse, of course, is to rush for the surface. Too often this leads the men into deadly gases, under which they soon succumb. In a mine fire at Butte, Montana, in 1917, one hundred and sixty-three men perished, but of this number only *two* actually burned.

"The mine produced copper, gold, and silver. Ironically, the fire gained its start because of work which was being done toward improving its fire-fighting facilities, which already were good. A heavy cable was being lowered down the shaft. It fell, and some of its armor plating was torn off. The hour was midnight. The men had already worked eighteen hours, so they decided to go home. Four men, however, went down to remove the cable. One of their lamps came in contact with the frayed, inflammable fabric at the break in the armor plating. In a few minutes the shaft was aflame, with the downcast air current filling the mine with smoke and gas.

"Within an hour, rescue men wearing breathing apparatus were going into the burning mine. The smoke was so saturated with steam that it was impossible for them to see through their goggles, so that they literally had to feel their way along, often on hands and knees. They had to climb around strings of loaded ore cars, maintaining their direction by feeling the track rails with their hands. Of one hundred and seventy-five apparatus men engaged, ninety of them were trained by our Mine Safety Section. They saved many behind barricades, brought out one hundred and fifty-five bodies, explored over *thirty miles* of drifts and cross-cuts and *fifteen* miles of stopes, raises, and manways in an atmosphere filled with carbon monoxide, tar-laden smoke and steam, all without the loss of a single man and with fewer than twenty prostrations.

"DURING recent years many mines have provided permanent safety chambers in their workings, to which men can go when danger threatens. Food and water are stored there, and provision made for air supply. Also, wood is being used less and less in mines; better fire-fighting equipment is being installed, and rock-dusting practiced to minimize the danger of dust explosions.

"Rock-dusting followed the discovery, in 1908, that the dust of bituminous coal when mixed with the air was in itself explosive. To counteract the explosiveness of the coal dust, rock dust, which is non-explosive, is now blown over the ribs, roof, and floor of a bituminous mine. Rocks are ground for this purpose, limestone, gypsum, anhydrite, and shales not injurious to the health of miners being commonly used."

"THINGS I Wish My Congregation Wouldn't Do" is one of those articles so intimate that they have to be published anonymously. Next month in this extremely revealing piece, a minister tells about some of the unintentional indignities and slights that he suffers at the hands of his congregation. Can a minister have a private life of his own? This particular minister doubts it.

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From Packard's unrelenting precision gauges there is no appeal

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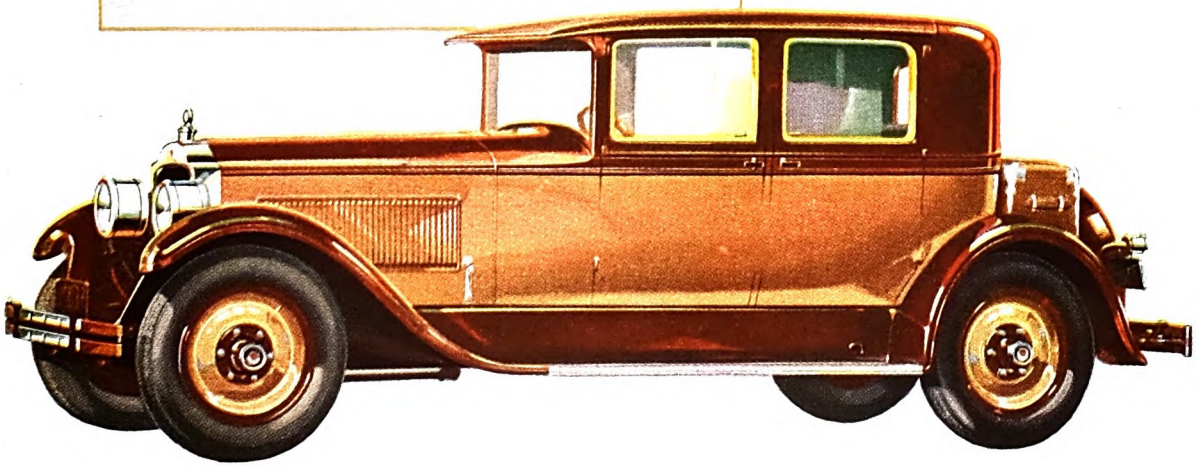

Precision · For nearly twenty years every Packard car was built by hand. This slow, costly process was the only way to insure the highest standards of precision manufacture then possible.

Today Packard precision requirements could never be attained by hand work. Wonderful machines which make motor parts with watch-like accuracy now permit Packard engineers to design to ever closer limits. Even the Packard connecting rod bearings—more than two inches in diameter—are diamond-bored to limits of one ten-thousandth of an inch.

And Packard realizes that extreme precision in manufacture means little if it cannot be easily long maintained in use. So Packard precision is protected by the chassis lubricator and other engineering improvements, found together only on Packard cars. Constant proper lubrication insures the practical result of fine design and fine workmanship—

Which is—first-class transportation throughout an unusually long life.

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Six Things Women Look For When Buying a House

(*Continued from page 43*)

always wants to add his own touch to the structure.

"In my opinion, the most satisfactory time for a young couple to buy a home is when the husband is around the ages of twenty-five to thirty-three. That is the time in life to 'bet' on himself. The children are small, and the expense of bringing them up hasn't yet reached the maximum. The young husband's income should show a steady annual increase from then on for many years."

"What proportion of his income should a man spend in buying a house?" I asked Mr. McGuire.

"For the man whose income is $3,600 a year and under—and that covers the majority of men—twenty-five per cent, or a fourth of the income, can usually be safely paid each year toward a home. If you are paid weekly, a good way is to figure a week's wages per month on the house payments; for instance, a man earning $40 a week can pay $40 a month, we figure, on a house.

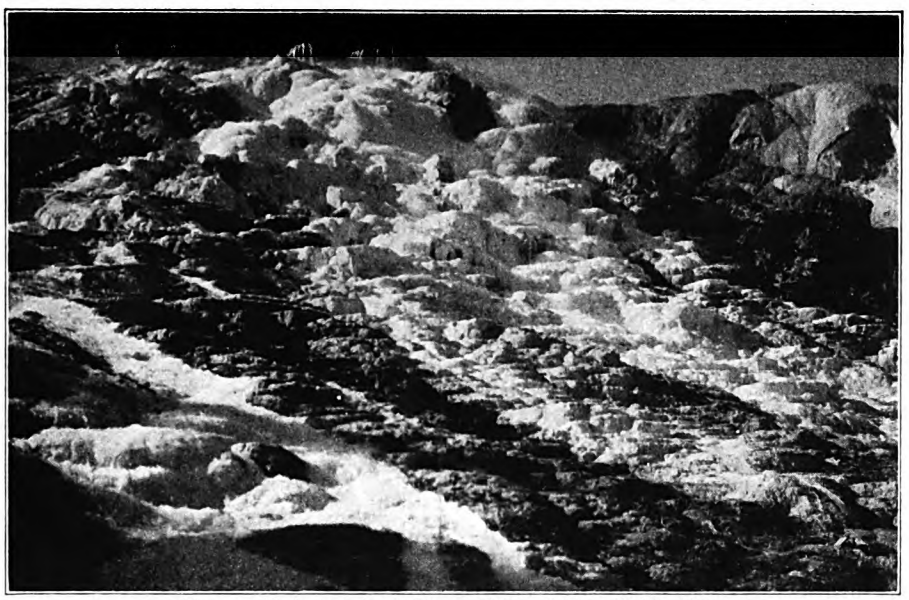
"The monthly payment can be taken as a basis for figuring what the house should cost; or, rather, what the buyer can afford to invest. Our rule is to multiply the monthly payment by a hundred: thus the man who can pay $40 a month, including interest on deferred payments, can afford to buy a house costing around $4,000, making a down payment of one tenth, or $400.

"In some states, custom calls for a higher down payment—often as much as one third—and the balance in two equal annual instalments.

"IN MY opinion, the most satisfactory way to buy a house, if you can't buy it outright, is under what's known as the 'contract for deed' system. This plan is widely used in the West and South. The buyer and seller sign an agreement: The buyer agrees to make payments at so much a month—sometimes it's quarterly—until the purchase price, including interest on deferred payments, is paid. The seller agrees that when the purchase price has been paid he will issue a clear deed to the buyer.

"The agreement papers are usually 'put in escrow.' This means they are put either into the hands of a bank or in the keeping of some title company. Sometimes they are simply left in charge of the real estate firm handling the deal. Whoever holds the papers also holds the deed which the seller has made out to the buyer. When the payments are completed, this person or persons passes the deed over to the new home owner. The 'escrow company,' or whatever bank or firm handles the papers, also receives the monthly payments and hands them over to the seller.

"While a deal is 'in escrow,' an owner can't sell his property to anyone else. And if the buyer fails to make his payments, the 'escrow company' gives the



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Yellowstone is a Wonderland, weird and beautiful, full of strange spectacles—gigantic geysers, "paint pots", strange rock formations, hot pools of brilliant color.

The way to go is Northern Pacific — then, "In Gardiner and Out Cody"—"Nature's Climax Comes Where it Should".

Send now for the book on Yellowstone. Enjoy its pictures and read its interesting descriptions. You will find maps, too, and all the useful information you may care to have about a trip through the Park. Just fill out the coupon while you think of it!—A. B. S.

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☐ Rainier Park { Seattle / Tacoma	90.30
☐ Alaska (Skagway)	190.30
☐ Dude Ranch Vacations	$57.95 to 66.90
☐ Escorted Tours (all expense)	$199.00 to 226.00

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All the great Southwest claims

WHERE the broadening Missouri River bends eastward through the richest plain in the world stands the most distinctly American metropolis—Kansas City. Spreading over the confluence of two rivers, extending its metropolitan area into one of the greatest agricultural districts of America, this extraordinary city has become the focal point for a natural region that embraces five states.

Originally a trading station for the fur-hunters of the Northwest, it became the eastern terminus of the Southwest trade and an outfitting point for the stream of immigrants to California. Today it is one of the most important railroad centers in the world—with all the wealth of the Southwest pouring into it, all the riches of the plains of Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Arkansas contributing to its extraordinary beauty and prosperity. Some factors that make it great are:

LOCATION: A natural geographic and economic center for the oil fields of Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas, the tremendous agricultural resources of surrounding states and enormous quantities of livestock. An unusually beautiful countryside. The famous medicinal waters of Excelsior Springs.

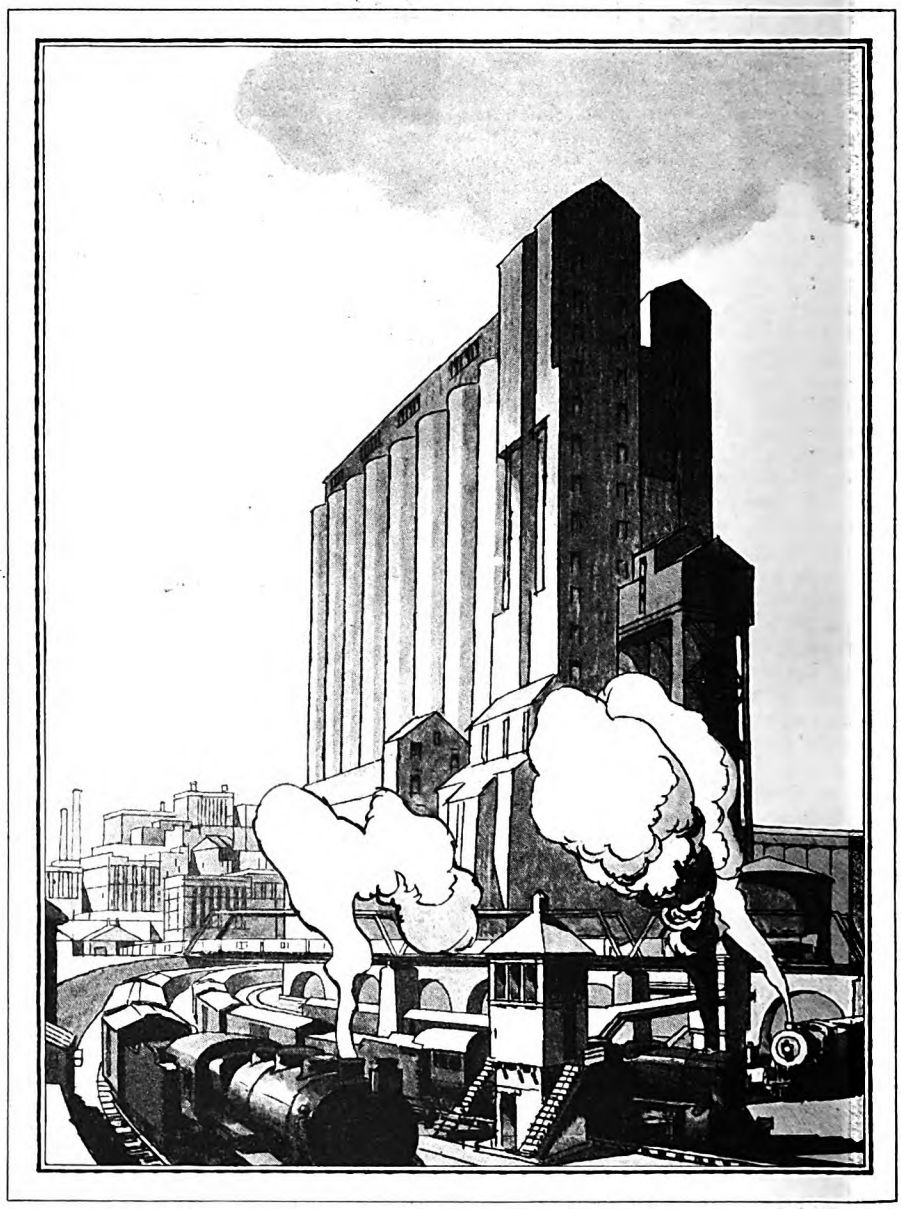
POPULATION: Nearly half a million; 95% *native-born Americans*, singularly free from labor troubles. A united community, alert, happy, renowned for its public spirit. Builders of great art galleries, magnificent buildings, wonderful parks and boulevards.

TRADE: Serves 19,000,000 people! Ranks first in distribution of agricultural implements and seeds. Largest primary wheat market; second largest livestock and meat packing center. Third largest grain market and distributor of butter, eggs and poultry.

RESOURCES: Tremendous wealth of raw materials available from the West and Southwest. Vast beds of bituminous coal near at hand. Oil piped direct from the oil fields.

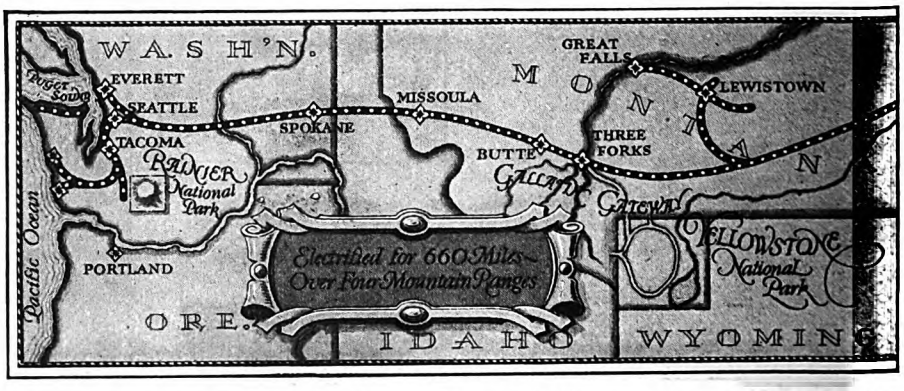
TRANSPORTATION: Twenty-six railroads center in Kansas City. A vast funnel of traffic from the South and West pours in. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul forms an outlet for this funnel with its direct line to Chicago, the Twin Cities and all points north and east.

To Westerners, Kansas City is one of the best-known and best-loved cities in the United States. It was the root from which colonization to the south and west drew sustenance and inspiration. And it is today not only the commercial and industrial metropolis of the Southwest, but a cultural center whose fame is world-wide. It has created for itself a striking individuality, and its destiny is limited only by the genius of the American people. As Paris rises on rolling hills above the Seine and draws to itself the riches of the great plains of France, so Kansas City, spreading over hills equally beautiful, draws to itself the riches of a plain even broader than France—a plain broken by the delightful Ozarks to the south, and rising in tremendous green and golden waves to the snow-tipped Rockies in the west. Kansas City similarly possesses the invaluable advantage of central position on a sea-girt continent. *It is exactly in the heart of the United States.*



SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

The



The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

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Kansas City as its own

MILWAUKEE ROAD

The railroad serves a vast region

It is an overnight run from Kansas City to Chicago over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Splendid trains and the famous "Milwaukee" service make the trip between these dominating cities a pleasant interlude in business.

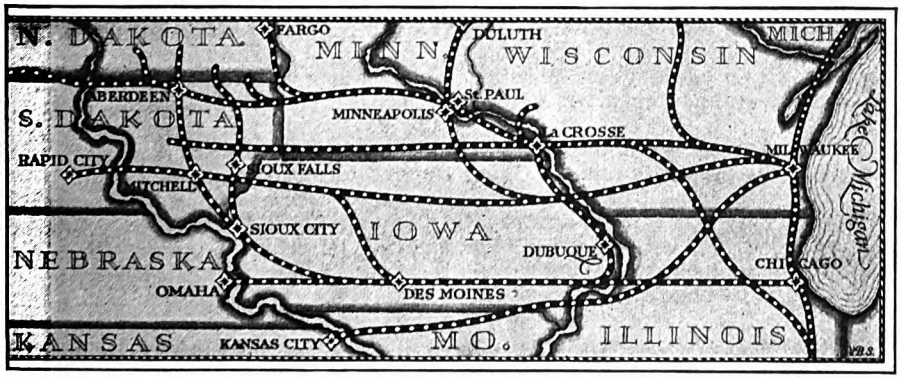
This railroad not only serves Kansas City, but with its lines across golden Iowa, it serves with equal facility the great gate to the west—Omaha. Its vast system, extending over 11,000 miles of track, operated by 60,000 employees, forms a network from Kansas City to the Twin Cities and Duluth, from Chicago and Milwaukee to Puget Sound and the Pacific. It links up all important centers northwest of the lower Mississippi Valley; its spur lines tap vast resources of raw materials.

Farm implements, machinery, tools, seeds, pure-bred stock, and people in an endless stream pour through this artery, bringing energy and life to new regions. Pulsing back comes the flow of raw materials upon which the great industrial centers are fed.

The rapidly swelling population of the United States is constantly demanding new outlets. Far-seeing industrial and commercial leaders are closely studying the trend of commerce towards Pacific outlets and the possibilities in the immensely rich hinterland. *The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the shortest link with the Pacific Northwest —electrified for 660 miles!*

Milwaukee passenger cars are now being equipped with *roller bearings*—a revolutionary improvement first adopted by this road.

If you are going to the Coast, by all means go west on "The Milwaukee." You will see the most diversified scenery in America—a new empire bursting ripe with opportunities!



Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma

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- ☐ Kansas City
- ☐ Agricultural Montana
- ☐ Eastern Dakotas
- ☐ Omaha—The Western Gate
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St. Louis has more than 3,500 factories in 211 different lines of business. This diversity has given it a national reputation as the "best balanced" large city.

A fair and just Workmen's Compensation Law, enacted at a recent election, is also an additional incentive to consider St. Louis.

We will send, on request, our new booklet, "Why St. Louis Grows."

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seller back his deed. Thus the system protects both buyer and seller.

"When a house is bought on contract, the title remains in the hands of the owner. All the buyer owns is the *right* to buy the property, and this right is considered exercised only when he makes his last payment. Before the payments are completed, the buyer can sell his right to someone else. On the other hand, while the owner can't sell the property itself, he can sell to another his *right* to *sell* the property. Or, to make it plainer, he can sell his contract with the buyer of the house.

"The main thing in buying a house is for all concerned to understand exactly what the terms and conditions are. If you are buying a house on contract, the contract should state exactly how much you are to pay monthly, whether you are to pay the current taxes or not, or what proportion of them you are to pay—and it's a pretty good thing to have it specified just *where* you are to make your monthly payments. If the owner should go away, and you couldn't find him to give him the money each month, or if he hadn't instructed you to put it in some bank, you might be technically breaking your contract, for failure to make the payments.

"When you buy a house, either get title insurance on it, or get an abstract of title. Title insurance is a guarantee on the part of a title or abstract company that the title on the property is clear. If it develops later that the title isn't clear, the title insurance company must make good any loss you may sustain.

"IF YOU get an 'abstract of title,' be sure that you make use of it. One of the most common of erroneous impressions is that 'having an abstract' on a piece of property is the ultimate in safety. It is, *provided you know how to use an abstract.*

"An abstract is a piece of paper, or perhaps a sheaf of papers, that gives in brief form just what the public records show concerning a piece of property. If the public records contain an error in description, for instance, the abstract will show that error; but you can't know the error is there unless you *have the abstract examined.* That's why it's wise to have a lawyer examine your abstract. The small fee he'll charge may save you hundreds of dollars in litigation. When you get title insurance, the title insurance company does the examining of the abstract or title.

"I suppose that at least a hundred times a year we hear some such remark as, 'I know that property's all right, because I got an abstract with it.' Nevertheless, we carefully examine and check every statement contained in every abstract that comes to us; and we find some queer situations.

"There was a piece of property that had been sold many times, each time with an abstract, of course; but none of the purchasers had gone to the trouble to have the abstract carefully checked to see *what was in it.* Here's the situation our attorney uncovered when he checked the document:

"On a piece of paper, he drew a diagram of the property, as it was described—so many feet this direction, so many that. He drew the diagram to scale; that is, in something like the proportions suggested by the figures. The property was supposed to be practically a whole section, or a mile square. The buyer intended subdividing it and selling it off in smaller tracts.

"However, instead of a square mile, our attorney got a tract of land on his diagram that was short ten acres, the 'missing land' running in a strip more than a hundred feet wide down one *whole side* of the section! After days of studying the puzzle, the error was found. Legally, nobody owned that land! The man who originally took up the section as a homestead had thought his description covered that tract, but it didn't.

"Our attorney immediately had the property surveyed, and an error that had been undiscovered for fifty years was revealed in the original government survey.

"Sometimes the slip of a typist when recording a land description will cause the county records to show the wrong piece of land as having been sold. We caught an error of this kind that had run several years, and although the property actually described hadn't changed hands in that time, the abstract showed it had been sold no less than four times. The owner was forced to go to court to get his title cleared, although he was entirely innocent of any error.

"IF YOU buy a piece of property, record the deed right away. This is so important that some states set a minimum time in which the deed must be filed to be legal. If a property is being bought on contract, the contract should be made a matter of record."

"Why is filing the deed so important?" I inquired.

"Because ownership of property is legally determined by what the official records show. Here, for instance, is one thing that could happen; in fact, has happened:

"You buy a piece of property, get a deed, but fail to file it. Suppose the person from whom you bought dies. His estate comes up for probate. The records show he owns the property you have bought, for, since you failed to file the deed, the property is still in his name. The court, therefore, divides the property according to law and parcels it out to the heirs, giving them title to the land you have bought and paid for!

"Unless the heirs are exceptionally generous, and unless you got in with your suit at the time the estate was being probated, you might find it mighty expensive ever to get a title to the land.

"Another reason a deed should be filed promptly is that, after a certain period of time, varying with the different states, a deed that is unrecorded 'outlaws;' that is, it becomes void.

"Don't think, either, that all that's necessary to convey a piece of land is to draw up a deed and file it. It must also be acknowledged; that is, you must make an affidavit before a notary public, or some other properly qualified public officer, that you executed the deed. And some states require one or more witnesses to the signing of the deed.

"You read almost every day about 'suits to quiet title.' These are cases where some irregularity has come up to

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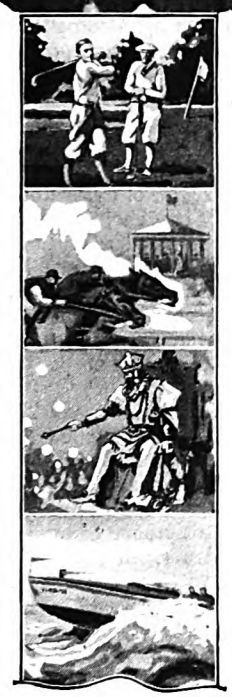

The Gulf Coast

Is Charming-Roses are Blooming —There Is Much to See and Do

THIS historic land of delightful winters and all-year charm beckons you to its sun-warmed shores, where snow and ice are never known, where majestic pines wave their lofty heads over semi-tropical vegetation of gorgeous verdure, where golf, motoring, hunting, fishing, boating and other out-door sports are at their finest and where splendid big hotels house you in every comfort and at moderate cost. The Gulf Coast is the Riviera of America, and teems with history, mystery and romance—a vacation paradise of unequalled charm.

Visit the Gulf Coast for pleasure and health—maybe you'll decide to stay in this land of great promise and immediate opportunity, for no other section of the rapidly growing South is building on sounder, more conservative lines—homes are being built on the Gulf Coast for winter occupancy or year round habitation, new businesses and industries are being started and old establishments are "spreading out."

Nearby to the big cities of New Orleans, Pensacola and Mobile the winter visitor finds splendid train service and excellent motor roads to all these points of world wide tourist interest. The Carnival or Mardi Gras (from Thursday, February 24th to Tuesday, March 1st—Carnival Day) is presided over by the Lord of Misrule who governs with regal splendor furnishing a never-to-be forgotten event and one nowhere to be seen save in these charming old world cities.

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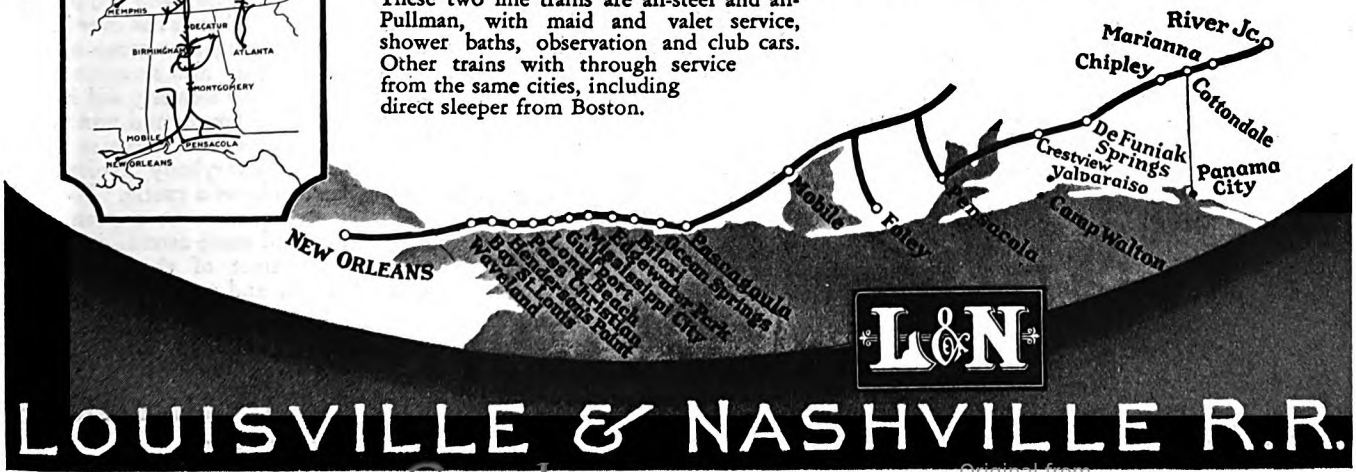
—*On Trains of Hotel Completeness.*

From the North and Central West by "The Pan-American" from Cincinnati and Louisville, from the East by the "Crescent Limited" from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington—direct to the Gulf Coast. These two fine trains are all-steel and all-Pullman, with maid and valet service, shower baths, observation and club cars. Other trains with through service from the same cities, including direct sleeper from Boston.

Write to R. D. Pusey, General Passenger Agent—Room 600, Ninth and Broadway, Louisville, Ky., for descriptive booklet about the Gulf Coast as a place to visit, a place to live and a place to prosper.



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From New York June 30; back in New York Sept. 1, 1927

The itinerary includes Madeira, Spain, Greece, Constantinople, the Holy Land, Egypt, Naples, Rome, Monaco, Paris, London; returning to New York via Havre, Southampton.

This—our Sixth Annual Summer Cruise—presents a new and attractive feature in the form of Overland Tours—during the cruise—to Italy, Switzerland, the Rhine, France and England; rejoining the "California" at Havre or Southampton.

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keep the purported owner of property from claiming absolute title to the land.

"There is a way to clear a title quickly and cheaply; but it is a way that has its faults, and in some states it won't work at all. That is, to acquire what's known as a 'tax title.' In some states, when a taxpayer fails to pay his taxes and permits the neglect to continue beyond the period of grace, the State protects itself by laying claim to the land. The land is then put up at a 'tax sale,' and anyone who will pay the taxes and the interest and penalties standing against the land, will be given a 'tax title' to it.

"Technically, the land has reverted to public ownership and has been sold by the State Government. Some states back up their tax titles very strongly, and anyone holding one is considered as having a very strong claim to the land involved.

"IN BUYING a house, it's always good business to take into consideration the possibilities of selling again. Beware of houses that are 'out of style'—big houses with small, or long, narrow windows, houses in which the plumbing and electric wiring have been installed after the house was built.

"The hardest house of all to sell is the fine house in a poor district. Houses near or in sight of cemeteries do not find a ready market; neither do those that can't be reached except by way of a long flight of stairs.

"Another class of residential property difficult to sell is that in districts undergoing a change in character; for instance, those sections in which private residences are giving way to apartment houses, or to office or industrial buildings. Once the character of a district is definitely established, values pick up right away; but until this point is reached, both homeseekers and investors hesitate.

"More houses are bought during the last ten days of the month than during any other equal period of time. The reason for this is that most people pay their rent around the first, and they want to get moved before another month's rent is due.

"It's difficult to say just what time of day is best for showing a house. One thing is certain: Never show an empty house late in the afternoon just as the shadows start falling. An empty house at dusk is anything but inviting. On the other hand, if a house is occupied, and the people in it seem to be a happy family, there's no better time than evening to show the place. People want a home they can be happy in; in fact, that's the notion back of everything that enters into the selection of a house.

"It's easier to put through a sale when the contracting parties on both sides have babies. Usually, nothing will draw two young mothers together more quickly than the mutual topic of rearing children. However, I have known this common bond to fail to work.

"Not long ago, one of our salesmen took a young couple with a baby out to see a house owned by another couple with a baby. The owner's wife came to the door with her baby in her arms. For a moment the two mothers stood staring at each other.

"Finally, the prospective buyer's wife spoke. 'Has your child any disease?' she asked bluntly.

"'No! Has yours?' the other woman snapped.

"Needless to say, that sale didn't go through.

"More houses are bought in August than in any other month, because people with children like to get settled before school starts. Incidentally, a school or a church near by always adds to the value of property. I've noticed that even people who never attend church like to be in the vicinity of one.

"We get twice as many calls for property advertised as 'view property' as we do for property not so advertised. A place overlooking a valley, or a harbor, or a river in which there is considerable ship traffic, will always sell well. People also like to be where they can look down on the lights of a city at night.

"An interesting side line of our business is selling houseboats on the Willamette and Columbia rivers. These boats have from one to five rooms, and some of them are fitted up quite handsomely. They appeal principally to young couples who like water sports. The prices range from $500 to $2,500.

"Every now and then, you run across people living in queer habitations. Several years ago, a street car company in California sold off a lot of discarded street cars at $100 to $150 each. You'll find these old cars being used as dwellings all over southern California—in the hills, in cities, on farms, at the seashore, and even in the desert. They make substantial if somewhat cramped dwellings, and they appeal especially to people who like lots of windows.

"Another queer habitation you'll sometimes see out here on the Pacific Coast is a big tree hollowed out and made into a 'dwelling.' The rooms aren't large, of course, and there aren't many such 'houses,' but the existence of even a few shows that the American people have a variety of tastes when it comes to dwelling places.

"Every section of the United States has its own favorite type of residential architecture; but I believe that if a vote were taken you'd find the Colonial types leading in popularity. Such houses are rarely vacant. The most popular color choice is 'a white house with a green roof'—typically Colonial colors, by the way.

"THE public taste in houses is improving. Information on architecture, modern conveniences, decorations, and the like, is more accessible now than it has ever been; and people are taking advantage of the fact. Folks generally also seem to take more pride than they formerly did in the appearance of their houses and grounds.

"Size used to be the measure of a house's fitness. Everybody aspired to own a house as big as a castle. To-day, coziness and charm are at a premium. We pay more and more attention to the artistic arrangement of the lights, to hardwood floors, and to setting. Freakishly arranged windows, and porches and gables trimmed with fancy scroll work are no longer in demand. The truth is, curlicues have entirely passed out, and simple lines and beautiful proportions are coming more and more in style.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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The Romany Road

THE carefree road that leads to the fulfillment of immortal longings... Adventure. Romance. Beauty. Escape for a little while from the dull sameness of succeeding days . . .

For thousands this summer the road will end somewhere among the painted peaks of the Rockies.

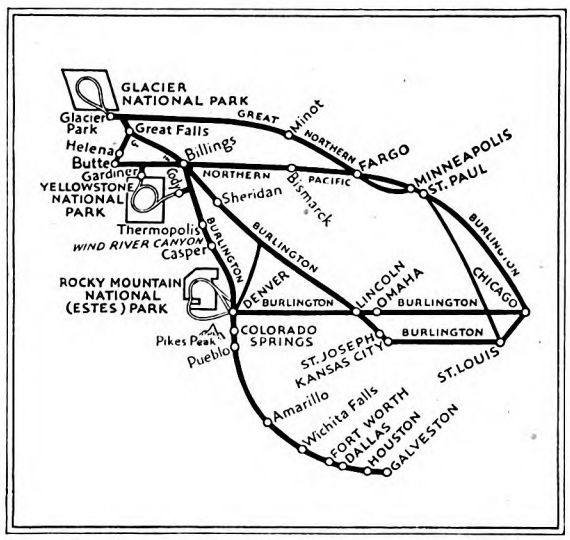
And for the largest group of all, it is significant, the road again will be the Burlington.

The Burlington has become the National Park Line, the nation's largest carrier of summer tourists to the Rockies, *for a reason.*

This railroad has always regarded this part of its work as a great and important public service.

For years it has co-operated with the National Park Service, with local transportation companies, with hotels and dude ranches, in opening up the playgrounds of the Rockies.

It has helped to make low cost vacations possible for millions. The railroad fare in summer is only slightly more than half-fare for the round trip to Rocky Mountain points.



In Yellowstone the cost of the 4½ day tour has increased only $2 in twenty years. Good accommodations may be had in Colorado today for as low as $17 a week.

The Burlington follows the Rockies for 1200 glorious miles. It links up three great Parks—Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park in Scenic Colorado, Yellowstone, and Glacier—giving thousands an opportunity to see two or three Parks for only a little more than the rail cost for seeing one. This complete service to the Rockies (see map) is matched by no other railroad.

Recently the Burlington introduced Burlington Escorted Tours, not only taking the tourist to the Parks, but looking after every travel detail at actual cost.

Year after year the Burlington is called upon to handle a sudden rush of tourist travel during the summer months. Unfailingly this railroad has been ready with the men, the equipment and the experience which enables it to care for this tremendous peak load with smoothness and efficiency.

Such a spirit—the spirit of doing all work well and with enthusiasm—has made the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad a successful railroad for 75 years. It has served the nation at work and at play with a constant competence that, quite naturally, has not failed of recognition.

The Burlington Route

The National Park Line Burlington Route *Everywhere West*

11,500 MILES OF RAILROAD IN THIRTEEN STATES

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FIRST CLASS	CABIN CLASS
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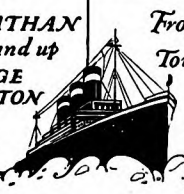
SECOND CLASS	**THIRD CLASS**
S. S. LEVIATHAN $147.50 and up S.S. GEORGE WASHINGTON $136.25 and up	From $85. Tourist Third Class in season $95 up



The Good Samaritan of Wall Street

(*Continued from page 16*)

a lawyer who knew Dick's history, as well as my propensity for befriending down-and-outers—who sent Watson to my office. I shall never forget the way Dick introduced himself to me.

"'I'm a jailbird,' he told me, the first thing off the reel. 'Fifty years old and just finished my sixth term in the pen. I'll say I'm slow! It took me mighty near a lifetime to figure out that the straight folks are smarter than the crooks.

"'What most fellows that go wrong can't see is that the sweat from hard work comes a sight easier than the sweat from fear. Even if you get away with it for a long time, you're always dodging around, with that sick, uneasy feeling in the pit of your stomach. And, sooner or later, of course the bulls get you—they're bound to, because they got all the odds, including *right*, on their side.

"'I was a good burglar,' he added, with a touch of pride. 'Nobody can say that Dick Watson didn't do a neat job. But I've spent a third of my life on the inside, looking out. I ain't never had time to get married, and right now I'd swap all the thrills I ever got out of blowing up all the safes I ever touched off, for one day of owning a bought-on-time bungalow with a little back yard big enough to hold me, and a woman, and a child in the cool o' the evening—a woman and a child that trusted me and was glad to see me come home at night.

"'Well, I'm through now; but it's too late for some things. . . .

"'They tell me you're the friend of bums,' he went on quickly. 'I ain't rustling no help for myself, but I would sort of like to throw a rope to some of the other boys—in particular, the ones that are coming out after their first term. Many of the first-termers have learned their lesson. They want to go straight, but they don't know how. They think the whole world is down on 'em, and they're afraid to hold up their heads for fear somebody will recognize 'em and yell "Jailbird!" A man with a record for serving time has it tough landing a job. I guess that's right, but—well, it's hard, too.

"'Now, here's my proposition: I aim to spend the rest of my life helping fellows who've been in, to get a fresh start. I could go to a church and sign up, but I don't know church folks and church ways. I need a business partner. Will you go in with me?'"

THAT Dick Watson convinced the banker he was on the level, you already know. Let Mr. Baruc himself tell you how the partnership worked out. But first, perhaps, you would like to hear the rest of Dick Watson's personal story.

"After I had known Dick for a year or so," said Mr. Baruc, "he told me the history of his early life. Born in County Cork, Ireland, he came to this country with his parents when he was ten years old. Pretty soon after the family landed in New York, Dick's father got to be a city policeman. The boy was very proud of his dad's position.

"'But the old man's job kept him away from home a lot,' Dick explained to me. 'Half the time, he didn't know where I was, or what I was doing from supper to bedtime. Of course Mother had a hazy notion that I was playing around with the boys in the neighborhood, and, perhaps, getting into bad company; but she had her hands too full with the younger children to bother much about me.

"'Like most of the kids in my block—and all over the world—I was always on the lookout for excitement. For a while, a fire alarm, or a dog fight, was enough. Then, when I was twelve or thirteen, I began spending my evenings with a gang of older boys, who usually hung about the corner of Christie Street and Second Avenue. Trained by this outfit, I soon developed from a common rowdy into a sneak thief and pickpocket. But up to this time everything I did was simply for the thrill of it.

"'Then, too, I found that being able to pull a job made the older boys treat me with more respect, more like an equal. And, of course, the fact that I had beginner's luck and got away with my thieving made me believe that I was too smart ever to get caught. That's one way crookedness has of making a fool out of a man.'

"DICK had quit school when he finished the seventh grade," Mr. Baruc went on, "and he had gone to work for a fish merchant. At sixteen, egged on by his gang, he robbed his employer of three hundred dollars. Dick's father paid the money back, but Dick was sent up for three years. During his stay in prison he met many seasoned crooks, and came out with a thorough education in burglary and a renewed faith in his own cleverness. Shortly after his release, he joined a gang of pickpockets in the old Chelsea district, and became so proficient that, in a short time, he was made head of a school for pickpockets, on Houston Street.

"From then on, it was one job after another, until he decided that he was through. There was one interlude. This was just after the end of his second term in State prison, where he had spent four years for housebreaking. Dick was twenty-eight years old at the time. He got to wondering if the game was worth the candle, concluded that it was not, and decided to give the straight life a trial.

"He determined to move away from New York, where all his old associates lived, and make a clean start in a strange town. His choice fell on Boston. Here he got a job as janitor at Harvard University, and for a little over two years he lived a straight, useful life. Indeed, he became quite a favorite with some of the professors. During his second year at Harvard, several of his friends among the faculty, who had remarked his interest in reading and his occasional philosophical observations on life, got together and presented him with a complete set of the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Dick prized this gift above all his earthly possessions; it was his badge of

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Relief, texture, a true architectural feeling, characterize this new exclusive Armstrong floor creation—Embossed Handcraft Tile Linoleum. This new floor, design No. 6007, is permanently cemented in place over builders' deadening felt. The border is Armstrong's Plain Green Linoleum No. 21.

"Texture" in floor design

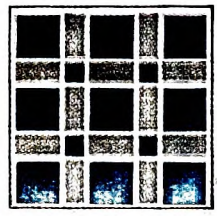
A NEW ARMSTRONG CREATION INSPIRED BY OLD WORLD HANDICRAFT

TO THE EYE, to the touch, the floor you see pictured above has a natural, realistic texture. Each tile unit is framed with a mortar-like interliner slightly pressed below the surface. In sunlight or lamplight, this textured surface catches the play of light and shadow. The whole effect is one of rich, unusual beauty—an inspiration to those who like to plan rooms pleasingly different.

In color treatment, too, this new type of Armstrong Floor is outstanding. There is no regular repeat of the color tones. To add further interest, heraldic emblems are inserted at random in true old-world fashion.

Yet, with all its effect of handcraft, sun-baked tile, this embossed floor possesses a comforting springiness, a quiet ease, so characteristic of all Armstrong's Linoleum. It is also an inherently clean floor kept spotless with regular waxing and polishing, plus dry-mopping as needed on cleaning days.

Embossed Inlaid No. 6026



Printed Tile design No. 7183

"And when firmly cemented in place over builders' deadening felt with no apparent seams, this Armstrong Floor," say architects, "should last for generations."

As you glance again at the colorful dining-room floor on this page, it may look expensive. Were you to walk on it, you would believe it expensive. Yet the actual cost of this newest note in linoleum is no more than $65 to $85 for a fairly large room, 12 x 15 feet. This figure includes the best felt-layer method of installation, a smooth, water-tight, long-lasting floor.

You can see these new Armstrong Embossed Tile Inlaid designs — and other equally attractive Armstrong patterns at good furniture, department, and linoleum stores near you. All are made of Armstrong's genuine cork linoleum, which can be quickly identified by the Circle A on the gray burlap back.

Skilled decorator will help you

"The Attractive Home — How to Plan Its Decoration," written by Hazel Dell Brown, Decorator, will give you a new impression of modern linoleum floors as well as many unusual hints on home decoration. This book also brings you a unique offer of Mrs. Brown's free, personal service. It will be sent anywhere in the United States on receipt of 10 cents to cover mailing costs (in Canada 20 cents). Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2674 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum

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..although 4 out of 5 are victims of Pyorrhea

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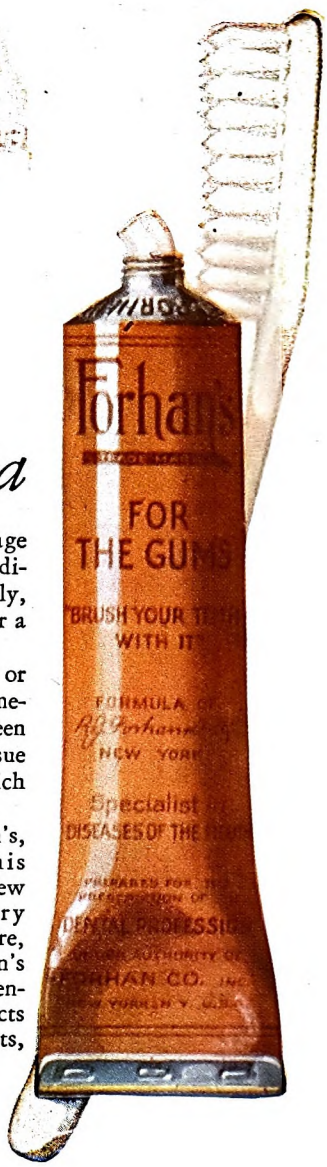
MORE THAN A TOOTH-PASTE

..IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



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decent citizenship. But it proved his undoing. Several newspapers carried brief accounts of the presentation, and by some strange twist of fate a copy fell into the hands of one of Dick's former associates at Sing Sing. This old acquaintance promptly called on Dick and threatened to expose his past to his new friends if he didn't come across with hush money.

"Instead of facing the music, Dick quit his job for parts unknown. He landed in Chicago, and speedily identified himself with the underworld there. He was convinced that an ex-jailbird hadn't a chance with decent people; so he got a new kit of tools and went back into the burglary business. Eventually, he landed in the State prison for five years.

"'This time, I had plenty of spare moments to think things over in,' he told me, in talking about this period of his life. 'I was older too. And then I suppose the taste I got at Harvard of being considered decent had sort of gone to my head. Anyhow, that short association with real men had spoiled me for a crook's life. I made up my mind that when I got out this time, I was going to give the straight folks a chance to quit me cold before I walked out on 'em any more.

"'Of course I knew it was going to be tough to face the music; but it couldn't be any worse than living from penitentiary to penitentiary, as you might say.

"'THINKING over my own case was what give me this bug about helping the other fellow. I knew there were plenty of chaps like me, who had come out with the determination to go straight, and then had taken the wrong fork o' the road simply because they got it into their heads that everybody was down on 'em, or else they didn't have enough steam to make the grade by themselves. Either way, they pretty soon got to thinking, "What's the use!"'

"And," added Mr. Baruc, with his quick smile, "that's the point at which Dick Watson and I became partners. We simply pooled our resources to furnish a little extra steam to help the fellow who couldn't quite make the grade alone. Dick put himself, with his amazing personality, into the company; I contributed most of the working capital and what time I could spare from my business.

"We never worked out any hard-and-fast rules, and we never got tangled up in red tape," Mr. Baruc went on. "We just kept our eyes and our minds open—that's the main thing."

"How do you find men who need help?" I asked.

"That's the least of our troubles," answered Mr. Baruc. "Men are sent to me by policemen, welfare workers, prison chaplains, parole officers, or by other men whom we have befriended. Some of our finest men are sent us by Captain Stanley Shephard, of the Salvation Army, a prince of a chap if there ever was one! Sometimes we just stumble on a fellow who needs a lift. A thing of this sort grows as it goes along. It's like a snowball; as long as you keep it rolling, you can't prevent it from getting bigger."

"But how can you be sure," I insisted, "that a man really rates a 'lift,' as you call it? Aren't you afraid that some unscrupulous fellow will take advantage of your open-handed, open-hearted attitude?"

Mr. Baruc smiled.

"If you remember your Bible," he said, "you will recall that the Good Samaritan who encountered a brother in distress on the way to Jerusalem did not stop to inquire whether or not the man beside the road *deserved* the beating he had got. He simply bound up his wounds and took him to an inn, where he might be cared for until he was able to resume his journey. Maybe you will also recall that the Good Samaritan went down into his own jeans to dig up the money to pay the innkeeper.

"THAT'S what we try to do—the little bunch of us down here in Wall Street that stand ready to pass on Dick Watson's idea of lending a hand. We just do our best to put the chap who's down and out back into the game—fix him up so that he can go on with the journey of life.

"And the biggest thing we can give a man is not money, or even a job; it is faith in himself. A human being without self-respect is like a speeding locomotive without an engineer. At any moment he's likely to jump the track and wind up in a wreck that may injure many others besides himself.

"Not many of the men whom we've pulled out of the wreck and started off on the right track again have become rich or famous. Nearly all of them, however, are living honest, hard-working lives, spending themselves gladly in a gallant effort to make the best possible homes for their families. Which is precisely what the great majority of men who have never seen the inside of a prison are doing!

"Of course there have been a few brilliant exceptions to our usual experience. One man, a bookkeeper who had been sent up for manslaughter—he had shot a man who had slandered his wife—is now a vice president in a substantial Mid-Western bank.

"A boy who had become a habitual drunkard at twenty-two—I literally picked him out of the gutter with my own hands—is a children's specialist in a well-known Eastern hospital. When I got hold of him, seven years ago, he swore that the one decent spot remaining in him was his love for children. He had always 'sort of thought' he would like to be a doctor; so I helped him make up his mind to go to it, and specialize in children's diseases.

"He had barely a high-school education; but he went at his rigorous training like a Spartan. By working winter and summer, day and night, in five years he had completed two years of regular college work, three of general medical work, and one of specialization in his own particular field. He has been practicing only a year, but he is already making a name for himself.

"However, for the simple reason that they *are* the exceptions, these are not the men whose stories I am going to tell you. And, of course," he added, "in the incidents which I am about to relate, I shall not use the real names of the persons involved.

"As you may perhaps guess," Mr. Baruc continued, "the 'repeater' is about the hardest man to make believe in himself again. And yet I have known several men who came back splendidly.

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Florida

"There was Fred Hastings. When the chaplain of the State prison called my attention to Fred, he was serving the last few weeks of his third term, and he was already in his early forties. The chaplain had discovered many sound qualities in Fred, and believed that all he needed was a steadying hand for a while.

"Fred is an electrician and a good one. Fifteen years ago, when he first jumped the track, he was working as general electrical repair man and watchman in a big wholesale fur house. At the time, he had two small children and his wife was expecting another baby shortly. The woman was quite delicate. In fact, the doctor had told Fred that she could not possibly pull through unless she had every care during the next few months.

"Their little savings had long since gone for doctors' and druggists' bills, and they were heavily in debt. One night, as Fred was closing up after the other employees had left, he accidentally knocked a pile of furs off a table. As he replaced the handsome skins, he thought bitterly of the women who could so carelessly buy and wear such costly luxuries, while his wife would have to go through her coming ordeal without the proper medical attention perhaps.

"Suddenly the thought flashed through his mind that two or three skins out of the immense piles about him would not be missed. And they might save his wife's life. He picked up a couple of fox pelts. The next morning, he carried them away wrapped in his old overcoat. He found it easy to dispose of them in a district where few questions were asked of the man who had anything to sell at a bargain. With the money he received, he made arrangements to have his wife cared for in a good maternity hospital.

"Of course, in a few days the furs were missed. A few more days, and Fred was suspected and arrested. He pleaded guilty in court; but when the judge heard the circumstances he wanted to suspend sentence. However, the enraged employer insisted upon the full penalty of the law, and Fred was sent up.

"WHEN he came out, two years later, he found his wife trying to support the little family by doing piece-work at home for an overall factory. She had managed to pull through, but the baby had died.

"As I said before, Fred is a capable electrician. Even without references, he soon found a job. But no sooner had he got a good start than the man from whom he had stolen the furs reported to his new employer that Fred was a jailbird, and not worthy of trust. Hastings was immediately discharged without the formality of a notice.

"Except for an occasional odd job, he was out of work for three months. It was now mid-winter. Both children had severe colds. There was no money to buy fuel to heat the miserable little flat. On Christmas Eve, the younger child developed pneumonia. Fred deliberately went out and broke into the apartment of a wealthy family who were out of town over the holidays. He stole a considerable amount of table silver.

"Again he was caught, and this time he was given a longer term. When he was released, he took another name, found an excellent job, which paid more than he had ever before made, and moved his wife and children into an entirely different section of the city.

"But again the fur merchant appeared on the scene. He called upon Fred's new boss in person, and assured him that Fred was a dangerous habitual criminal. And this time, Fred went to the fur merchant's store, invaded his office and, despite the interference of a couple of clerks, beat up his former employer pretty thoroughly.

"For a third time, Fred was sent to prison. His faith in himself and in humanity was at extremely low ebb when, at the suggestion of the chaplain, I offered him my friendship. I met him at the prison gate, and told him that I had a good job waiting for him. I also told him that the chaplain believed in him, and I tried to show him that I did, too. He was grateful, but not at all optimistic about the future.

"He made good at his new job, and for several months everything went well. Then one day a man from a commercial reporting firm dropped in at the factory where Fred was employed, and told the superintendent the same old story about Fred's past. Of course he was the agent of the furrier.

"Without any explanation, the superintendent gave Fred two weeks' pay in lieu of notice, and dismissed him. The same day, the man from the reporting firm called at the tenement in which Fred lived and told his story. Fred was given forty-eight hours in which to move out.

"He came to me.

"I IMMEDIATELY got in touch with the secretary of the labor union, with the superintendent of the factory, and with the foreman under whom Fred worked. I asked these men to meet in my office. I stated Fred's case very plainly, omitting no detail of his prison record.

"The men agreed that, since Fred had made good in every way on his job, he was entitled to the same consideration that any workman would receive. About this time, the owner of the factory got wind of the trouble and he came in on the conference. The whole story was rehearsed for his benefit. He not only concurred with the superintendent in his decision to reinstate Fred, but he insisted that Fred be made a present of the two weeks' pay he had received along with the notice of his dismissal.

"I now paid a little visit to the public prosecutor in the district in which the fur merchant lived. He in turn called on the fur merchant. The result was that Fred was relieved of the fear of further persecution.

"All this happened nearly six years ago. Fred is now head electrician in the factory from which he was almost fired. He has never been able to buy his own home, but his family lives in a very comfortable flat. And last fall Fred's eldest boy registered for a course in electrical engineering in one of our best colleges.

"Jim Deland's mistake was the old one of thinking you can get something for nothing. Jim worked for a big corporation in Brooklyn. He was a bookkeeper, and at the time Dick Watson found him in a police magistrate's court, five years ago, he was earning forty dollars a week.

"He and his wife were eager to own a

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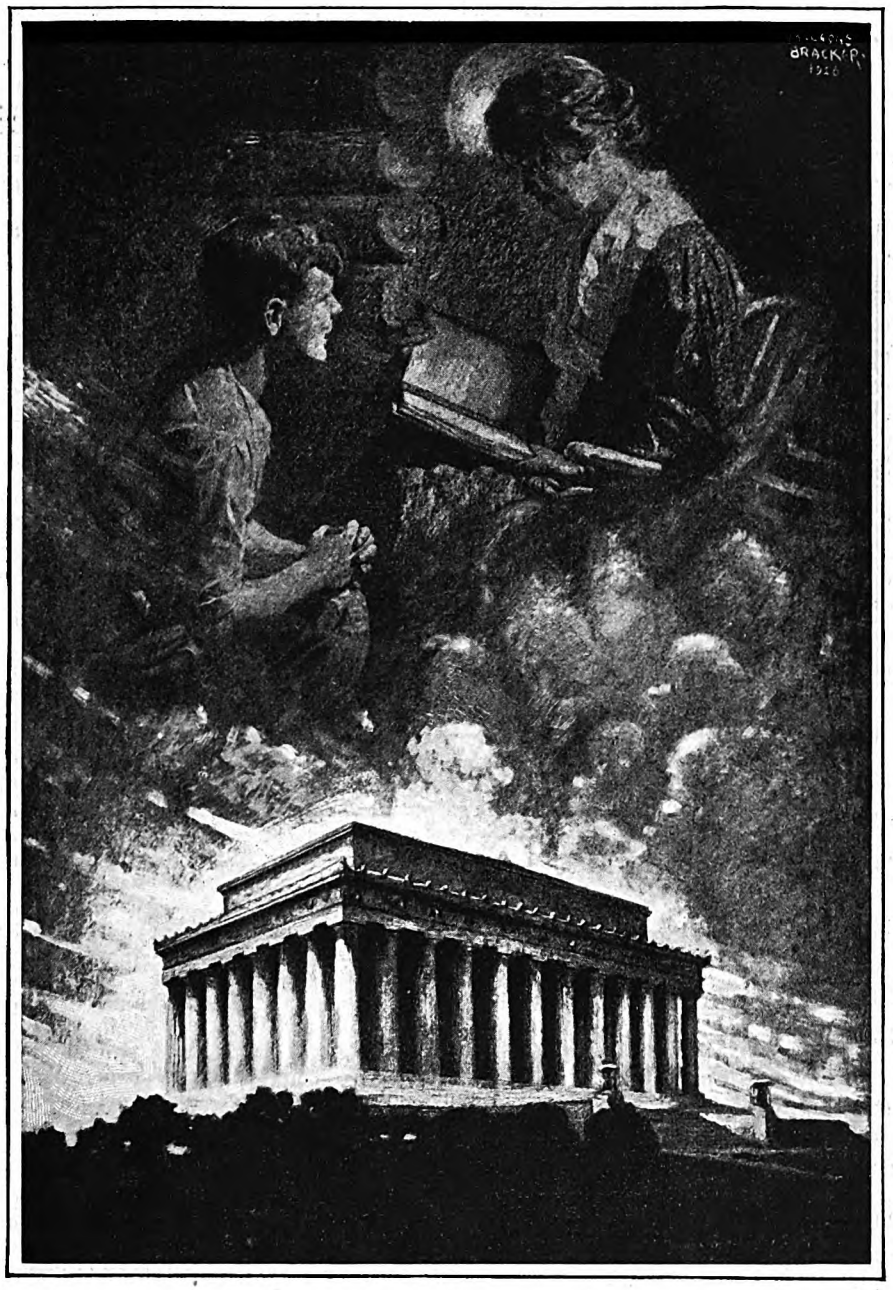

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—Abraham Lincoln

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home. Since their marriage, they had scrupulously saved every penny that Mrs. Jim could spare from her housekeeping expenses. But with an aged mother to support, and a little lame boy who must have the attention of specialists, not to mention the rent on a three-room flat which must be met every month, they couldn't salvage much for their savings.

"At the end of four years, they had exactly one hundred dollars in the bank. The rate at which they were saving seemed like mighty slow work to Jim. One evening, he confided to one of the boys at the office his ambition to have a home of his own. Incidentally, he did some grumbling about how long it had taken him to save up a measly hundred dollars.

"The man to whom Jim told his grievances had a remedy. He knew a place—a sort of club—where a fellow who knew the ropes could play a game that meant a ten-to-one sure thing. This friend assured Jim that he knew the ropes.

"The temptation to see his hundred dollars grow into a thousand overnight was too much for Jim. Accompanied by his adviser, he drew his precious savings out of the bank. He said nothing to his wife, as he wanted to surprise her with his winnings. He pictured her amazement and delight when he should pour the money into her lap. Why, a thousand dollars would be twice the amount required for a deposit on a five-room cottage out in the suburbs, where the little lame fellow could have grass to roll on and a tree to play under! The doctors had said that they would never dare operate on the poor twisted scrap of a leg until the boy was stronger.

"But luck was against Jim.

"THE night on which he made his visit to the gambling club was also the night selected by the police to make a raid on this particular joint. Along with ten others who confidently counted upon cashing in on a sure thing, he was hustled into a patrol wagon and locked in jail. The next day, the judge fined him two hundred dollars and costs.

"Jim could no more have raised two hundred dollars than he could have raised two thousand. It looked like three months on Blackwell Island for him and, in the meantime, nobody to pay the rent and buy the groceries at home.

"Fortunately for Jim Deland and his little family, Dick Watson happened to be in court that day on another errand. Dick was one of the shrewdest judges of character I have ever met. He heard Jim Deland's story and believed it. I was out of the city at the time, but, as was his custom under the circumstances, Dick drew a check on me for the necessary amount to pay the fine. The remnants of poor Jim's savings didn't help much.

"Dick's next step was to accompany Jim home, and then to call on his employer. The head bookkeeper said that Jim was one of the most capable and trustworthy men that he had. Prodded by Dick, he agreed to give Jim a little more responsibility and five dollars more a week in his pay envelope.

"The extra five dollars, Dick made Jim promise to put into the savings bank every week, in addition to his usual savings. Later, Dick arranged with me to lend the Delands five hundred dollars for a down payment on that cottage they had been wanting so long. Since that time, Jim Deland has turned a deaf ear to anybody who suggested that there was a way to get something for nothing. To-day, he and his wife have more than half paid for their pretty cottage in a New Jersey village.

"As for the little lame fellow, who had never taken a step up to the time he was six years old, he is now limping all over the place on his crutches. And the doctors say that in a few more years he will be able to throw away his sticks!

"Speaking of savings and savings banks," laughed Mr. Baruc, "always reminds me of a funny incident in connection with Dick Watson. He invariably insisted that our men begin saving a little something the minute they began earning. His theory was that money in the bank immediately puts a man on the side of law and order.

"I paid Dick one hundred dollars a month for his personal expenses. Out of this amount, he fed and clothed himself and maintained one room on the lower East Side. Here he kept his motley collection of books—including the precious set of Oliver Wendell Holmes presented by his Harvard friends—and here he entertained anybody that needed a night's lodging, or a square meal. I think he did his own cooking.

"Out of his salary—which he himself had named—Dick saved ten dollars a month. This sum he regularly deposited in the Greenwich Savings Bank. I went with him to open his account. As if it were yesterday, I recall the remark he made as we went up the steps together.

"'Well, Mr. Baruc,' he said, with that Irish twinkle of his, 'this is a tee-totally new experience for me. I've been in many a bank to take money *out*, but I never before entered one to put money *in*!'

"THERE'S a special sort of thrill," Mr. Baruc went on, "in saving a boy from prison and the consequent contact with hardened criminals.

"But, right here, I want to make it clear that I have absolutely no sympathy with the professional criminal; that is, the man who deliberately sets out to match his wits against those of his honest fellows. The only way to discourage organized crime is to give it the full penalty of the law. One of the big troubles with America to-day is that we are too lax in enforcing our laws. My point is that, after a man has *paid* for slipping, he ought to be given a chance to go straight. But to get back to the story:

"Young Bert Johnson was an only son who got tired of being tied to his mother's apron strings in a dull New England town. So on his eighteenth birthday he drew out of the bank fifty dollars of the amount that had been set aside for his college education, and ran away to see life in New York.

"On his first evening in the city, he descended upon Greenwich Village—a section supposed to be more or less given over to gay, inconsequential young artists of one sort or another—as being the proper background for skylarking.

"In a restaurant, he scraped an ac-

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Camel has become the most popular smoke of all time because of quality. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos that nature grows. Then these superb tobaccos are given a blending that can be found in no other cigarette. The largest tobacco organization in the world puts its all and its best into Camels. You could smoke, end to end, a mile of Camels—they will never tire the taste, never leave a cigaretty after-taste.

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THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG ACROSS THE STREET

YESTERDAY, the little boy across the street did not come out to play. Instead, his young friends saw the doctor go into his house. And later, another man came and tacked a piece of red paper on the door.

Today, all the children go by that sign with awe. They know there's something wrong. What it is they can't grasp. But somehow they've become affected by their parents' evident anxiety.

No wonder! Scarlet fever! And every one of his friends have been exposed to it! Care and worry will haunt many a home before the danger is stamped out!

This is the age of prevention

The pity of it! It happens in so many communities! And it need never occur! For scarlet fever is preventable—and today, parents must share the blame whenever a child falls prey to that disease.

Consult your doctor. By a simple, painless test, he can discover whether your children are liable to contract scarlet fever should they be exposed to it. If this test shows they are susceptible, equally simple injections will protect them against the disease.

In this age of prevention it is unnecessary to take such serious chances. Diphtheria is preventable—typhoid can be guarded against just as vaccination eliminates danger of smallpox.

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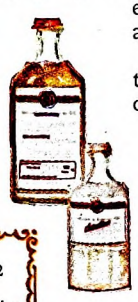

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SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—Protected for you by a special Squibb process against loss of vitamins which occurs in the bottling of ordinary oils. Truly palatable.

SQUIBB'S SODIUM BICARBONATE—Free from all bitterness because it is absolutely pure. Actually easy to take. Cannot irritate the stomach because all impurities have been removed.

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quaintance with two girls, who accepted his invitation to dinner. After several hours of dancing, the three set out for a walk. Eventually, they brought up on lower Fifth Avenue. Just outside one of the hotels in this section, the girls spied a big touring car, which they proceeded to admire extravagantly.

"Wishing to impress his companions, who were several years older than he, Bert boasted that the car was his. The girls promptly called his bluff by demanding a ride in it. Unfortunately for the boy, the owner of the car had left the wheel unlocked and the key in the switch. Bert put the girls into the car and sped away, hoping to satisfy them by a turn or so around the block. The young ladies, however, had other ideas. They insisted upon a tour of the city, including several trips across Central Park.

"It was almost midnight when Bert finally got rid of his guests and returned the car to its place in front of the hotel. He was arrested as he stepped out of it.

"THE probation officer before whom the boy was arraigned that night was not inclined to be lenient, but the boy begged so wildly not to be made to sleep in a jail that the officer got Dick out of bed and on the telephone. Dick hustled over and the boy was put in his custody.

"The next morning, Dick brought the boy over for a talk with me. He broke down and sobbed in my office. Among other things, he said that he didn't see how a fellow could get into so much trouble when all he wanted was to have a little fun. He said that he couldn't stand it at home any longer; that his mother treated him like a child, and that he never saw his father except at meal time.

"I put up a bond of five hundred dollars for the reappearance of the boy when called for, bought him a ticket home, and gave him a letter to deliver to his father. I put him on his word of honor to try it at home for a month longer.

"A few days later, I got a letter from his father. He was president of the biggest bank in his town and director in half a dozen important community enterprises. His letter was one of the most pathetic things I have ever read. It said in part:

"'I have devoted my life to amassing money for my son. I am respected for my sagacity. I know every trick of the money-making game and every business man in my county. But I don't know my own boy. I don't think I have really talked to him five minutes in five years. I am not sure that I have really *looked* at him since he used to come to me to tie up a stumped toe. I have been so busy laying up a fortune for my only child that I have never had time to get acquainted with him. I'm getting a late start; but from now on, I'm going to make amends—if I can.'

"You'd be surprised," Mr. Baruc went on earnestly, "at the number of similar situations we run into. Why, I suppose there are annually thousands of instances throughout the country where parents discover, often too late, that they have been so busy with other things that they have failed to become acquainted with their own children.

"Of course," he added presently, "we don't refuse to help folks who haven't a jail record to recommend them. Some of our most interesting cases have nothing whatever to do with prisons or prisoners. I recall one which happened quite early in the game, almost seven years ago.

"One day shortly after we went into partnership, Dick came into my office greatly excited. 'Well, Mr. Baruc,' he exclaimed, 'I've adopted a family for us. Six children, counting both twins. Oldest fifteen, a smart girl named Nellie.'

"It seems that Dick had been walking along a dingy street not far from his room when he bumped into the children huddled on the sidewalk beside their scanty furniture. They were shivering and half-starved. Children always liked and trusted Dick. Under his kindly questioning, they told him everything.

"The mother of the little family had died a few weeks before, leaving a month-old baby. Shortly before the death of the mother, the father had been killed in a mining accident in Pennsylvania.

"During the illness of the mother, a welfare worker had discovered the little family and had cared for it as best she could. But recently she had arranged to divide the responsibility of looking after the six. The baby was to be put in a foundlings' home, the three next younger children in an orphan asylum, while Nellie and the boy next to her were to be 'farmed out' to work for their keep.

"The youngsters had rebelled at the idea of being separated and, under the leadership of Nellie, they were trying to run away. The girl was broken-hearted at the thought of losing her brothers and sisters, and she begged Dick to help her keep them.

"There wasn't any time to lose. An official was coming for the baby and the two younger children any minute. Dick acted promptly and characteristically. He commandeered a passing truck, loaded the scanty furniture, stowed the youngsters in with it, climbed up beside the driver, and rolled away.

"WHEN he started out, he hadn't the faintest notion where he would fetch up, but he strongly suspected that he would be arrested for kidnapping. While he was riding along, however, the thought came to him that it might be well to consult a friend of his, an elderly Italian priest.

"Sure enough, the priest had a solution—a temporary one, at any rate. He knew a well-to-do Italian woman of middle age who had been desolated by the loss of her only son, a brilliant young doctor, during the first year of the war. She owned the small apartment house in which she lived; indeed, most of her income was derived from renting her house. The priest happened to know that at the moment she had a nice four-room flat empty. He got into the truck with Dick and his charges, and the lot of them drove off to this woman's house.

"The priest told the woman the whole story; but at first she refused to have anything to do with such a hazardous undertaking as housing six orphan children, even though Dick assured her that he would be responsible for the rent. But Dick was wily. While they were talking, he thrust the baby into the woman's arms to hold. And the little tad played his part as if he had been coached in it. He buried his button of a nose in the woman's breast and went to sleep!

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"In the end, the woman capitulated. She agreed to keep the children until a more suitable arrangement could be made. Under the spell of the baby's burrowing nose, she even volunteered to buy the material and help Nellie make some decent clothes for the smaller children.

"Dick and the priest decided between themselves that they had found a satisfactory home for their charges, so they simply neglected to make any further search for living quarters. And, eventually, as the two plotters had anticipated, the Italian woman became so fond of the children that she couldn't bear to part with them. Before the year was up, she had legally adopted the whole bunch of them."

And now we come back to Dick Watson, with whom we began.

"When Dick lay dying in Bellevue Hospital," said Mr. Baruc, "there was at the foot of his bed a picture at which he looked a great deal. This picture showed a shepherd guiding his flock into the fold. One day, just before the end, Dick turned to me and said:

"'I guess they must let *some* sheep into the fold that ain't all white, Mr. Baruc. I got a notion,' he added wistfully, 'that they let in even the black ones that have a little patch o' white on 'em. Come to think of it, I don't believe I ever saw a sheep so black that he didn't have a little white about him somewhere, if you looked hard enough.'

"And somehow," finished the Good Samaritan of Wall Street, "I have a hunch that Dick hit the nail on the head!"

You Are Part Owner of a Hundred Miles of Books

(*Continued from page 15*)

reading-room contain thousands of volumes, and those in the smaller reading-rooms thousands more. But the main body of the books may be approached by only a few accredited students. The ordinary reader hands in a card to a desk attendant, seats himself and waits until his book is brought to him. As I was for the time being a student of the Library itself, I was permitted to wander among the book stacks under the guidance of Mr. Frederick Ashley, the superintendent of the reading-rooms.

"Three million volumes" slips easily from the tongue; but as I walked up and down corridor after corridor of book stacks I knew I had not begun to realize what the phrase meant. Sometimes these stacks rose to the height of sixty-five feet, passing right through floors of marble cut a few inches from the stacks to allow ventilation.

"If all the books in the Library were placed in one straight line," Mr. Ashley informed me, "and nine volumes were run to the foot, they would reach one hundred and two miles."

"One hundred and two miles!" I ejaculated. "Why, you would have to take a train to journey from one end of the line to the other!"

My guide smiled.

"Just the physical care of the volumes is a problem," he said. "There are two thousand windows in the Library, but as air and dust do not agree with books, with a few exceptions the windows are especially constructed to admit light only, and no air. We ventilate by means of forced draft. As sunlight is bad for books, because it fades both covers and paper, there are shades on the windows, controlled by electric buttons.

"But despite the precautions we use the books get dirty. It takes two men with vacuum cleaners six months to go over them all, and by that time those that were first cleaned are in need of a second cleansing. Some of the three million volumes very seldom leave their stacks, others wear out from handling. There is a government printing office in the building that attends to binding and rebinding. We have to bind or rebind about thirty thousand volumes a year. At one time, books were bound mostly in leather. Now, we prefer buckram, as it is unattractive to insects of any kind.

"In using the stacks we have to supplement daylight with electricity, especially as the Library is open from nine in the morning until ten at night, and on Sundays and holidays from two in the afternoon until ten at night. The buttons at the end of the stacks supply three minutes of electricity. When the lights on that row have burned that long they automatically go off; if you want to use them longer you must push the button again.

"Here"—he stopped before a stack containing what seemed to be paper-covered volumes—"is the biggest book in the world." He handed me one of the "volumes," and I found it was in reality a box holding four small volumes printed on very thin paper. I opened one, but not to read, for the characters were Chinese.

"This is what is called the Chinese Encyclopedia," he said. "It contains ten thousand pieces, each piece being a small volume like the one which you hold. The reason why the book is so large is because, instead of a twenty-six-letter alphabet like ours, the Chinese employ about thirty thousand characters. All these shelves contain Chinese books. There are about eighty-seven thousand of them, the largest collection outside of China."

"But are they used?" I asked.

"Indeed they are," Mr. Ashley assured me. "Usually there are about two thousand Chinese students in the country, and they all come here at some time or other and read and study the books of their language.

"Next to the Chinese, the biggest collection of foreign books is Russian. We have eighty thousand books in that language, with a Russian in charge. There are nine thousand volumes in Japanese, five thousand in the Scandinavian, four thousand in Sanskrit, and twenty-two thousand in the Semitic collection. In the whole foreign section there are books in two hundred languages; but we cannot

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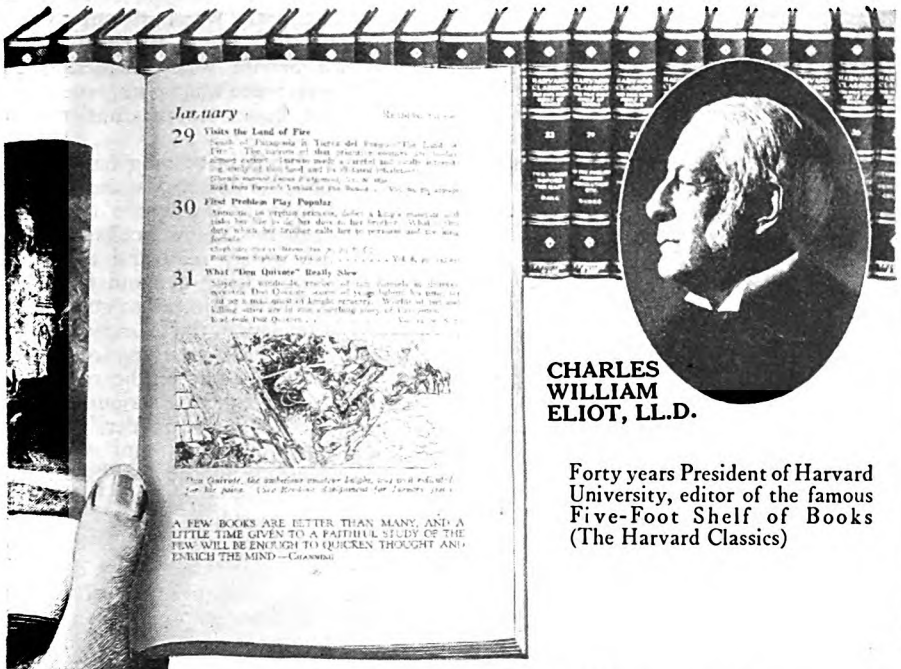
Your reading problem solved—



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(A page from the new Daily Reading Guide)

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keep attendants who speak all of these, though one of our men can read fourteen languages!

"Of books in English, the biggest collection covers American history, political and social science, and public law. This part of the Library is chiefly used by people who come here for serious research, and by members of Congress and government employees. About ten thousand employees call upon the Library for help in their work. Members of Congress, naturally, have to consult the history of the country when considering the various measures that come before them. They use the Library daily."

WHEN a congressman in the House of Representatives hears something stated on the floor which he believes incorrect, and wants data on the subject, all he has to do is to summon a page boy. The boy delivers his message to one of the library attendants in the Capitol, and within fifteen minutes the desired book is delivered to him, provided, of course, it is in the designated stack.

Hurry calls from the House are often enigmas. One day a penciled note arrived:

"Dickenson's Notes." The attendant considered a minute and sent "American Notes" by Charles Dickens. He was right. It took still keener powers of divination to decipher a typewritten message from a United States senator. Presumably he had dictated it:

"The Tom Horsement of the Afolca Type."

The attendant rubbed his head thoughtfully. Then he grinned. Above the order he penciled:

"Try 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.'"

Again he was correct.

"Who's Your Schoolmaster," was readily translated into "Hoosier Schoolmaster," and "The Greatest Thing in the World" was not hard to translate from "The Biggest Thing on Earth."

"Sometimes the orders are large ones," commented Mr. Ashley. "We stand ready to deliver anything needed, from a single book to a wagonload. But the biggest order I ever remember came from Congress. It was from a representative, and read:

"'Send over everything you have on Free Trade.'

"That time we sent the books in a truck."

"What did the congressman do?" I asked eagerly.

"I am not in a position to say," replied Mr. Ashley, "The books were delivered, and after a time they came back."

Congressmen, members of the Supreme Court, the President, and members of the Cabinet may borrow books from the Library for home reading. But the bulk of the ten thousand government employees are supposed to order books for working purposes only. An employee in the Department of Agriculture asked for one of Tolstoy's works, and when refused sent an indignant protest to the effect that there was a certain cherry mentioned in it that he believed would grow in America.

"He was ingenious," admitted Mr. Ashley; "but in the face of many demands we decided to let America go without the cherry.

"Every time some big controversial subject is being aired in the newspapers the Library serves as a barometer for human reaction. For instance, when the controversy on the subject of evolution raged, the Library was hard put to it to furnish sufficient books on that subject. While the Senate was considering the World Court, there was an unprecedented demand for books on international relations.

"Two fashions in reading have grown steadily for some years. We used to supply comparatively few books on economics and religion. Now books on these subjects are widely read and there is a constantly increasing demand for them.

"I have always objected to quoting the number of readers in the Library, because a 'reader' may mean anything from a person who comes in out of the cold while waiting for a friend, to a serious student. There are two hundred readers' desks in the main reading-room, and others all over the building in the various departments. We have a number of fiction readers, who come here steadily and read nothing but fiction. Our national favorite in fiction is, beyond doubt, the detective story. It is the story read by all kinds of people, from those who come in to while away an hour to the biggest officials of the Government. Justices of the Supreme Court send for these stories. Uncle Joe Cannon was a great reader of fiction, and liked mystery and detective tales. President Wilson had a weakness for them, and sent for many. Theodore Roosevelt read them too; but he was also an omnivorous reader of history, natural history, and anything pertaining to outdoor life."

I noticed a number of fat, pudgy books near me, and moved over to see what they were.

"Those," said Mr. Ashley, "are the city directories. We have thirteen thousand two hundred of them here. They occupy over three thousand feet of shelf space, and cover seven hundred and twenty-five cities and towns. We keep every one we get, and it is surprising to see how much they are used. Every day someone comes in to find a friend or relative who lived in some town in some year. Often they are consulted on legal matters.

"Detectives trying to locate missing members of a family frequently consult the directories; but by far the greater number of inquiries come from people who are visiting Washington. A man will come in and remark:

"'I'd like to locate my cousin Joe. He used to live in Dubuque in '85. Then he went to some town in Idaho; but I just can't recollect the name. It began with an H.' As he is in earnest, he will go through all the towns in that state, and often he comes out with a post-office address.

"THE desks you see set about here and there, like this one," said Mr. Ashley, laying his hand upon a desk placed at the side of the room, "represent some of the best work the Library has ever done. They are assigned to serious students who are doing research work, with the idea of writing a treatise or book or article. We have never had enough desks; but when the new building is completed, the one filling the second courtyard, we shall have a whole floor of desks for students. At present they are in alcoves in the main

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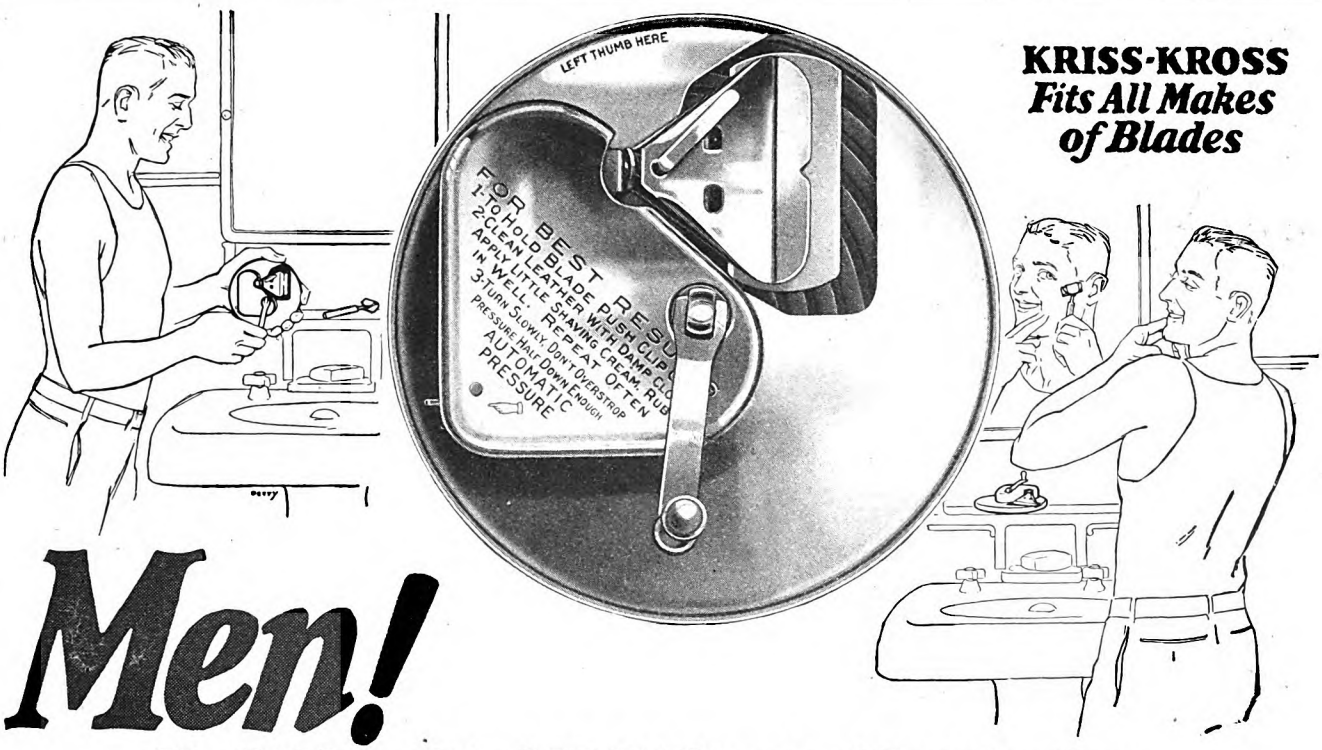

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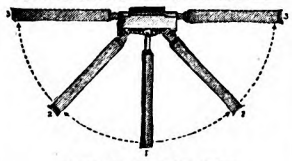

NEW KIND OF RAZOR GIVEN

Most astonishing razor you ever saw. Really 3 styles of razor in one. Adjustable to any shaving position for either side of the face. Novel KRISS-KROSS feature reduces beard resistance 45%. Simply *zips* through the toughest crop of whiskers and leaves your face satin-smooth and cool. Nothing like it ever on the market before. I'll send you one FREE to introduce KRISS-KROSS super-stropper. Limited offer. Find out about it today.

Magic Diagonal Stroke

Until you've seen KRISS-KROSS, fitted its sturdy, nickeled smoothness into the palm of your hand and tested its uncanny dexterity *yourself*, you'll never know how amazing it really is! It employs the famous *diagonal stroke* same as a master barber uses. Never before has anyone captured the secret of reproducing it automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain.

But that's not all, KRISS-KROSS embodies still another feature that has hitherto baffled mechanical reproduction. It strops from *heavy* to *light*. It's almost human the way it makes the strokes start with strong pressure and grow lighter and lighter until an adjustable, automatic jig flies up and notifies you that your blade is ready—*ready with the keenest cutting-edge that steel can take!*

FITS ALL BLADES

KRISS-KROSS produces unbelievable sharpness and prolongs the life of any razor blade for months and even years. Fits all brands and makes except Durham. Eliminates 83% of shaving costs and ends all bother about remembering to buy new blades! No more "raking" and scraping with dull ones, either! No more stinging and smarting that has to be relieved with messy lotions and harsh astringents. KRISS-KROSS solves your blade problem for all time and gives you keen, velvet-smooth shaves forever!

SENSATIONAL OFFER

And now for my surprising offer. To introduce KRISS-KROSS to those who have not yet seen it, I am giving with it Free a new kind of razor. Possesses remarkable features. Instantly adjustable to any shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape; (2) straight (old-style); (3) or diagonal (new way). Gives a *sliding* instead of *pulling* stroke. Made of *rustless* metal. All one connected piece—nothing to assemble or screw up. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before!

GET FREE OFFER

Send for details and information on these surprising new KRISS-KROSS inventions today. See for yourself exactly how uncanny and ingenious they are. Read the amazing praise of enthusiastic users. Clip the coupon for illustrated description and free razor offer. Fill it out now! Mail it today!

AGENTS

Make excellent money with KRISS-KROSS. FREE razors boost your profits amazingly. H. King made $66 in one day. N. C. Paige made $104 in 3 days! Others average $350 and up to $750 a month! Many *spare-time* workers, office and factory men make $6-$12 extra a day showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow employes. S. Kantala made $154 extra just working evenings 3 weeks. Get details at once. Check bottom of coupon and mail it tonight!

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. B-251
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Without obligation, please send me illustrated description and full details of your special introductory offer on KRISS-KROSS super-stropper and FREE 3-way razor.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....*State*.....

( ) Check here if interested in making money as our authorized KRISS-KROSS representative.

KRISS KROSS TRADE MARK

Rhodes' KRISS KROSS STROPPER

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. B-251
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Largest Manufacturers of Mechanical Strappers in the World

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Every day *thousands* of men

are putting aside their old-fashioned shaving ways and joining the growing ranks of Barbasol—The Modern Way of Shaving.

Your first Barbasol shave will be like riding on the Twentieth Century after "the slow train through Arkansas."

After three shaves with Barbasol, you'll no more go back to your old ways than you'd trade the new car in for a high-wheeled bicycle.

For not even habit can hold out long against progress.

1. Wash the face (but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
3. Shave

No brush; no rub-in! Barbasol eliminates the soap and brush. And what a pleasant relief.

Barbasol does away with the tedious rub-in. All you need to do is wash your face, spread on a thin film of Barbasol and shave.

It's just as easy as it sounds; no trouble at all and how much better your face feels!

Mister, you're next! Try Barbasol!

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name.....

Address.....

AM 2-27

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

reading-room or almost anywhere we can place them."

In a single year one hundred and sixty such students were assisted by the Library in their special fields of research. Twenty-five of these were authors, whose published works include three hundred and seventy titles in the Library catalogue.

"One summer," said Mr. Ashley, "I had seven university professors here at the same time. They were all giving a portion of their Sabbatical year to research. Some students not only do their research work here, but actually write their books. 'The Founding of New England,' by James Truslow Adams, which won the Pulitzer prize for the most notable contribution in the field of American History made in the year of its publication, was entirely written in the Library. Ida Tarbell worked in the Library on her book on Lincoln; Herbert Quick and Hamlin Garland used the Library a great deal while working on their books. Emerson Hough secured here some of the data for 'The Covered Wagon.' Much of the valuable material on historical subjects is contained in the manuscript division, to which I am taking you."

The manuscripts of that division are so valuable that they have special cases and are always kept under glass and lock and key, to prevent handling or deterioration. In these cases are the papers of the Colonies, and of the various Presidents, which have been gathered with infinite care, until the Library has a collection of Americana worthy of a National Library. Washington's papers fill four hundred volumes!

"How could there possibly be so many?" I demanded of the historian in charge, who is himself the author of several books on American history.

"Well, you see," he said, smiling, "we are very thorough. When we keep the papers of a man like Washington they have sufficient value, as his personal possessions, to make it worth while to keep them *all*. I confide to you that they include, in addition to those of intrinsic value, every receipt for pew rent, every bill, notice or program sent to Washington and received by him. These less valuable papers naturally help to swell the total."

THE most precious manuscripts of the collection are the originals of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, which were moved to the Library two years ago from the State Department, and have been placed in a specially designed setting which suggests a shrine. Within a railing of our native marble, the Declaration hangs on a wall in a glass case designed like an altar piece with bronze doors, which usually hang open. Below this is a desk of marble, on the top surface of which, set in glass, are two of the nine sheets of the Constitution. Both documents are apparently brilliant yellow.

"What did you do to them?" I asked, for when I had seen them before they were ordinary parchment.

"That is a gelatin film designed to exclude the actinic rays of the sun," my guide informed me. "With that film, it is supposed that the Constitution and the

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Declaration are practically indestructible, and can be kept through uncounted years."

Other manuscripts almost as valuable are displayed in special cases near-by, among them Jefferson's drafts of the Declaration, with penned notes and corrections in the handwriting of Benjamin Franklin and of John Adams; the original journal of the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention. With more modern papers is Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and the originals of two rough drafts, showing that that famous speech was carefully thought out and prepared, and not, as some Lincoln enthusiasts have claimed, dashed off on a train on the back of an old envelope.

"You see," explained my guide, "these historical documents, of which we do not yet possess the whole, but have acquired by far the greater part, are our only means of accurately recasting our history. Upon them, and not upon the printed works, the historian of the future must rely. Such papers are constantly consulted by our writers of historical textbooks, general histories, biographies, special studies into various phases of American life, and of fiction."

Serious students who cannot come to Washington make use of the National Library by borrowing through their local libraries. Through this inter-library-loan system, begun by the present librarian, Mr. Herbert Putman, the Library loaned three thousand books last year throughout the country.

As we walked along the lower corridor, we stopped a moment at the Library for the Blind, from which forty thousand books were loaned last year to blind readers.

Many of these books are a labor of love, since they are Braille, hand-copied by volunteer workers who come to the Library to give a portion of their time to their blind brothers.

THEN we passed on to the Music division of the Library, which, as I have already said, contains the largest collection of musical scores in the world, not because we are the most musical nation but because private endowment has made it possible for this department to forge ahead.

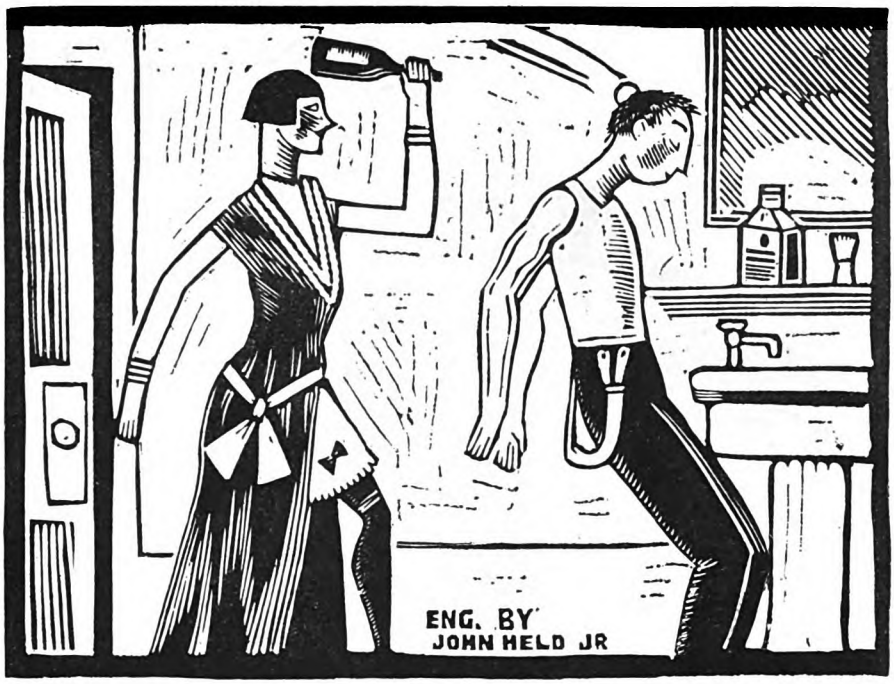
"And we serve," its energetic head assured me, "a multitude of purposes. Students of music visit us to consult the scores of composers, and those who cannot come here often make use of our photostat service, by which we can send photographs of any score, for a slight charge. Then,"—he waved a letter in his hand—"on the other hand, we answer inquiries like this:

"'My grandfather used to sing a song called, "Muldoon the Solid Man." Can you tell me where I can get the words and music?'

"Here is another: 'Where can I get the song: "Oh, You Hop-Picking Girls"?'

"Our main trouble with correspondents is that the folks who write in to us want us to arrange programs for them. This morning I had a request from the Pacific Coast:

"'Please send a Colonial program, including numbers for a ladies' quartet, solos for high voice and low.' That is the kind of thing we cannot do. We will



A Sad though Moral Affair—Egbert J. Kelp, citizen-commuter and paterfamilias, snitched his wife's bottle of Hinds Cream to soothe his skin after shaving. He said in hospital he never expected she would find out so quick. The two were reconciled at his bedside, when Mme. Kelp brought him a bottle of Hinds for his very own. He found it right nice to rub on the egg on his head.

The cream crime wave!

It's happening every day in the best regulated families—husbands, fathers, sons, discovering that Hinds Cream *will* soothe shave-worn skins, carelessly borrow from the fair sex and borrow trouble!

What this country needs is more comfortable shaves—*after shaving.*

And every man who longs for that thrill will fill out the coupon below for a free ten-shave sample of Hinds—and an admirable non-theft device will be sent with it to keep his Hinds beside his soap and razor!

Made by A. S. HINDS CO., *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company

A word to the wives: Do this for *your* husband—buy him a bottle of Hinds Cream for his own. Tell him to put a little Hinds on both hands, then rub his moist hands over his face, until his fingers begin to cling to the skin.

HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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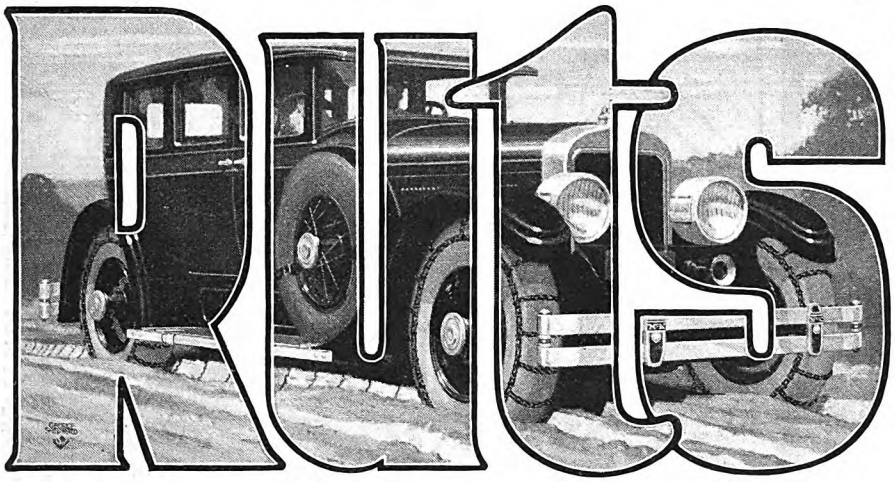
Be Prepared for



SLEET · SNOW · ICE · MUD

You carry a jack, tire-pump and tools for protection against the emergency. For the same reason put a set of tire chains in your car. Then you're ALWAYS ready for the skiddy, slippery roads and deep snow—you're playing SAFE.

McKAY TIRE CHAINS ARE BUILT TO LAST

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY
Union Trust Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Makers of chains for all industrial and commercial purposes.

CHICAGO AUTOMOBILE SHOW
COLISEUM
Jan. 29th to Feb. 5th—Spaces 120-121

The name McKay stands for dependable bumpers as well as dependable tire chains. McKay Red Bead Bumpers "add good looks and protect good looks." McKay dealers have them on display.

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

McK

recommend a number of appropriate selections, but the entertainment givers will have to make up their own programs. Some people even ask for wigs and costumes.

"On the other hand, we have requests that it is a pleasure to fill. Certain of the best-known popular singers will come here to go over the scores, pick out some old melodies, try them out on the one old piano we keep here, and incorporate them in next year's program. In that way the best of American (and other) music comes before a large public. We have the largest libretto collection in the world, and not long ago the German Ambassador asked for the score of an early opera of Cherubini, to be produced at the Dresden Opera House at a state function."

BEFORE I left, I wanted to wander back to the print division, where the young couple had traced the plans of their future home. No young couple was there now; but as I looked over the people at the tables I asked the genial chief what they all wanted.

"They come for a great number of purposes," he said. "That man, for instance, is a teacher of architecture who is studying here. There are students of art, young and old, who come to pore over the prints of the old masters, and students of the history of art, for we have prints of every worth-while painting in the world. We have clerics who are going to build new churches, and who go over the prints of old cathedrals.

"This, too, is a camping ground for antique hunters. They come in and study Chippendale and Sheraton, make tracings, get the lines, and go off to hunt for bargains. Often they bring their own antiques. Recently, a wealthy Baltimore woman drove over with a car full of family silver. She wanted to place it, get the history of the silversmith, and also some idea of what her treasure meant. One woman came in with a huge vase under her arm.

"'It belonged to my grandfather,' she said; 'and I always understood that it was good, and of great value. I'm motoring here from Ohio, so I brought it along.

"We hunted up the books that showed vases similar to hers, and she went home rejoiced to find that it was a good specimen.

"The mail is full of inquiries from folks who want to know the value of some home relic.

"Recently we have been overwhelmed by inquiries about prints of ships. Of all the old prints which have become valuable, ships are enjoying the greatest popularity, and everybody in the country who has a print of an old ship seems to be writing us in an endeavor to find out what it is worth. The happy owners of ship's models send in photographs, so that we can report on their artistic value.

"In summer time we have hundreds of students, not only of art but of natural history. The department has one hundred thousand photographs illustrative of birds, beasts, and flowers.

"The service of the Library, however, is not limited to the people who come here. We send sets of photographs of prints to anyone who wishes to buy them, and you would be surprised how many people do

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wish them. Yesterday, a lady in Wisconsin wrote in for a set of portraits of the signers of the Constitution of the United States, and we are having them made for her. Sets of prints of the Presidents are rephotographed for school use. Indeed, we make hundreds of thousands of photographs of almost everything we have, including art, natural history, architecture, furnishings, and flowers.

"That man across the room is from the United States Post Office. Whenever a new stamp is to be made, they send over a man to study the portraits of the Presidents, and also all the other drawings of the stamps which have been made. He designs the new postage stamp from the portraits. We have here too, the history of many secret societies, such as the Masons. I don't mean their secrets, of course, but their badges and the designs of their costumes and scenery for special events. Last week a man out in the West wrote in:

"'Please send me the scenery for the Scottish Rite, 32d degree.' We had everything for him, to the finest details."

DESPITE the fact that there are a million visitors and readers a year, and that the prints and curios have a high value, the Library has suffered hardly any from vandalism. Occasionally a book is defaced, occasionally a print is cut from a magazine, but, on the whole, the Library is well used. Sometimes missing books turn up after long absences.

Not long ago the Salvation Army sent back a book bearing the Library mark which had been missing from the shelves fifteen years. A congressman had borrowed it; he had died suddenly, and in the settling up of his affairs the book had been carried away as his personal property. It had been sold with his effects, had traveled into parts unknown, and had finally been sent with a collection to the Salvation Army. When the mark was found the Army returned it promptly. One returned book had been off the shelves for thirty years.

By purchase and gift the Library of Congress has become the third largest in the world. Before many years it will automatically become the largest, and without expense to any of us. Through the copyright law, every writer of a book, or play, or composer of music, or photographer or maker of prints must, before securing his copyright, send two copies of his product to the copyright office. Every day these are gone over by a committee of librarians, sifted out, and those thought of sufficient importance are retained for the Library of Congress. If important enough, two copies are kept; if moderately important, one is kept; if unimportant or not desirable, both copies are rejected.

As I passed from the building, I stopped for a moment to appraise the steady stream of people mounting to the doors: Another young couple, two elderly clerics (their collars betrayed them); a florid, robust man with a broad-brimmed felt hat, maybe a congressman; half a dozen youths, students perhaps—all going to a treasure-house. For within those three million volumes is held the greatest inheritance of mankind—the crystallized wisdom of all generations.

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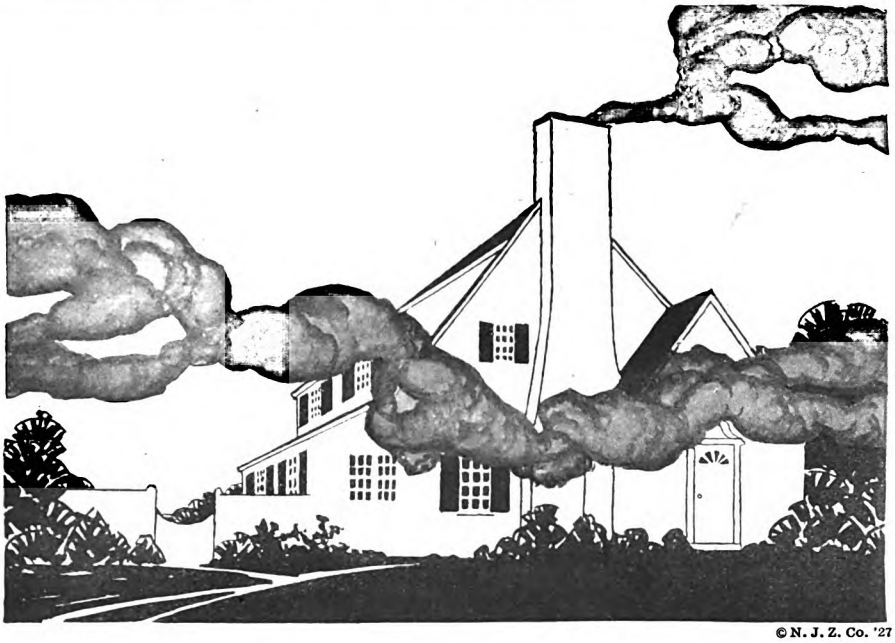

©N. J. Z. Co. '27

Smoke gases do not darken 40-40-20

Smoke is the enemy of a white house. Look at the homes in your neighborhood that once were white. Smoke had a lot to do with their present appearance.

Smoke gases cannot darken a house painted with 40-40-20, because of its chemical composition. It holds its original whiteness from the time it is applied until it is finally necessary to repaint.

Paint with 40-40-20. In addition to its permanent whiteness this paint has all the good qualities you expect in a high grade paint. It spreads easily, covers well, and gives a durable and easily repainted surface. Yet 40-40-20 costs no more than other good paint.

40-40-20

REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE NEW JERSEY ZINC CO.

The Permanently White Outside Paint

40-40-20 is made by over 100 paint manufacturers and is readily obtainable from their representatives and dealers. These manufacturers are authorized by The New Jersey Zinc Company to use its registered trade mark, 40-40-20, on paint made from its specified products according to its specially developed formula. 40-40-20 is made in ready-mixed form in white and many beautiful tints and in paste form for the professional painter's use. Look for the genuine which carries 40-40-20 on the label. Booklet giving full information on 40-40-20, and list of authorized manufacturers will be sent on request.

New Jersey Zinc

The New Jersey Zinc Company
160 FRONT STREET, NEW YORK CITY

New Jersey Zinc

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Your money is

SAFE *in*—

SMITH BONDS

6½% *on $10 a month or $10,000 or more*

THE safety of Smith Bonds lies in the essential character of their basic security—modern well-located apartment buildings and office buildings in important cities of the eastern United States.

As long as these large cities exist, there will be a demand, in good localities for large buildings in which to live and to do business. Such properties produce constant and substantial incomes, and give lasting protection to investors in First Mortgage Bonds.

The F. H. Smith Company's record—

No Loss to Any Investor in 54 Years

—is due, largely, to the policy of accepting only conservative first mortgages on high-grade properties, occupying choice sites in safe cities.

Current offerings of Smith Bonds, in $1,000, $500 and $100 denominations, pay 6½%. State and Federal tax provisions increase the yield.

Invest Your Savings Under This Plan

For men and women of moderate means, and others who wish to invest as they save, our Investment Savings Plan offers the opportunity to buy 6½% Smith Bonds by payments of $10, $20, $30, $40, $50 or more a month. *Regular monthly payments earn the full rate of bond interest*—6½%.

Mail the form below for the 1927 edition of our booklet, "How to Build an Independent Income," which shows how your money will grow at 6½%, and for our new, illustrated booklet, "Fifty-four Years of Proven Safety."

The F. H. SMITH CO.

FOUNDED 1873

SMITH BUILDING · WASHINGTON, D. C.
285 MADISON AVENUE · NEW YORK, N.Y.

PITTSBURGH BOSTON PHILADELPHIA
BUFFALO ALBANY MINNEAPOLIS

Name..... 86-H

Address.....

"D. M."

(*Continued from page 19*)

his life in a wheel chair. To a man of such abounding vigor the shock must have been terrible.

But he refused to admit that his activities were ended. As soon as he was able to be up, he plunged into business with redoubled energy, as though to make up for the time he had lost. It seemed as though he smiled more broadly than ever, though sometimes, when he thought himself unobserved, the smile became wistful and wan.

NOT by one iota did he relax his grasp on the great enterprises which he had built up from a little country store. Though now a cripple, he manages to accomplish as much as three ordinary men. By means of wheel chairs within his stores, and high-powered motor cars to whirl him from one to another of them, he is able personally to supervise all that is going on. Even when on the road he is never idle. He usually is accompanied by his executives or buyers, holding his business conferences en route; otherwise, he spends the journey in studying the financial reports of his various stores, which are submitted to him daily.

During the summer months Mr. Edwards spends his Sundays at "Friendly Isle," his beautiful estate on the St. Lawrence.

Here is a typical Monday program:

Leave Alexandria Bay	7:00 A. M.
Motor 100 miles	
Arrive Syracuse	9:30 A. M.
Inspect Syracuse store and talk with staff	
Leave Syracuse	11:00 A. M.
Motor 90 miles, lunching en route at wayside "hot dog" stand.	
Arrive Rochester	1:30 P. M.
Inspect Rochester store and talk with staff	
Leave Rochester store	3:00 P. M.
Motor 75 miles	
Arrive Buffalo	5:00 P. M.
Inspect Buffalo store and talk with staff	
Conference with his executives at hotel in evening.	

"D. M." comes by his merchandising instincts naturally, for his great-great-grandfather, Talmage Edwards, an emigrant from Wales, settled in Johnstown, New York, prior to the Revolution, and, having learned the art of dressing deerskins and of making leather breeches, moccasins, and mittens, there began the manufacture of gloves, which is still a principal industry of the Cayadutta Valley. "D. M.'s" great-grandfather was a politician, and served in Congress—the only lapse from merchandising in five generations, for his grandfather, Daniel, opened a general store in Johnstown, New York, in 1832, and eventually became the leading merchant of that town. This business was carried on by Daniel's son, Eleazer, and it was in Johnstown, in March, 1861, that the latter's son, Daniel Murray Edwards, the subject of this story, was born.

Even before he had reached his teens, young Dan had determined to become a merchant, his liking for business being so marked that most of his time when out of school was spent in his father's store.

"Those were the days of personal attention," he told me. "My father always made it a point to shake hands with every customer, and to accompany him—or her—to the door. Under modern conditions it is impossible, of course, for a merchant to maintain such close personal relations with his customers, but I nevertheless try to follow my father's example in this respect, as far as time will permit. As a youngster in Johnstown, I was both clerk and delivery boy. I took pride in delivering purchases promptly.

"I earned my first money," he continued, "when I was twelve years old, by raising and selling three hundred cucumbers. With the money, I hired a horse and buggy from the local liveryman, and took my mother driving for a whole day. It was one of the finest days I ever had."

Upon young Dan's graduation from high school his parents offered to send him to college, but he announced that he preferred to enter the business; so, at the age of twenty, his father gave him a half-interest in the Johnstown store. It was a great day in the young man's life when they raised over the door a sign bearing the legend:

E. W. Edwards & Son

And that is the name under which D. M. Edwards has carried on his business for nearly half a century.

From what he has told me, I gather that in business matters father and son did not always see things eye to eye. The one was intensely conservative, content to let the business jog comfortably along as in the days of Grandfather Dan, whereas "D. M." was intensely progressive, even radical, in his ideas, always eager to introduce new methods of merchandising, never afraid to take a chance.

"I guess that I was pretty hard to get along with as a youngster," he told me on one occasion. "I always insisted on having my own way—and my father usually let me have it. And from the very outset of my business career, I wanted to be my own boss, to go it alone. So, when I was twenty-four years old, I gave up my interest in the Johnstown store, and persuaded my father to back me in the purchase of a store at Gloversville, New York, which I ran for four years under my own name."

THOUGH Gloversville was larger than Johnstown, and though young Edwards made a go of his new business from the start, he continued to scan the horizon for new and broader pastures. The opportunity he was seeking presented itself in 1889—he was then but twenty-eight—when he heard a rumor that, owing to the death of its owner, the Milton S. Price store, in Syracuse, one of the most widely known dry-goods establishments in upstate New York, was about to be offered for sale. He begged his father to buy it; but the elder Edwards replied that he had to attend a funeral, and that there would be time enough to discuss the matter when he returned.

"But I knew that there was no time to lose," said "D. M." in telling me the

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story. "It was too profitable a property to stay on the market long.

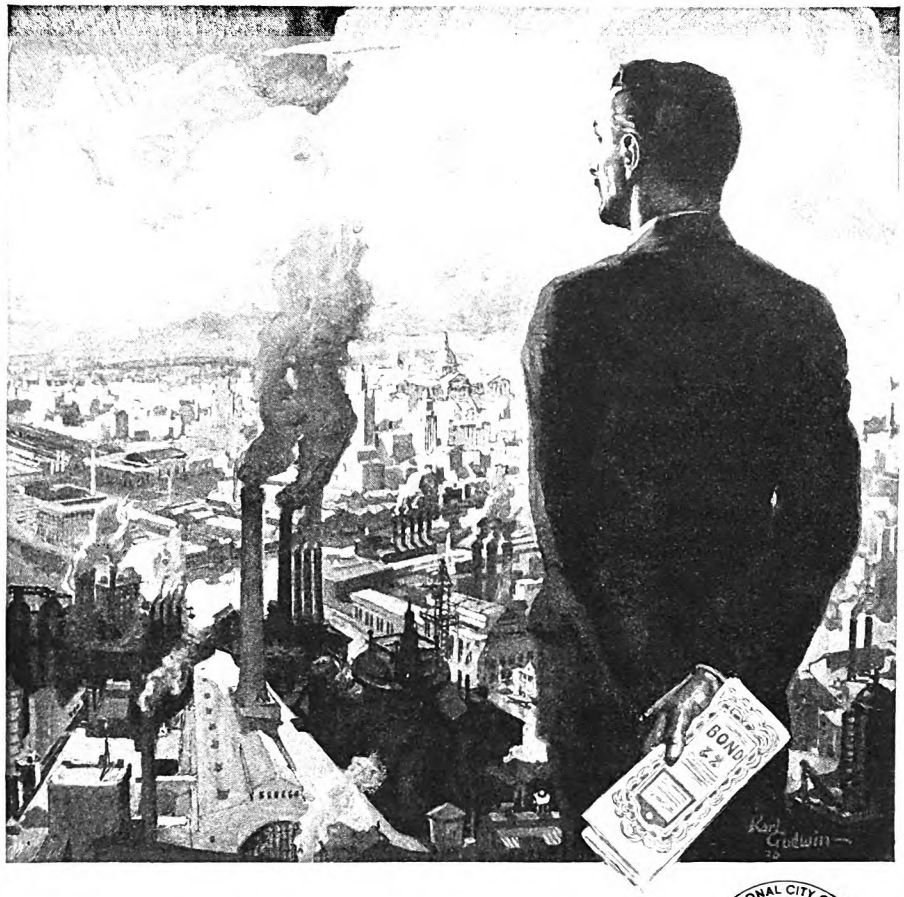
"No sooner was my father out of sight, therefore, than I jumped on a train for Syracuse, and the next day, on my own responsibility, bought the Price store. I had some money of my own; but I needed ten thousand dollars more to swing the deal. I had no acquaintance among the Syracuse bankers, so I went to a Syracuse wholesale house, Sperry, Neal and Hyde, with whom my father and I had been doing business for a number of years, and explained the situation. They had confidence in me, and it was to their interest to have the Price store reopened as quickly as possible, so they promptly lent me the ten thousand that I asked for.

"By working night and day, the clerks and I soon got the stock into shape. I ordered enough new goods to fill up the lines in which I was short, and then startled the town with a mammoth bargain sale. It was the biggest sale Syracuse had ever seen up to that time. Not only did I clear out the old stock, but I made enough on that sale to pay back the ten thousand dollars I had borrowed. By the time my father arrived from Johnstown I had cleared off every obligation."

MILTON S. PRICE, the picturesque original owner of the Edwards store in Syracuse, deserves a paragraph to himself: A native of that rugged region in upstate New York which produced the Cardiff Giant hoax and the original of "David Harum," he was a born trader and a born showman, having much in common with his celebrated contemporary, Phineas T. Barnum.

But his appearance was belied by his actions. The stories told of him have passed into local tradition. On one occasion, he rode his great white horse into the store, and went clattering up and down the aisles, giving his orders from the saddle. Another time he assembled all his department heads and buyers in his office, and commanded each of them to recite a verse from the Scriptures under pain of instant dismissal. Tootling vociferously on a mouth organ, he appeared at an auction sale of goods which he wished to buy, and when the din had driven away other prospective buyers, he bid in the goods at his own figures. And "Milt" Price's business methods were as fantastic and spectacular as his social capers. No wonder that when the youthful and unknown Edwards came up from Gloversville and took over the Price store, the good people of Syracuse shook their heads lugubriously, and said, "He's bitten off more than he can chew."

But, as the months passed, the pessimism of the Syracusans began to wane. This young fellow from the country wasn't such a hick or a fool as they had believed, after all. He adjusted and speeded up the machinery of the store, until it was running as smoothly and swiftly as the motor of an airplane. He was hard at work long after most people were at home and abed. He introduced new methods in merchandising and advertising. His chief competitors had been accustomed to take quarter-pages in the local newspapers; he took whole pages. Year by year his store grew, for he was constantly adding new lines, new departments, until it occupied the major portion of a city block, with



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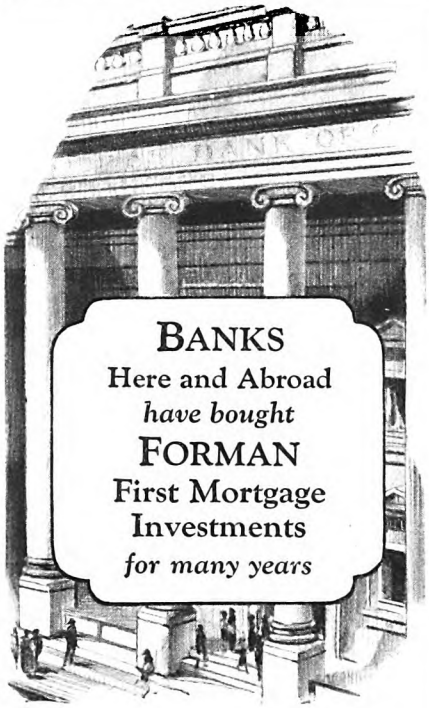

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entrances on three main thoroughfares.

But the corner which he needed to consolidate his holdings, the keystone of the structure which he had so laboriously built up, was occupied by an ancient hostelry, the Globe Hotel, which was not for sale. From a retailer's point of view, it was the most desirable piece of property in the city. Had it come on the market it would have been snapped up in an hour by speculators. Its owner was a rich old lady, a Mrs. Land, who lived in Philadelphia. One Sunday evening, Mr. Edwards was having supper with the editor of a Syracuse newspaper.

"I have just heard," his host remarked casually, "that Mrs. Land has decided to sell the Globe Hotel."

Mr. Edwards pushed back his chair so abruptly that they thought he had been taken ill.

"I must ask you to excuse me," he said. "I'm going to Philadelphia to-night. I've only twenty minutes in which to catch the train."

The next morning he was ringing Mrs. Land's doorbell while that lady was still at breakfast. He wasted no time in preliminaries.

"I have just learned," he said, "that you have decided to sell the Globe Hotel."

She admitted that such was the case.

"How much are you asking for it?"

"My price is one hundred thousand dollars."

"And you expect to give five per cent of that as commission to the agent who sells it for you?"

"Yes."

"Very well. There are no agents to be considered in this deal. I will give you ninety-five thousand for the property. Here is a check for five thousand to bind the bargain."

This ability to make an instant decision was further illustrated not long ago, when "D. M." bought the piece of property in Main Street on which he has just reared a huge addition to his Rochester store.

"What are you asking for that piece of land?" Edwards inquired casually of one of its owners.

"We're not particularly eager to sell it," was the answer. "At least not at any figure that would interest you. I wouldn't consider an offer of less than a million dollars."

"Do you mean," "D. M." asked quickly, "that that's your price?"

"Why, yes. I may safely say that it is."

Edwards turned to his confidential financial man.

"Just step over to the bank, Sullivan," he ordered, "and get a certified check for ten thousand dollars. Hand it to Mr. Sibley and get an option at the price he has named."

But let us go back a bit.

AS MIGHT have been expected, the staid bankers of Syracuse, once they had recovered from their initial astonishment at the cyclonic methods of the young merchant, began to look at them askance. True, the fellow was doing a roaring business—but was his business on a sound foundation? Wasn't he climbing altogether too fast? Was he a good risk? Hadn't he "over-extended" himself?

There was some talk of calling his loans, and it was plainly intimated to him that the banks would be glad to have them reduced as much and as soon as possible. Soon it was being commonly rumored on the streets that Edwards was being pushed to the wall, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy.

His competitors were not responsible for circulating these reports, but, whatever their origin, they must be disposed of effectively if his credit was to remain unimpaired. So, a day or two later, Syracuse awoke to find an enormous sign stretched along the front of the Edwards store announcing the biggest sale in the city's history.

And it was. It was almost a riot. Prices on everything were slashed to the very bone. The Edwards establishment was choked with a milling mob of buyers. With the proceeds of the sale, Edwards paid up his loans. Bankers, now fearful of losing such a customer, hastened to assure him that they would consider it a privilege to serve him. He was made a director of the largest savings bank in central New York. Since that episode, paper bearing the name of E. W. Edwards & Son has been unquestioned.

Though, shortly after the purchase of the Price store, "D. M.'s" father, E. W. Edwards, gave up his business in Johnstown and moved to Syracuse, he gradually withdrew from active participation in the business and, upon his death, in 1914, it became the sole property of "D. M.," who still retains, however, the firm name of E. W. Edwards & Son.

BUT even the extraordinary rise of his Syracuse store failed to quiet Edwards's restless spirit, to satisfy his thirst for commercial expansion and adventure. He had always maintained that dry goods, like cigars, drugs, and candies, could be sold more profitably in chain stores; and in 1905 he took the first step toward proving the soundness of this theory by opening an establishment in Rochester. The original Rochester store was quite a modest affair, with twenty-eight departments and one hundred and seventy-five employees; but the adjacent properties were gradually acquired, and in 1926 he celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of his Rochester business by opening in Main Street, East, a modern seven-story building with a floor space of more than fourteen acres, this now being the largest of the three Edwards stores.

In 1922 Mr. Edwards pushed his business frontiers still farther westward by acquiring a store in Buffalo. Here he followed his usual policy of buying up the surrounding property, on which he erected an imposing building, opened in 1925, which covers an entire city block. Had his plans not been shattered by ill health, it is reasonably certain that ere this he would have realized his ambition of operating a chain of dry-goods stores stretching from Albany to Detroit. He spends an average of two days a week in each of his three stores.

Though Mr. Edwards is one of the busiest men in America, the door of his office is always open—I mean this literally—and he is accessible to anyone who can find him there. He detests the barriers of formality and red tape.

"I have no use for these 'whoozit 'phones,'" he once said to me. "They are a hindrance to business, and a liability to the man who employs them."

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"What is a 'whoozit 'phone'?" I asked.

"Well," explained "D. M.", "when someone calls me on the 'phone, my secretaries are never permitted to ask, 'Who is it?' It's none of their business! They have standing orders that, if I am in the store, they are to connect me immediately with the speaker. If I am out, they take the number, and I call up as soon as I return."

"D. M.'s" mind is on business during every waking hour.

Some years ago I met Mr. Edwards at Nassau, in the Bahamas, where he had gone under imperative orders from his doctor to take a rest. For a few days he confined his energies to sea bathing at Hog Island and to seeing the sights of the little town. But it was apparent that he wasn't really enjoying himself. One morning we were strolling along the water front. A sponge-fishing schooner, its decks piled high with sponges, was being warped alongside the wharf. Instantly "D. M." was all interest.

"I'll buy the whole cargo," he announced. "Then, I'll wire to the managers of my stores to announce the biggest sponge sale in the history of the country. We'll put a sponge in every bathroom between Albany and Buffalo!"

It was only when I reminded him that for him business was taboo that I induced him to relinquish the idea. He was as disappointed as a small boy who has been refused something that caught his fancy.

"D. M." will buy anything on earth, provided he can get it at a price which promises a profit. He once bought a whole carload of fruit jars, getting them at a fraction of their value because the ship on which they were loaded happened to be sunk in New York Harbor. On another occasion he bought seven million needles at a fire sale. Again, he bought several carloads of alarm clocks, and sold them at a ridiculously low price. When they proved defective, he employed a whole corps of clock repairers and had them put in order the clock of every purchaser he could locate. It cost him many times what he had made on the clocks; but he retained the good will of his customers.

I HAVE never known a man who is so eager to listen to suggestions, or who, once convinced that he is wrong, so abruptly changes his mind.

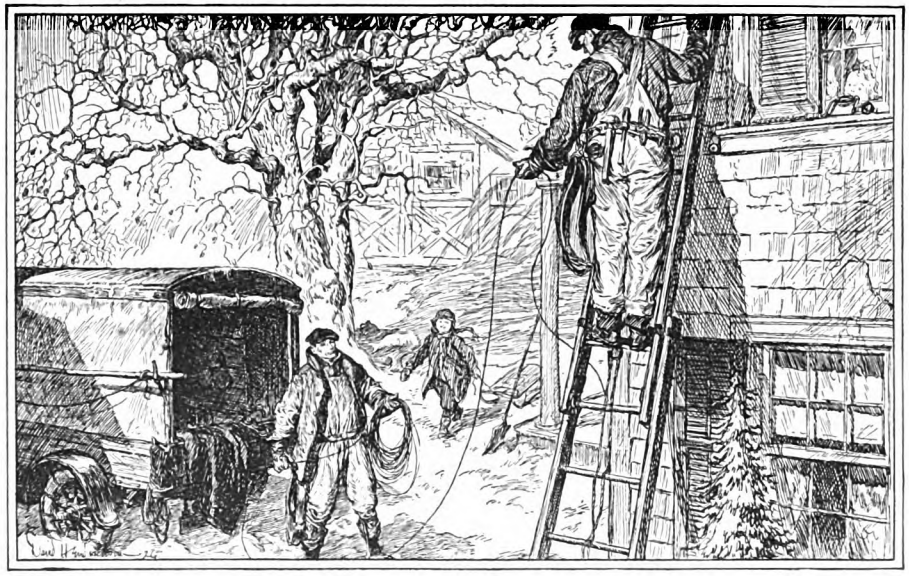
"Nothing irritates me more," he said on one occasion, "than 'yes' men. They are the curse of business. If one of my employees doesn't see things as I do, I want him to say so frankly instead of trying to curry favor by agreeing with me. Criticisms are always more valuable than compliments, to a business man."

"D. M." insists on doing things for himself, because he believes that he can do them better. He obtains his knowledge at first-hand and acts accordingly. Not long ago he found that the sales of women's neckwear in his Buffalo store were falling off rapidly. The department head told him he needed a larger stock.

"Wheel me out in front of the store," he ordered; "I want to see for myself what the women are wearing."

The first nineteen women who passed had bare necks; the twentieth, a little old lady, was wearing an antiquated fichu.

"Clear out our whole stock of women's neckwear," he ordered. "Neckwear has gone out of fashion."



Service All the Way

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IT IS impossible for a railroad train or a ship to call at the doorsteps of its passengers when they wish to take a journey. To take even a trolley or bus ride, one must go to some definite point where the conveyance stops. On the other hand, the telephone goes all the way to meet the public's convenience.

Each telephone call may be compared to a taxicab, whose destination is controlled by the subscriber. The telephone company extends its wires to the homes and offices of those who desire service, placing its telephones within immediate reach. The call is made at the time, from the point, and to the place that the subscriber desires. He speaks to the person he wants—wherever he may be.

At the disposal of each telephone subscriber are the talking channels of the entire Bell System. He may make a call a few or thousands of miles, and he may extend his voice to any point, to any person who has a telephone.

This is the essence of communication. Because of it, the number of telephones has increased in the last five years three times as fast as population. Because of it, the Bell System carries more than twenty billion messages in the course of a year.

Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for *free distribution* by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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Write today for literature that will help you *know* the status of your investments and their future possibilities.

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ADAIR REALTY & MORTGAGE CO., *Inc.*

270 Madison Avenue NEW YORK — Boatmen's Bank Building ST. LOUIS

(*Ownership Identical*)

Mr. Edwards is a born "mixer." He likes particularly to talk with men who work with their hands—engineers, carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, mechanics, day laborers. He encourages them to come and see him and discuss their problems.

"No one is too humble to give you ideas," he declares. "If you get your views only from one class your outlook on life will be lop-sided. You can't have a broad vision, you can't understand and sympathize with the troubles and perplexities of others, if you shut yourself inside a mahogany railing. Be accessible. Take the door off your office and fire the office boy. Don't keep the public at a distance. Get in personal touch with people in all walks of life. I run three big stores and have three thousand people on my pay rolls, but I'm never too busy to talk to anyone."

"D. M." deplores the fact that more and more girls are leaving their jobs behind the counter for secretarial positions.

"They seem to think that it is beneath their dignity to clerk in a store. The only indignity is in being a *poor* clerk. The truth is that we need shop girls who are more intelligent, better educated, and are prepared to make the retail business a career. Merchandising offers a clever girl a bright future, if she will only have the gumption to stick to it. The secretaries and stenographers and bookkeepers who make two thousand a year are few and far between. But an alert, intelligent, well-educated girl who starts behind the counter and takes a real interest in the business should be earning five thousand a year as a buyer or a department head in a comparatively short time. We can never get enough of them.

"The big trouble with the young people of to-day," he continued, "is that they become discouraged too quickly. They won't stick. Instead of laboriously climbing the stairs, they wait for an elevator to shoot them to the top. If it doesn't come as quickly as they think it should, they get peeved, and quit."

OVER a period of ten days, while traveling with him between his stores or at his place on the St. Lawrence, I asked Mr. Edwards innumerable questions about his ideas on modern merchandising. Here are some of his observations on the subject, jotted down at random:

"A business man is always on trial; the public is both judge and jury.

"Always encourage customers to handle goods. If a woman is attracted by something in a show case the clerk should take it out and ask her to examine it. An article once fingered is half sold.

"The future of the dry-goods business lies in chain stores. In the not far distant future you will see chains of great retail stores, highly centralized, buying in enormous quantities, and selling more cheaply than it would be possible for individual establishments to do.

"No one is indispensable to me. If I find that a man has become indispensable, I must either fire him or get out myself. One of James Gordon Bennett's editors once cabled to his chief, who was in Paris, that a certain man who was indispensable to the New York 'Herald' should have a raise in pay. 'Don't raise him. Fire him.' Bennett cabled back.

"Keep yourself constantly in the public eye; don't be afraid to do things that will attract attention to yourself. To be a good merchant you must be a good showman.

"A store must have personality. People don't like to deal with a sublimated nickel-in-the-slot machine. Mingle with your customers. Talk to as many of them as you possibly can. Dignity is all right in its place, but I would rather have people slap me on the back and call me 'Dan.'

"People will buy things which are heaped together on a counter at one price which they would never consider otherwise. That is why a bargain basement is one of the most profitable departments of a store.

"Look for the weak spots in your organization instead of congratulating yourself on the strong ones.

"It was formerly thought necessary for a merchant to be a 'joiner.' Clubs and organizations for swapping congratulations are all right, but I would rather have someone point out my shortcomings than pat me on the back and tell me what a whale of a fellow I am.

"Shiftlessness is so near to dishonesty that it needs a microscope to distinguish the difference.

"BUSINESS is better in winter than in summer. We always expect a big day after a heavy rain or a snowstorm. There is more money in selling overcoats and galoshes than in calicoes and parasols.

"Floor walkers are getting to be as out of date as the horse and buggy. People don't like to see frock-coated, solemn-faced undertakers standing about. Bright, smart boys in trim uniforms are cheaper, and equally efficient.

"If a man wishes to buy property from me for purposes of speculation, I usually make up my mind that it is good enough to hang on to myself.

"The farmer is harder to please than the city man because he has to work harder for his money and has less of it.

"In my stores there is a standing rule that goods can be exchanged or returned without question. If a man brings in a pair of gloves which split while he was putting them on, it is better to return him his money with a smile than to try to explain to him that glove-leather is not suitable for tug-of-war purposes. But it is hard to make my sales people see the wisdom of this policy.

"I never had a dollar that I couldn't find a dozen ways to spend, or a minute that I couldn't find a dozen ways to use.

"I never give a man a chance to ask for a raise in pay; if he deserves it, I beat him to it. It is cheaper to raise a man voluntarily than to let him name the figure.

"The greatest single influence on the retail business has been the flapper. She has revolutionized the American dry-goods trade. She has virtually done away with corsets, petticoats, hairpins, and cotton stockings. But she has doubled the length of every toilet preparations counter.

"The poor are the quickest pay.

"Business opportunities beckon to us from every street corner. In the history of the world, there has never been a time when there were so many chances to win out.

"Don't worry about something that has already happened. Forget it. Look forward; not backward. Think of to-morrow

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instead of yesterday. Don't wear yourself out fretting over spilled milk; go out and milk the cow again."

If, from what I have told you of Daniel Murray Edwards, you have gained the impression that he is "hard-boiled," self-centered, ruthless, then I have failed lamentably in my attempt to draw for you a faithful portrait of the man. Hard-boiled? It is to laugh. Though shrewd where business is concerned, he is at heart as naïve and simple as a child, as tender as a woman. He is one of the most generous men I have ever known; his home town is full of stories about his unostentatious charities, his quiet deeds of kindness. He is immersed in his business, it is true; but he nevertheless finds time to serve his church, his city, its university, and many philanthropic institutions. He has always been appreciative of the services of faithful employees, and has never been too busy to look after their welfare. Talk to any one of the three thousand men and women who work for him, and you will quickly get an idea of the genuine affection which they have for him. As a local paper said editorially not long ago, "Daniel M. Edwards is not only a merchant prince; he is a prince of good fellows."

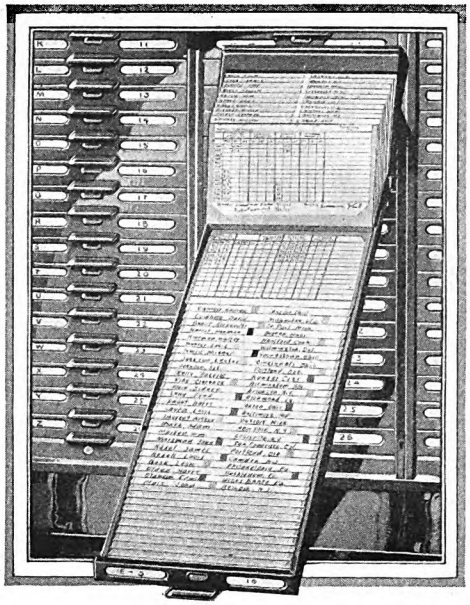
"DON'T worry, Thompson will handle the job." Such was the faith that the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had in his young engineer, Arthur W. Thompson. Whenever life threw down a challenge, Thompson snatched it up. Next month we show you Thompson in action, swinging bridges into place in record time, achieving what was considered the "impossible" by other engineers, untangling traction problems, and conquering one tough job after another, until he reached the biggest job of all—the presidency of a billion-dollar aggregation, the United Gas Improvement Company, of Philadelphia.

Don't Use Your Waste Basket as a Safe Deposit Vault!

(*Continued from page 45*)

two days sifting all rubbish collected in the vicinity of her home. But luck was against her—and us. We never found the diamond.

"Father's laundry, containing all his best shirts and all but two or three of his collars, is one of the things which oftenest get into the waste basket by mistake. This is usually the fault of a maid. Mrs. Jones wraps up her husband's laundry on Monday morning, and hands it to the maid to give to the laundryman when he calls. It is quite possible that Mrs. Jones herself has forgotten to remove her husband's best studs, his gold collar buttons, and the diamond sleeve links. The maid puts the bundle out at the back entry. She does not want to take any unnecessary steps. Pretty soon the garbage man



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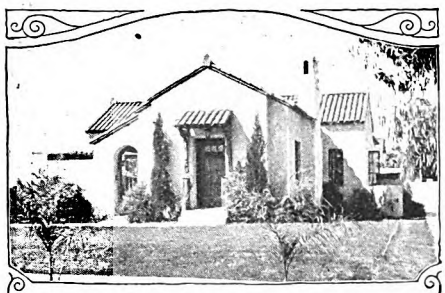

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Hollow Tile walls cannot burn and do not sag, warp, crack, or decay and withstand in unequalled measure the ravages of earthquake, cyclonic storm and flood. Hollow Tile homes and structures stand today practically undamaged throughout the entire devastated area of Florida.

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A book, "*Hollow Tile for the Home,*" *will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 25c.* A list of manufacturers serving your local material dealer and a leaflet, "Facts and Figures," showing comparative costs, sent free on request.

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Name.....

Address.....

H. T. 11

comes along and carries the laundry away with the waste paper near it.

"When Mrs. Jones gets back from calling, she asks if the laundryman came. No, he hasn't called. But the bundle has vanished. There is nothing to do but try to trace it through the street-cleaning department.

"Every Monday morning hundreds of packages of laundry are lost and returned. But Father never hears anything about it.

"IT IS easy to recover articles put into the waste basket by mistake if the loss is reported within a day or two. After that, the chances of getting property back grow slighter as each day passes. Frequently, however, property has been found in a paper mill hundreds of miles from home many months after it was lost.

"Most of the inquiries about lost articles come from women. They are made during the day when the men-folks are at business. Most wives do not want their husbands to know they have been careless about throwing out things of value.

"A most remarkable case of lost property being returned to its owner many weeks after it had disappeared in the waste basket came to my attention some time ago: A naval captain on duty aboard one of the United States warships stationed in the Hudson River telephoned to me one day. He had lost a bundle of valuable papers, which presumably had fallen into the waste basket by mistake.

"Officials told the officer where the papers from the ships had been dumped. He spent many hours going over the piles of waste paper with the sorters, but without any luck.

"Refusing to be discouraged, he boarded the scow which was to take the paper to Riker's Island. As it was put ashore, he went over every bale with minute care. But still he did not find his list.

"As a last resort, word was sent out to all the paper mills which might have received consignments of paper from New York City about that time. And, sure enough, after several months, the missing papers were mailed to the captain from a paper mill in the South, where a sorter had discovered them.

"Old books thrown into the waste basket as worthless have been known to yield important secrets. Fathers and mothers often select books as the only means of keeping things from their children. Frequently they hoard money in little-used volumes, hiding the books away on the highest and dustiest shelf in the bookcase.

"Sooner or later, one of the parents dies. The other passes on a little later. But neither leaves any trace of deeds to property, insurance papers, wills, or records of business transactions. These are still hidden away in the old books. Later, the grown-up children may decide upon a thorough housecleaning of the old home. Or they may want to move into more modern quarters. It is then that the books are thrown away. And they carry their secrets with them.

"Trophies and heirlooms which have been thrown out on the street are among the richest finds for the sorter of waste paper. These days, it seems as if young folks have very little sentiment about such things.

"I remember a man who called at my office last winter. His request was one of the strangest I ever heard.

"On his way to business that morning he had walked across West Twenty-eighth Street. Passing a certain house, he happened to notice on the sidewalk a mammoth waste basket. On top of the basket was a splendid moose-head.

"This man told me that all his life he had wanted to hunt big game. The nearest he ever came to the jungle, however, was a cashier's cage in a metropolitan bank. If he could get possession of that moose-head, he thought he might feel satisfied with fate. The department promised to help him.

"On investigation, it turned out that the moose-head had been the prized possession of one of New York's oldest citizens, who, as a very young man, had shot the animal. For forty-one years the moose-head had looked down from the walls of his study. When he died, his son had different tastes. So the head went out in the waste basket, and the bank clerk got it.

"Forty years or more ago, it was fashionable to have the members of the family painted in oils by prominent artists. These portraits always had massive gilt frames, often quite costly. Now they frequently end their days on the city dumps. When old frames look dilapidated young people throw the whole thing out. Many water-front trimmers and sorters in paper mills have won real treasures of art from these discards. Rare antiques, too, are often buried in waste baskets.

"Precious stones, particularly diamonds, are common enough winnings among those who pick over waste paper. It is not unusual, I understand, for workers about paper mills to own two or three good diamonds which have come to them in this manner. They get the rubbish from large office buildings, hotels, and hospitals—rubbish which is not picked over in the city and which may prove valuable when it reaches them.

"Diamonds find their way into garbage or old paper in different ways. It is so easy to remove rings or scarf pins from the fingers or ties, and then forget all about where they have been left. If they have been placed on a desk, bureau, or table, a handkerchief, or a newspaper, or a blotter may be placed over them. Later, they may be brushed off into the waste-paper basket, and carried away.

"WHERE diamonds are concerned, finds are keepings in a paper mill. That is, unless some special loss has been widely advertised.

"Last year, a merchant on the Bowery reported the loss of a diamond ring worth six hundred and fifty dollars. He was sure it had been carried away in the rubbish, because he had wrapped it in a piece of paper and left it on top of his desk. Someone had dusted off the blotter, and the ring was gone.

"That case looked hopeless, yet a day or so later the ring was found on the water front.

"If anything of great value is discovered it is not turned over to the person who claims it until the facts in the case are carefully investigated. If the claimant can prove ownership beyond question, his property is returned to him!

"Sorters who live in small hamlets where the chief activity is that of a busy

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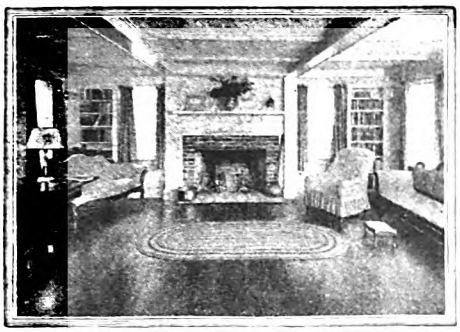

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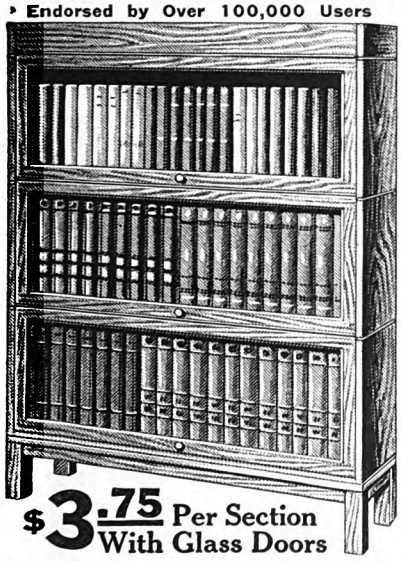

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mill are often interested in the romantic side of their finds. An allotment of paper from New York, for example, may bring a bundle of old theatre programs which tell the history of a quarter of a century of play-going on Broadway. Canceled checks representing historic and often gigantic deals in Wall Street finance are not infrequent waste-basket finds. Small-town sorters watch eagerly for paper like this.

"Many of the most sentimental bundles come from college housecleaning after commencement. Recently an undergraduate tried to recover a bundle thrown away by mistake. It contained one hundred and seven pictures of the Prince of Wales and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. Twenty-five years ago, the matinée idol was found in many different poses in the campus baskets. Now the motion picture hero has taken his place.

"Love-letters are dry reading these days, even when tied with a blue hair ribbon," declared Commissioner Taylor. "Perhaps that is why so many are thrown away. Or maybe it is because young women have no place to collect them, under present housing conditions.

"Nowadays, young men are more concerned about apartment rentals and the high cost of furniture than they are with composing sonnets to a sweetheart's brown eyes. The average love-letter to-day is short and very much to the point.

"Sentiment is not dead, however. Egg cartons with valentines scribbled on the covers and milk bottles with a message tied on turn up frequently. Sometimes they have the address of a country girl who is lonely. Usually the finder is requested to write if he has the time.

"LOST letters which have never reached the person for whom they were intended tell some of our saddest stories. Pleas for reconciliation between husbands and wives or engaged couples often go astray.

"I remember, two or three years ago, one of the department men brought in a dainty Cinderella slipper. Stuffed into the tiny toe was a crumpled note hastily scrawled on the back of a dance program.

DEAR BESS: I don't see how you can ever forgive me for this dreadful thing. But if you can bear to see me again, send me a message to come to you. I shall be waiting.

Devotedly, HOWARD.

"How differently life might have turned out for a number of people if Bess had found that note!

"Court officials," said Mr. Taylor, "often find valuable criminal evidence among scraps of paper. You may recall that some years ago a prominent society girl was found mysteriously murdered in her room. Weeks of search revealed no clue to the murderer. The victim had no enemies of whom either her family or friends had heard.

"At last, one afternoon a girl chum went to the district attorney with a valuable bit of evidence. The murdered girl had once told her in confidence that a man in Boston, whom she had met at a social function, was annoying in his attentions. This clue did not lead anywhere at the time.

"But it was not long after this that a sorter in a small paper mill in Maine happened to read a scrap of paper which told about the case. Suddenly he remem-

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bered that the day before, in going through a bale of paper recently arrived from New York, he had seen an envelope addressed to the murdered girl. It was postmarked Boston.

"Then and there he went over that bale a second time. He found the letter again. It contained a brief threat against the girl's life. He immediately mailed it to the authorities in New York. After that it was easy to trace down the man in Boston.

"Quantities of old gold and silver are found in garbage. Knives and forks, spoons, can openers, ice picks, and old shoes are found in every garbage can at some time or other. Along Riverside Drive and Park Avenue, pickings of this nature are likely to be most valuable. And it is rarely called for. Servants do not care about the loss, and owners are usually ignorant of it until it is too late to reclaim it. In some of the largest apartment houses, the silverware thrown away during the course of a year would equip a small hotel!

"After a big fire it quite often happens that rare jewels are recovered from ashes when they are sifted. Last summer in a Maine resort, a society woman recovered in this way jewels worth nearly eight thousand dollars.

"There was a fire in the Congressional Library in 1851. A stone bust of George Washington, executed a century ago by the French sculptor, Pierre Jean David, was lost, but a blackened bit of stone was carried away in the contractor's rubbish wagon.

"Forty years ago that marble became the property of a man who sold it for junk, a decade ago. One day the new owner decided to wash it. Immediately he recognized a work of art. The bust was sold to a collector recently for a huge sum.

"You would be surprised at the number of fur garments saved by the street cleaners. And lots of fur gloves, caps and neckpieces are found in the snowdumps as they melt away. So are overshoes and umbrellas.

"During a heavy gale countless articles of this sort are swept away from their rightful owners. If the storm is very bad, folks are either unconscious of their loss, or they are unwilling to undergo further cold and hardships to get back the missing articles. When they return home, however, or begin to thaw out beside the radiator of a comfortable office, they are likely to telephone to the inspector to see what can be done.

"Many people will admit they wear imitation pearls or glass diamonds. But when it comes to furs they will never own up that they are wearing dyed coney instead of real Hudson seal. Any little piece of squirrel or catskin may be described to the street cleaning department as sable."

For the street-cleaning department the most critical season of the year is the winter. The regular work of removing ashes, garbage, and refuse is carried on under trying conditions, because of the additional labor of snow removal. In former years regular collections often fell far behind the schedule during a storm.

An expensive winter in New York was that of 1919-1920. It was the worst in fifty years. Fifty-five inches of snow fell. In that season the cost of snow removal was $5,507,000. At that time the street cleaning department was equipped only with picks, shovels, and horse carts.

It was this stormy winter which caused the formation of a committee, at the mayor's suggestion, to handle the city's snow problem. Later, five million dollars was appropriated for the modern scientific, snow-removal apparatus now in use.

Depth of a snowfall does not measure its expense to the city. Getting rid of a twelve-inch fall may cost only half a million dollars, while another of only four inches may mean the expenditure of two millions.

A very heavy snowstorm may cost as much as $100,000 an inch for removal. Between November 15th, 1922, and March 15th, 1923, there were twenty-seven snowstorms, or about two a week. The total fall was fifty-five and one-tenth inches. Removal cost $5,500,000.

Preparations for snow removal are going forward even during the hottest days of the summer. As soon as the first flakes begin to fall, Commissioner Taylor starts his great machinery in the Municipal Building. Within thirty minutes nearly twenty thousand men—if the blizzard threatens to be severe—are at work throughout the city. Four hundred motor-driven plows are running up and down the city's snow routes every two hours. The work is done by two shifts of men.

Twenty-two hundred specially trained, licensed chauffeurs run the plows. They are trained during the summer months in four municipal schools, conducted under the direction of men in the street-cleaning department.

What becomes of the snow after it disappears from the city streets and sidewalks? In New York fifty per cent of it is disposed of in sewers. The other half is carried off in trucks to the water front and dumped into the river.

Real estate is being constantly filled in by accumulations of city waste. Riker's Island, for instance, has been built out to four times its original size. Much of the city's ashes goes to fill in swampy ground in various localities.

"The Wonder and the Mystery of Migration," by Archibald Rutledge, reveals, next month, some of the epic flights made by birds. Every year the Arctic tern wings its way from its winter home in the Antarctic Circle to the Arctic, a distance of eleven thousand miles, to rear its young amid the icebergs of the northern polar regions. During the fourteen weeks of its sojourn in the breeding grounds, the midnight sun never sets. Some migrating birds fly five and one-half miles up in the air; others fly so low that their domestic cousins answer the calls of their wild kin of the sky. Over immense distances, as if their routes had been charted for them, the aërial mariners fly. Sometimes they don their nuptial plumage en route, and find their mates at little stopovers on the passage north.

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The Biggest Three Hours in Adolph Zukor's Life

(*Continued from page 37*)

fair skin, and small features, he looks much more like a Scotchman than like a Hungarian Jew, which he is by birth.

I imagine he always thinks at least twice before he speaks. On this occasion, he thought—at any rate, he waited long enough to think—several times. But when he did speak, it was very much to the point.

"What do you want me to tell you?" he asked.

"The whole story!" I said. "I believe you were born in Hungary, in some village whose name I can't pronounce. We might begin right there."

He turned his chair so that he could look at the expanse of blue sky above the Public Library across the street. It was as if that made it easier for him to recall long-ago days in far-off places.

"The unpronounceable village," he said, smiling, "was Ricse. I was born there fifty-four years ago. My father was a merchant. He died when I was only a year old. Of course I stayed with my mother; but my elder brother was adopted by an uncle. When I was seven, my mother also died and I went to live with this same uncle.

"Two other uncles were appointed as my guardians. My father had left some money; and according to legal custom over there this money passed under the control of the Government. My guardians could not obtain any of it, except by certifying that it was to be used for a legitimate purpose, such as buying necessary clothing for me.

"I WENT to school until I was thirteen, when I had finished what corresponds with the eighth grade over here. The uncle with whom I lived was a rabbi. He was educating my brother to be one; and it was taken for granted that I, too, would become a rabbi.

"But I had different ideas. All my instincts were toward business; and I begged my guardians to send me to a school where I could take a commercial course. They finally consented to let me follow a business career. But instead of sending me to a commercial school they decided in favor of a practical training.

"I was apprenticed for three years to a merchant in another little town. I lived in his home, receiving my board and lodging, but no money. Of course, like every apprentice, I did all kinds of work. But I didn't mind that. I wanted to learn, and was glad of the chance.

"But before my three years of service ended, I had made up my mind on one point: I never would be satisfied to keep a shop in a little town! *That* wasn't 'business,' as I imagined it could be. One could go just so far, no farther.

"Of course I had heard of America. I suppose every boy, in every village of Europe, does hear of this country. To them all, it is the Land of Opportunity; the only such land they know of.

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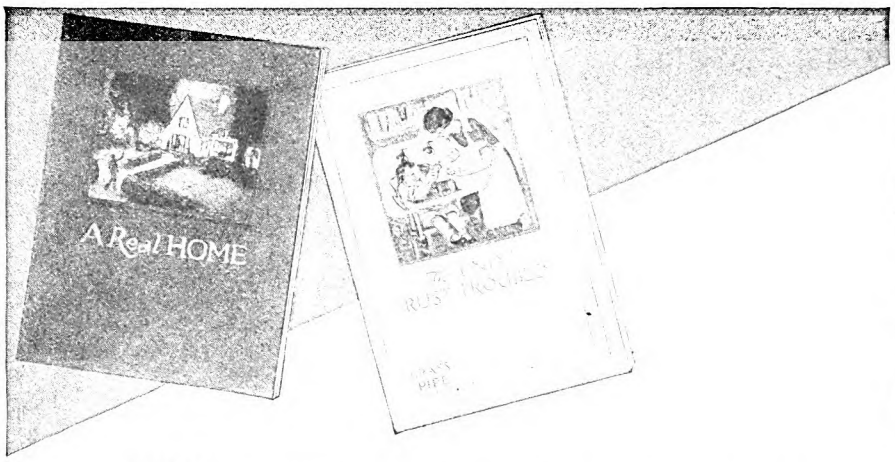

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"A distant cousin of our family, a doctor, was living then in Brooklyn. I asked my guardians to write and tell him that I wanted to come to America. They did this—but received a very discouraging reply.

"The picture he painted of my prospects over here was a dark one. But my prospects over there were not what I considered bright! I knew the conditions in Hungary. There was at least a chance that my cousin was mistaken about the conditions in America. So I insisted on taking that chance.

"WHEN I reached this country, I went to live with the cousin in Brooklyn. But he couldn't seem to help me much in finding a job. Perhaps he was rather glad to prove that he had been wise in advising me not to come. I'll admit, though, that I had little to recommend me to an employer: I was small for my age, I didn't look strong, and I couldn't speak a word of English when I landed here.

"After a few months with my cousin, I came over to New York and lived on the East Side, with some friends whom I had known in Hungary. I was a visitor in both these homes; so my money—what little I had—was still holding out.

"But I had not come to America to spend my time in visiting! And when my friends proved no more successful than my cousin had been in finding work for me, I went out and got a job myself. That taught me the lesson which every boy needs to learn, sooner or later—the lesson that 'pull' doesn't amount to much.

"The job which I got for myself was in a factory where haircloth couches were made. My work, at first, was tying the springs to the framework. My pay was two dollars a week, and I worked nine hours a day. In the evenings I went to night school to learn English.

"Tying the springs required little skill, so it commanded the lowest wages. I set myself to learn the more difficult parts of the process; and before long I had advanced until I could make a couch, from start to finish.

"Of course that brought me higher pay; but the work was so strenuous that my health was beginning to suffer. I certainly hadn't come to America to lose my health! So I determined to find another job.

"A boy who had been one of my school friends in Hungary was in New York, working in a relative's fur shop. One day, at the noon hour, I hunted up this boy and had him take me to the restaurant where this relative was having luncheon.

"I was then eighteen; and this interview settled my future for the next thirteen years. On the Monday following my visit to the restaurant I went to work in this man's fur shop; and I continued in the fur business until 1904, when I was thirty-one years old.

"I liked it from the very start. At first, as in the furniture factory, I had no skill and my pay was small. But I learned rapidly—because I *wanted* to learn! And by the end of my first year I was as expert a workman as anybody in the shop.

"In the summer of 1892, I began to read in the papers about the coming World's Fair, at Chicago. Up to that time, I had seen nothing of the America which lay outside the limits of New York

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and Brooklyn. Although it had become my country, and its people had become my people, I knew very little about either. I wanted to see both; so I took the money I had saved and bought a cut-rate ticket to Chicago.

"I arrived there in July; and as that month is the height of the fur-manufacturing season, I had no trouble in finding work. I found friends, too; young men who, like myself, had come to this country as immigrants and who were working at the same trade. Seven of us lived together in a boarding-house.

"We spent our days in the fur shop and our evenings in study. We had hunted up a teacher; and fortunately we found a wonderfully good one. We were to pay her a dollar or two for an hour of instruction; but she became so interested in us that she would spend another hour, just talking with us.

"Native-born Americans do not realize how hard it is for an immigrant to fit himself into his new environment. He gets his ideas from other foreign-born people, not much better informed than he is. I was exceptionally fortunate in having the help and interest of an educated American woman, and I have always been very grateful to her.

"As you can imagine, my experience up to this time had not satisfied my hopes and ambitions. Working in factories, for a weekly wage, was as far from my ideas of 'business' as keeping a shop in a little Hungarian town. But I wasn't discouraged. I knew the foundation must come before the building. I put all my effort into two things: work and study. I didn't despise the jobs I had. In the furniture factory and in the fur shop, I made myself an expert workman—even though I didn't intend to *continue* to be a workman. And I spent my spare time in trying to learn what I thought I ought to know. That's a plain and simple program, within the reach of any boy.

"I don't even deserve the credit of my first business venture. The idea originated with one of the young men with whom I was living. He was working in a shop which made fur novelties, such as neckpieces and trimmings; and it was at his suggestion that we two decided to start in business for ourselves. Even then, I was to be only a workman. He was to solicit the orders and I was to make them up.

"BUT I did contribute one business idea," said Mr. Zukor, with a quiet little smile. "We had no capital; not even enough to buy fur for a line of samples. And, of course, if my salesman-partner had no samples to show, it would be hard for him to get any orders.

"We were counting on supplying novelties to some of the manufacturers who had more orders than they could handle in their own shops. So I went to one of these firms with a rather unusual proposition.

"I offered to go into the shop and make up a line of samples, from which they could give us orders. Of course I wasn't to be paid for making the samples. But as they supplied the materials—which we did not have and couldn't afford to buy—it helped us to get on our feet. And so, when I was twenty years old, I made my start in business.

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Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

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If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

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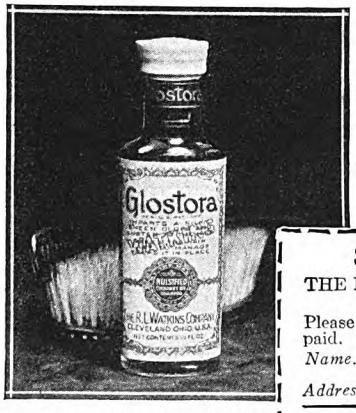

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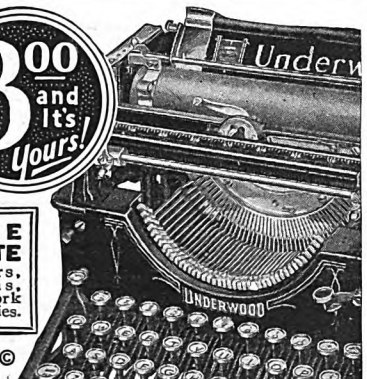

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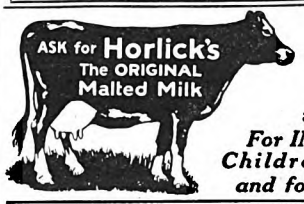

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"It was nothing big at first, although we made some money from the very beginning. After a while, my partner went back to Hungary, and I continued the business by myself.

"One of my friends was an older man, Mr. Kohn; a commission dealer in furs. As I was a manufacturer, and he dealt in the raw materials, we decided to join forces. We formed a partnership; he to handle the commission end, and I the novelty business.

"This partnership was a profitable one. We opened a New York factory and I came here to take charge of it. By that time I was twenty-eight years old. I had married my partner's niece and had two children. Later, we closed the Chicago office and concentrated the business in New York.

"This was the situation in 1904," he went on, after a pause. "I was a fur merchant, with no idea of changing my occupation. I had done nothing spectacular. I had accumulated some money; but I hadn't made a fortune. I liked my work, and wasn't conscious of any lack of satisfaction.

"BUT in that year of 1904, something happened which was destined to bring a great change in me and in my life. It was nothing more than a friendly call from my wife's cousin, Mr. Max Goldstein, who wanted to ask my advice. He was then associated with the late Mitchell H. Mark, who later built the Strand Theatre.

"He had been running some of the penny arcades which were popular at that time. They were so profitable that he wanted to add to his string of them; but he lacked the necessary capital. He came to me because he thought I might know of someone, among my business friends, who would back the enterprise.

"I tried to interest some of my acquaintances, but didn't succeed. However, in trying to 'sell the idea' to them, I sold it to myself. Goldstein had furnished me with facts and figures, which I used in my 'selling talk' to others. Either these figures failed to convince them, or else they hadn't any idle funds at the time. But as I continued to repeat these figures, they did convince me! I happened to have money available. So did my partner. And at my suggestion we decided to back the enterprise ourselves.

"Next to my decision to come to America, this was the most important one I have ever made. Up to that time, I had known nothing about the show business. What's more, I had known *almost* nothing about people. In the fur business, the main thing was to know furs. But in the show business, as I soon realized, the most important thing to know was people.

"I began really to study them; and I soon became so interested I could think of little else. I gave up the fur business, where I had an assured future. In my new enterprise, I didn't know *what* the future would be. But it was a wonderful experience to have a chance of thinking in terms of human nature as well as in terms of business.

"At first I interested myself in choosing locations for the new arcades. Fourteenth Street was then the heart of New York. City. On it, near the corner of Broadway, we opened an arcade which was the largest and finest in the country.

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I used to go there and stand by the hour, watching the people as they passed along the rows of penny peep-shows.

"I studied their faces and listened to their comments. That was the school where I had my first real lessons in human nature. I found it more absorbing than anything else in the world. I had begun by simply putting money into the enterprise. I soon found myself putting my mind and heart into it.

"AFTER a time, another friend turned up, with another idea. This friend was William A. Brady.

"When he came to me with his idea, motion pictures were the ugly duckling of the theatre. If people of taste and refinement thought of them at all, it was with contempt.

"Brady had a novel scheme in connection with this ugly duckling. It was called the Hale Touring Cars, and the idea was this: An imitation 'observation car,' like those which are attached to certain trains, was to be installed in an empty store. The interior of the car would be the theatre where the spectators would sit. At the end, where the observation platform of a real car is placed, would be a screen. And on this screen would be shown motion pictures of tours through various countries.

"Here was something on a much higher plane than penny peep-shows! It was a better class of entertainment, and for a better class of people. As I had already deserted the fur business for the penny arcades, I now sold my interest in the arcades and devoted all my attention to these Hale Touring Cars. We rented stores in good locations, installed the cars, and spectators were taken, for ten cents apiece, on tours through Spain, England, France, Germany, and so on.

"If the world had been larger," laughed Mr. Zukor, "the enterprise might have lived longer. But the supply of countries soon gave out. At least, pictures of the others were not available, so I had to come to some decision about what I should do next.

"The arcades were still going on. So was the fur business. As I had not lost my capital, I might have gone back to one, or both, of these enterprises. But my experience with motion pictures, brief as it was, had made me believe in their future. Here was an opportunity to build and to develop something worth while; and from a human point of view, not merely a financial one.

"So, when the Hale Touring Cars ceased to attract 'passengers,' I moved them out and began to put on 'store shows,' as they were called. The admission was a dime and the shows lasted an hour each. A two-reel picture—the usual length in those days—occupied about fifteen minutes, the rest of the hour being devoted to vaudeville acts.

"In one way, my shows were above the average, for I had picked good locations. I wanted to reach people who liked clean and respectable surroundings. I could give them these surroundings; but I had little choice when it came to the pictures exhibited on the screen. I had to take what films I could get; and these were very crude, both in subject and in execution.

"I used to beg the producers to give

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If you have never been interested in a waterworks, your town has no waterworks—and it will continue to have no waterworks, with inconvenience to everyone and a real peril from the danger of fire and disease.

When you are interested, a waterworks promptly follows.

Several years ago the printing of these advertisements began, in the hope that they would fall under the eyes of the leaders in towns that had no waterworks. Today from literally all over the world come inquiries regarding the cost and method of installing waterworks.

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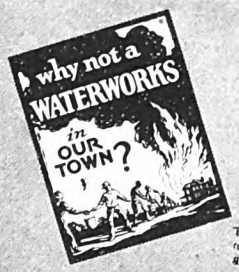

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SOMETHING more than love is due a child. And that is the right training. Unless a child receives this training he has a right, in future years, to blame his parents for the crimes they have unknowingly committed against his happiness.

And now for the first time there is a scientific method of child training. This new system shows you how to correct the *cause* of disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits.

This system is producing remarkable results for thousands of parents. It is *endorsed by leading educators.*

FREE BOOK—"New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a startling book which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal today and the book will be sent free—but do it now!

The Parents Association, Dept. 92, Pleasant Hill, O.

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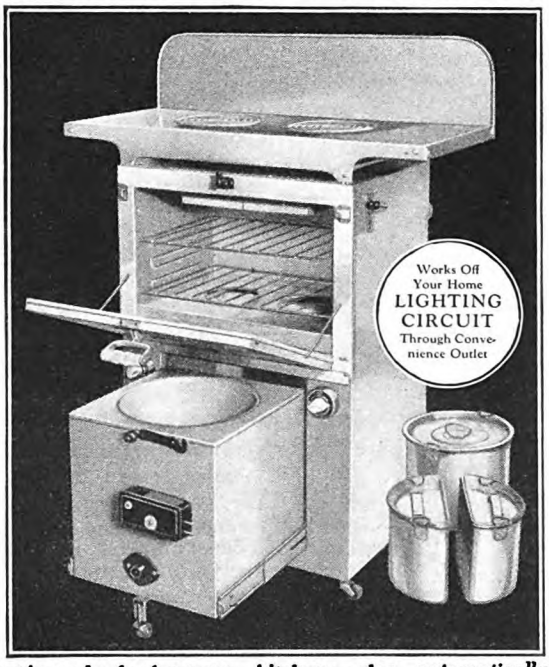
Get my special introductory price on this wonder of wonders new electric fireless cooker range. Better yet, let me send you this range upon 30 days approval test so that you can cook and bake and find out just how wonderful it really is. Read my offer below.



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Flaky pie crusts—cakes that just melt in your mouth—Roasts done to a juicy tenderness. Large Pyrex window in the oven door. Oven door clamps tightly—no heat wasted. Uses electricity only about ⅓ of the time.

The automatic control insuring steady, even heat uniformly distributed to all sides, top and bottom of the oven takes all the uncertainty out of baking. Once you use this range you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Easy payments.

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me something better than these. But, like most people at that time, they thought that motion pictures were only a passing novelty. It wouldn't last long. In fact, the public was already losing interest. I tried to convince them that the trouble was with the pictures! If better ones were made, they would appeal to a better and bigger public. But they assured me that they knew their business and that I was wrong.

"The best reels I could get were those made in Europe; especially in France. And finally, in my search for the kind of picture which I wanted to show, I came across a film of the Passion Play, made abroad. One of my store-theatres was in Fourteenth Street, next door to the penny arcade I told you about. I rented the Passion Play film and showed it in this theatre.

"But that wasn't all! I installed an organ and engaged a quartet to sing appropriate music! To you, accustomed to the elaborate motion-picture settings and programs of to-day, this may seem a very simple thing. But at that time it was a startling and extravagant innovation.

"But I found—*just as I had hoped*—that the Passion Play did attract attention. People saw it, told their friends about it, and these friends came too. Not because they simply happened to be passing the theatre; but because I was giving them *something they wanted to see.* That was exactly what I had believed would happen.

"I used to stand in the lobby, at the close of the picture, and watch the people as they came out. I saw by their faces that they had been deeply impressed. I listened to what they said about it. And I was more sure than ever that the public did want better pictures.

"So I would start out again and try to put over this idea with the men who were producing films. But I couldn't convince them; at least, not the ones who controlled the industry at that time.

"Finally, one day I happened to be talking with a director named Porter. The company for which he was working was to be taken over by another firm, leaving him foot-loose. He agreed to come to me then and to help me produce the kind of pictures I wanted. I was determined to try out my ideas; and there seemed to be no way of doing this, except to make pictures myself.

"WHILE I was waiting for Porter, I was told that Sarah Bernhardt had agreed to do a picture, in France, of the life of Queen Elizabeth. The American agent was looking for someone to put up thirty-five thousand dollars to finance the picture. Half the amount was to be paid at once; the other half when a sample of the completed film arrived in this country.

"Here, at last, was a chance to test my convictions! One of the world's greatest actresses, taking part in a dignified production of a drama which would appeal to a cultivated audience! It seemed almost too good to be true. And yet the agent had not succeeded in finding a backer.

"His search ended when I heard of the proposition," said Mr. Zukor. "I immediately offered to put up the money; and in the early part of 1912 the sample film arrived.

"It was four reels; which seemed as

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long then as a twelve-reel film seems now. Everyone said it was *too* long; people wouldn't sit through it. I believed they would; but, for a while, I was afraid I wouldn't get a chance to find out!

"At that time, the distribution of pictures was controlled by the Picture Patents Company and its subsidiary, the General Film Company. The vaudeville theatres, where motion pictures were shown as a part of the regular program, wouldn't accept a film which was not licensed. These two companies controlled the licenses—and they refused to give me one for the Bernhardt picture.

"This forced me to go in still deeper. I rented a theatre in New York, another in Chicago, and showed the picture myself. Acting on my belief that I could appeal to the best class of people, I selected theatres of high standing. It was the first time that such theatres were used for motion pictures.

"I hadn't enough money to rent theatres all over the country; so I sold the state rights, except for New York and Chicago. But the buyers of these state rights found themselves in the same dilemma I was in. Exhibitors wouldn't take the picture without a license. In this crisis I appealed to Thomas Edison. I knew that he was interested in the future of pictures. In response to my appeal, he interceded, and the license was granted.

"In more ways than one, the Bernhardt film made history in the motion picture world. For instance, I *advertised* it. I put paid notices in the papers. I got out posters and placards, spending money in what then seemed a ridiculously lavish manner.

"People laughed at me for advertising a movie! But the audiences came; and as I watched them, I knew I was not the fool people thought I was. This had been a test of my ideas; and, no matter what anyone else said about it, I was satisfied.

"I didn't make any money out of the Bernhardt picture; but neither did I lose any. Yet I was certainly poorer financially than I would have been if I had stuck to the fur business.

"I didn't worry about that. I was having the satisfaction of helping to build something that would satisfy a real human need and desire; and I was gaining knowledge and experience which were of more value than money profits.

"Convinced, as I said before, that my ideas were right, I engaged James K. Hackett to star in 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' He had made a big hit in the stage production. Here was a fine actor and a famous play; just the combination I wanted. I rented a studio and Edwin S. Porter, with whom I had formed a business association, directed the picture. It was the best picture that was possible at that time."

WITH the completed film under his arm, Mr. Zukor went to the offices of the General Film Company, the "trust" of those days, and sent in his name. That name, now, would instantly open the most jealously guarded door in any motion picture office in the world. But it had no such effect twelve years ago! The quiet little man was waved to a seat on a bench in the anteroom, along with other visitors of no importance.

The gentlemen in the inner offices knew

A PERSONAL MESSAGE to Men Who Want to Earn Big Money Every Year

By J. E. Greenslade

WHEN a factory worker earning only $15 a week suddenly surprises his friends by increasing his earnings to over $7,500 a year—when a stove-mounter earning only $100 a month begins to earn over $5,000 a year—when hundreds of others go from small pay to magnificent earnings—then blame yourself if you do not do equally well.

There is nothing exceptional about any of these men. They'll tell you that themselves. Many had been clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, farm hands—in fact, they came from all walks of life. And then in a very short period of time they found themselves making more money than they had ever dreamed possible. Today they know the thrill of money-making.

PROOF!

"I was a stove-mounter earning $100 a month before taking your course. My present position as salesman pays me over $5,000 a year. There is nothing too good for me to say about N. S. T. A. It has repaid me 1,000% on my investment."
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"A few years ago I was working for $15 a week. Immediately upon completion of my course I was offered a position through N. S. T. A. My earnings were from $5,000 to $6,500 a year. Today I am earning $7,500!"
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"Your training has enabled me to learn more, *earn* more and BE more! I am now president of a national organization and my earnings exceed the five-figure mark."
C. V. Champion, Ill.

I Pledge You My Word You Can Do It

What these men have done, hundreds have done, hundreds are doing today and hundreds will do tomorrow. And you can be one of them.

But first let me tell you why the same opportunity exists for you. In 12 months the National Salesmen's Training Association received requests for more than 57,000 salesmen from wholesalers, manufacturers, and jobbers—representative concerns all over the United States and Canada. Surely that is a tribute to the manner in which we train men for Master Salesmanship.

There are countless openings for men who really know how to sell—unlimited opportunities to make real money.

A Foolish Notion About Salesmen

For some reason many men imagine that, in order to make good in selling, they must be "born" salesmen. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is no such thing as a "born" salesman.

There are certain principles, certain rules, certain secrets to selling just as there are certain principles in mathematics and medicine. Once you know these principles you can quickly make good in the selling profession.

Step by step this result-securing system of salesmanship training takes you through every phase of selling.

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Desirable, dignified positions are vacant awaiting energetic, trustworthy men and women in every part of America. Earnings depend entirely on ability and on your capacity for the easy work required. Many of our employees make $18 to $20 a day—$100 a week is not unusual! We are an established, reliable, million-dollar firm, advertising in every leading magazine.

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Eight doctors out of ten advised Nujol type of treatment

DOCTORS from coast to coast were recently asked whether they advised the Nujol type of constipation treatment to their patients. 80.7% of all these doctors answered "Yes".

64% condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics. One doctor said, "An almost incalculable amount of injury is done by these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the cost of permanent injury. Laxatives bring on the laxative habit."

Doctors advise Nujol

Doctors who said they were advising the Nujol type of treatment told us they were advising it in place of laxatives for these reasons: 1. Nujol is not habit-forming; 2. A more natural method; 3. A lubricant is better than a laxative; 4. Does not gripe; 5. Is not irritating; and 6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

Unlike laxatives

Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. They cause the bowels to frantically expel the contents of the intestines and thus rid the system of the drugs that pills and potions contain.

Nujol acts entirely differently. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that the muscles of the bowels can expel the waste matter regularly, naturally and thoroughly.

Nature-given remedy

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation, whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

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For Constipation

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Nujol Laboratories, Room 826E, 26 Broadway, New York City
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Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

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about Adolph Zukor and his crazy ideas. They already had "turned him down." Why did he keep on bothering them? Perhaps, if they made him sit out on the bench long enough, he would get tired and leave. So they let him wait; one hour . . . two hours . . . three hours.

Finally, when they found that he was still sitting there, they decided that the only way to get rid of him was to let him explain the object of his visit—and to turn him down once more. So they sent for him and asked him what he wanted.

Three hours of waiting had not ruffled his self-control. Perhaps there was a steely glint in his brown eyes, but his voice was perfectly calm and even when he replied to them.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I came to you with a business proposition. But you have kept me waiting three hours, just to show me how big you are. You never will have a chance to do that again.

"I brought you a great film. You could have purchased it for fifty thousand dollars but you can't have it now! Not for all the money in the world! I shall show it independently. And I shall continue to be independent as long as I live. Good-day, gentlemen!"

Having delivered his ultimatum, he walked out—facing the problem of how to make good his threat.

Part of his capital was tied up in "The Prisoner of Zenda." If he had sold that film, he could have used the proceeds to make another picture. But to be a distributor, as well as a producer, required money and an organization.

From one man to another, he went: a prophet preaching his faith in the future of motion pictures. Among the men whom he had converted to his belief was Daniel Frohman, a name that ranked high in the world of the legitimate drama. He had produced the play, "The Prisoner of Zenda," in his own theatre, the Lyceum. With his coöperation, the picture of the play was shown to an invited audience in that same theatre; and it was a sensational success! As a result, the money to finance its distribution was provided. Exchanges were opened, and theatres engaged in other cities. Adolph Zukor had begun to carry out the determination reached during his three hours of waiting on an anteroom bench.

BUT the men who had made him wait there were fighters too. Learning that his next production was to be "The Count of Monte Cristo," with James O'Neill as the star, another firm hurriedly made and released a three-reel film of the same play.

This was a hard blow to Zukor. But he calmly put his own film on the shelf, and started another and different one. True to his firm belief in "better pictures for a bigger and better public," he engaged the best actors and actresses and filmed the most successful plays.

When he signed up Mary Pickford, at a salary of five hundred dollars a week, his competitors gasped. Such a salary as that, for a mere movie actor, had been undreamed of. They gasped again when he produced "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" with no less an actress than Mrs. Fiske as the star. In his growing list of actors was the promise of the name of his present company; for it included such "famous

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players" as John Barrymore, William Farnum, Cyril Scott, Gaby Deslys, and many others.

Finding that the Zukor ideas, instead of being ridiculously mistaken, were proving to be amazingly right, his competitors began to bid for the stars. He met their bids. Mary Pickford's salary mounted to a dizzy height—two thousand dollars a week! The days of million-dollar stars were not dreamed of then.

The cost of productions was also going up. Zukor had protested against the crude pictures he was forced to exhibit in his "store shows." But some people who are quite willing to tell others what to do lack the ability and the courage to do it themselves! Zukor was not like that. He was ready to take the medicine he had prescribed for somebody else.

In 1912, about $7,500 was the average cost of a picture. It has grown and grown, until it is from $200,000 to $500,000 for a feature film. Some have cost more than $1,000,000; and a few have passed the $2,000,000 mark.

"When I first put my money into the penny arcade enterprise," Zukor said, "I did not think of it only as a business venture. But when I began to see it as a means of influencing people's thoughts and feelings, I had a new conception of 'business.' Since then, I have tried to do two things: to build an industry on a sound foundation; and to make it an industry that will benefit human beings. I have made mistakes; and I probably shall continue to make them. But I never have changed, and I never shall change, my old battle cry of 'Better pictures, for a bigger and better public!'"

Boys Will Be Boisterous

(*Continued from page 55*)

to a restaurant somewheres if you care to go," suggested Mellville at this point.

"That's funny," said Myrtle. "We were just saying before you came, 'Why sardine yourself in one of these crowded food factories, when you can get measured for a hot stack of wheats right here?' Dot's a wonder at tossing the flats."

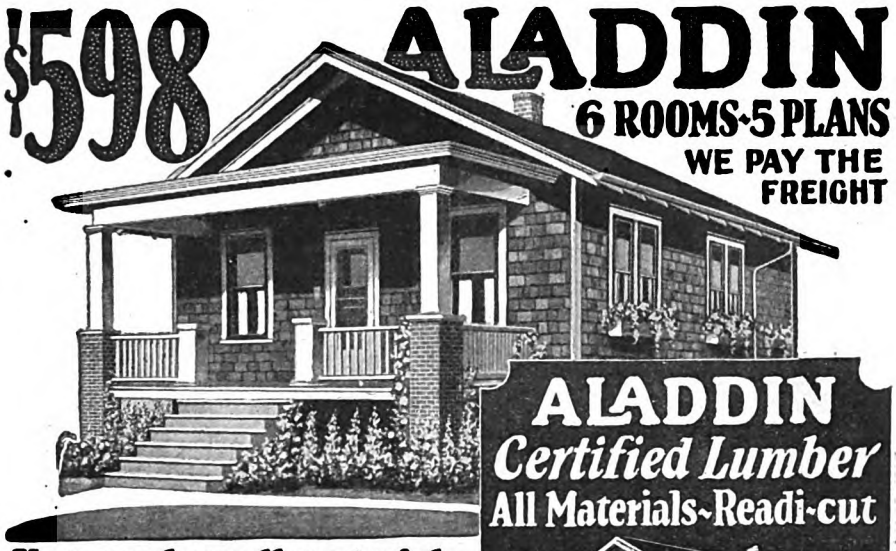
At this suggestion Dot stirred around in a closet, and soon the spluttering flat disks of white dough were turning to a golden brown on the griddle. Mellville gazed at them with the eyes of a timber wolf.

"Hungry?" inquired Myrtle. "Take off your collar and get ready for the feed bag."

Mellville looked at her sadly, and smiled a little crooked smile that was meant to indicate how totally misunderstood he was.

"Hungry? You ask me? Ah, how well you know! Yes, I'm hungry—but it's a hunger of the heart—not of the stomach!" Saying this, he permitted himself to sink gracefully down upon the piano bench.

"You don't say! My stomach gives me all the trouble of a one-man top, but my heart needs no more attention than a Dutch windmill. Remember one thing, sailor boy, you can always sell out your heart; but it's next to impossible to put



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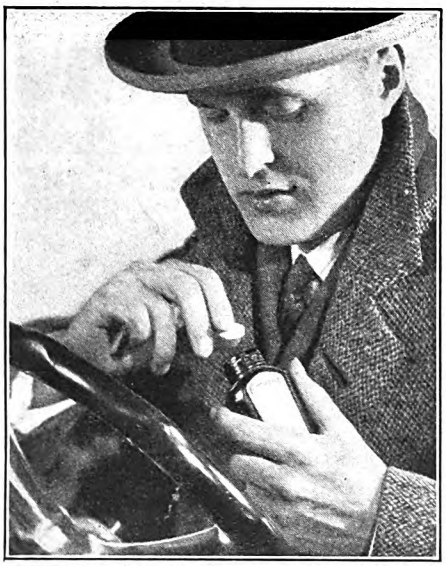

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the S. R. O. sign out on your stomach."

With the mention of the word heart, Boathook bestowed a look of disgust upon Mellville, and moved to the other side of the room, as far away as Dot's position in front of the electric grill permitted. He turned to her with admiring eyes.

"You certainly can stack 'em up high like a Chinese pagoda. It's a gift to be able to turn 'em out rapid-fire like that."

Mellville, from the piano bench, was doing his best to be indifferent to the cakes. "What I can't understand," he said, "is why a lot of fellows go raving and tearing on about food and thinking about their meals all the time, and never once give a thought to things like love and their souls."

"Well, I never missed any meals yet through worrying about my soul," said Myrtle.

"Ain't you ever been in love?" ventured Mellville.

"Say, what are you, the advance man for Cupid? No; that's one excitement I never yet paid admission for."

"Don't you think our soul has to have another soul, so that two of them can unite in a perfect union? What is love if it ain't the harmony between two souls?"

Myrtle studied him for a minute in silence.

"That may be so; but when you have the kind of hair I got—straight as a poker and with permanents at a dollar a curl—one damp day would give you more to think about than all the syncopated souls I ever run across!"

BOATHOOK, across the room, gazing at Dot's uncommunicative back while she was busy with the cakes, was running short of conversation; but he heard Myrtle, and her practical attitude reinforced him.

"I don't think a fellow ought to be worrying so much about love and things like that, while there's so many serious problems he's got to solve for himself, and, I might say, for some others as well. Don't you think so?"

Dot didn't want to give the impression of delivering herself of any offhand opinions, so she took her time before replying:

"Well, you may be right. Too many modern girls just go on and think of nothing but love, and forget that life has got a lot of problems that have to be faced."

Boathook continued to gaze dreamily at Dot's back, then suddenly he roused himself. "I guess we better start in on those cakes before you break through the ceiling with them," he said.

They called to Myrtle and Mellville that the cakes were ready; to come and help themselves.

"There are three kinds of love," Mellville was saying just as they were interrupted, "hot, lukewarm, and cold."

"That isn't love, that's running water!" said Myrtle.

"Have some cakes?" urged Dot.

"You bet I will," hastened Mellville, assisting with his plate. "No more than four, thanks. Ah! How I love to see the golden sirup flow!"

"Two will do for me," said Boathook meekly. "I know they're delicious; but I don't seem to have the appetite I used to have."

Three times Mellville's plate made the round trip before Dot noticed that Boathook had not quite completed his first allotment.

"You don't like my cooking," she complained, as if her feelings were hurt.

"That's just it," he replied. "I like it too darned much!"

The few days remaining before the ship's dance raced by like hours. Dot had promised Boathook that she would come; but he was not happy. The news about his civilian outfit had spread throughout the crew, and it was whispered that he had favored a dance, not for the ship's good but because he had turned "hoofer" himself. Some of the crew were just standing by, hoping to see the affair "flop," in order to jump on the promoters.

The first adverse break came when Boathook and Mellville tried to arrange another evening with the Hoffman sisters, and were told that this would be impossible for the time being. Not discouraged, they called up again, and this time they were informed that neither Myrtle nor Dot was at home; furthermore, that they would not be home for an indefinite time.

This was staggering news. Boathook was bewildered and did not know in the least what to make of it, but Mellville had a theory as to the reason behind this unusual conduct.

"To be on the level with you, Boathook, I think that trick costume you pulled the last time we were out there was the reason for our getting the air. And as for that mail-order college out West you tried to get by with, why, that must have given them sore sides laughing at it after we left. I did all I could to jack the conversation up to some kind of afternoon tea level, but what could I do with that trick overcoat of yours barking against me?"

While Mellville's criticism did not quite fix the blame for the sisters' sudden coolness to Boathook's entire satisfaction, it nevertheless made him think that there might be some truth in it. He did not trust his own judgment in such an important personal matter, however, so he went to his dispassionate and unemotional friend Mike, the barber, taking the coat with him.

"MIKE," he pleaded, "tell me the truth about this garment. What does it look like to you?" He put it on and stood before the barber in all the glory of his hairy blanket; but the barber shook his head.

"It won't do, Boathook. You're not built to carry any clown rags like that. What made you go off your compass so bad?"

Boathook hesitated. Exposing his petty vanity in the matter of civilian clothes was one thing, but making the revelation complete, and opening the secret magazine of his heart—even to a trusted shipmate—was a much more serious matter. However, the desperation of the situation at last forced him to confess:

"I might as well spill you the whole story, Mike. . . . I guess I'm in love. Don't kid me about it, but I'm in love with the little one of those two sisters I was telling you about. I held out till I couldn't hold out any more, and then I fell, and I fell hard, and it seems they gave us the sea-breeze. Mellville blames

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it on this coat—and a few of the accessories I bought to go with it."

Mike looked studiously into vacant space, his brows wrinkled. "As far as Mellville goes, I don't worry. He's been given the air so often he ought to be called Balloon Tire; but I guess this is a new experience for you, ain't it?"

"It certainly is. Do you remember the old navy poetry:

> Oh, love, it's a funny thing;
> It fills your soul with passion;
> It has a kick like an army mule,
> And a taste like a navy ration!

Well, that's me. She's the only bimbo I ever looked at more than once in my life."

"Don't worry about it, old-timer. The best thing to do in a case like that is to forget it, and after this stick to your uniform. That's sure-fire."

Boathook took up his coat and started to go. "Maybe you're right. It's tough, though. I was fish enough to want to marry that girl—can you beat that for being wooden, Mike? I might have known it—a high-class girl like that enlisting for life with a sailor! I could get a good laugh out of that if it happened to somebody else. Well, it learned me my lesson—a glue maker should stick to his glue." He walked away, the coat dragging behind him on the deck.

AT EIGHT o'clock the night of the dance the guests began to arrive in swarms; at eight-fifteen the ship was nearly full; at eight-thirty even the most antagonistic of the crew had to admit that the dance was beginning to look like a huge success; and at eight-forty-five it began to rain!

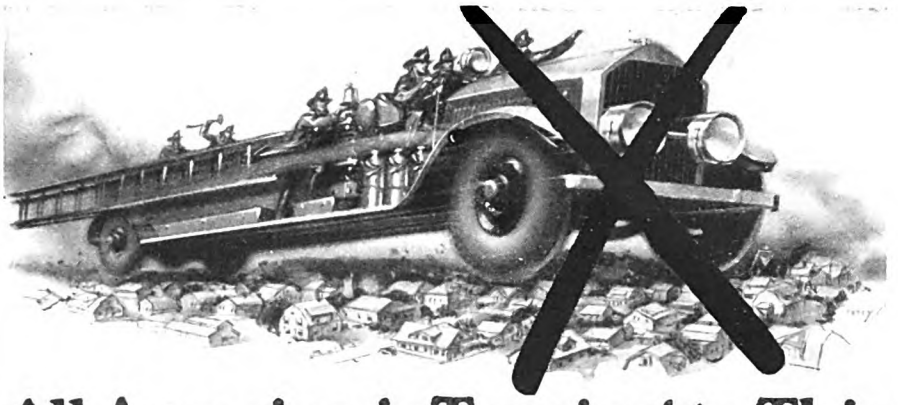
The ship, up to this time, had presented a beautiful appearance. The decorations had succeeded beyond the most expansive imagination. Instead of a battleship, the U. S. S. "Ohio" looked like a city carnival gone mad. And then it rained! It not only rained but it also came down by the barrelful, in torrents, as though a dozen fire hose were turned on this particular ship, with the idea of washing away every lantern, flag, wreath, and leafy branch on board. It was tragic.

The dense crowds tried to brave it out for a while beneath the awnings which were hastily spread; but the rain was far too violent. To avoid being drenched, they had to go below decks. And now in this restricted space they were huddled together, waiting for the cessation of the rain, which seemed as remote as next year's Christmas.

When it became a settled fact that the dance was ruined, the anger of the crew turned against those who were responsible. "If we'd had anything but a dance, we'd 'a' been under cover, and this wouldn't have happened," was heard on all sides. Boathook and Mellville, to escape the general wrath, had to take refuge in the barber shop, where Mike could grant them asylum from the mutterings and threats of their shipmates. It was here that the officer of the deck's messenger found them.

"There's a couple of ladies on deck asking for youse," he announced.

"What's that? Bring them down here right away," yelled Boathook and Mellville in chorus, and in a few minutes Myrtle and Dot appeared, water dripping in rivulets from their rubber coats.



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"Well, boys, we just got back to the old town at seven-thirty from Philadelphia—had an awful time swimming over here from the station. When it began to rain we just had time enough to throw on these coats and duck into a deep-water taxi," explained Myrtle.

Dot took up where her sister left off: "We thought you might not expect us—it was such a long time since we had to rush out of town."

"That's all right; I knew you'd come," said Boathook. "I was looking for you every minute."

"You bet," agreed Mellville. "I never thought anything else but that you'd get here, I sure did!"

"And now the dance is ruined," said Boathook. "But I wish you had seen the decorations before they were drenched—they were a knockout."

"It puts us in kind of a tough position," said Mellville, "because a lot of the crew was already sore on us on account of not having a smoker or a theatrical entertainment in the sail loft out there on the dock, and now that the dance is a swamp they're wild, because we didn't have a waterproof entertainment of some kind. We're in bad."

"A theatrical show?" asked Myrtle, suddenly interested.

"Yes; some sort of a vaudeville entertainment they was thinking of."

Dot rushed up to Boathook and grabbed him by both wrists. "This is my chance to tell you something. I had it on my mind to do it anyway, but this makes it easy. Myrtle and me are show girls—we do a sister act on the two-a-day—you know—and we just got back from Philly, where we were booked solid for two weeks.

"You know those Philadelphia audiences—colder than a summer day in Duluth—but we knocked them out of their seats and stretched them flat in the aisles. Our act went great. Dot—in a single—threw the house in a riot with her sentimental number, dressed in ecru net over pink; and by the time she had them flat, I stood them up again with an eccentric dance while she made a rapid-fire change off stage. Then we came on double, and repeated all the way. For a finish we closed with a jazz Charleston, and simply stopped the show. Ain't that so, Dot?"

"If it ain't I hope I never play big time again," corroborated Dot. "Now, if you want us to, we'll go on to-night, if there's a platform in that building you mentioned. We have all our props with us—make-up and all—in two suit-cases we left up-stairs on the deck. Maybe we can please that mob and keep them quiet till the rain stops."

Boathook smiled as happily as though the lemonade concession in the Sahara Desert had been suddenly handed to him.

"Oh, girls, do we want you? You'll save this ship from going right on the rocks, that's all!"

HE DOUBLE-TIMED it upon the quarter deck, and explained the situation to the officer on duty. It took but a few minutes to telephone the commandant, and get permission to use the sail loft. The word was passed, and the crew transferred enough mess benches to provide seats, the quartermasters made a curtain by stringing two large flags on a wire across the platform, the ship's band took seats in front, and in twenty minutes the show was ready to start, Boathook acting as stage manager.

After an impromptu rendition by the ship's quartet and a comic monologue by an ex-tragedian reduced by circumstances to the rank of fireman, first class, the Hoffman girls came on in costume. Their entrance was a sensation. They sang and danced without intermission, except such as the prolonged outbursts of applause provided, for forty-five minutes straight, and by that time the night was saved.

AN HOUR'S general dancing when the seats were cleared away brought the party to the time when supper had to be served; and as the rain had just about spent itself then it was possible to do this on deck, as planned. Everybody was having a wonderful time.

"You were certainly great, Dot. I don't know what would have happened to the ship without you. Why didn't you tell me before that you was on the stage?" Boathook said to Dot, when finally they were able to sit down to a table.

"I'll tell you how it was. That Sunday you met us, it was Myrtle's idea to come over on board this ship like two society girls, and meet some of the officers. Then when we met you, we just kept it up, because we didn't expect ever to see you again."

"Well, you had me fooled, and pretty bad too, for Mellville told me after you had left town that you wouldn't have anything more to do with us on account of us being sailors. Well, I'm glad you're not a society girl; but I guess it's just as bad for me, though, now that I know your life work is dramatic art."

"Dramatic art?" repeated Myrtle, who had overheard the remark from the adjoining seat, in spite of Mellville's flow of romantic declarations. "Sailor boy, you got the wrong dope on this team. What chance at dramatic art does a sister team get when you are booked to play every flag station on the ten-twent-thirt?

"Big time ain't so bad, but playing small time is something wild and frantic. The towns you are routed for wouldn't know the Count of Monte Cristo if they saw him in the movies, and they can just about tell the difference between Doug Fairbanks and Uncle Tom's Cabin. The work we do for our fifty per is art, all right, and you bet it's dramatic; but it ain't dramatic art!"

"Then why keep on with it?" asked Boathook, turning to Dot. To this she was unable to make a reply, so Boathook followed up his advantage.

"If I go back to Dubuque in six weeks, when my enlistment ends, and finish my college career and get my diploma, will you break up the team?"

"Sure I will," said Dot, smiling happily; and, looking at Myrtle, talking so earnestly to Mellville, she added, "unless Myrtle beats me to it."

At the mention of her name Myrtle raised her eyebrows. "Back to the university? Well, I'm delighted to hear it. Not for the learning, Boathook, but you certainly do look all the berries in a coonskin coat!"

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The Biography of a Puppy

(*Continued from page 9*)

have him than a dozen prize-winners."

So it was that pup after pup of the five disappeared from the shaded yard, as buyer after buyer came for them. Soon, Sandy alone was left. Twice, people who care more for the inside of a dog's brain than for his mere show points asked half-shamefacedly the price of the blue-eyed and gangling Sandy. Always the Superintendent's answer came:

"There isn't any price on him. He's going to be the Boss's own dog."

But it is one thing to pick out a puppy for one's "own dog," and quite another to make him into a dog worth having for one's own. There is the same difference as between saying that a half-grown boy has a strong legal bent of brain, and in giving that same boy a fifty-thousand-dollar lawsuit to handle. With even the most promising pup, there is much to teach before he can qualify as an ideal house dog; nor is the education a mere matter of weeks or even of months.

Left alone in the puppy yard, Sandy consoled his loneliness by fierce battles with the huge old hiking shoe which the Master had tossed in there for him. It was Sandy's favorite toy; and he used to worry it and gnaw it and tussle with it by the hour. He didn't know he was acquiring thus the scent of the Master's steps, by constant gnawing of his cast-off footgear; nor that he was toughening his jaw muscles on the stiff leather and giving needed exercise to his forty-two teeth. He was learning.

AT FOUR months he was taken out with the grown collies on the shorter of their two daily runs. It was rough pastime. As he sought to join in their romps, he would be knocked over a dozen times a day. The big dogs did not mean to hurt him and did not even admit him to their gay rompings. But one or another of them, unintentionally, would brush against the interfering youngster and bowl him over.

Again, he was learning. He learned that when the Master called or whistled, the grown dogs always came galloping to the summons. Imitatively, Sandy did the same. He was discovering that when the Master whistled or called, it was the correct thing to come scampering up to him.

Besides, he was growing to like the Master more and more. It was fun to be allowed on these runs with the older dogs, and to share with them an occasional scrap of biscuit or other titbit from the Master's pocket.

Even as the newcomer in a boys' school instinctively likes the instructor whom the other and older fellows like best, so Sandy was learning to like the Master. He was learning to come at call, even while he thought it was all a game.

But presently things began to happen which, for a time, made him loathe and fear this Master whom he had learned to like so well. The man seemed to be selecting Sandy as the butt for incessant and cruel teasing. For instance:

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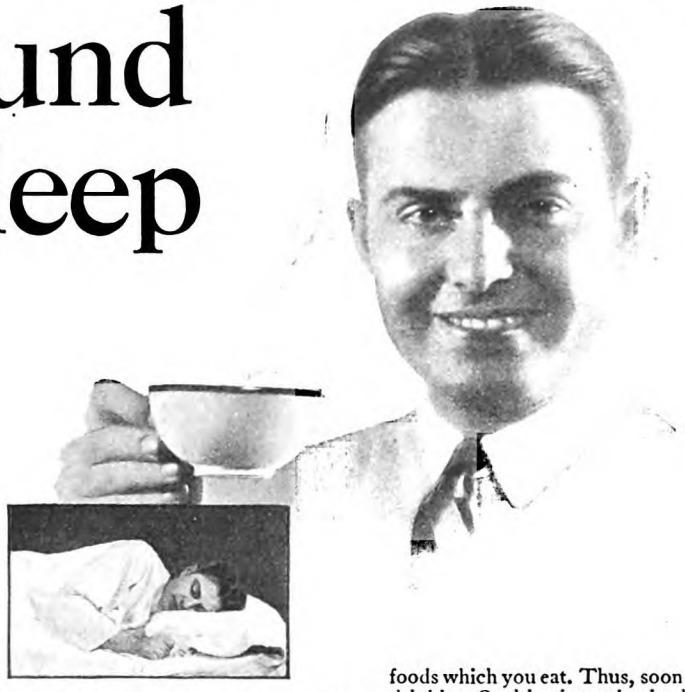

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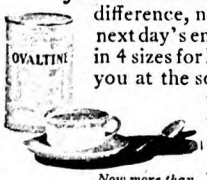

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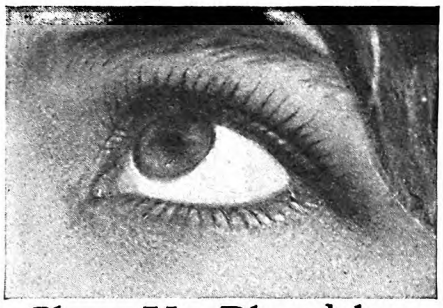

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At first, toward the end of the daily scamper, the Master had picked Sandy up and put him back in the puppy yard. But one day he did not pick up the youngster. Instead, he ordered the other dogs into their yards, and then stood in the puppy yard's open doorway. He called Sandy to him.

Now this was like ordering back into the schoolhouse a boy who is in the midst of play. Sandy had been having a beautiful time, gamboling around with the big dogs. There were a million delightful things to do, around the grounds and in the lake. It was slow, to be cooped up in a yard, with only a torn old shoe to play with. Sandy was not minded to go in.

True, the Master was calling him. But that meant little enough. It was all right to come on call when he and the others were out on their walk. But what was the sense of obeying when obedience meant imprisonment? The idea was absurd. Sandy trotted off.

But the voice of the Master followed him, insistent, compelling, monotonous. It seemed almost as if it had a thin string fastened to it, drawing the puppy toward the yard. Sandy stopped trotting. He looked back at the Master with an ingratiating smirk. He wagged his tail merrily. But still the Master stood beside the yard gate, and still he called. Sandy took a few steps toward him. The voice became encouraging, friendly, coaxing.

But there was the yard, and there was imprisonment. Sandy stopped. The voice did not stop. It kept on calling, quietly, but insistently. This performance began to get on Sandy's nerves. He galloped off. But again he stopped. He could feel the voice pulling him mysteriously backward. He approached, this time to within ten feet of the gate; only to scurry away.

OVER and over were the retreat and the mincing advance repeated. Sometimes the puppy ran almost out of hearing. Sometimes he came within arm's length of the man. But always he would sheer off from entering the prison yard. Once or twice he lay down, turning over on his back and waving his paws and rolling his eyes. But ever the voice hammered quietly away at him.

The Master was not a patient man. Fifty puppies he had broken to this supreme obedience test; and always he dreaded the temper-fraying ordeal of it. He yearned unspeakably to let some of his impatience creep into his monotonous voice; and even to grab the wretched pup by the scruff of the neck and sling him bodily into the yard.

But such loss of self-control would be too expensive a luxury. It would wreck forever his hope of establishing between himself and Sandy the perfect association he was striving to form. There was nothing for it but to assume a serenity he did not possess; and to keep on calling the stubborn youngster—to break the young collie's will, by human patience.

For a solid half-hour the somewhat ludicrous scene continued. Then, with a sound between a gasp and a sob, the puppy ran into the yard.

Instantly, Sandy found himself the recipient of as much patting and extravagant praise as if he had saved fifty heroines from drowning. A handful of gorgeously desirable animal crackers accompanied the praise and petting.

Sandy's nerve-rack fled. He realized that he had done a most remarkably brilliant thing in obeying the order to go into his yard. He grew ecstatically pleased with himself. Nor, ever again, did he refuse to enter the yard at command, or to obey the Master's call. He had no taste for a repetition of that eternal will-breaking, patient voicing of his name and the incessant gesture toward the open gate.

SANDY had learned something more: He had learned that human will power is greater than the dog's. It was a lesson which taught him much, without smashing his self-respect or his spirit. True, the Master might have given the pup a terrific beating for not entering the yard at command; and might then have kicked him into it. But, in doing so, he would have snapped the delicately forming bond between himself and his dog; a bond which one day would be stronger than forged steel.

A collie's mental and psychic mechanism is ten times as sensitive as are the works of a two-thousand-dollar watch.

During the next week or two there were long woodland rambles, alone with the Master; walks that were a prideful delight to the puppy. Then recommenced that seemingly nagging ill-treatment.

On a walk, for instance, Sandy was not allowed to run free, except during the homeward half. For the first half, he was equipped with an uncomfortable soft collar, to which was attached a leash. For a while, collar and leash were torments. Then, bit by bit, the puppy learned that if he kept at a certain pace, and did not tug nor hang back or get between the Master's feet, the leash did not tease him at all.

But, barely had he learned to "lead" when a new imposition was invented. As he trotted ahead of the Master on his leash, he would hear the sharp order, "Heel!" At the same time the leash would draw him quietly but irresistibly backward until his nose was on a line with the man's heel. There seemed no sense at all in this.

Then Sandy thought out a crafty way to avoid the uncomfortable haul on the leash. When he heard the command to "heel," he dropped back instantly without giving the leash a chance to pull him. For some reason, this ruse was rewarded by praise as extravagant as had greeted his entering of the yard gate. Sandy discovered again that he had done something brilliant. Thereafter the call of "heel" was eagerly looked forward to, in order to show off his new trick.

Torment after torment resolved itself, in increasingly brief time, into a mere game; ending with the achieving of some brand-new accomplishment which called forth praise and animal crackers. Presently, Sandy found himself eager to learn. He grew to recognize each successive kind of teasing as the mere preliminary to another delightful trick.

But the world was full of queer and incomprehensible laws—laws that were so easy to break, so hard to remember! To shake and rend a disreputable burlap bag found behind the stables—this was permissible. The pastime was even

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viewed by the humans with amusement. But to try the same merry game with the music-room tiger-skin rug—this brought down on Sandy a fearsome scolding and a day's banishment from the house. Yet, where lay the difference?

To gobble hungrily his dishful of bread and milk, in the kennel yard, was lawful. To assail with the same zest a luncheon dish that had been set down for a moment on the dining-room serving table—this was a black crime, and punishable as such. Why?

To pursue a stable cat up a tree was a legitimate sport. To rush harrowingly at Tippy, the Mistress's fluffy gray Persian house cat, as she drowsed on a living-room couch—this was fiercely forbidden. And so on, for a score of instances.

Bewilderment after bewilderment, blunder after blunder, marked the first month or two of Sandy's apprenticeship as a house dog. More than once, the Master despaired.

Here was no super-puppy, as had been Sunnybank Bobby; knowing by strange instinct the things that may or may not be done, and needing only a single lesson in any accomplishment in order to acquire it for life. Here was no such blameless dog as had been Bruce, Sandy's glorious grandsire, without a flaw of body or of mind; nor as old Sunnybank Lad, who had learned with the same unbelievable quickness and half-human intellect as had Bobby himself.

No, Sandy was in some ways just an average collie pup; and to be labored with as such. Only when the Master noted afresh that stanch look in the pale blue eyes or an occasional instinctive bit of steady nerve or of fine brainwork did he realize he had been right in his early judgment of the young dog.

THERE was an utter absence of fear too, in Sandy; and a lack of the crazy bumptiousness which marks the average lively pup of his age. Besides, he had a way of thinking things out for himself; and of devising games, which he played with solemn ingenuity.

His chief joy, for a time, was to carry magazines and newspapers from the veranda table to the lawn and there to tear them to small fragments. By the time he was broken of this, he had discovered a new and far more fascinating game.

The time was spring. Along the lake shore at the foot of the lawn lay an occasional very dead fish. These fish became the joy of Sandy's life. He did not eat them. But they had a most alluring fragrance, a fragrance which he transferred to himself by rolling on them.

But the pup seemed to realize that this was a selfish pleasure, at best, and that it ought to be shared with someone he loved. Accordingly, he would scour the lake shore for perhaps a half-mile until he came upon a stranded fish of sufficient deadness. This he would pick up tenderly and carry it intact to the Master, wherever the latter might chance to be.

Oftenest, the horrible gift was presented while the Mistress and the Master were at breakfast or at luncheon in a vine-shaded corner of the veranda. If the wind chanced to set in the opposite direction, the Master's first knowledge of Sandy's presence was when the puppy

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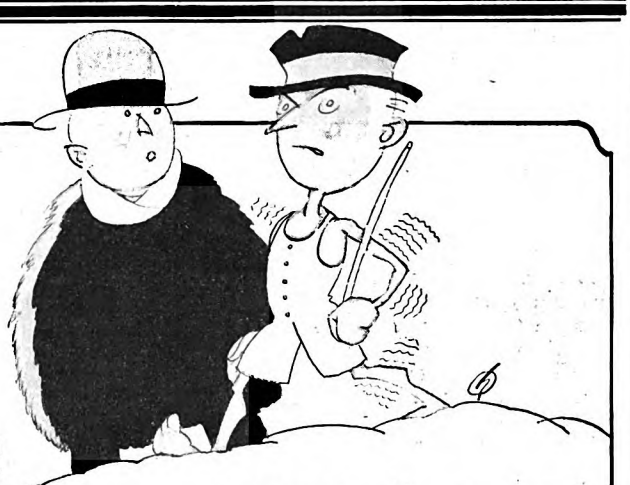

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would lay the fish carefully across one of the man's boot toes; then step back with happy pride in his human god's certain rapture at the token.

There was hurt wonder in Sandy's pale eyes as sizzling rebukes, instead of praise, followed upon the gift. Slow was he to grasp the fact that such a delectable morsel could be less welcome to the Master than to himself.

It was a long and discouraging process to make the generous pup understand that the fish were not desirable, and that it was against the Law to bring them up onto the veranda or into the house.

For, by this time Sandy had formed the habit of bringing the Master a dozen presents of various kinds, every day. He rummaged in the stables until he found the rubber boots used by the men in washing cars or dogs. Thoughtfully chewing the foot off one of these boots, he bore it to the Master, and laid it at his feet. Or it would be a bone, whence the meat long since had been gnawed; or a car-cleaning rag or a square of chamois or a defunct mouse.

THE lanky young giant of a collie spent hours a day hunting Sunnybank for any trophy which he could lug to the Master. Then, one noon, he found a genuine prize. He cornered a big and vicious rat behind the stables; and attacked the rodent with enthusiasm. He was not battling for himself, but for the man who was his god.

The rat nipped Sandy again and again on lips and underjaw. But the pup did not flinch. Presently he was able to drive his white teeth into the back of the hotly-fighting rat and, with one shake, to end the duel.

The Master was at lunch on the veranda. Something plopped soggily down across his feet. It was a large and newly-slain rat. Sandy, with eagerly wagging tail, stood there, his mouth badly bitten and scored, but his eyes bright with happiness. He had fought and he had killed, and he had brought his kill to his god. What mattered a bitten mouth?

The Master was in a quandary. He dared not scold or punish Sandy, lest the puppy think he was chastised for killing a rat. Such a course would make him worthless, henceforth, as a rat-catcher. So the pup was praised for the deed. The Master took up the rat by the tail and carried it far out into the garden and buried it there. Somehow, he did not feel a desire for any more lunch. So he went into his study to begin his afternoon work.

Half an hour later he heard a shuffling sound just outside the study. He opened the door. There, on the threshold, and crusted with fresh garden-earth, lay the defunct rat.

Sandy had tracked the Master's steps to the garden. There, he had located the rodent's grave and had dug up his grisly trophy. He had carried it to the study's shut door—as near as he could get to the Master—and he had left it there.

Next day, the Mistress brought back from the village a large and truly magnificent white canton-flannel dog. By the gift of a canton flannel elephant, years agone, she had taught Gray Dawn, Sandy's sire, to desist from bringing her a series of gruesome offerings, such as fish and rats and chewed shoes.

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The white flannel dog was presented in due and ancient form to Sandy. The puppy was enraptured with the softly bitable plaything. He carried it everywhere. He brought it to the Master at all and sundry occasions. He would lay it on the lawn and then seek to terrify it by rushes and fierce barks. He would growl over it as over a bone. He would toss it high in air or worry it, or go to sleep with it between his paws.

To his delight, the Master joined in his alluring games with the flannel dog. For instance, the Master would toss the toy far down the lawn. Sandy would dash after it and bring it triumphantly back; laying it, at command, in front of the man's feet. This he would do, delightedly, again and again.

Sandy had not the faintest idea that this was a new bit of education; and that he was learning to retrieve. But, by means of the flannel dog, he taught himself to follow any flung object and to bring it back to the Master, dropping it at the latter's feet. To Sandy it was only a jolly game.

NEXT began a game a little less jolly, but still interesting, a game in which the flannel dog also shared. Sandy was told to lie down. The precious flannel toy was placed between his fore paws. Then came the order: "*Watch* it!" The Master would move away. As Sandy jumped up to follow, he was bidden to lie down again, and the toy was put once more between his paws, with the same incomprehensible command.

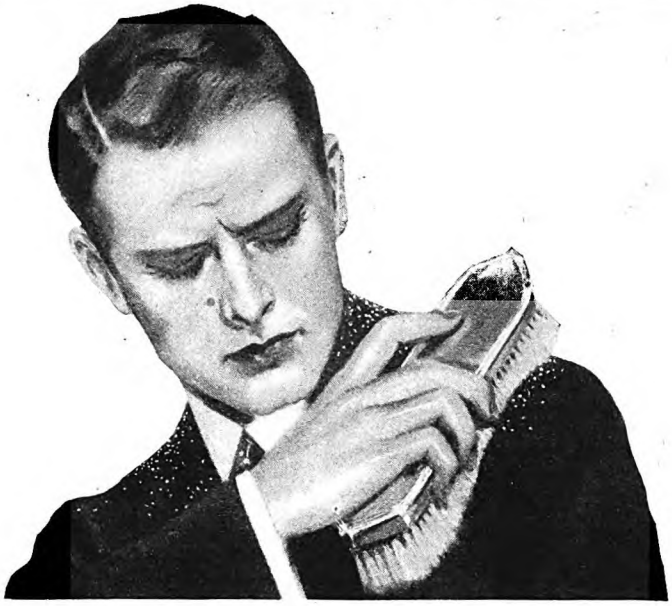
Gradually it dawned on the collie that this flannel dog—and incidentally any later thing left thus in his care—must not be deserted; but must be watched over, zealously, until relief should come.

His latent sense of scenting was brought out in a still more enthralling game. The Master would hide the toy, and then tell Sandy to go and look for it. Almost at once, Sandy learned to cast about for the familiar plaything—even as fiery little Sunnybank Wolf, in bygone years, had learned in like manner to find any given object which the Mistress or the Master had touched.

The crash of thunder had no terrors for Sandy; though at its roar Gray Dawn and one or two other Sunnybank collies would crowd close to the mistress, and stand thus, trembling, throughout the storm. Nor did the report of a gun arouse in Sandy either fear or excitement. The Master had not been wrong, at the first, in gauging the quizzical calmness at the back of those pale blue eyes of his. The puppy feared nothing.

Then came to Sunnybank an apparatus which interested all the dogs. It was an automatic lawn-sprinkler. Inquisitively, they would stroll toward it; until a swish of water from one of the nozzles chanced to catch them in the face. Then, in offended disgust, they would withdraw.

But to Sandy the sprinkler was a blend of plaything and mortal foe. He would charge it, gayly; undaunted by the pounds of cold water which its high-power hose hurled against him. Half-drowned, he remained for minutes at a time close to it, biting the sparkling water jets and trying to shake them to pieces. The harder he shook, the more heavily was his head deluged.



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THERE is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely.

To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

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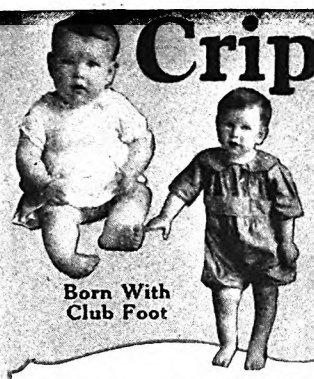
Crippled Children Big and Little Greatly Benefited



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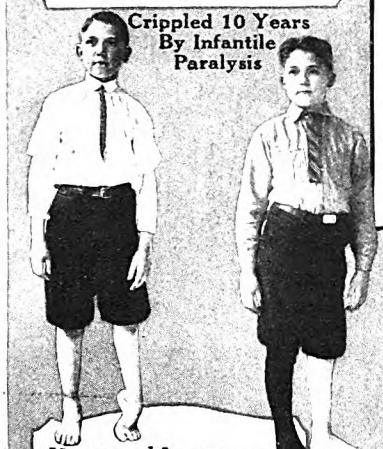

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MRS. ROSE RACZYK,
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Am sending you a picture of Harold so you can see how nice his foot looks. I always say a good word to people afflicted in any way because I know you can do the same for them.
MR. AND MRS.
WILLIS HOVIS,
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For 11 Years

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ALMOST the first thing a man notices about a woman is her hair. It is, indeed, as much discussed these days as prohibition! And as heatedly! But NOT unfavorably *unless it is* DULL *and* LIFELESS. One remembers, too, that all the great beauties of history were extolled for the loveliness of their lustrous tresses. Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Ninon, Sappho, to say nothing of the Lady Godiva! And most of them had reddish tints imprisoned within those silken tresses. Certainly one never hears them described as drab or sandy blondes! For these women knew the value of gleaming tresses, and one may be sure that if they hadn't come by them naturally, they would have quickly acquired them, when they found how unfailing was their charm. Golden Glint is the magic shampoo word of our day for the woman who cares to charm. 25¢ a package at drug or toilet goods counters or direct. * * *
J. W. KOBI CO., 600A Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO
—that magic luster for every shade of hair

One day, the hose was running, just before its adjustment to the sprinkler. An inch-thick stream of water gushed from its nozzle for something like twenty-five feet. Here was Sandy's chance to tackle the enemy-plaything at its liveliest. He rushed it from every conceivable angle; while it drenched him to the skin and all but knocked him over.

Then he stepped back and studied the water, with his head contemplatively on one side. He was thinking—thinking as logically as any six-year-old child. He saw that the strong stream of water all issued from a single small hole at the end of the snakelike hose. Very good. That then was the source of the stream. That was the point whence to attack it if he wanted to put it out of business. Sandy went into action.

With a leap he was at the foe. He caught the nozzle of the hose firmly between his jaws and shook it. The nozzle was pointing straight down his throat. An inch-thick stream, powerful enough to travel twenty-five feet, was banging against his gullet. Gallons and gallons of hard-driven water were tearing their way down his throat.

Strangled and half-blinded, Sandy let go. Back he went, out of reach; coughing and spluttering. There he sat down, and continued his studies of hydraulics from a point of safety. The thing had not thrashed him. He wasn't anywhere nearly through with it. But it had caught him at an irresistible angle and he had had to withdraw for further planning.

Inside of a minute he had worked the problem out: He could not quell the stream by biting it, nor by catching the tip of the nozzle. Both those methods had been tried. But there were other ways.

He approached the stream again, tail awag, eyes glinting. As he neared it, he feinted, then darted to one side and caught up the hose six inches behind the nozzle.

Here the water could neither dowse nor strangle him. He was safe from it. He had seized upon the serpentine rubber thing which caused the mystifying spray. Having caught it he set about demolishing it. His scissor-sharp teeth were half through the stout rubber before the Master called him off.

THAT was the way with humans: just as soon as a pup was having a really good time they always interfered!

But, less and less often, nowadays, did these humans have need to interfere with Sandy. Imperceptibly, but steadily, he was learning the Law. In the depths of his queer pale eyes a quiet wisdom was beginning to dawn; a wisdom which was to last him for life and to make him an ideal pal and guard, and to reward a thousandfold the patience and time used up in teaching him the myriad things a puppy must learn if he would become a decent canine citizen.

Sunnybank Sandstorm was qualifying at last to take his future place in the roster of the great dogs of Sunnybank: Lad and Bruce and Wolf and Treve and Bobby and Gray Dawn. The promise of the pudgy two-months puppy was fulfilling itself in the gauntly-huge, year-old dog. Sandy had "arrived."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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You Have Plenty of Energy—But What Do You Do With It?

(*Continued from page 25*)

Many everyday tasks have to be done day after day, come rain or shine.

4. Standardize all pure routine:

These can be standardized, not only so they can be performed quickly but also that they may be picked up and performed at the proper time every day without the need for voluntary decision. Perhaps you know a man, as I do, who shaves himself, but has no definite rules about when or how he shall do it. He hates to shave, and puts it off as long as he can. Several times a day he'll say:

"Well, I guess I'd better shave!"

But he puts it off as long as possible, and all the time it is on his mental horizon, something to worry about. When he finally gets to it, it takes him the greater part of an hour. But he could have finished it in ten minutes! Like the boy who dreaded bringing a bucket of water, he wastes an enormous amount of energy deciding to get started.

5. In order to "arrive," a life, like a ship, must be headed toward a port.

Most failures in life, and the worst inefficiencies, are due to doing the wrong things. Half a man's troubles are over when he knows clearly what he is trying to do. Clearly-defined purposes and ideals provide psychological motive power. From minute to minute they help a man to select, from the many things he might do, the particular and useful things that he will do.

A purposeful life that I have always thought rather impressive is that of a man I knew first when I was a boy on the farm. This man was an immigrant from Germany, and he began working for my father a few weeks after his arrival in this country, at a wage of five dollars and a half a week and his keep. He had one clearly-defined aim, among others: to live within his income and to save something. While he was with us, he made it a rule to save fifty cents each week.

A year later he went to work in a factory at a wage of seven dollars and a half a week. Here he followed the rule of putting two dollars and a half a week in the savings bank.

Within a year he moved to a city, where his expenses were higher than they had been; but his salary was ten dollars a week. He now followed the rule of putting three dollars weekly into the savings bank. By careful buying he was able, he said, to make seven dollars go further than ten dollars went for his fellow workers.

This man never advanced beyond a salaried position, and never realized more than the average rate of interest on his money; yet within fifteen years he had bought and paid for a beautiful home and had several thousand dollars invested in excellent securities. He possessed only average ability. There is nothing miraculous about his career, nothing romantic. But he is worth to-day a good twenty

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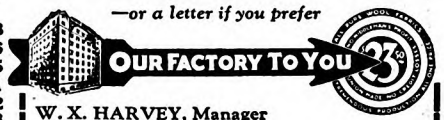

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Tom and Huck—

On the hill where men grow young

HAVE you ever heard of Cardiff Hill? It rears above Hannibal, Mo., overlooking the Mississippi River, and on it stands a bronze life-sized statue of two boys.

You probably know these boys. They never lived in the sense that they "felt dawn and saw sunset glow." They dwelt in the pages of books. They are, to those of us who have spent happy hours laughing at them—and perhaps crying a little over them—the eternal symbols of American boyhood.

Can it be that you are one of those who have never read Tom and Huck? Never got lost with Tom and Becky in the cave? Never floated down the Mississippi with Huck on a raft? Never laughed at lovable old Aunt Polly as she tried to discipline the irresponsible Tom? Never listened to Huck's philosophy?

If you have never done these things you are indeed unfortunate. But it is not too late. Read them and never grow old.

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thousand dollars more than ninety per cent of those who began where and when he did, *because he had a purpose and stuck to it.*

Few men and women formulate clearly in early life their life's ideals; if they do, they generally labor over them for years, modifying them gradually as the years increase their wisdom. But there is no reason why we should not seize immediately a major ideal, and follow it until we get further insight.

To define your ideals with perfect clearness, write them down: your major ideals, and your ideals with respect to particular problems. Take your time about it. Think of one point at a time. Clarify your ideas with respect to that. Gradually work along until you cover everything. By such specific attention, your aims in life can be made to emerge from the misty realms of "Wish-I-could," and will begin to direct all your actions and thoughts, stir new feelings of ambition and inspiration, and provide the powerful elements of interest and enthusiasm that help to direct your powers to the ends you desire. The ship, in short, will be headed toward port.

6. Learn to feel an intense interest in whatever you have to do; if you feel none naturally, learn to acquire an interest by thinking with enthusiasm of the other things to which it may be a means.

Within limits, a person can make his interests practically what he will, and the method of doing it is based on a few simple, yet definite, principles. The first thing to do is to find something about the new subject that ties in with something already interesting to you. Once I knew a boy who wanted to be a physician and surgeon; he was deeply attracted to that profession. One of his high-school studies was Latin. He hated it, said frankly he saw no earthly use of studying it, and was failing in it. I tried another little psychological experiment with him.

"Harry," I said, "I want you to go to Harrison's for me."

I named a drug store where Harry regularly loafed.

"Copy the names of fifty drugs from the bottles on the shelf," I said, "and bring me the list to-morrow afternoon. After that I want you to go to Doctor Harvey's office." Harry's favorite physician. "Look into his medical books, and copy the names of fifty important diseases. Bring that list to me at the same time."

I did not need to do much more. Practically all of the names Harry wrote down were either Latin terms, or of direct Latin origin. The fact interested him. It was a sufficient incentive for him to apply himself to the Latin he had detested.

One of the biggest manufacturers in Chicago told his office employees they could have all day Saturday every week for a holiday, if they were able to complete all their work in the remaining five days. They did it easily, and have enjoyed a five-day week for several years.

Dr. H. D. Kitson, of Indiana University, made a study showing how one special incentive, a particular kind of wage, was sufficient to increase almost unbelievably the output of skilled workers of many years' experience. A record of the amount of work these men did was taken at the end of one week after they commenced

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If you are the mother of little children and your husband's salary is small, I am sure that you would like your own money to buy things, probably necessary things, for your babies and yourself.

That is what Mrs. Elizabeth P. of Indiana is doing. Here is such a nice letter from her. She writes:

> Thank you, dear Margaret Clarke, for my lovely bracelet watch and for my $9.50 Bonus. In all I have earned $29.50—not so bad, is it?—for my month's work. Since joining the P. M. C. I have enjoyed an independence such as I had never known before.

IF you are a business girl or a schoolteacher with a very slender income, then read this letter from Miss Gladys B., Texas.

> This afternoon I received my Bonus Check and thank you very much for it. I am getting some nice things with that money that I could not otherwise have had, and you know what satisfaction that brings.

I DO indeed, and so does every girl and woman who joins us. I can't begin to tell you, in my small space here in The American Magazine, all the pretty things that have been bought and paid for with dollars earned in the Club, or the bills that have been paid. But I have a beautiful booklet which is filled with the delightful and interesting letters from some of our members. Let me send it to you—also our Gift Shoppe Booklet which tells you about our more than fifty gifts for P. M. C.'ers.

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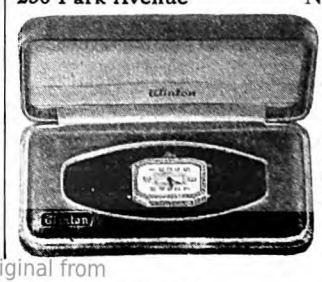

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to work in the plant, before the special incentive began, urging them to improve their methods of work. Records were taken again at the end of their fourth, eighth, twelfth, sixteenth, and twentieth week of service.

It was put up to the men that they could get more pay for all the work they did over and above a certain amount. Every one of them boosted his output above this bonus point; the average rate of improvement was seventy-eight per cent; one man increased his rate of work two hundred and eighty-nine per cent! In other words, the average rate of work of these seasoned men—they were not loafers—was about half what they were easily able to do. We all have hidden stores of interest and incentive we can call on to stir our energies.

7. Acquire the habit of success.

If you want a dog to win fights, be sure he wins his first fight, and most fights thereafter; let him be whipped, and he is likely to be a whipped dog all his life. Men, like animals, can acquire either the habit of failure, or the habit of success. We saw what happened in the case of ten-year-old Helen. Belief in the possibility of success is born directly of previous successes, and its strength is directly in proportion to the strength of the habit of success formed already. The practical application of the principle is simple: Start with easy tasks—succeed with them—go on with harder tasks, succeeding with them, and so on to the hardest. No worker does his best unless he believes it is possible for him to do what he set out to do.

Belief in your ability means more than thumping the chest and saying over and over, "I can!" though even that may have some good effect! It means setting to work and digging up *good reasons* for the belief.

When I was in college, I spent a summer selling books to help pay expenses. I selected a book I thought ought to sell on sight, and tried to master all the arguments given in the handsome prospectus. I started to work with all the confidence in the world. But it was empty confidence; it had no basis but words. Three days passed, and my total was one or two sales. I found myself suddenly paralyzed by fear of failure.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, utterly discouraged, I went for a walk in the country. Under a big tree I lay down to think it over. After a while I began telling myself there must be something wrong with *me;* the book, I was sure, was splendid. Then and there I sat up and began putting in writing my own ideas as to why I thought people ought to buy the book.

That gave me a start. Next, I tried writing these reasons in the most alluring language I knew. Then I arranged them in logical order. Next morning when my mind was fresh, I went over the arguments again and brushed them up still further.

I felt I had done the best I could. My confidence began to return.

That afternoon I started out again, and sold more books in a few hours than in all the previous days. From that moment I managed to keep on selling at a profitable rate.

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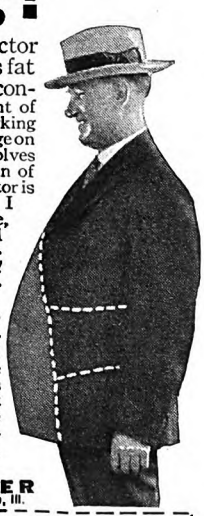

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8. Learn to give your whole mind to what is important to you at the moment.

A good deal of time, as everybody knows, is wasted in noticing things of no consequence to us.

Not long ago I spent an evening with a skilled surgeon; on the following day he was to perform an important operation. I was interested in his preparations. He got out and tested about a hundred instruments, every kind he thought he could possibly need. These were arranged on a table in a certain order, so he could find any instrument without lifting his eyes; and each instrument was tested to make sure it was in perfect condition. The surgeon laid out his materials with equal care.

Next, he reviewed a selected set of drawings of the anatomy of the parts to be worked on on the following day, and consulted some of the best authorities, examining histories of cases dealing with the operation, and emergencies that had arisen in performing it. He reviewed also his own operations of the same sort, and told off aloud to me what would be best to do under any set of conditions that might arise. He even outlined all the routine steps, although the operation was one he had performed many times.

The actual operation the next day was not more skillful than his plans for it. Incidentally, the patient's life was saved by one of the emergency devices which the skilled surgeon had so thoughtfully laid out.

It is possible, of course, to make plans as beautiful as this, then never carry them out. If that happens, all fails. No single factor has so much to do with good work as the effective dispatching of well-laid plans.

It is the only cure for procrastination, and for that fatal indecision which causes the loss of so much time and energy, when we worry over our work before we get at it. *The ability to act promptly and positively in executing plans is a habit; it can be formed in the same way as any other habit.* To acquire it, a man must train himself to start promptly, finish everything begun, and, furthermore, do it without consuming more time than is planned.

Concentration is a habit that can be cultivated, and is aided by numerous things, many of which psychologists know, such as keeping your mind constantly fixed on the purpose most absorbing to you, developing an intense interest in what you are doing, selecting a place to work where there are as few distractions as possible, and so on.

9. Don't wear out your will to keep on trying.

Interest and enthusiasm can be overfatigued, even for objects of the greatest concern to us. Recently I saw young children so exhausted by the excitement around a Christmas tree that, long before the time arrived to pass the presents, they were nearly indifferent to them. Most people fail in life and in their work, when they do fail, not because of a lack of energy, knowledge, proper ideals, purposes and plans, but because they lack the determined strength of will to make the necessary preparation for doing what they most desire.

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Any of us may get tired of trying. When problems are presented, one after another in rapid succession, each requiring an important decision, you experience greater and greater difficulty in making the later decisions promptly and correctly. If you have tried to do everything coming along every day as well as possible, if you are a teacher or mother, and have been courteous when the children have been persistently restless; if you are an employee, and have been steadfast and faithful to each task under severe difficulties; if you have kept your temper when you have been misrepresented and placed in a false position; if you have kept a steady grip on yourself for a long time—then finally a time comes when you must get off by yourself. You feel, if you don't, you'll break down and yield to the temptation to do everything you shouldn't. This is plain, simple will-fatigue. Your muscles may or may not be tired. But you simply lose your ability to go on at the moment with that problem. It's at such crises that men give up for good and lose the precious chances of lifetimes—or commit irreparable mistakes.

It is possible to conserve the precious powers of will by rest, and steps like these: Do your hardest work first, when your mind is fresh; jump into the job quickly and with zest—remember the boy who became a nervous invalid thinking about carrying one pail of water daily; learn to make your decisions right in the first place, and consider them final—half the time, when men tire of trying, the reason is a doubt whether they are doing the right things; don't drive yourself too long—remember that most successful men and women have learned they can do better by working intensely for fewer hours, and retaining the strength of will to stop when it is time to rest; plan for proper recreation—go to a funny show, dig in your garden, play golf, paint pictures, change to a different kind of work—but do not forget that a change of work is not, as many suppose, equivalent to rest or recreation, but only exercises a different set of brain cells; finally, do not chain yourself to a difficult or impossible task in which you are not and cannot become interested. Some people imagine that is a good way to strengthen the will. It is not. It has the contrary effect, and helps to breed a habit of failure. Work *with* your powers, not against them.

Those who do the great jobs of the world are not necessarily made of stuff so much finer than ordinary; but they have learned, like the faithful servants in the parable, to use wisely the talents given them.

That is the great art of life.

And now here is the tenth rule for working:

A man must earnestly want.

This one, I shall set down without elaboration; it doesn't need any. For it is obvious that what you *earnestly want*, you will strive to get. Perhaps you want to do your work perfectly for its own sake; perhaps the doing of the work is merely a means to something else which your heart is set on. In either case you have a desirable objective—you earnestly want something—and that is a motive power that will take you a long way.

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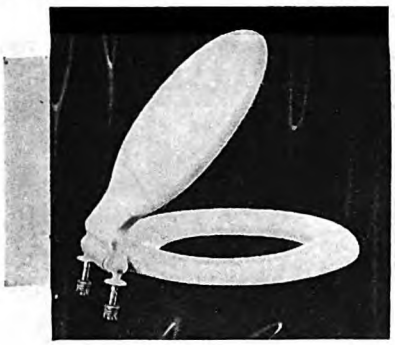

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Scattergood Deals in Matrimony

(*Continued from page 23*)

later Nellie called Sarah into the workroom. "I'm thinking," she said, "of a way to make the store more attractive to people. Like city stores." Then, as if it were an afterthought, "My, you have no idea how much prettier you look since you changed your way of doing your hair."

"Huh!" sniffed Sarah.

"I'm going to plan a couple of dresses—one for you and one for me. Yours first, because you have to be out front so much where people see you. Then, if it works out, we'll all three have them alike."

"Huh!" Sarah sniffed again.

"I want them as becoming as can be," said Nellie. "It's just business, you understand—and to be worn during working hours."

So Nellie planned the dress, and she and Sarah made it in the workroom, for they were not yet so busy there was no spare time to be disposed of. It was a plain dress; but it had something to it which Nellie had the ability to impart. It had style and snap. Sarah, at last, put it on.

"My dear!" exclaimed Nellie, "you have no idea!"

"Ain't it kind of short?" Sarah asked.

"Not too short. . . . Do you know," she said in a whisper, "you look like Mary's *daughter*."

Sarah sniffed, as was her custom, but she could not draw herself away from the mirror. Presently she went into the showroom with the secret purpose of exhibiting herself to Mary. Mary reared back in her chair.

"Sairy Knox," she exclaimed, "what 'n the world you got on? I kin actually see your legs!"

"They're rather good-looking ankles," said Nellie; "and will be better when we get proper shoes."

"Looks skittish," said Mary. "Hum! Tryin' to look half your age?"

"Sarah's only thirty-five," said Nellie.

"W-al, how old d'ye figger *I* be?" Mary snapped.

As a matter of fact, Sarah did not look more than her age, indeed, she looked rather less. Her eyes were good, her hair, now that it was released from bondage, was ample and pleasing, her figure was slender and satisfying. Even Nellie was surprised. Mary retired into sullen silence, eying her sister malevolently. But her rancor was only at its inception.

For, that afternoon, Mr. Bangs, a salesman representing a wholesale house in the city, dropped in with samples. Nellie was out at the bank. He passed Mary without a glance and approached Sarah.

"Miss Rockwell's out," Sarah said offishly.

"May I wait?"

"No objection."

Mr. Bangs took a chair, upon which he deposited his forty-odd years of bachelorhood and his hundred and eighty pounds, and made himself agreeable. In fact, he

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Malloch Knitting Mills, 372 Ottawa Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

hitched his chair closer to Sarah and laid himself out to entertain. It was a new experience to Sarah, and she was ill equipped to meet the emergency. However, little was required of her, for Mr. Bangs was loquacious. Presently Nellie returned.

"Not meaning to be impolite or anything," said Mr. Bangs, "but I didn't mind waiting for you a bit. No, siree. It give me a chance to get acquainted with this young lady. We've been getting on real good, haven't we?"

Sarah emitted another sniff—but it was one of the last she had in stock.

Mr. Bangs stood, evidently reluctant to take up matters of business. "We haven't been really introduced," he said to Nellie, "but being a part of the establishment—"

"Miss Knox," said Nellie, "this is Mr. Bangs."

"Now we're all right," said the drummer. "Er—now I don't want to be brash; but, Miss Knox, there's a picture in the town hall to-night."

"What of it?" asked Sarah.

"I was thinking maybe you'd take pity on a man that's all alone in a strange town. I thought maybe you'd have supper with me at the hotel, and then go to the show afterward. . . . Miss Rockwell knows me, and—"

"Mr. Bangs is very well thought of by his firm," said Nellie, with dancing eyes.

"How about it, then?" he asked.

"Why—" said Sarah. "Er—" It was her first invitation—and from this well-dressed, prosperous-looking man from the city!

"I'll come to get you when you close up here," he said.

Half an hour later, having completed his business, Mr. Bangs passed again through the showroom. "I'll be back for you at six," he said.

Sarah sat in silence. Mary sat in more impenetrable silence. At last she spoke. "Of all the impudence!" she exclaimed.

"Who's impudent?" Sarah demanded.

"That travelin' salesman."

"I didn't see anythin' impudent about him," said Sarah, and got up to enter the workroom, where she found some difficulty making her errand known. "Er—I was kind of wonderin', Nellie, if you'd have any objections if I was to wear this dress to-night?"

"Of course not," said Nellie.

NEXT morning, as Nellie was on her way to the bank, Scattergood stopped her.

"I see Sairy out in company last night," he said.

Nellie twinkled her eyes at him.

"How's business?" he asked.

"Improving every day. We're getting word around, and I'm doing some advertising. Why, two women came up from Higgins Bridge yesterday!"

"Buy cheap and sell dear," Scattergood said sententiously.

"The main thing is to get the trade," said Nellie; "and it's beginning to come."

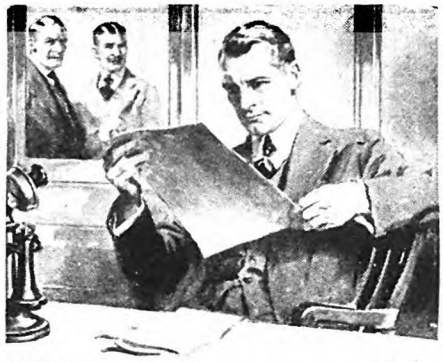
"Um. . . . Now, as to Sairy?"

"She's really quite attractive."

"Never so s'prised in my life."

"I'm much obliged to you," Nellie said somewhat cryptically.

She returned to the shop, and presently Mary whisked into the workroom.



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"I'm goin' to get through here," she said.

"Why, Mary?"

"Don't like the way things is goin' on."

"Now, that's too bad—and just when I was planning so many things. I was going to work to-day on a dress for you like Sarah's."

"You was?"

"The goods are here," said Nellie. "Well, I can take them back, I guess."

"You don't need to," said Mary. "I changed my mind about gittin' through."

"Let me see what I can do with your hair now," said Nellie. "I would like to try a hat on you."

"Don't fix it jest like Sairy's," said Mary.

"It'll be altogether different—and so will the dress," said Nellie.

PLINY PICKETT was standing beside Scattergood's specially reinforced chair on the piazza of the hardware store, discussing matters of importance regarding the railroad—of whose sole passenger train Pliny was conductor. Two modish, youngish women passed, and Pliny's eyes followed them. He grunted.

"Hain't that Sairy and Mary?" he demanded.

"Seems as though," said Scattergood.

"Dog-gone!" said Pliny, and turned completely around to follow them with his eyes. "Um. . . . Old maids, too. Dunno how that ever come about."

"Weather's comin' off hot," said Scattergood.

"About as likely-lookin' gals as you see," said Pliny. "I wonder how they come to be overlooked."

"The way that travelin' man Bangs comes runnin' up here to spend Sundays makes it look like Sairy wa'n't overlooked much," said Scattergood.

Just then the twins encountered a gentleman, evidently gotten up for society. He stopped them, turned and accompanied them down the street.

"Huh," grunted Pliny. "Mark Dover's got up regardless. What's he doin' up from Higgins Bridge?"

"He's took to comin' up perty reg'lar lately."

"Who's tendin' his store?"

"Looks like he's got more important business than store-keepin'," said Scattergood. "He's tendin' to it now."

"Mary?" asked Pliny.

"No other," said Scattergood.

"There comes Bert Knox, lookin' glum as usual," said Pliny.

"Um. . . . Was you goin' to the depot, Pliny?"

"Hadn't thought of it."

"Goin' to the depot, Pliny?" Scattergood repeated.

"I could," said Pliny.

"G-by, Pliny," said Scattergood.

The conductor descended the steps as Bert came abreast of the store. Scattergood hailed him. "Afternoon, Bert," he said. "Lost somethin'?"

"What makes you think so, Mr. Baines?"

"You was lookin' kind of downcast."

"Mr. Baines," said Bert, "that dog-gone store's making money."

"Which?"

"The millinery store."

"That hain't nothin' to be glum about."

"She's making more money'n I am."

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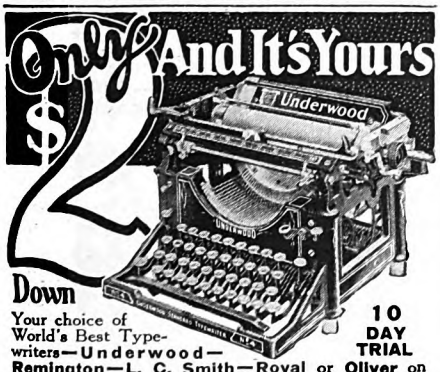

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"Wimmin is able citizens when they make up their minds to be," said Scattergood.

"She'll git to making so much she won't want to git married," said Bert.

"Was she thinkin' of it?"

"You know dum well Nellie 'n' me are engaged."

"But nothin' seemed to come of it."

"She wouldn't marry me and come to live with Sarah and Mary."

"Don't blame her much. What did you calc'late to do about it?"

"I didn't see that the' was anything to do."

"Then you hain't got no call to complain about the store. Now, if you had as much push as she's got—"

"I got the push all right, but my job don't pay so well."

"Ever think of quittin' it?"

"How can I—with Mary and Sarah to support?"

"Don't seem like you could," said Scattergood. "Still and all. . . . Um. Got anythin' saved up?"

"Couple thousand."

"I hear Ike wants to sell the feed and coal business. Why don't you buy it?"

"He wants more'n I'll ever have."

"He wants more'n you'll ever have if you don't git a wiggle onto you. Got the backbone to tackle the business if Ike'll sell it to you?"

"I can run it as well as he can."

"You'd have to run it better."

"He won't let me. Ike's set. He claims he don't want new ideas and newfangled notions."

"Got some, have ye?"

"Plenty," said Bert.

"Um. I was talkin' to Ike. He'll sell for two thousand cash, and take notes for the rest—pervidin' I back 'em."

Bert opened his mouth and shut it again.

"And," said Scattergood, "I'll back 'em if you calc'late you kin make a go of it."

"I can," said Bert. "I can. . . . But even then Nellie won't ever live under the same roof with Mary 'n' Sarah."

"She's got jedgment," said Scattergood. "Go to Johnny Bones. He'll fix up the papers. Ike's anxious to clear out to live in Floridy."

SIX months is a short time, but fortunes have been made and lost in less. Nellie Rockwell had made no fortune, but she had established a business which paid as well as any in town, and held promise of a better future. Already she had added fancy goods to her millinery, and was considering branching out in other lines. Scattergood was delighted with the business prospects.

One afternoon she was surprised to receive a visit from Mr. Bangs.

"Miss Rockwell," he said, "I want to talk business with you. I—well, the fact is, Sarah and I are going to get married. But she don't like the idee of me being off on the road. And I kind of want to settle down. . . . Now, I know this business, and Sarah's kind of interested in it too."

"Yes," said Nellie.

"And I got quite a little saved up. I was wondering if maybe you wouldn't consider selling out."

"Why, I'd never thought of it."

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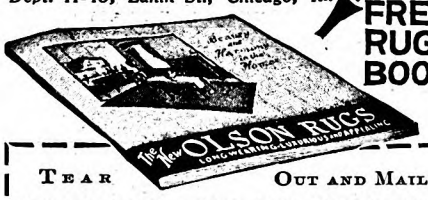

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"Well, seeing you're going to lose both your clerks, I thought maybe you would."

"Both?"

"Uh-huh. Mary's goin' to marry Mark Dover, down at Higgins Bridge. Kind of a double weddin' we're figuring on."

"Both!" repeated Nellie. "Both of them married!" She closed her eyes, and when she opened them again there was a light in them which had not been there for long, long months. She breathed deeply—and then became all business woman.

"I'll consider a sale," she said. "I've built up a nice business here, and have a first-class inventory—and don't owe a penny."

"Make a proposition," said Mr. Bangs.

IN AN hour the deal was closed. Nellie went to Mr. Baines.

"Possibly I should have consulted you," she said; "but I've sold our business."

"Um. Do perty good?"

"I've more than doubled your money," she said.

"Which gives you a perty nice little bit, too?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Got a use for it?"

"I—I haven't thought of that."

"Um. Ever consider the coal and feed business?"

Nellie blushed.

"Nothin' to keep you from marryin' him now, is the'?"

"Nothing."

"He's doin' well with Ike's yard. Gittin' it up to date. Paid off one of his notes. Um. . . . Your profits out of the millinery shop *could* just pay off the rest, so's you 'n' Bert would own it free and clear."

"I— Oh, Mr. Baines, you did it, didn't you? How ever did you know you could marry off Sarah and Mary?"

"You kin sell most anythin'—if you put it up in an attractive package," Scattergood said. "Um. . . . Here comes Bert. If you 'n' him got anythin' to talk over you'd be private in the back of the store."

"I'd like to kiss you," said Nellie.

"'Tain't a common desire," Scattergood said dryly, "but I hain't noways averse to it. I kin spare ye one," he said. He spared it. "Hey, Bert," he called, "I been kissin' your girl. . . . She's got suthin' to say to ye. Back end of the store."

Nellie and Bert walked through the door and disappeared among the stoves and churns and ice boxes of Scattergood's stock. The old hardware merchant sat back in his chair and blinked. He moved first one foot, then the other; he heaved a sigh, and then he said to himself, *sotto voce:*

"I never see so much contrivin' jest to git a couple young folks married. Wuth the trouble, seems as though. And, I calc'late Sairy and Mary didn't take no special harm from it. Um. . . . A fifty-dollar coat of paint frequent adds a thousand dollars to the value of a house."

He leaned back in his chair, content.

"But," he said, "I didn't never *suspect* Sairy and Mary'd dress as good on the hoof as what they done!"

Just a Minister to the Poor

(*Continued from page 34*)

"Altogether, I was the source of more worry than I was worth. My elder brothers had left home and were doing well. My father had hoped that I would stay and carry on the farm. But I had no taste for farming. I wanted to get away. And it seemed to me that the only solution of the problem was the one to which so many thousands of other young men have turned—America! My parents finally agreed with me, and I sailed for this country when I was fifteen years old.

"An uncle of mine was living in Ionia, a little town in Michigan; and as my mother wanted to keep me away from the cities, I was sent out to him. My uncle, who was an old man, was none too pleased at having a wild young Irish lad on his hands, so he took the first chance of placing me elsewhere.

"Fortunately for me, this 'elsewhere' was the home of a Civil War veteran, a kindly man and an ardent patriot. I was to do the 'chores' around the house in return for my board and lodging.

"You see," he went on, "I know, through my own experience, what it means to a stranger from another land if he quickly finds friends here—and of the right sort!

"I went at once into a home; a truly American home, where I could learn the ideas and the ideals of American life. My employer was keenly interested in the history of this country. He gave me books on the subject. And if he saw me engrossed in one of these books, he would quietly proceed to do my work, rather than interrupt me.

"This, my first contact in America, helped me to become, I trust, a good citizen. And because I realize what these contacts mean to other aliens—more lonely, more ignorant, more helpless than I was—I have tried, for their sake, *and for our own sake*, to help them to find friends of the right sort.

"MY DUTIES in my new home brought out one of my few talents. I always had been handy with tools. I still am!" he said with pride. "I can put up almost anything, from a hammock to a house.

"The discovery of my talent with tools led my uncle to apprentice me to a carpenter and builder, with whom I worked for three years. Here, again, I came under good influences. My new employer was a devout Christian. I attended his church and taught a class in the Sunday-school.

"Back in Ireland, my father often had preached in the little chapel on our estate; and now I began to follow in his footsteps. Young as I was, I would go out into the country on Sundays, and preach for the people who were too poor to have a regular minister.

"I think they took kindly to me because of my youth and my Irish brogue. And I —being still the same sociable lad who had

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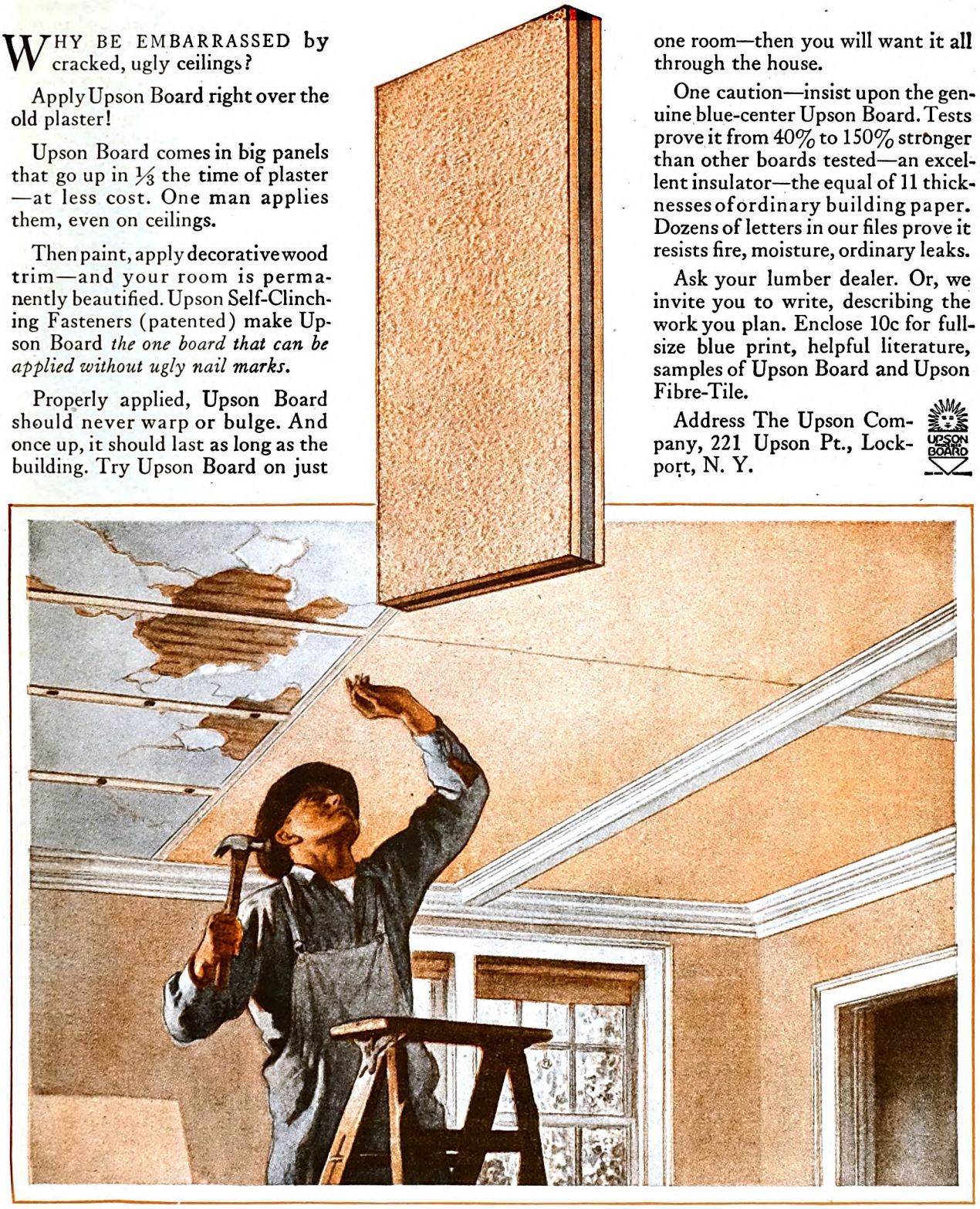

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enjoyed visiting with poor old women over a cup of tea—was very happy in these new friendships.

"Encouraged by this change in their boy, my parents began urging me to return home. I thought, myself, that I ought to do this; so I went back to Ireland.

"But it wouldn't do!" he said, shaking his head. "For one thing, I had too many old friends there—and the old customs still prevailed. I was invited to this house and to that; and always the hospitality that was offered me took liquid form! I, who had not even wanted to drink in America, was getting drunk with my old friends in Ireland.

"While I was at home on that visit, an older friend said to me, 'My boy, I want to ask you something: Most of our lads, who grow up here and *stay* here, don't make anything of themselves. But some of our lads, who seem no different as boys, go out to America; and in a few years we hear that they are getting on in the world, giving a good account of themselves. What makes this difference?'

"'They can't help it!' I told him. 'It's in the air. There's freedom and opportunity in America. Over here, your life is sometimes laid out for you before you are born. That stifles ambition and smothers initiative. But in America one can be whatever one has the ability and the will to become.'

"I JUST couldn't stay!" Doctor Storey went on. "And finally my mother herself told me to come back to this country. I had intended to return to Michigan; but when I landed at New York I found letters from my friends out there, saying that they had arranged to send me to Colgate University, at Hamilton, New York, and that I was to go there directly from the steamer.

"As a matter of fact, I earned a considerable share of my expenses while I was at Colgate by preaching in various churches. These opportunities came so often that they rather interfered with my studies; and I became so interested in this work that I finally gave up my college course and took a church.

"After six months, realizing that this was a mistake, I went back to college. I wanted to be graduated with my class; but on account of my six months' absence, I could not receive the degree of B. A. to which my fellow students were entitled, so the faculty held a meeting and created a special degree to fit my case.

"I was graduated as a Bachelor of Philosophy. Then, having conferred this title on me, the faculty held another meeting, and abolished the degree! So I believe I am the only Colgate Ph. B. in existence.

"I stayed at Colgate another year, as a student in the theological seminary. Then I made a second mistake: I left without completing the course. During that year I had been preaching in a church at Syracuse, and my friends there wanted me to come to them as their regular pastor.

"Perhaps one reason why I consented was a very personal and secular one. Back in Michigan, you see, there was a little girl whom I wanted to marry! As an established minister, with a regular salary, I could do this. So I'm not saying that I didn't take the church as a means toward taking a wife! I did take both; and the wife, at least, was no mistake in judgment. What would have become of me without her I'm sure I don't know. And in return for all her unselfish and loyal devotion," he added, "I'm afraid I've given her a life of much hardship and many anxieties.

"For a year or two," he went on, "we stayed at Syracuse. Then we went to Kingston, New York; and there I began to find the work that satisfied me.

"NEAR the church there was an abandoned mill. With the consent of the owner, we made this old mill into a sort of clubhouse for the boys and young men of the town. There was no Y. M. C. A. in Kingston then, but there were the usual saloons and pool rooms and vicious influences of one sort and another. There, too, as everywhere else, were the poor. And so I began to see the church as an instrument of *service;* not only to those within it, but to those without.

"After six years at Kingston, we went to Buffalo. In that city lived two men: James Stuart, who had begun his business career as a day laborer and later became a great lumber merchant; and Gilbert S. Graves, who had started by sweeping the floors in a factory and later became a successful manufacturer.

"These two men, who had risen from the ranks, wanted to help those who still were at the bottom of the ladder. They were responsible for my taking the church in Buffalo. They wanted what I wanted: to serve the poor, the ignorant, the people who had come from other lands to become citizens—good or bad—of this country.

"For six years, the church did serve these poor and needy people. Then Mr. Graves went to Chicago; and a little later Mr. Stuart died. Almost immediately after his death, the officers of the church held a meeting; and, following that meeting, I was told that my 'outside work' must stop. It was not bringing in a class of people who would contribute financially, or otherwise, to the standing of the church in the community. They said they would be glad to have me stay on as the pastor; but on condition that the church cease to be an institution, with clubs and classes for 'outsiders.'

"I couldn't accept that condition, so I resigned. I imagined that I could easily get another church; and I started, quite cheerfully, to go about 'candidating.' But when the people to whom I preached would write to my former church for information about me, they were cautioned to steer clear of me, because of my unfortunate 'institutional' tendencies.

"The only opening I could find was here in Albany; a church which was in almost as desperate straits as I was. Only a handful of its members remained. Apparently no one except me would take it; and this being the situation, they allowed me to come with a free hand. They imposed no conditions in regard to outside work—probably because they thought this work would be impossible in a church which was too poor to run even itself.

"They could not promise me any salary. I came with the understanding that all contributions should go first to pay the current expenses. I would receive what was left—if there *was* anything left!

"Soon after I came, there was a great business depression, almost a panic. The city was full of unemployed, and there was

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Twenty important ways to use "Vaseline" Jelly

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wounds chapped lips and skin

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colds in head coughs

To relieve and protect baby from

chafing snuffles
scalp irritations

To beautify and stimulate

hair eyebrows eyelashes

To soften and protect

hands cuticle

To lubricate and protect from rust

household appliances
skates golf clubs guns

OUT of hundreds of uses for "Vaseline" Jelly contributed by over 2,000 people, the twenty featured on this page are perhaps the most valuable for the average family to know about. The following simple directions can easily be remembered.

For scratches, cuts, sores, wash under running water and apply "Vaseline" Jelly. For more serious wounds use an approved antiseptic, dress with "Vaseline" Jelly and bandage lightly. For burns and scalds, cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly spread on clean linen or gauze. Change dressing daily.

For colds place a bit in each nostril before retiring. For tickling coughs, take internally.

For windburn, chapped skin or lips, apply a thin layer and leave on over night. For baby's chapped skin or irritated scalp apply a thin layer after bathing. For cradle cap massage thoroughly before washing.

To beautify the hands, spread on a layer of "Vaseline" Jelly and wear soft cotton or silk gloves over night. To treat the scalp, part the hair lock by lock, apply "Vaseline" Jelly with the fingertips, leave on over night and shampoo.

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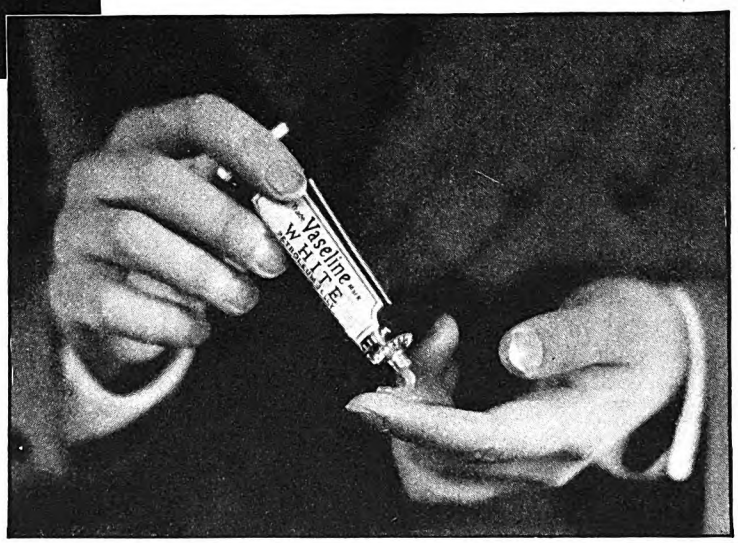

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great distress among the poor. I asked the officers of the church if I might open the basement and serve a breakfast of bread and coffee to the hungry. They told me that the church could not pay for this; but I might do it if I could finance it myself.

"I went to a coffee merchant, and he agreed to furnish the coffee; to a big baker, and he gave me the bread. At four o'clock every morning—for the homeless and hungry are early risers!—I went down to the church and made the coffee. They themselves helped me to serve the food.

"That was the entering wedge. The work among the poor and the aliens went on growing, thanks to the splendid people of Albany. The church grew also; but in the opinion of many of its members, this so-called outside work was undesirable. The 'outsiders' were of all creeds—or of no creed at all. I did not try to get them into our church, to serve *us*. Inside or outside of the church, I wanted it to serve *them*.

"But after nine years, history repeated itself. The church decided to sell the building for business purposes, and to move to a residence section, among a 'better class' of people. I was asked to go along—but to leave my outside work behind! I couldn't consent to that, so again I resigned.

"In this crisis I remembered an old building in a poor section of the city; Trinity Episcopal Church. It was seldom used, its former members having moved to other parts of town. The building was dilapidated. There were nine thousand dollars in debts. The parish was occupied chiefly by foreigners—Jews, Italians, and other nationalities. But here was the thing I wanted: a place where a church could serve those who were in need.

"The denomination with which I had been connected was not Episcopalian. Mere forms, however, mean little to me. They are only the clothes in which people dress their religion, according to their individual preferences.

"So I went to Bishop Doane, with whom I already was acquainted. I explained all the circumstances; told him that I had been confirmed, as a boy, in the Episcopal Church, and asked him to make me the rector of Trinity.

"'But, my dear Storey,' he replied, 'that parish can't pay anyone a living salary! There are almost no Episcopalians living there.'

"'I don't ask you to pay me,' I told him. 'I'll try to find some source of income for the church and for myself.'

"'All right,' he said; 'if you want to try it, I give you my blessing. It's all I *can* give you.'

"However, he was better than his word. At his suggestion, the other Episcopal churches provided one thousand dollars a year; and with that we started. Inside of a few years, all the debts had been paid, the building had been repaired, my salary had been increased, and our work of service among the people of the district was well established.

"AND now comes the only part of this story which deserves to be told. All that has been accomplished at Trinity Church has been done by its *friends*—the splendid people of this city, who give their time and interest and money to the work of serving others! I am only the medium through which this service has reached those in need of it.

"Take my vestry, for example; the most remarkable one in the whole country!" he declared proudly. "At the beginning, I asked Bishop Doane and Bishop Nelson to let me choose my own vestry.

"'This city is full of young men of wealth and ability,' I said. 'They are the sons of our best families. Their fathers already are serving on the boards of other churches. So long as the fathers live, the sons will not be called on by those churches. Let me try to bring their ability and energy to the aid of Trinity.'

"'But can you persuade these men to serve?' they asked.

"'I believe so,' I told them.

"'Then go ahead!' they said. 'It isn't according to the rules and regulations; but we will forget those for the present.'

"We started with five members of the vestry. In a few years we added three more. We continued to enlarge it, until now we have twenty-four. And they are twenty-four of the finest men in this city."

WHILE I was in Albany, I found that Doctor Storey is not alone in regarding his vestry as remarkable.

One business man said to me, with an expression of mingled amusement and admiration: "That vestry is so unusual that it's almost funny! You'd think there would be only Episcopalians on it. But, believe me! he has men of all creeds—and of none. For all I know, there may be a Jew on it. I do know that he has no warmer friends, no more loyal helpers, than the Jews of this community.

"Several years ago they asked him to be the chaplain of their Masonic Lodge. He couldn't afford the expense of becoming a Mason, so they themselves paid the cost. And there he is; the chaplain of the Jewish Masonic Lodge! Can you beat it?

"His friends want to put up a seventy-five-thousand-dollar parish house as a memorial of his twenty-five years in Albany. In raising the money for it, one of the men who will help most to put it across is a Jew. Another one is a Presbyterian. And so it goes. It seems as if every man of real worth is lined up back of Doctor Storey in anything he wants to do.

"I guess it's because he stands for the things we all believe in—down in our hearts; and he gives us the chance to practice them by helping him in his work.

"I was present one day when a prominent business man gave Doctor Storey a good-sized check. As he handed it to him, he said: 'I'm glad to help your people. But the real reason why I give this is because it helps *me!*'

"Somehow, that's the way a good many of us feel. When we help him in his work, we *get* more than we give."

Another of Doctor Storey's friends said to me: "The man is a marvel. He is simple and quiet and unpretending. He doesn't pester us into doing things. Yet we do them! I know men who are not members of his church, or of any other. But if Storey asks them to come down and usher at Trinity—they go! Kneeling side by side at the altar rail, you will see perhaps a 'wash lady' and a woman of wealth and social position. That's what religion, as Storey practices it, does for people; it

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gives them one great thing in common."

Another Albany man said to me, "Ask Storey to tell you about his getting an avowed atheist to serve on his board."

I did ask him; and this is what he told me:

"One day I was in the office of a well-known lawyer here; a good friend of Trinity, although he is not a member. As I was about to leave, he said, 'There's a man up-stairs who ought to be on your board. I'll take you up and introduce you.'

"On the way up-stairs, he told me who the man was: a newcomer, in charge of a big engineering project. After introducing us, my lawyer friend left and I explained my errand. The effect," he laughed, "was as if I had dropped a bomb in the office.

"'That chap must have been kidding us both!' the man exclaimed. 'I'm going to speak frankly. Then you'll see the absurdity of your request. I'm an atheist! I haven't any use for churches. My wife is an atheist too. If anything, she is a more confirmed one than I am. We don't want our children to go to Sunday-school. We don't want them fed on the old hypocritical traditions. We don't believe in the God and the religion that's taught in the churches. Those are the facts, and I guess that ought to settle it.'

"'You say you don't believe in God or the church,' I answered. 'But do you believe in the flag?'

"'Ah!' he exclaimed. 'That's different! That's *my* religion.'

"'Then perhaps you believe in helping others to honor and to serve that flag,' I said. 'That is one of the things we are trying to do at Trinity. Most of the people in our section have come from other lands. They are poor and ignorant; especially ignorant of the ideals of this country. Yet they are going to become *citizens* of this country! It seems to me that we owe it to them, and to our country, to help them to become *good* citizens.'

"'Now you're talking!' he exclaimed. 'If *that's* what you're doing, you can count on me!'

"He made good on that promise," Doctor Storey went on. "He organized and conducted a club of one hundred and fifty boys. His wife organized a similar club of girls. For two years they worked with us. Then his business took him to a distant city.

"A LITTLE while before they were to leave, I said to him: 'You are going to a new field; but I believe I know you well enough to be sure that you will want to go on with this work, wherever you may be. We can't tell what the future holds. Don't you think you will feel better able to face it if there is an acknowledged bond between you and the people who stand for the things you believe in? Don't you think that the church, which you have helped so much, can also help you?'

"He said he would think it over; and that evening I received a telephone message asking me to come to his house. I went; and as a result of our talk that evening, I baptized his wife and children the next day. On the following Sunday, they were confirmed by the bishop. The man himself remained outside the church; in form, at least. But in the *essentials*, he was *not* outside, and he realized this. He had learned to look at *religion itself;* not at the imperfect way in which we human beings *practice* religion.

"That seems to be the trouble with a great many people. They don't try to study the divine and perfect original. They read a false and garbled translation—and contemptuously declare that there's no value in it. They bother over details of form and of creed, not realizing that underneath them all, the real heart of religion is the same."

One of the men with whom I talked in Albany is a business leader in that city. He is not "pious," not much of a churchgoer; but he is one of that extraordinary phalanx of the community's "best people" who stand solidly behind Doctor Storey and his work. He told me that one day the rector of Trinity asked him if he wouldn't take communion at church the following Sunday.

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" said the man. "There are things in the Creed that I can't accept."

"Perhaps there are," was Doctor Storey's quiet reply. "But you have some creed of your own, in which you can and do believe. Have you ever cheated anyone?"

"Why—no; I don't think I ever have," said the man. "I've *tried* not to."

"Well," smiled Doctor Storey, "if you insist on having a creed, that one seems to me a very good one to live by. And I think the church can help you to live by it."

IN THIS article, I have not tried to describe what I might call the *surface* of Doctor Storey's work: the clubs and classes; the camps for boys and for girls; the lunches for poor and under-nourished school children; all that sort of thing.

I have tried to show something far less tangible; the spirit underneath the surface! It is the story of how one simple and sincere life, dedicated to a religion of *service*, has power to influence an entire community. That influence reaches both ways; up as well as down; and it is hard to tell in which direction it does the greater good.

The house where the Storeys live in Catalpa Drive—hard to find because it is a street only one block long—is a modest little cottage. But that little white cottage will not have another tenant, I fancy, so long as Doctor Storey lives. He has his poor, who need help. And he has that extraordinary legion of friends who, with and through him, *give* this help.

"You mustn't give the impression that I could go to richer and larger parishes," he cautioned me. "I really don't know of any other place where people would put up with me."

"Would you go to one of these rich churches if you had the chance?" I asked.

"And leave my people here?" he replied. "No! As long as I can serve them, I belong to them."

As I left the parish house, I noticed groups of children playing on the steps of the church. They were plainly of different nationalities; and, just as plainly, they were poor. But they were happily at home under the shadow of the friendly walls within which a man preaches his *religion of service;* a man who has tried to live that religion and to help others to live it.

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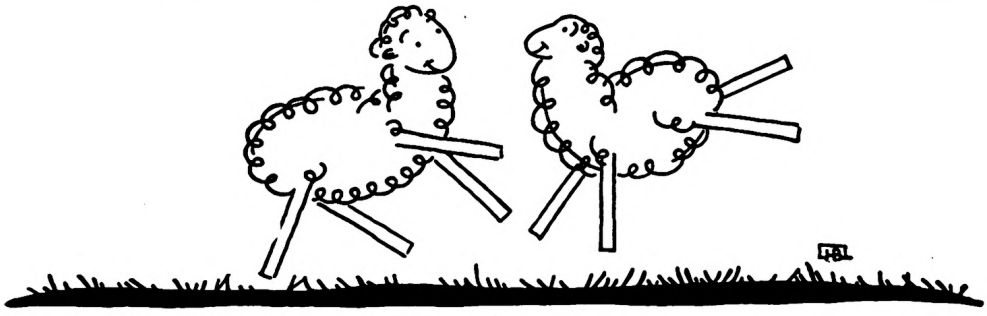

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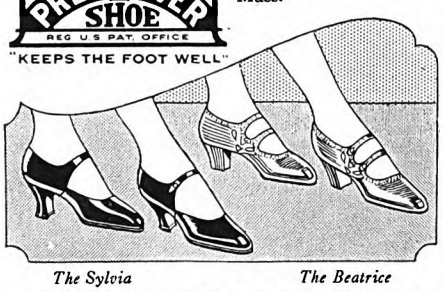

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"Nevada"

(*Continued from page 61*)

time for thinking how best to approach Ben. It had not occurred to her, until Judge Franklidge made the suggestion, that he might get a warped version of the affair from Dillon. She decided to wait and see if Dillon had already talked to him.

Hettie had some shopping to do, and after that had been accomplished she passed on down the street, presently to encounter Ben.

"Ina is at the dressmaker's," he said, after greeting her. "Reckon it's a good time for you to go to the bank with me."

"Bank! What for?" she queried, as they turned back up the street.

"I'm having a certified check made out for your interest in the ranch."

"Ben!" she cried, in amazed reproach.

"Yes, 'Ben,'" he returned, a little testily. "Hettie, I can't have you doing things without my knowledge. Besides, to be honest with you, I don't want to see you lose that money. And I'm pretty certain I'll lose all I put in cattle."

"Ben, something has happened since I saw you," said Hettie quickly.

"Reckon it has," returned Ben, dropping his head so she could not meet his eyes. "California Red is gone!"

"Gone? Oh, no, Ben," she cried. "Stolen?"

"We don't know. He disappeared from the pasture. Raidy swears Red was stolen, that he couldn't jump the fence. I know he could jump over the moon if he took a notion. Dillon agrees with me that Red just got away."

"But you don't *know?*"

"That's the rub, Hettie. We don't. And there isn't a man in my outfit who could track Red. Sure disgusted me. I tried to track him myself. Had to give up. . . . Reckon there never was but one horse hunter who *could* have done it."

"Ben, you'll get Red back," said Hettie, earnestly.

"You're game, Hettie," he returned, squeezing her arm. "With you and Ina and the kid I can beat this rotten deal. Reckon it'll help some if you consent to withdraw from it."

"I'll consent to anything that will relieve or help you."

THEY reached the bank, where presently Hettie received a certified check for her share in the transaction, and she immediately deposited it to her account. Then he drew her to a seat and said in a low voice, "Dillon just told me you'd discharged him."

"Yes?" queried Hettie, lifting her chin, while the tingle and heat of battle ran along her nerves.

"Hettie, I had to countermand your order," he went on gravely. "Now, we won't argue about it. Dillon is the best man available. I can't get along without him. He knows it too. I had some trouble conciliatin' him."

"Oh, indeed," retorted, Hettie, biting her lips. "May I ask what Mr. Dillon told you?"

"Not much. He was sore; but he laughed, at that. Said he loved you, an' had been coaxin' you to look upon him favorably. Then last night—at the dance—he asked you to marry him. Said you weren't very encouragin'. Then he tried to kiss you, an' you made a fuss, an' took it upon yourself to fire him."

"If you believe him, Ben, why, there's no need in my bothering you with my side of the story," rejoined Hettie.

"Reckon there's no call to think Dillon's a liar," went on Ben. "The truth is, Hettie, you're a little of a man-hater. Oh, I know—I remember, an' I sure don't blame you for bein' true—to—to *him.* But you're hard on all these poor devils who fall in love with you."

"Ben Ide, I am not a man-hater," protested Hettie.

"We won't argue the question," said Ben wearily. "You an' Ina always beat me. But please don't misunderstand. I don't want you to marry Dillon. He seems a fine fellow who'll make a big man in Arizona some day. Just the same I'd want to know him better before I'd let him have you."

"Thank you, Ben. I can forgive you now," murmured Hettie.

"I'D LIKE to ask you somethin'," went on Ben, with both concern and mirth in his look. "Did you strike Dillon last night—when he tried to kiss you?"

"Strike him? No, I certainly did not. I wouldn't soil my hands on— But why do you ask that?"

"Well, he had a beautiful black eye," replied Ben ponderingly. "He told me he had stumbled in the dark—in his room—an' hit a chair. Sure it could have happened. But it looked to me like a black eye that had come from a good swing an' a hard fist. I've been wonderin' if he lied to me."

"Well, I'm wondering who gave him just what he deserved," said Hettie, as she arose. "I've got more shopping to do. And time flies. You wanted me to meet you at twelve. How about Marvie?"

"He'll be there. Marvie hunted me up an' asked for money. I'd just given him some, before we left. The kid was all excited about some girl. Wanted to buy her candy an' presents. But, by George, I forgot I promised not to give him away. . . . So long, till twelve. I'll pick you up at Brydon's store."

"Well," said Hettie, "as to Marvie—I think he's in love. I saw the girl. Tell you more later."

It lacked five minutes to twelve when Hettie labored to the front of the dry-goods store, burdened with packages. She deposited her bundles on a window seat beside the door, and looked out for Ben. He had not arrived yet.

Suddenly a man, hatless and coatless, dashed by, yelling, "*Keep off the street!*"

"What's the matter with him?" asked Hettie, amused.

Several clerks came hurriedly to peek out.

"Looks like another street fight," said one of them excitedly.

Shouts and trampling of feet followed. Across the street pedestrians hurriedly ran into the first open doorway they

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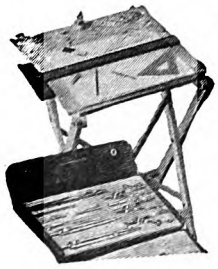

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happened upon. The noise ceased. Then a man entered the door where Hettie stood, transfixed and thrilling.

"Hello, Matt, what's doin'?" queried the clerk.

"Darned if I know," replied the man. "I seen people run off the street, so I ducked in here. Just before, I heard Jim Lacy was in town."

"Who?" shouted his questioner.

"Jim Lacy. Don't know how true it is. But somebody's in town, you can gamble on that."

Faces appeared at all doors and windows. Some peeped down the street, then jerked back. How ridiculous it seemed to Hettie! Yet there she stood likewise, her heart throbbing, her whole being in a state of suspense.

A shot rang out, deep and ringing. Another followed, almost like an echo. Silence ensued, palpitating, stifling to Hettie. A single shout came from far down the street.

The man beside Hettie peeped out.

"By heaven!" he ejaculated, in husky accents.

The clerk, frightened as he was, had to look. He jerked in his head, with face pale and eyes starting, and began to jabber.

Hettie obeyed an irresistible instinct. She looked out. The street appeared empty. No, there was a man, lying face down, not fifty feet from the door. His arms were outstretched.

"It's Jim Lacy. I never saw him; but I know them who has," said the man beside Hettie.

"Oh, how dreadful! . . . the dead man—there in the road—Jim Lacy?" whispered Hettie.

"No. Jim Lacy is the one comin' up the street. . . . See his gun. It's smokin'."

THEN Hettie espied a man in rider's garb, gun in hand, stalking toward his victim. He passed him with only a downward glance. He sheathed the gun. He strode toward the sidewalk.

His walk! His shape! Had she been horrified out of her senses? Was she mad? What flashed so swiftly in memory? But this man—this Jim Lacy! He was coming. He would pass the door.

Hettie drew back with the last of failing strength. She reeled. Her mind had halted. The quivering of her body ceased as if paralysis had set in. Cold, numb, awful suspense held her upright, waiting, as if for death itself.

The man in rider's garb passed the doorway, erect, stone-faced, with eyes of lightning set ahead.

Nevada! Hettie's faculties leaped out of terror and stupefaction to recognize him. Nevada! Jim Lacy? . . . *Nevada!*

She had a sense of sinking down. All went blank—then slipped into black oblivion.

Hettie recovered consciousness before she had strength enough to open her eyes. She was lying down, with someone supporting her head. Cold water had been dashed in her face. She felt it trickling down her neck.

"It's Miss Ide," said someone. "She fainted. . . . Fell right down! Hadn't we better call a doctor?"

Whereupon Hettie opened her eyes, to whisper weakly, "I'll be—all right."

She lay on the window seat with her head supported by the young clerk. Several persons, one a woman, stood around sympathetically.

"There! She's come to."

A bewildering complexity and whirling of thought suddenly left Hettie with her mind clear.

"Is my brother here?" she asked, trying to sit up.

"No. Better set still a little, miss. You're awful white yet," said the woman kindly.

"But I'm not hurt," returned Hettie. "You're all very kind. . . . It was silly of me to—to keel over like that!"

While she talked there seemed to be an awful question hammering at her consciousness. When Ben and Marvie entered at that moment, she understood what that question was: Ben did not know what she knew. Her relief was so great that it overcame her, and when she tried to rise she only sank back again.

"Why, Hettie!" cried Ben, in sharp concern, as he sat down to grasp her. Then Marvie knelt on the seat at her other side. Hettie smiled wanly at them, and closed her eyes. She felt dizzy, and then feared to look at them.

"It's nothin' serious, Mr. Ide," spoke up the clerk hastily. "She just fainted. It was the shootin'."

"Whew, Hettie! You gave me a scare," said Ben. "But you're all right. I'm surprised at you. Anyone would think you'd never heard a gun back in California. . . . Come, brace up, Hettie!"

"Take me home," replied Hettie, opening her eyes again. "I—I want to get out of this town."

"Wal, I should smile. Me too," joined in Marvie, squeezing her hand. Hettie had never seen the lad look quite as he did then. She did not dare ask him if he had seen the participants of the street duel. She feared he had.

"Marvie, you fetch these bundles," said Ben, as he lifted Hettie to her feet. He had to support her, and almost lift her into the back seat of the buckboard. "There, you're all right. . . . Marvie, put the bundles under the seats. Then get in beside Hettie an' hang on to her."

HETTIE did not look to right or left, yet she saw and heard the excited people passing, talking, down the street. Ben drove rapidly. Soon the center of town lay behind. The streets were quiet. Hettie lost the cold dread of seeing a lithe, stone-faced man in rider's garb. Ben halted the horses before a house well back in a green yard, and as he leaped to the ground Ina appeared.

"Hello, you-all," she called merrily. But as she reached the buckboard she suddenly halted, aghast. "Why, Hettie! You look terrible. Are you ill? Oh, what has happened?"

"Nothin' to upset you, Ina," replied Ben. "Hettie had a scare. There was a shootin' fray down-town. An' she fainted. Climb up, an' we'll be off pronto. These ponies are sure rarin' to go."

As soon as Ina had climbed up she turned solicitously to Hettie and reached for her hand. "You poor dear! I never saw you look like this. Fainted! That's strange. You never fainted in your life. Did you see the fight?"

"No. I didn't see—the fight," replied Hettie, shutting her eyes tight. "But I heard it. . . . Then I peeped out—to see a—a dead man lying in the street."

"How dreadful! Did you see this fight, Ben?"

"No. I missed it."

"Did you know the fighters?"

"No. Someone told me Jim Lacy had come to town, lookin' for trouble. He gave a rustler named Hardy Rue choice of leavin' town or throwin' a gun. Rue chose to stick, an' it cost him his life. They met in the street. Even break, of course, as these Arizonians call a fair fight. But Rue was fallin' when his gun went off."

"Terrible," said his wife, shuddering. "But a rustler cannot be a very great loss to the community."

"Ina, I sure hope Mr. Jim Lacy sticks around for a while," replied Ben. "Tom Day told me Hardy Rue might be the leader of the rustlers who've been pinchin' me so hard. But Dillon scouted the idea."

DURING this conversation Hettie was glad to have the support of Marvie's arm and shoulder. She had not opened her eyes. But her ears rang with the words she heard.

"Ben, I reckon you an' sis might shut-up yourselves," declared Marvie, significantly, "or talk about somethin' else."

"Sure, sonny," agreed Ben. "It's no pleasant subject."

The spirited team drew the light buckboard at a rapid pace over the smooth, hard road. The breeze stirred by this pace was cool and pleasant to Hettie's throbbing brow. After a long rest she opened her eyes and sat up again. Already the dark line of cedars was in sight, and beyond them the uneven timbered ridges that ran up to the black, frowning Mongollons.

While her gaze strained out over the yellow and green prairie land, and the rolling ridges with their slopes of sage, and the miles of white grass where herds of cattle grazed, and on and on, and ever upward to the purple ranges, Hettie Ide was confronting herself with the staggering truth:

She had seen Nevada. She could not torture herself with a thought of doubt—that she might have been mistaken. Sight and heart and mind, her whole being had recognized him in one terrible instant. He was in Winthrop. He was Jim Lacy. Jim Lacy, whom range rumor had long made mysterious, famous, ruthless. Jim Lacy was Nevada. Back in those Forlorn River days, when she and Ben and Ina and Marvie had loved him as Nevada, even then he had been Jim Lacy.

Why was she stunned? Ever since Nevada had killed Setter, and ridden away never to be heard of again, Hettie had realized that he had borne a name he could not endure for her or Ben to know. That was not so astounding. Nevada might have been any one of the noted desperadoes of the West. The overwhelming thing was that Nevada was here in Arizona, alive, virile, stone-faced as she had never seen him but once; here in Winthrop, close to the home she and Ben had chosen almost solely in the hope that they might find him some day.

A sickening, helpless impotence assailed her. All the longing of years wasted! All the hope and prayer and faith wasted! Vain oblations! Nevada had been false to her, false to the best she had helped to

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raise in him, false to the blessed conviction she had always entertained—that, whoever he was and whatever he had done, out of love for her and assurance of her faith, he would go on to disappear from the evil roads of the West and turn to an honest life. Hettie would have gambled her soul on that. And now the soul she would have staked grew sick with horror and revulsion. Nevada was a consort of rustlers, a bloodthirsty killer, a terrible creature of fire and stone, of hate and ice.

And yet how could she be faithless in hope, in trust? Had she not sworn, with her lips close to his, that she would die before she ever failed him? What if he had used his deadly gun again? He had killed once before, a worthless, wicked man, whose death had served a good purpose. Nevada had once saved her and Ben and Ina, all of them, from grief and misery. Who could tell what the killing of Hardy Rue might be to someone?

Over and over again this stream of consciousness eddied through Hettie's mind, like conflicting tides, now rushing, now receding, now full and devastating.

Through the waning afternoon—through sunset, twilight, dusk, on into the night—Hettie acquired deeper insight into the gulf which yawned beneath her.

The swift horses had swung into the home stretch, over the short-cut road that had been one of Ben's achievements. How the night wind moaned in the lofty pines! It seemed the moan of the world. The fragrance of sage filled the air. Down through the pale aisle of the forest moved shadows, unreal, grotesque—things as strange as shadows of the mind.

When at last they arrived at the ranch, Hettie crept exhausted to her room, and, falling upon her bed, she lay quiet, wanting to rest and think before she undressed. But she fell asleep.

WHEN she awakened the sun was shining gold in at her window, and the fresh, sweet, cool fragrance of the forest blew over her. Instead of being beautiful, they seemed dreadful to her. She dreaded wakefulness, the daylight, the many duties to be met, the imperative need of action, the facing of her family and of life. But she could not keep them back. And with the truth, there surged over her new realization of the castastrophe that had fallen.

Hettie sensed then that her greatest trial was yet to come, and a faint intimation of what it might be appalled her. It roused her to battle. Dragging her aching body off the bed, she undressed, bathed her hot face, brushed out her tangled hair, and put on her outdoor clothes.

Then she slipped out without awakening her mother in the adjoining room. What was it that she must do? Find him, save him, or perish! All that she faced in the golden morning light seemed to mingle in one subtle whisper: There was no deceit, no blindness, no vacillation in the nature that spoke to her.

Only the birds and the wild game, and the calves in the pasture, the roosters in the barnyard, the burros out on the range shared with Hettie those perfect, uplifting, clarifying moments of the sunrise.

Golden gleams of light crossed the brown boles of the stately pines; low down through the foliage shone patches of pink sky; to the north and west opened the vast slant down to the desert, illimitable and magnificent in the shadowy soft dawn. Deer and antelope grazed with the cows in the pasture. Squirrels barked from the trees, hawks sent down their piercing cries, wild turkeys gobbled from over the ridge. Joy of life, radiance of creation, peace and solitude, wholesomeness and sweetness of nature, exquisite beauty of woodland and wasteland at the break of day, and a marvelous, inscrutable Divine Will pervaded that wilderness scene.

Hettie absorbed it. She lifted up her head to the one black dome of the Mongollons. The misery of the night faded away like a nightmare. She had been a coward. She had failed to be grateful for the very thing that has been the beginning and end of her prayers. Could she be so slight and shallow a woman as to succumb to heartbreak? A terrible ordeal faced her, the outcome of which she could not divine. She could only endure, and fight whatever fate had in store.

"Oh, if I can cling to this blessed strength!" she cried. "To hold it fast when I'm distracted! To have it in hours of gloom!"

THAT day Hettie did not cross the picturesque log bridge that spanned the brook between her cabin and the beautiful rambling residence of her brother.

She did not see Ben all day. Late in the afternoon, when she went out to walk a little in the open air, she espied Marvie sitting on the porch, a most abject-looking lad.

"Hello, Marvie. Come and walk with me," she said brightly.

"Aw, I want to die," replied Marvie.

"Goodness gracious! Well, don't do that on my porch!"

She dragged him to his feet, and locking an arm with his led him off into the woods, until they were out of sight of anyone at the house. Then she bade him sit with her under an old pine where the fragrant brown-needle mat looked so inviting.

"Now, Marv, I'm through teasing," she said, with a gravity that suited his mood. "What's the trouble?"

"I had a run-in with Ben," replied the lad. "First one we ever had."

"You did? Well, I've had a thousand. When Ben gets sulky and cross a good run-in clears him up, as a thunderstorm does a sultry day. Where did Ben go today?"

"We finally rode off to a deserted homestead over here, five miles or so. Someone found tracks of California Red, and that news upset Ben. Then waited 'round hours for Dillon, who didn't come. Raidy, who's on the outs with Dillon, said some things that made Ben sorer. Well, dog-gone it, Ben pretty soon pitched into me."

"What for?" queried Hettie practically.

"Nothin'. Not a darn thing. 'Cept I moped along at a job he gave me. Fixin' fence. If there's any job I hate it's that. He swore at me. Then I told him to go to thunder—I'd quit and go home."

"What did Ben say?" asked Hettie.

"He said, 'Go ahead, you bull-headed, lop-eared little jackass.' So I rode off home. And I reckon I'll quit. I'm goin' to be a rustler."

"All right. You want to become a rustler," returned Hettie, accepting the statement. "What for?"

Marvie did not reply for a long while, during which his head sank lower.

"Hettie, I'm terrible—in love," he said at last, with an effort.

"Rose Hatt?"

"Yes. It couldn't be anybody else!"

"Does Rose love you?" asked Hettie softly, her hand going to Marvie's.

"I thought she did, at first," replied the boy, writhing. "She let me kiss her—kissed me back. But last night, when I asked her to meet me again, she said no. I got mad. But she stuck to it. When I accused her of flirtin', and me dead in earnest, she said, 'Marvie, I've a bad name. I belong to the Hatts. You've a lovely sister' (she'd seen you), 'and a proud family. I'm only a backwoods girl. It won't do. I'll not see you any more.' She ran away from me then, an' I couldn't find her. She'd hidden or left the dance. In the mornin' I tried again. No luck."

"Marvie, I admire Rose for that," said Hettie earnestly. "I think she's a square girl, even if she is a Hatt."

"Now, Hettie, don't you go talkin' like Dad or Mother," burst out Marvie.

"Oh, Marvie, I won't," declared Hettie, ashamed of the fact that she had been about to do so. By Marvie's warning she estimated his regard for her.

"I don't care a darn about myself—even when I do love her terrible," went on Marvie, passionately. "But what's to become of Rose?"

In the sincerity and inevitableness of youth he had hit upon the thing that mattered most.

"I understand, Marvie," said Hettie gravely. "You make me ashamed. Rose is not to blame for her family, for her surroundings, for—anything."

"Now you're talkin' like Hettie Ide," returned Marvie fervently. "And I'm givin' you a hunch. If Rose really loves me I'll stick to her. In spite of Dad or Ben or anyone!"

HETTIE dropped her head. Here was a problem. What should she say? Marvie's confidence in her suddenly meant more than ever before.

"What knocks me flat is—I'm afraid she doesn't love me," went on the lad. "I'm goin' to find out though, if I have to ride right under Cedar Hatt's nose. Last night I believed she didn't. This mornin' I thought she did. If not, if she was only a little hussy, why'd she say she wouldn't meet me any more?"

Hettie had no quick reply to his passionate query. Owing to her own stress of emotion the last twenty-four hours, she was far from being her old logical self. But she was fighting a conviction that Rose Hatt had shown nobility and sacrifice in her attitude toward Marvie's advances.

"Tell me, Hettie," begged Marvie, with soul-searching eyes that hurt her, "don't you think Rose cared really? Wasn't that good in her—givin' me up? Wasn't it because she—she liked me too well to go on with what she thought might disgrace me an' you an' Ben?"

"Marv, I can't be sure, but I think so."

"Thanks, Hettie," choked the lad, sitting up straight and facing ahead. A light crossed his somber, youthful face. "You hit me right here!" And he put his hand to his breast. "Sure, I couldn't tell anybody else but you. It's helped a lot."

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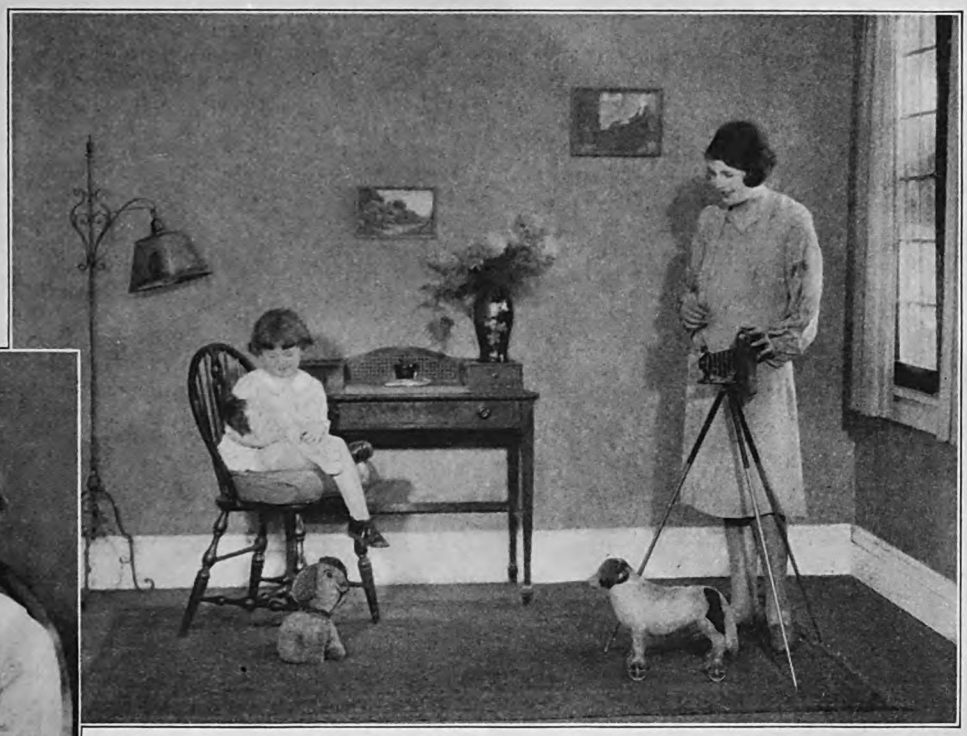
Here's the way the picture was made and—



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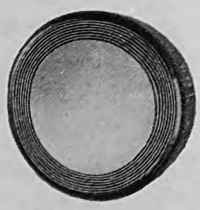

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"Marvie, how in the world did all this come about?" asked Hettie, in wondering sympathy.

"Like a story, Hettie. I met Rose over a month ago. Went huntin' on a Sunday. Rode a long way, then walked. I got after some turkeys. They were awful wild. I followed them a long ways, down into a big grassy canyon where a stream ran. Most beautiful place. Deer, elk, beaver all along. But I wanted one of those big old gobblers. So I kept on. And I run plump into a girl. She was cryin'. I spoke to her—sat down with her. After a while she began to talk. First she was sore an' hot at her brother, Cedar Hatt, who beat her. Showed me black and blue marks on her bare legs. I said somebody like Jim Lacy ought to come along and kill him. Funny, wasn't it, me sayin' that?

"Well, we got real friendly. She said she'd meet me again, but farther away. That place was too near home. So she told me where a trail ran, and how I could find it. I never told her who I was that time. Forgot. Anyway, I kept the day she set and, sure enough, she came. . . . It was different that day. I reckon I fell in love then—not the first day. And she—but never mind. . . . I met her three times more. And last time, night before last at the dance. That's all."

"It's quite enough, isn't it, Marvie?"

"It sure is. I forgot to tell you. At the dance, when she said first she wouldn't meet me any more, I said I was goin' to our place Wednesday at the same time as before. I'm goin', too!"

"Marv, if what I know of girls holds true—if she really cares—she'll come. Rose is too young to stick to a hard decision like that, if her heart's involved."

"Hettie, you're a comfort," cried Marvie, gratefully, almost hugging her. "I'll hope she'll come. I'll believe it. Maybe that'll let me eat and sleep."

"You'll tell me everything?"

"You bet I will! Now I'll go and crawl to Ben!"

SEVERAL days passed. Hettie took to horseback riding again, venturing perhaps farther away from the ranch than Ben would have allowed, had he known. On Wednesday she rode with Marvie for five miles of his journey, back into the forest toward the brakes.

On the last stretch back home, where the trail was fairly level and open, she urged her horse to his best speed. That race satisfied, for the time being, a restlessness and need of violence. Her blood danced hot; wind and sun burned her cheeks; the tang of the woods acted like wine. Thus she rode down into the clearing, and on to the barn and corrals. And she ran pell-mell into Ben, Raidy, Dillon, and Tom Day, scattering them like quail.

Hettie reined her mount and, wheeling him, trotted back, and slid from the saddle.

"He's a—fine horse, Ben," she declared, patting the wet neck.

"Wal, he suits you, lass," said Tom Day admiringly, as he took her in from boots to sombrero.

"Miss Hettie, strikes me this hyar Arizonie has got into your blood," added old Raidy, shaking his head dubiously. "Reckon I don't like it. Day says it ain't safe for you to ride out alone. So does Dillon."

"What do *you* say, Ben?"

"Not a darn thing. I quit long ago tryin' to run you," returned Ben.

Dillon leaned against the corral, in the background, without entering into the conversation. The discoloration around his eye had not wholly disappeared.

"Miss, can't you be happy ridin' on the ranch, without headin' off into the woods? asked Raidy.

"Do you think I'd ride inside a fence? But seriously, what's the danger?"

"Wal, lass, mebbe there ain't any real danger," replied Day thoughtfully. "But we're sort of locoed these days. Reckon it's far-fetched to think hoss thieves an' rustlers might take a notion to steal you."

"Kidnap me for ransom?" queried Hettie incredulously.

"Wal, yes, an' for other reasons, too," rejoined the old cattleman significantly. "You don't 'pear to know it, but you're a mighty handsome girl."

"Thank you, Uncle Tom. That's a fine compliment. But it's not scaring me."

"HETTIE, look here," interposed Ben gravely, stepping to her with a piece of paper in his hand. "Read this."

Hettie took the coarse, dirty paper and read:

Ben Ide:
Sir—Fire your foreman Dillon or dig a grave for him. X

Without a word Hettie returned the slip to her brother.

"We found that nailed on the bunkhouse door," he said angrily. "It's a threat. Dillon recovered another bunch of my cattle yesterday. Only a few head, but enough to make these rustlers sore. To-day we found where they'd been campin' in an old cabin, on my own land."

"See, Miss Hettie?" added Raidy. "That's why it ain't safe for you to ride out so far."

"I'll be careful hereafter," replied Hettie soberly, handing her horse over to Raidy.

She was proceeding up the lane, revolving in her mind that threatening note Ben had showed her, when he caught up with her and fell in to her step.

"Hettie, I don't like this situation I'm in," he said.

'Neither do I, Ben," retorted Hettie. "But nobody can tell you anything."

"Aw now, Hettie, that's not nice of you," said Ben reproachfully. "I told Ina about your affair with Dillon—your side of it, mind you. She pitched into me like sixty. I can't stand havin' both of you against me."

"We're not against you, Ben."

"Yes, you are," he said doggedly. "An' I'm gettin' sore at everybody. I'm goin' against your advice an' Ina's, even Tom Day's. I've offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the return of California Red. Posted notices along the trails. Tom didn't like that. Said someone would bring the horse back, then steal him again."

"What did Dillon say?"

"He approved me offerin' the reward. You know, Dillon said he could get Red back. An' he was away two days, after he returned from Winthrop. I don't know where he went. He's worked with most of these outfits along the Mongollons. He knows them all, anyway, an' no doubt some of them are clanny with the horse an' cattle thieves. That's the worst of this country. You really don't know who is honest. Well, Dillon came back an' said he couldn't find out anythin' about Red. So I decided to offer a reward. An' Dillon himself took the notices out on the range."

"You'll get Red back," returned Hettie hopefully.

"I've got another idea," he went on. "I want to send for several well-known sheriffs an' put them on the track of these rustlers. Pat Garrett, of New Mexico. If I could get him, an' a couple from Phoenix, an' hire a gang of hard-shootin' cowboys, I'll bet they'd clean out the rustlers. But Tom Day yelled murder at the very idea. An' Dillon, he hit the roof. Swore they'd burn me out, instead of just rustlin' a few cattle. *Few?* By George, I'd like to know what Dillon would call a *lot* of cattle."

"Ben, you should listen to Tom Day, at least," replied Hettie. "He knows the country."

"I'm listenin', Hettie. But I want some action," he retorted. "If I don't get Red back inside of ten days there'll be murder to pay by somebody!"

MARVIE did not come back to the ranch till late. Hettie sat up waiting for him, trying to read, but mostly gazing into the wood fire. She heard his swift step on the porch, then a quick knock.

"Come in, Marvie," she called.

In he rushed, like the wind, but quietly, and he startled her with his pale face crossed by black smudges, and his piercing, radiant eyes. He carried a rifle and quirt and gloves in his hands; and altogether he was a striking figure. Hettie knew before he spoke what had happened.

"She was there!" he said.

"I knew that the instant you entered," replied Hettie, with a smile. There was a contagion in his spirit.

"Hettie, I'm sure the happiest an' miserablest man in the world!"

"Sit down, Marvie, and tell me all about it."

"Not a great deal to tell, but what there is of it is terrible," he returned, coming to the seat beside her. Then in a low voice, full of suppressed emotion, he went on:

"Rose was there. She'd been there for hours, waitin' 'n' cryin' fearin' I wouldn't come. She said her heart broke. She'd found out she loved me. I was the only one who'd ever cared for her—been good to her. She said she could give me up—to save me disgrace—but she'd have to kill herself. I swore I'd stick to her—marry her. I talked an' talked. An' then I told her I'd fetch you down the trail next Wednesday. She was terrible scared at that. But I told her you'd help us. An' finally she agreed. She's to ride down a trail we know, till we meet her. . . . That's all, Hettie. An' for heaven's sake—"

Marvie broke off huskily, his voice failing.

Hettie impulsively kissed him. "Marvie, I think you're pretty much of a man," she said. "I'll go! And I'll find *some* way to solve your problem."

(*To be continued*)

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

"Our Problem Was Loaded With Dynamite—But It Didn't Go Off"

THE problem in my family was the kind that is loaded with dynamite; and once it appeared that the fuse was sputtering! But, thanks to the good sense of my wife, there was no explosion. Perhaps the explosion will come from you who read this! Here's the story:

When I was a small boy I went to Sunday-school, where all boys *should* go. But I was unlucky in one of my teachers, and my bad luck was increased by the fact that she taught me for many years. She was a good woman, and no doubt she helped mold and strengthen the characters of most of those who attended her classes. Yet I am perfectly sure she did me no service. Instead, she filled my young mind with fear—fear of life, fear of death, fear of the dark, fear of everything. I was introspective, even as a child, which accounts for the deep impression her teaching had upon me.

"Bad boys," she would say, "go to the bad place," and then she would tell us what things were bad. She mentioned such acts as dodging work at home, playing hooky from school, missing Sunday-school, and a long list of others. Some of the acts she presented as evil were evil. Others were merely mischievous, or not even that. All of which would have done no harm if my mind had not been more logical than rational in its workings.

SHE often illustrated her theory with the following bit of false reasoning: "If you put one rotten apple in a barrel of good apples, all the good ones cannot make the bad apple good. But that one rotten apple will make *all* the others rotten." (So far, she may have been correct; but the analogy she made was incorrect.) "And it is the same," she would go on, "in life. If one bad boy joins a crowd of good boys, he will make them *all* bad. They will not make him good."

Thus, at one "swell whoop," she gave us—or me—the impression that evil is much more powerful than righteousness, that the "bad man" is stronger than God; and she tried to prove something by an analogy that has no meaning. Apples and boys are not the same; so what is true of one is not necessarily true of the other.

"Bad boys go to the bad place," said this teacher of mine. I believed her. Then she told what bad boys do. I had done some of those things. The conclusion, therefore, was inescapable for me—I was bound for the "bad place." It is true, I might repent and be saved, and often I resolved to do so. But a boy's memory for abstractions is sometimes a short memory. Mine was, except in the case of horrible fear that the "bad man" would some day get me. And my teacher had us keep before us always the belief that Death was hiding somewhere near. I was fairly bold in daylight, figuring that Death could not overtake me, if I saw him coming. But nighttime was something else again. The monster might creep up on me in my sleep!

How I dreaded the night! How I fought off sleep, which seemed to me the forerunner of doom! All because my teacher did not recognize the possibilities of an introspective child's mind.

So I resolved that my children should be spared the terror I had endured.

When our eldest child was big enough to attend Sunday-school the problem came up. I told my wife I did not want her to attend. And I told her why.

"YOU are condemning one of the best of institutions because one person made a mistake," said my wife.

"Our little girl is the same as I was," I replied. "She is introspective, logical, serious. I'm trying to protect her."

"It's a curious kind of protection," she answered, "to deny her religious training."

"I can teach her."

"Yes, you can; but will you?" was my wife's come-back to that.

The battle went on; the problem remained with us for months. Then my wife hit upon the solution.

"You haven't been to Sunday-school in fifteen years," she said. "Maybe they have improved since you were a boy. Anyway, you might attend, and find out. In that way you can be sure what Alice will learn."

My wife is persistent, and extraordinarily wise. She kept at me to return to my early church habits.

"That's the only way you can be sure what they will teach Alice," she urged.

As I have said, my mind worked logically when I was a boy, and it still has a tendency to do so. Therefore, I had to admit my wife's proposal was a fair one. That admission was the beginning of the end of our problem. I met the local minister; met many members of his church. I began to attend. So did our little girl, and I'm bound to admit that I like the ways of that church, Sunday-school included! So I, who had set out to keep our daughter at home, wound up by leading her to Sunday-school.

But if I had found the kind of Sunday-school I used to attend, where stark fear was planted in the minds of small and impressionable children, I most certainly would have kept her at home. Wouldn't you?

L. N. R.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Beginning with the present issue, this department becomes "The Family's Problems," instead of "The Family's Money." Heretofore, it has dealt with money matters only; hereafter, it will deal with any problem common to the average family, money matters included. Educating the children is sometimes a problem. And there are innumerable others, such as getting on with touchy relatives; supervising the selection of children's companions; controlling bad tempers, and so on. All of our readers are invited to contribute articles of about 1,200 words. Those accepted will be paid for promptly.

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THE "RIGHT THING" IN CHOCOLATES FOR VALENTINE'S

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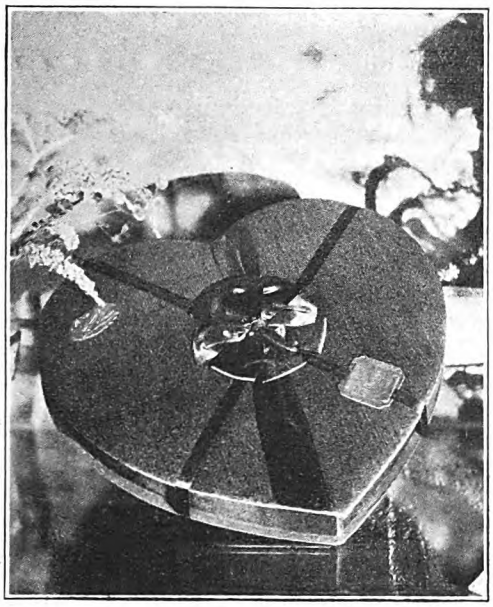

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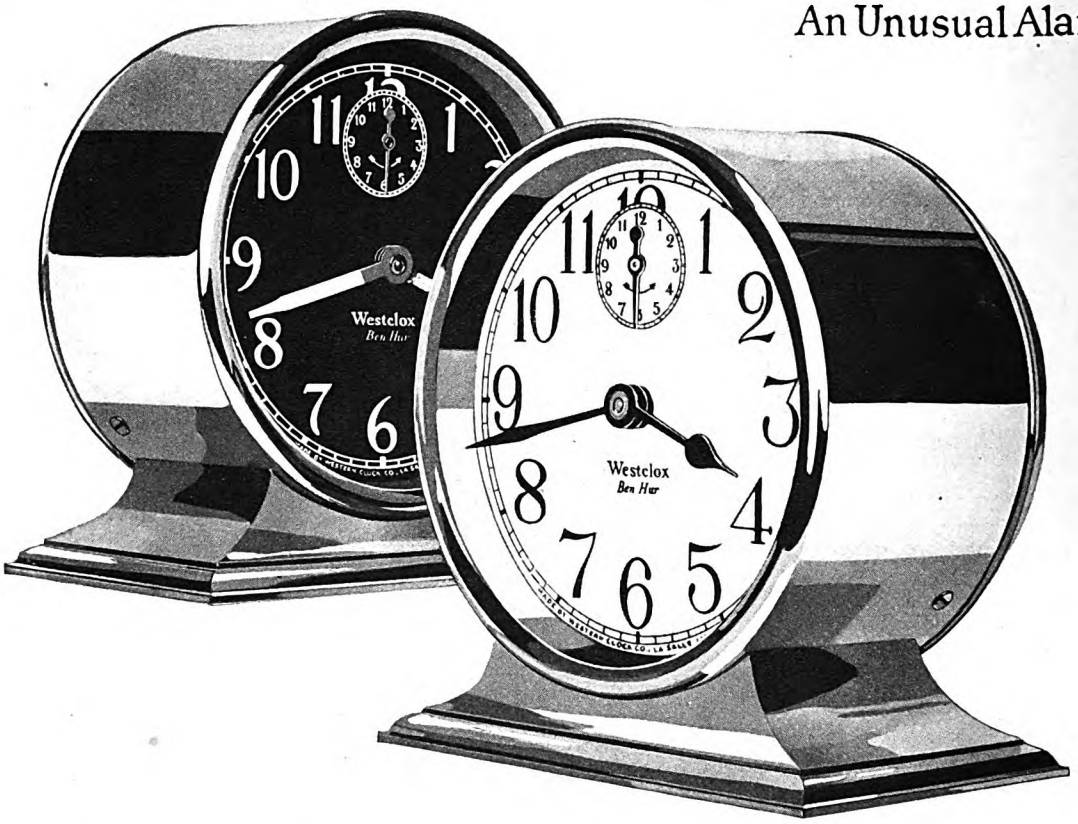

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The American Magazine

March, 1927

MERLE CROWELL, *Editor*
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Managing Editor*

Vol. CIII

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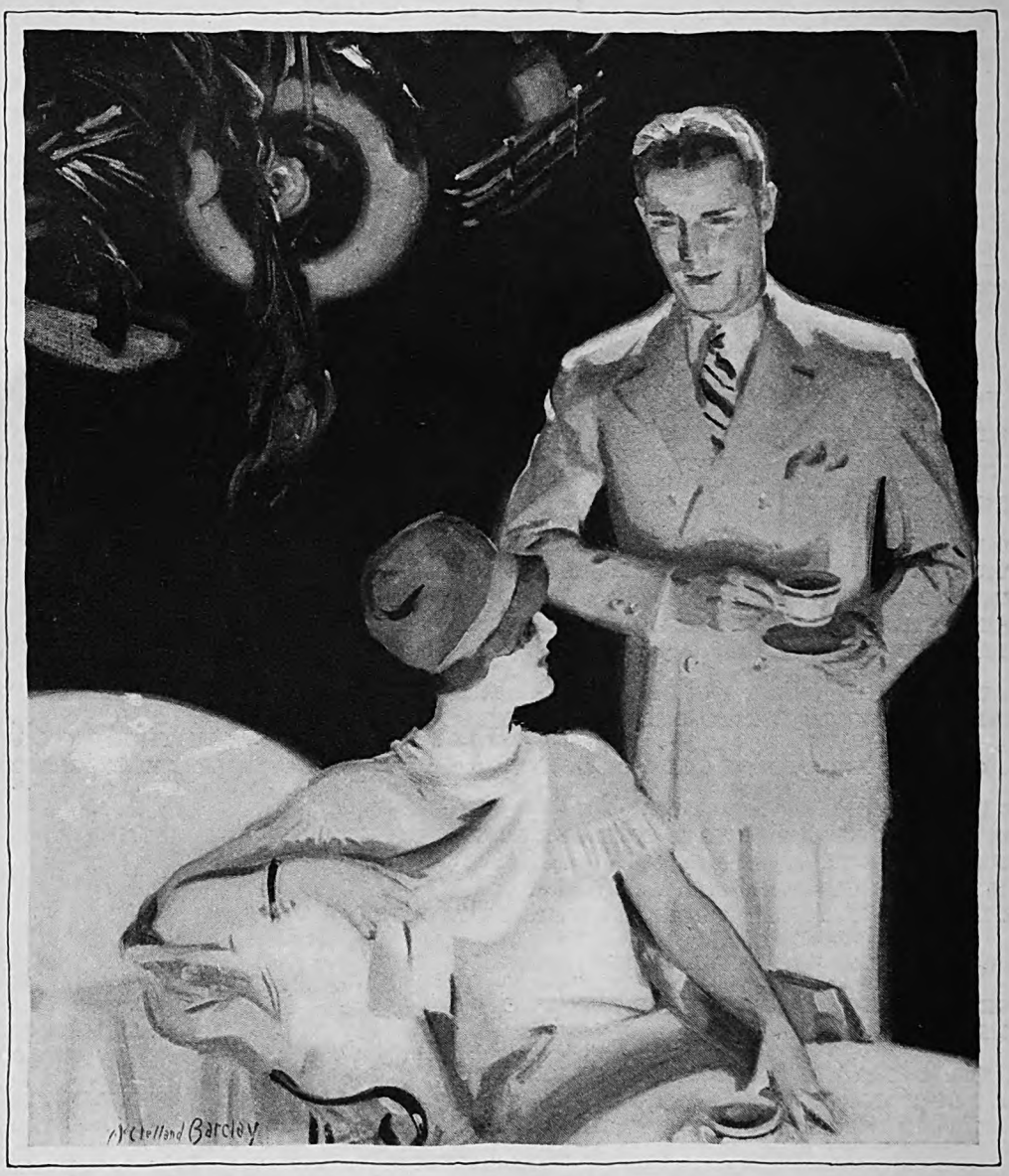

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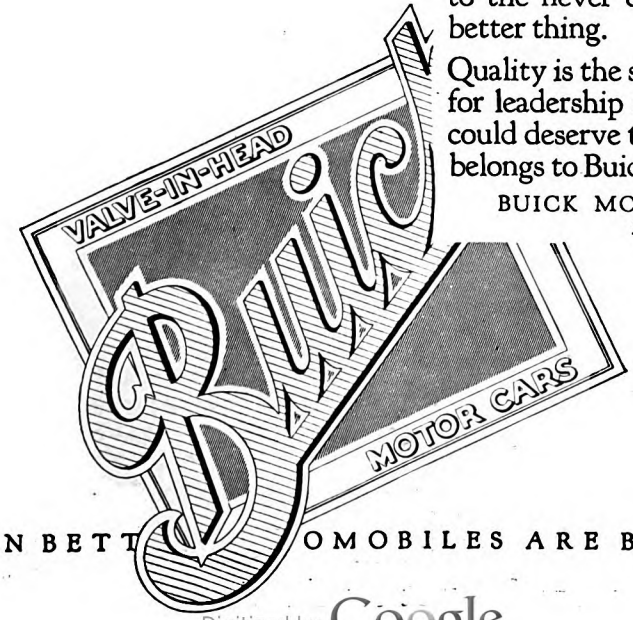

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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This professional shopper buys clothes in 300 New York shops!

"These modern, wispy things," *she says,* "need *extra*-protection . . . a soap safe enough for your face."

NIGHT LETTER from Pinehurst, N. C., to Miss A. T. Holliday, New York City*—Telegram from Birmingham, Ala., to Miss A. T. Holliday, New York City*—

Messages like those shown in the illustration, letters from everywhere, telephone calls from smart New York addresses—all with one plea: "Help us buy clothes"—in they come to the brisk, bright-eyed lady to whom we talked a short time ago.

For this is her business—helping women buy clothes. She has accounts in over 300 New York shops and she knows just the right shop for whatever one wishes—whether it be sets of trousseau crepe de chine, or a woolly skating costume.

In the smartest shops, she says, salespeople advise Ivory suds for the finer silks and woolens

Knowing her to be an authority on clothes we asked her about cleansing the lovely things she buys. And she said: "In practically every shop where I buy, salespeople recommend Ivory for cleansing delicate silks and woolens.

"Just this morning, for instance, I bought a silk sport dress at . .," naming an exclusive specialty shop. "The material was a new one they had imported—a silk with a texture almost like tweed. When I asked the saleswoman whether it would wash, she said, 'Indeed it will. If it is dipped in Ivory suds, it will look just as well as it does now—color, and texture too.'

"Of course, salespeople have this confidence in Ivory," she went on, "because they know it is so pure and mild—really a face soap. It will not fade colors, it will not yellow silks, it will not shrink the wide meshed laces we are using today.

"And the marvelous flexible girdles of silk elastic or with woven elastic inserts, that cost $18 or $25—clean *those* with Ivory—so Helene up at . . ., said the other day. 'Put them in the bathtub,' said she, 'and scrub them with a flesh brush dipped in cool Ivory suds—and you'll be sure to keep the life of the elastic.'"

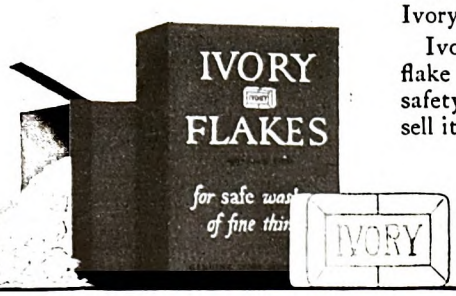
Ivory purity means extra-safety!

This experienced shopper confirms the evidence that comes in from smart shops all over the country that: Salespeople who are constantly asked concerning the finer silks and woolens, "Will they wash?" constantly answer, "Yes, if you use Ivory. Ivory is *safe*."

Ivory Flakes is Ivory soap in feathery flake form for instant suds and *extra* safety. Your grocer and department store sell it in two generous sizes.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*These are not the names which actually appeared in the telegrams.



"Ivory is kind to everything it touches"

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
March, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

The Ten Greatest Thinkers

By Will Durant

THOUGHT baffles definition, because it includes everything through which it might be defined. It is the most immediate fact that we know, and the supreme mystery of our being. All other things come to us as forms of thought, and all human achievements find in thought their source and their goal.

It was through thought that man overcame the beasts that surrounded him; through thought that he freed himself from a thousand obstructive superstitions and a thousand stupefying fears. It was through thought that he accomplished at last his mastery over matter and nature, until now his proud courage bridges the widest streams with great poems of steel and stone, links the distant ports of the world with ships that are floating cities, and gives him wings to fling his challenge to bird and sky. It was through thought that man was made man.

When did the miracle really get under way?

Perhaps when the great surges of ice came down relentlessly from the Pole, chilling the air, destroying vegetation almost everywhere, eliminating countless species of helpless and unadaptable animals, and pushing the survivors into a narrow tropical belt, where for generations they clung to the Equator, waiting for the wrath of the North to melt. Probably it was in those critical days, when all the old and wonted ways of life were nullified by the invading ice, and inherited or traditional patterns of behavior found no success in an environment where everything was altered, that the animals, with comparatively complete but inflexible instinctive equipment, were weeded out, because they could not change; while man, dowered with a precarious plasticity, learned the arts of fire, of cooking and of clothing, weathered the storm, and rose to an unquestioned supremacy over all the species of the forest and the field.

It was in some such life-and-death emergency as this, presumably, that human reasoning received its great stimulus.

From that obscure age to our own place and time, the history of civilization has been the adventure of human reason. At every step on the stairway of progress, it was thought that lifted us, slowly and tentatively, to a larger power and a higher life. If ideas do not determine history, inventions do; and inventions are determined by ideas. Certainly it is desire, the restlessness of our insatiable wants, that agitates us into thinking; but however motived or inspired, it is thought that finds a way.

WE NEED not settle, then, the ancient dispute between those hero-worshipers, like Carlyle and Nietzsche, who interpret history in terms of great men, and those hero-scorners who, like Spencer and Marx, see only economic causes behind historical events; we may be sure that no pressure of economic circumstance would ever have sufficed to advance mankind if the illuminating spark of thought had not intervened.

Perhaps Tarde and James are right, and all history is a succession of inventions made by genius and turned into conventions by the people, a series of initiatives taken by adventurous leaders and spread among the masses of mankind by the waves of imitation. There is no doubt that at the summit of every age some heroic genius stands, the voice and index of his time, the inheritor and interpreter of the past, the guide and pioneer into the future.

If we could find in each epoch of unfolding civilization the representative and dominating figure in its thought, we should

DOCTOR DURANT is one of the outstanding scholars of the times. His love always has been for learning, his passion for philosophy. From his boyhood days—when he saved his pennies until he had accumulated fourteen cents, and walked four miles to buy a book—up to the present, when his own book, "The Story of Philosophy," has become one of the most popular non-fiction "best sellers" of our generation, he has lived with the great minds of all the ages. For years he read an average of sixteen books a week; yet he did not lose himself in them, but more and more came out of books into the realities of life. He has read Spinoza's masterpiece, "The Ethics," so many times that he could almost restore it if, by some chance, all copies should be destroyed; and he has read Plato's "Republic" and other great works of the thinkers until he is as familiar with them as a baseball fan is with the batting averages of his favorite players.

Out of such a background as this—a background perhaps unequaled by that of any other present-day writer—grew the accompanying article. Here you have a chance to read in boiled-down form what Doctor Durant has learned through many years of unremitting study. He is truly a great scholar, but also he is a man in love with life, with humanity. He is intensely human in his conversation and in his writing. He makes the great thinkers real to you, makes them human beings.

Spinoza is Doctor Durant's favorite philosopher; but such is his mental honesty that he could not include Spinoza in this list of the Ten Greatest Thinkers. "It breaks my heart to leave him out, yet I must," he writes.

Rarely is a magazine privileged to print an article such as this. It is a liberal education in itself.

THE EDITOR.

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have a living panorama of our history.

But as we face the task of selecting these persons of the drama about whom the great play revolves, a dozen difficulties daunt us. What shall be our test of greatness? How, in the great roster of human genius, shall we know whom to omit and whom to name?

Well, we shall be ruthless and dogmatic here; and though it break our hearts, we shall admit no hero to our list whose thought, however subtle or profound, has not had *an enduring influence upon mankind.* This must be our supreme test. We shall try to take account of the originality and scope, the veracity and depth, of each thinker's thought; but what we must bear in mind above all is the extent and persistence of his influence upon the lives and minds of men. Only so can we control in some measure our personal prejudices, and arrive at some moderate impartiality in our choice.

And now, how shall we define a thinker? Presumably, the word will embrace philosophers and scientists; but only these? Shall we include men like Euripides, or Lucretius, or Dante, or Leonardo, or Shakespeare, or Goethe? No; we shall bow humbly to such great names, and class them, despite the reach and fathom of their thought, as only secondarily thinkers, as artists first and above all.

Shall we include such immensely influential religious figures as Jesus, or Buddha, or Augustine, or Luther? No; these great founders and renewers of religion would overlap our term; it was not only thought or reason, but also feeling and noble passion, a mystic vision and an unyielding faith that made them move the world.

Shall we admit into our council of ten those great men of action whose names ring down the corridor of history—men like Pericles, or Alexander, or Cæsar, or Charlemagne, or Cromwell, or Napoleon, or Lincoln? No; if we spread the word *thinker* to catch such heroes in its net, we shall deprive it of its distinctive meaning, and shall fail to catch the significance of thought. We must embrace within it *philosophers* and *scientists* alone. We shall seek for those men who by their thinking, rather than by their action or their passion, have most influenced mankind. We shall search for them in the quiet places of the world, far from the madding crowd; in those obscure corners where great thoughts came to them "as on dove's feet," and where for a moment they saw, as in a transfiguration, the countenance of truth.

Who then shall be first?

CONFUCIUS. At once our doubts and quarrels begin. By what canon shall we include Confucius and omit Jesus or Buddha? By this alone, that he was a moral philosopher rather than a preacher of religious faith; that his call to the noble life was based upon secular motives rather than supernatural considerations; that he far more resembles Socrates than Jesus.

Born (552 B. C.) in an age of chaos, in which the old power and glory of China had passed into feudal disintegration and factional strife, Kung-fu-tse (Confucius) undertook to restore health and order to his country. How? Let him speak:

The illustrious ancients, when they wished to make clear and to propagate the highest virtues in the world, put their states in proper order. Before putting their states in proper order, they regulated their families. Before regulating their families, they cultivated their own selves. Before cultivating their own selves, they perfected their souls. Before perfecting their souls, they tried to be sincere in their thoughts. Before trying to be sincere in their thoughts, they extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such investigation of knowledge lay in the investigation of things, and in seeing them as they really were. When things were thus investigated, knowledge became complete. When knowledge was complete, their thoughts became sincere. When their thoughts were sincere, their souls became perfect. When their souls were perfect, their own selves became cultivated. When their selves were cultivated, their families became regulated. When their families were regulated, their states came to be put into proper order. When their states were in proper order, then the whole world became peaceful and happy.

HERE is a sound moral and political philosophy within the compass of a paragraph. It was a highly conservative system; it exalted manners and etiquette, and scorned democracy; despite its clear enunciation of the Golden Rule, it was nearer to Stoicism than to Christianity. A pupil having asked him should one return good for evil, Confucius replied: "With what then will you recompense kindness? Return good for good, and for evil, justice." He did not believe that all men were equal; it seemed to him that intelligence was not a universal gift. "That whereby man differs from the lower animals is little. Most people throw it away." The greatest fortune of a people would be to keep ignorant persons from public office, and secure their wisest men to rule them.

A great city, Chung-tu, took him at his word and made him magistrate. "A marvelous reformation," we are told, "ensued in the manners of the people. . . . There was an end of crime. . . . Dishonesty and dissoluteness hid their heads. Loyalty and good faith became the characteristic of the men, chastity and docility of the women." It is too good to be true; and probably it did not last very long. But even in his lifetime Confucius's followers understood his greatness, and foresaw the timeless influence he was to have in molding the courtesy and poise and placid wisdom of the Chinese. "His disciples buried him with great pomp. A multitude of them built huts near his grave and remained there, mourning as for a father, for nearly three years. When all the others were gone, Tse-Kung, who had loved him beyond the rest, continued by the grave for three years more, alone."

And now we are faced with new problems. Whole civilizations confront us in which we can find no dominating name, no powerful secular personality voicing and forming his people. It is so in India, and among the Jews, and among the nomad races of Asia Minor's "Fertile Crescent": we have a Buddha, an Isaiah, a Jesus, and a Mohammed, but we have no world-scientists, no world-philosopher. And in another case—perhaps the most lasting and marvelous civilization the world has ever known—we have a hundred Pharaohs, and innumerable relics of a varied art; but no name stands out as that of one who brought the past into the perspective of wisdom, and stamped his influence upon the intellectual development of his nation. We have to pass respectfully by these peoples and these centuries, and consider Periclean Greece.

Why do we love Plato? Because Plato himself was a lover: lover of comrades, lover of the intoxication of dialectical revelry, passionate seeker of the elusive reality behind thoughts and things. We love him for his unstinted energy, for the wild, nomadic play of his fancy, for the joy which he found in life in all its unredeemed and adventurous complexity. We love him because he was alive every minute of his life, and never ceased to grow; such a man can be forgiven for whatever errors he has made. We love him because of his high passion for social reconstruction through intelligent control; because he retained throughout his eighty years that zeal for human improvement which is for most of us the passing luxury of youth; because he conceived philosophy as an instrument not merely for the interpretation but for the remolding of the world. We love him because he worshiped beauty as well as truth, and gave to ideas the living movement of drama, and clothed them in all the radiance of art.

Here in the "Republic" and the "Dialogues" is such a riotous play of the creative imagination as might have made a Shakespeare; here is imagery squandered with lordly abandon; here is humor such as one misses in our ponderous, modern philosophers; here is no system but *all* systems; here is one abounding fountainhead of European thought; here is prose strong and beautiful as the great temples where Greek joy disported itself in marble; here literary prose is born, and born adult.

Plato, then, must be our second name. But we shall have to defend him against a very reasonable challenge. What of old Socrates, almost the father, and surely the greatest martyr, of philosophy? It will seem ridiculous to omit him from a list which will include heroes not half so great as he. The reader must not be shocked to learn that Socrates is half a myth, and only half a man. A learned Frenchman, M. Dupreel (in "La Legende Socratique"), has reduced the noble gadfly to the misty historical status of Achilles, Œdipus, Romulus, and Siegfried. We may be certain that in good measure Socrates owes his fame as a philosopher to the creative imagination of Plato, who used the magnificent idler as the mouthpiece of his views. How much of Plato's Socrates was Socrates, and how much of it was Plato, we shall probably never know. Let us take Plato as implying both.

AS TO Plato's influence, how can we doubt? Consider the Academy which he founded, the first and longest-lived of the universities of the world. Consider the repeated revival of Plato's philosophy, from the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria to the Cambridge Platonists of England. Consider the permeation of modern theology with Platonic thought and symbolism, and the dominance of Plato in the culture of the earlier Middle Ages. Consider the enthusiastic Platonism of the Renaissance, when Lorenzo's table recaptured some of the glory of the Symposium, and Pico della Mirandola burned candles devoutly before the Master's image. Consider that at this moment, in a hundred countries and a thousand cities,

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one hundred thousand students, young and old, are absorbed in the "Republic" or the "Dialogues," are being slowly and gratefully molded into a sensitive wisdom by the ardor and subtlety of Plato. Here is an immortality of the soul which makes almost insignificant the passing of the flesh. His "Dialogues" are among the precious possessions of mankind. Here for the first time philosophy took form; and by the passion and exuberance of youth achieved a perfection unrivaled in later days.

Do you wish to hear noble discourse of love and friendship and the quest of beauty? Read the "Lysis," the "Charmides," and the "Phædrus." Would you know what a great and tender soul thought of another life? Read the "Phædo," whose final pages are one of the peaks in the history of prose. Are you interested in the puzzles of the mind, in the elusive mystery of knowledge? Read the "Parmenides" and the "Theætetus." Are you interested in anything? Read the "Republic": here you shall find metaphysics, ethics, psychology, theology, theory of education, theory of statesmanship, theory of art; here you shall find feminism and birth control, communism and socialism, with all their virtues and their difficulties, eugenics and libertarian education, aristocracy and democracy, vitalism and psychoanalysis—what shall you not find here? No wonder Emerson awarded to the "Republic" the words which the occasionally pious Omar had written of the "Koran": "Burn the libraries, for their value is in this book."

PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO.

Dr. Will Durant was born in North Adams, Massachusetts, forty-one years ago. He was graduated from Columbia University with the Doctor of Philosophy degree in 1917, and for a time taught in that institution. He is now director of Labor Temple School, one of New York's most successful experiments in adult education. This picture shows him with his little daughter

ALL the world would agree that Aristotle must be in our list. The Middle Ages called him "The Philosopher," as if to say that he embodied the type at the summit of its perfection. It is not that we love him; the texts he has left behind him expound so monotonously a passionless moderation that, after feeling the radiance of Plato, we freeze at the touch of the Stagirite's tempered mind. But it is unfair to rate him by his books; we know now that they were but hasty notes made sometimes by himself, sometimes by his students, for the guidance or remembrance of his lectures; it would be absurd to judge him by comparing these technical fragments with the vivid dialogues through which Plato won for the first time a public audience for philosophy.

But let us once overcome this barrier of scholastic terminology and scornfully concentrated thought, and we shall find ourselves in the presence of an intellect of almost unbelievable depth and range. Here is a circumnavigation of the globe such as no mind has accomplished since; here every problem in science and philosophy has its consideration, its illumination, and a defensible solution; here knowledge is brought together as if through a thousand spies, and coördinated into a united vision of the world. Here the phraseology of philosophy is born; to-day it is hardly possible to think without using the mintage of Aristotle's brain.

Here is wisdom; calm, temperate, and wellnigh complete, as of a limitless intelligence majestically overspreading life. Here are new sciences, founded with almost casual ease, as if these supreme creations of the human intellect were but the recreations of a philosopher; here it is that biology appears, and embryology, and logic. Not that no man had ever thought of these matters before; but that none had controlled his thinking with patient observation, careful experiment, and systematic formulation of results. Barring astronomy and medicine, the history of science begins with the encyclopedic labors of the tireless Stagirite.

OF THOSE whom I am listing, Confucius alone has had as great an influence. Everybody knows how, at Alexandria and in Imperial Rome, the work of Aristotle became the foundation of advancing science; how, in the thirteenth century, his philosophical writings, brought by the invading Moors to reawakened Europe, played a fertilizing rôle in the development of Scholastic philosophy; how the great "Summæ" of that virile age were only adaptations of the "Metaphysics" and the "Organon;" how Dante placed Aristotle first among all thinkers—"master of those who know;" how the westward migration of Byzantine teachers after the fall of Constantinople brought the last lost treasures of his thought to the eager students of the Renaissance; and how this quiet sovereignty of one man over a millennium of intellectual history came to an end only with the audacious irreverence of Occam and Ramus, the experimental science of Roger Bacon, and the innovating philosophy of Francis Bacon. We shall not find again, in this tour of the world upon which we are engaged, another name that for so long inspired and enthralled the minds of men.

So Greece flits by, and we come to Rome. Who were the great thinkers there? Lucretius first and finest of all. Yet, because his philosophy was not his own, but with modest candor was ascribed to Epicurus, and because his influence upon his time and upon posterity was esoteric and sporadic, touching only the topmost minds, we shall have to (*Continued on page 103*)

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She stood still, stunned into speechlessness by his manner, his voice, his foolish, passionate accusation

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The Sloane Temper

A story of a young wife who would not admit defeat

By Sophie Kerr

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE HOSKINS

RHODA SLOANE was getting supper and contemplating her bogy. It *was* a bogy, she supposed, though she found it hard to believe in its existence. She had not actually encountered it, but so many people assured her it was there; and now and then, at long intervals, she heard the scrape of its claws, or caught a glimpse of the least dark edge of its shadow. Yet she couldn't quite think it was real, and she couldn't quite think it was unreal.

Now, it is not exceptional to find a young wife with a bogy—Mrs. Bluebeard set the fashion, many, many years ago, and it has always had followers, though most of them have escaped Mrs. Bluebeard's tragic fate. Some of these bogies are real enough, and bad enough. Some of them live, I regret to say, mostly in the realm of overstimulated feminine imagination. And Rhoda Sloane was not at all sure that hers did not live there. That shows what a sensible girl she was, for most women with vivid fancies prefer to keep them overstimulated rather than to test their truth.

She was hurrying supper, because Arthur would be very hungry. He had gone to mend the bridge of the creek that meandered through the Sloane acres; it had been washed askew by a violent storm. It was Arthur's way to make repairs at once, when anything went wrong. Rhoda smiled at the apples she was peeling, not because of the excellence of the fruit but because she was thinking of Arthur, his quick eagerness, his impulsive rushing at everything, his haste to get at things and get them done. He was a darling, Arthur! And hers, her very own.

She was not quite accustomed to the idea that this tall, good-looking dark young man was her husband, that she was Mrs. Arthur Sloane, and living on a farm; she, who, until her wedding day six months before, had known the country only from a car window, or an occasional short visit to some up-state cousins.

The country—what hadn't she not known about the country! She was greener than the grass in her own front yard when she arrived at her new home after the wedding trip. Arthur was out in the fields all day, so she had to struggle alone with the cooking stove that burned only wood—she'd always used a gas range; with oil lamps, where she was accustomed to electricity; with a water supply that must be pumped into a tank by a coughing gasolene engine of which she was mortally afraid; with a vegetable and flower garden, when her sole experience of making plants grow was with Chinese lily bulbs in a bowl of water.

Thank heaven there was a telephone, and her neighbors' wives were more than kind in advice and help and direction. She had never let Arthur know of the questions she had asked them—he would have teased her so.

But she had learned, oh, she had learned so much! She could start and stop the gasolene engine now, without a flicker of uneasiness. She could drive the flivver. She had learned the elements of emergency farm meals, so different from emergency city meals. She had the cook stove pretty well tamed. She actually enjoyed getting up nearly three hours earlier than she had ever done before. She had brought her two gardens flourishingly through a dry summer, and she had canned and dried and preserved and jellied and pickled, with a success that surprised no one so much as herself. Oh, she had become a good farmer's wife, all right. Only, now and then, she forgot things. There were so many, many details, each so different, so new.

But Arthur had been wonderful. He had helped her; he had never said a word when she cooked meals that were uneatable, or ran the flivver into a ditch, or didn't remember about the chickens, or failed in a hundred other ways that had cost her hot tears of chagrin. He had comforted her, petted her, told her it didn't matter, that she was doing splendidly, that if she cried he'd feel that he wasn't making her happy, and so on and so on.

She put her apples into a saucepan and flaunted these memories before her bogy. "He's just as kind and good and thoughtful and dear as he can be—all the time! Never so much as one impatient look, and I was such a *simpleton!*"

IT WAS all the more amazing, because they had known each other only two months before they married, had met twice only. A real romance, her girl friends called it. A jump in the dark, her married sister, with whom she lived, had warningly suggested. But Arthur and Rhoda called it love, and that was good enough for them.

He had come to the city to consult a lawyer about various delayed claims against the railroad, and Rhoda was the secretary of the firm to which he had been directed. No sooner had he seen her than, click, it happened.

"When you came walking out of that office and said Mr. Eldredge would see me in a few minutes," he told her later, "and you looked at me with those round blue eyes, I almost picked you up and kissed you. I wanted to snatch you and run away with you. I knew you were my girl!"

Rhoda cherished that speech in the deeps of her own heart as a miser cherishes a bag of gold. His girl! Well, she knew it too as soon as he did. She wouldn't have cared if he *had* picked her up and run away with her that morning. Only a woman who has been courted tempestuously, imperiously, can know the joy and thrill of it. Rhoda never even suspected the bogy—then.

SHE couldn't understand it when her brother-in-law remarked dubiously that Arthur looked very self-willed, very headstrong, when her sister said, right out, "bad-tempered," and the two of them agreed that she was running a great risk to marry him and go away off among strange people, and on a farm, too. She liked him to be self-willed; she liked him to be headstrong, and rush her off her feet. As for temper— "Well, I'm no angel child myself, Sis," was her answer to that.

She had felt a serious doubt or two about the farm, though she didn't admit it openly. Arthur was a real farmer, not a farmer *de luxe*, he assured her. But when she saw the place, the comfortable, substantial brick house where generations of Sloanes had lived, the trees, the garden, the wide and fertile fields, the mighty barns, the contented cattle, she had warmed to it with all her heart. After the little city apartment, the daily battle with the subway, this was glorious.

But she soon found out that her sister had sensed the thing that was to be her bogy when she said that Arthur looked bad-tempered. Some of the older women among her neighbors spoke, half jokingly but half fearfully, of "the Sloane temper." Little drifts of comment came to her, half-sentences she had not been intended to hear, and keenly inquisitive looks that went from her to Arthur and back again to her, looks that were not justified in their curiosity even by her place as a stranger in the community. Sometimes there was solicitude in those looks too, and pity. All this gave the bogy shape and substance, even if she had not met him personally.

At last she could endure it no longer. She went deliberately to see Mrs. Bristol, her nearest neighbor and the best-hearted, kindest soul who ever made herself mentor, guide, and teacher to a young wife, and asked her whether the Sloanes really did have such awful tempers, and why people talked so about it.

Mrs. Bristol was as frank in her answer. "All the Sloane men," she said, "have been high-steppers from 'way back. They go along easy and pleasant as the next one, full of fun, jolly; and then some little thing, the most unlikely, absurd little thing, something you'd never dream of, will upset 'em, and then—"

She paused: "I don't want to scare you, or give you a wrong impression. But if Art ever blazes out at you over nothing at all, and talks so mean and

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Rhoda could have screamed, for sheer nerves. The moment was a lifetime of restraint

cruel you can hardly believe it's him, and then has one of his long silent spells, don't worry. He can't help his temper any more than he can help having black hair and those long, curly black lashes, pretty, like a girl's. Temper's in the Sloane family, and Art got a double dose, for his mother was as flary as his father. She was a Sloane too, in a way, a distant connection, and they—well, cat and dog would be a sweet dream to the life they led. And finally he went off out West and got in a quarrel with a man, and got shot. You knew about that?"

"Yes; Arthur told me." Rhoda tried not to feel appalled.

"And his mother died when he was twenty; but before that there'd been some mighty high ructions betwixt mother and son. There can't be but one temper in the house with a Sloane temper, that's certain. But otherwise they're the salt of the earth."

"But Arthur never shows a sign; he wasn't even peeved when I broke the separator, or when I burnt up the dinner for the threshing crew. It doesn't seem possible that he's got anything like that, underneath!"

"Maybe marrying you has driven his devil out," said Mrs. Bristol. "I hope so. But—anyway, you know now, and won't be surprised if he does fly off some time. Don't you make any mistake, Rhoda; I love Art 'most as well as if he were one of my own. I've known him since the day he was born, and he's a grand boy, honest and straight and smart, and a worker. He can't help it if he was born marked with the Sloane temper, twice over, you see, on account of his mother. But what's temper? I'd a heap rather be married to a bad-tempered man than to a lazy one, and none of us is perfect, or likely to be."

AFTER this conversation Rhoda had gone home feeling that she was married to a man she didn't know at all. Her bogy had now taken definite form. In a word, it was a relief to know exactly what she dreaded. Why she had not talked it out with Arthur instead of with Mrs. Bristol was a question she did not dare ask herself, for in the answer lay an acknowledgment of weakness—and of something more. It meant that she suspected, was aware of this part in Arthur's nature which was unfathomable, even by her affection, which was unapproachable, even by her faith.

And yet, and yet—when she came home and found him energetically filling her wood box to kill time until she arrived and he could take her out to view six Jersey Red shoats he'd just bought at a bargain, she couldn't believe it. Arthur, the owner of a frightful temper! Arthur, bitter of speech, harsh, dour! Arthur, in a spell of cruel, disregarding silence, dumb with rage against her! Impossible to believe! She figuratively made a face at the bogy, and baked popovers for supper as a silent apology to Arthur for talking about him to Mrs. Bristol.

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and suspense. At last he reached out slowly, put his hand on the cover, and set it aside

And yet—and yet—only the week afterward, a little black rift of fear broke the blue sky of her serenity. She heard him telling one of the hired hands what he thought of some neglect in feeding the cattle, and his voice held such cold venom, his words were so barbed and poisoned that Rhoda put her hands over her ears and ran away to the house to wait there fearfully until he came in. His black brows were still bent in a scowl, but he relaxed when he saw her. "Had to bawl Miller out again," he said. "If anything makes me sore it's a man who isn't on the square with the stock. He knows they can't tell on him—that's what makes it so dog-mean!"

Certainly, she couldn't blame him for scolding Miller for such a reason, but she knew his rebuke had far outweighed the offense.

There had been something in his voice akin to murder. She felt that if he ever spoke like that to her, she would die, drop right down dead with horror and anguish. But—he never did—he never, never would!

Yet the memory of that day had recurred, in spite of her will to cast it out forever; and even now, as she bustled about to put the last touches on the supper table, it was with her. She lit the big lamp in the kitchen. She cut bread for toast. She beat eggs into ground-up bits of meat and bread and seasoning, and slipped the dish into the oven, where it would turn into a soufflé, though Arthur persisted in calling it "angel hash." She brought out a dish of cole slaw, crisply fresh and delicately creamy. She dashed cold water into the boiling coffee and moved it to the back of the stove to settle.

ALONG with the soufflé in the oven were escalloped tomatoes, and potatoes baking to dry mealiness. The dairy outside yielded cream, butter, cottage cheese. There were raisin cookies to eat with apple sauce and cream, for dessert. A good supper for a hungry man who had been working outdoors all day; and with a look at the clock, Rhoda realized that it was high time for the hungry man to appear. A moment later she heard his step outside.

He came bursting in at the side door as if the November wind had blown him there. "Hello, darling girl!" he said gayly. "Any news? I'm starving!"

She flung him a kiss. "I was just getting worried about you—thought you'd fallen into the creek. Supper's ready. Are you all through with your chores?"

"Every one."

He went to wash his hands, and Rhoda brought the food to the little round table. She hummed a tune, it was so jolly to be young and happy and capable. She loved her warm kitchen, with its shining brown floor, its clear yellow walls, its curtains of dotted muslin, its handy shelves and twinkling pans, and it was all brightened and cheered since Arthur had come in.

Over their cozy meal they talked. Rhoda had news (*Continued on page 166*)

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"Think It'll Rain?"

Some of the old weather signs and proverbs may help you answer that question, but most of them are useless—The moon doesn't control weather, and there's nothing to the ground hog as a prophet—Tips for amateur forecasters

By Stuart Mackenzie

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE

HERE and now, for the first time, I confess that I always have yearned to be a weather prophet. A good one, I mean, like Anna Nordberg, who has presided over our kitchen for an incredible period—almost twelve years.

Anna will cock a wise eye, give the heavens the once-over, and calmly issue edicts which we unhesitatingly follow. If Anna says it will rain, we go forth armed with umbrellas, even though the sun is shining. If she says "frost," our tomato vines pass the night under a blanket of newspapers.

Anna came from Finland, where she acquired weather lore in the school which Nature holds in the fields and under the open sky. That school has been going on since the days of the cave-man; and the lessons which have been learned there have come down to us in the form of "weather proverbs."

But when Anna Nordberg came to this country, she found that some weather proverbs, which were all right in Finland, were all wrong in America. So she promptly took a sort of post-graduate weather course over here, and learned to meet local conditions.

Unfortunately, many of your pet weather signs have not been put to this test. You glibly repeat the old, old proverbs, not knowing that some of them came from lands whose weather habits are totally unlike those of your own locality. Naturally, your predictions often prove to be misfits.

Worse still, some of the weather sayings in which you have blind faith are absolutely worthless, because they are based on superstition. Perhaps, for example, you are one of the millions who stubbornly cling to the idea that the weather changes when the moon changes.

I say "stubbornly," because men of science have told us, over and over again, that the changes of the moon do not affect the weather. The facts are stated in a verse which says:

The moon and the weather
May change together;
But change of the moon
Does *not* change the weather.

This has been proved by countless records. Yet some of the most intelligent people among my own friends go right on assuring me that the weather will change on a certain night, "because the moon will change then."

As if the moon did not "change" as much one night as another! It does not leap abruptly, say, on Friday night, from third quarter to full moon. For that matter, even if it were only a slender crescent on one night and a great full moon on the next, this sudden transition would not alter the weather.

ACCORDING to popular belief, the power of the moon works either way. If rain is needed, just wait till the moon changes! If there is too much rain, it will stop when the moon changes! These blind believers don't try to explain this contradiction. They merely assert it.

They declare also that the moon has a mysterious power over growing things, such as crops and even human hair! According to some prophets, the former must be planted and the latter cut, "in the dark of the moon." According to others, it must be done "in the light of the moon."

These are nothing but superstitious notions. Men who are scientifically weather-wise dismiss them with contempt. With equal scorn, they brush aside other old favorites among our weather proverbs. *But not all of them!* Some of these time-honored sayings are, as one authority puts it, nuggets of pure gold among those which are only fool's gold. And, since the weather is of absorbing interest to every one of us, this article will supply you with some of these genuine nuggets of wisdom.

The first contribution to your stock will be a proverb which has both rhyme and reason. In various forms it has been current for thousands of years. You will find it even in the Bible, where it is quoted by Jesus Himself in His reply to the Pharisees and Sadducees when they asked for a sign from heaven. He answered them:

When it is evening, ye say, "It will be fair weather; for the sky is red." And in the morning, "It will be foul weather to-day; for the sky is red and lowering."

Even then, apparently, these two weather signs were time-honored ones. To-day, almost two thousand years later, they have lost none of their prestige. We express the same idea in such rhymes as:

Red at night, sailors' delight.
Red in the morning, sailors take warning.

Evening red and morning gray
Help the traveler on his way.
Evening gray and morning red.
Bring down rain upon his head.

This is one popular proverb which has a basis of truth—as the scientists will explain to you in a dozen pages sprinkled with "furthermore" and "therefore" and "hence, we see." To boil down their twenty pages into a few paragraphs, here are the main facts:

DIFFERENT colors have different wave lengths. Sunlight, passing through our atmosphere, always encounters myriads of dust particles, innumerable air molecules, and more or less moisture, or water vapor. All these things affect the passage of the various wave lengths; and the color of the sky, as we see it, depends on the wave lengths which finally reach our eyes.

Most of our storms come from a westerly quarter. When the atmospheric conditions to the west of us are those which accompany rain, the effect on the rays of light is such that the sky, in that direction, looks to us grayish or whitish. So, when the western sky is gray at sunset, it indicates that there are rain conditions approaching. If, the next morning, the sunrise is red, lighting up the under surface of the clouds that have crept up from the west, it indicates that the fair weather is in the east—where it will do us no good, since rain may be coming from the west.

Conditions are reversed

As a weather prophet the ground hog is a fake

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when the sky is red at evening; for this means that the red wave lengths, which accompany fair-weather conditions, are in the direction from which our weather is approaching.

There are similar proverbs about rainbows; and these, too, are based on truth. If we see a rainbow in the morning, it must be in the west; for a rainbow is always *opposite* the sun. Most of our showers come from the west. Consequently, a morning rainbow, since it is in the west, means that the shower is approaching. But when we see one in late afternoon or early evening, it is in the east, and the sun is in the west. So the rain—at least that shower—has passed beyond us.

In asserting that the moon has no control over our weather, I did not mean to imply that all our moon proverbs must be thrown into the discard. The moon has no appreciable effect on our atmosphere; but our atmosphere does affect the *appearance* of the moon, as we see it. Hence, as our friends the scientists would say, there are some perfectly good weather proverbs along that line.

"Clear moon, frost soon" is one of these. The earth's surface radiates at night the heat it has absorbed during the day; and it radiates it much *faster* on a clear night than on a cloudy one. Hence, the temperature near the ground falls much lower, and we may have frost. Of course, this has nothing to do with the moon. It depends on the "clearness" of the air, its relative lack of humidity.

Here are other moon proverbs which have been officially approved:

Pale moon doth rain,
Red moon doth blow,
White moon doth neither
rain nor snow.

If the moon show a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field;
But if she rises haloed 'round,
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground.

The pale moon, in this case, is not the same as the clear white or silver one. The latter indicates that the air is comparatively dry. But the "pale" moon is wan and misty; and this appearance, as well as a halo around the moon, is caused by very thin clouds which are the advance agents of rain. In other cases, much moisture in the atmosphere makes the moon appear red; and this humidity is likely to result later in rain.

EVERY four weeks we have a new moon. Unless you are incredibly unobserving, you know that sometimes it hangs at one angle, sometimes at another. According to most amateur weather prophets, this angle is an important weather sign.

If the crescent is in a position where its hollow will "hold water," they say it is a dry moon, and that the month will be a fair one. But if the crescent is at an angle which would spill water out of its hollow, it is a wet moon, and we are in for a rainy month.

This is a poetic fancy; but it contains less truth than poetry. In fact, it is all poetry and no truth, except when mere chance coincidence occasionally makes it seem true.

Sometimes we do have a rainy month following one of these "wet moons," and a fair month following a "dry moon." But, just as often, we have *exactly the reverse*. There is absolutely no connection between the two. If you go on repeating this old adage, you may be a poet, but you are no weather prophet.

"THE old moon in the new moon's arms" is another weather sign which, in the popular proverbs, accommodatingly works both ways. Some people assert that this phenomenon is a portent of foul weather. Others claim that it promises fine weather.

In this case, the sign actually does work both ways, depending on *why* the old moon is seen in the new moon's arms.

This can be relied upon as a sure sign of wind

Sometimes it is visible because the air is exceptionally free from dust and water vapor; so crystal clear, so uniform in density and temperature, that even the feeble light rays from the "old moon" reach us. Then, since these air conditions favor fair weather, we are likely to have it.

But we may see the old moon in the embrace of the new because masses of clouds west of us are reflecting an unusual amount of light from the earth to the moon. In that case, the foul weather prediction is likely to come true; for these western clouds are headed our way.

However, the phenomenon is probably due more to great clearness of the air rather than to reflected light; and so whatever slight value it has as a sign is chiefly on the fair-weather side.

Occasionally, as you must have noticed, a very clear sky is followed by a change to bad weather. But in this case, the clear air, which enables you to glimpse the old moon, is rushing down in advance of a swiftly approaching storm.

Since you can hardly be expected to figure out these various conditions, the less you say about this particular sign the better record you will make as a prophet.

You won't score so many misses if you pin your faith to proverbs like this one:

When the stars begin to huddle
The earth will soon become a puddle.

That is a jingle which really has the ring of truth. Of course the stars never "huddle" together; but Dr. W. J. Humphreys, of the United States Weather Bureau, gives an interesting explanation of the use of the word in this connection.

"When a mist forms over the sky," he says, "as it does on the forward side of a storm, the smaller stars cease to be visible, and the brighter ones shine dimly, with a blur of light about them, each looking like a small confused *cluster* of stars. Hence the erroneous idea that stars huddle together, just before a rain, and scatter about at another time.

"Possibly 'huddle,' in this proverb, has the obsolete meaning of 'hide;' and it is usually true that, 'When the stars begin to hide, soon the rain will betide.' These fading, hiding, huddling stars do indicate rain, because they show increasing humidity and haze."

Science has robbed us of so many pretty fancies about the weather that I am almost pathetically grateful for those I am permitted to keep. For instance, there is one which I hope you are as fond of as I am. It is the one about the stars which are visible inside of a halo around the moon. According to tradition, the number of days before a storm comes will be the same as the number of stars you can count between the moon and the ring surrounding it.

The scientists admit that this is "more or less" true. If conditions favor rain, we see only the brightest stars; and the nearer the rain, the fewer the stars. Of course, this applies to the sky in general, with or without a moon or a halo around it. But I like to count those encircled stars. If it happens to be a Sunday night, I say, "That one is Monday; and that is Tuesday; and there's Wednesday;" and so on. They are not stars, but the shining symbols of pleasant days to come—perhaps.

ONE of the weather signs which used to puzzle me was the twinkling of the stars. In the first place, I didn't understand why they twinkled, anyway; or why they twinkled more on some nights than on others.

It seems that the stars twinkle, or do not twinkle, according to the conditions of the air through which we see them. Our atmosphere is always in layers of different density and temperature. If these contrasts are strong, and if the layers are moved about and mixed by wind, the amount of refraction of the rays of light from a star is constantly changing. In other words, it appears to twinkle. Look at it through a telescope, and it seems to be doing a regular jazz dance.

Now, a storm is often preceded by these movements (*Continued on page 173*)

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"Don't Worry— Thompson Will Handle The Job!"

So spoke the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, when asked how a particularly difficult piece of construction was to be managed—And Arthur W. Thompson handled it, with the same speed and sureness that have enabled him to meet numerous critical situations in his work as an engineer and as a public utility executive

By William S. Dutton

TWENTY-ODD years ago a reporter, wise in men and the world, sat at a battered desk in a newspaper city room in Baltimore and made a prophecy regarding Arthur W. Thompson, a young civil engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Said he, "When a man can smile at six o'clock in the morning, with a toothache, the foreman drunk, the bridge down, a snowstorm coming up, and the coffee cold, —well, he'll be general manager of the railroad some day. And if he keeps that smile he'll go much further than that."

The reporter had been "out on the line." He had seen young Thompson under the fire of emergency. He had seen an old bridge toppled into the river and a new steel bridge raised into its place, all within twelve minutes' time and without delay to a single train, thanks to the genius of this twenty-nine-year-old engineer.

Let's leap over the twenty-odd years, and see what happened to the prophecy.

The United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, with the hundred concerns in which it has holdings or owns outright, is a billion-dollar aggregation. It is a holding, management, engineering, and contracting company, controlling and managing gas works and electric light and power plants throughout the country, and a builder of gas and electric plants. The total gross earnings of all its interests exceed $257,000,000 annually. The plant and other investments are in excess of $1,152,000,000, and the total capitalization is $1,077,000,000. Its presidency is a mighty big job.

And yet, a few months ago, this great industrial empire elected as its president the man who could smile at six in the morning with a toothache, and who to-day, at fifty-one, still is able to meet trouble before breakfast, and smile.

Now, anybody can smile when the going is good. The politician smiles when he seeks your vote. You smile if the boss doubles your salary, or the home team wins the pennant. Anybody *can* smile then; and so can A. W. Thompson, for he is a very human sort of a chap.

But—

Thompson can smile also when he smiles alone, when a smile is the weight of a hair's difference between winning and losing. He has smiled as a public utility chief in a hostile and angry city, and made that city, to a man, smile with him. He has smiled at what men said were impossible engineering problems, and broken world's records in doing them. He has smiled when a slip meant disgrace and his job, and jumped from that job to a bigger one. As a boy he smiled when the hometown bank failed and stripped his family of its last penny, saved by his mother to send him through college; and he went through college anyway, "on his own"!

EIGHT years ago the street railway system in Pittsburgh was in the hands of receivers. Its equipment was dilapidated. The cars were out-of-date. The owning company was cartooned by the newspapers.

One of its directors, tired of meeting deficits, said, "The company is criticized as being inhuman and soulless. Then let's humanize it, let us give it a soul. There is one man I know who can do this, if he will."

The name he mentioned was that of Arthur Thompson, then a vice president of the Baltimore and Ohio.

Thompson came to Pittsburgh, a steam railroader trained, a mover of freight, and a builder of bridges. In no sense was he a street railway man. Admittedly, he was brilliant. Some said he was a genius. But brilliancy, and even genius, could not have won Pittsburgh. The city was out for the street-car system's blood.

Seven years in all, Thompson was in Pittsburgh, the head not alone of its railways but also of its gas and electric services. And September last, when he left to take the job in Philadelphia, the street railway deficit had been turned to a profit. Stock quoted at nineteen when he took hold had risen to seventy-five. New cars were on the streets, and new tracks. Fares had been lowered. A vast program of reconstruction and expansion, backed by banks and business alike, was under way.

But Thompson's victory was greater than mere material changes possibly could suggest. During those seven brief years he had won Pittsburgh and its citizens. He had won the mayor and the city government. He had won the newspapers and the banks. This victory belonged to the man himself.

He had come to Pittsburgh to assume what friends warned would be a thankless task. He left, a popular idol, with an honorary degree conferred by the University of Pittsburgh, and a high place in the public's esteem.

There is one thing sure: a scowl didn't win Pittsburgh to Arthur Thompson, nor did it win him his post with the United Gas Improvement Company.

The latter company has no financial troubles—it hasn't missed a dividend in thirty-five years. But it also operates public utilities; its day-in and day-out business is with cities, and towns, and *people*. It has use for a president who can smile!

Thompson, christened Arthur Webster, was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, in 1875, the only boy in a family of four. Through his mother, he is descended from the famous family which gave John Webster, one of Connecticut's early governors, to the Colonies, and Noah Webster, author of the dictionary, to America. His father, Sheldon E. Thompson, and his paternal grandfather were both veterans of the Civil War.

They weren't rich, these Thompsons, nor lucky. Sheldon Thompson, after the failure of two enterprises he was connected with, chose railroading. He helped build the water services of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, in Illinois; was an erecting foreman with the Michigan Central, the Indianapolis and St. Louis, and was among the pioneers who drove the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé through from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast.

THIS was adventure, the kind that a boy dreams about. Arthur, shuttled from one railroad camp to another, saw the steel rails of progress cross deserts, pierce mountains and span chasms.

"Gee!" he announced, with all the fervor and faith of age five, "I'm going to build railroads too, when I get big!"

And when he skinned a shin or hurt a finger, he choked back the tears and laughed, as the men did. There is something about this railroad building that gets into the blood.

When the boy was seven, his father returned to Pennsylvania to become a foreman in the big (*Continued on page 182*)

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Photograph by Bachrach

Arthur W. Thompson

AFTER years of experience as a railroad man, Mr. Thompson entered the municipal public utility field, and is now president of the United Gas Improvement Company, of Philadelphia, a billion-dollar corporation. He was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, fifty-one years ago. He served the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in various capacities, rising from an obscure employee in engineering to general manager and vice president. While with this road, Mr. Thompson performed many remarkable bridge-building and other construction feats. Before coming to his present position he reorganized the Pittsburgh street railway system.

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Harry Pidgeon

THE lure of the sea, the mystery of remote places, and the love of adventure completely ruined Harry Pidgeon's career as a farmer. But these things, plus his own nerve, have made him one of the most remarkable adventurers now living. His voyage of 35,000 miles around the world in a 34-foot yawl is one of the epics of the sea. At the left is Captain Pidgeon's yawl, the "Islander," which he built, and in which he sailed alone to the islands and continents he had longed to visit. The voyage lasted from November 18th, 1921, to October 13th, 1925.

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Around The World Alone Sailed This Iowa Farmer

When Harry Pidgeon was a boy he read of glamorous far-off places, and when he became a man he sailed away in his home-made boat to see them

By James C. Derieux

HARRY PIDGEON'S notion of the happiest possible life is to have a family and a farm. A family consisting of a wife and several children, and a farm in Iowa's corn fields, or California's fruit valleys. That's the kind of man he set out to be.

But Harry Pidgeon missed his ideal! Missed it further than any other man has ever missed a dream of contentment. Instead of settling down to the routine of farm work and to the responsibilities of a husband and father, he sailed around the world, alone, in a thirty-four-foot yawl! The Cruising Club of America awarded him a medal for this amazing feat, a medal testifying to the fact that his circumnavigation of the globe was a unique yachting accomplishment.

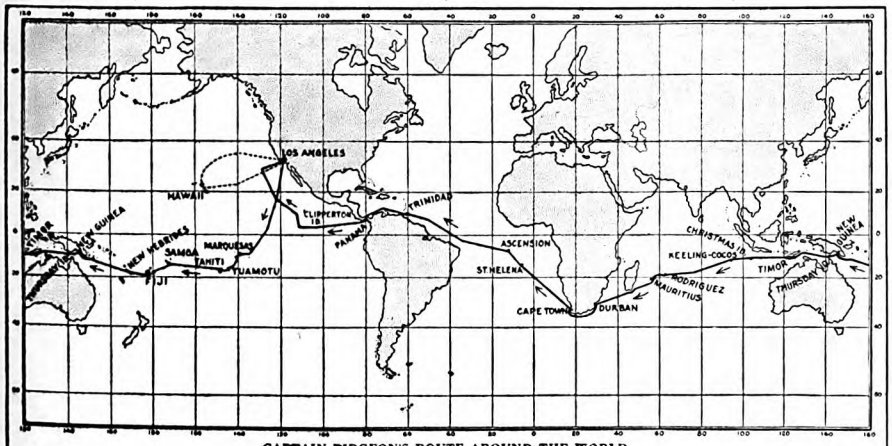
Three years, eleven months, and thirteen days he spent in seeing the sights of the world, and in navigating his tiny boat across the great oceans. And in these three years, eleven months, and thirteen days he had time for much thinking. Under the blazing sun of equatorial seas he sat and thought, as his little boat, the "Islander," went faithfully on her course. In the shade of tropical trees, on South Sea Islands, he thought.

It was after his remarkable cruise that I talked with him. After he had enjoyed more time for uninterrupted thought than any other man I have ever heard of. In the course of that conversation he told me that his ideal, earlier in life, was to have that family and that farm!

"I guess I'd be happier to-day," he said quietly, "if I had settled down. But somehow, I got to roving, and couldn't quit. Now, I'm nearly sixty, and it is too late to do anything but keep on roving."

Never before had I talked with a man so absolutely, so utterly free. No family, no responsibility, no particular purpose in life, no duties to perform, no particular need for money! Yes, Harry Pidgeon is a free man! He can come and go as he wills. If a place strikes his fancy, he may stay there for a week, a month, a year, or a lifetime. If it doesn't strike his fancy, he need not stop at all.

And that's the way he has worked out his life—staying in a place as long as it interested him, but not one day longer. Harry Pidgeon is not a large man. I doubt if he weighs more than one hundred and forty pounds. His hair is gray, his skin a khaki brown, burned so by his nearly four years under the hot suns of the tropics.



CAPTAIN PIDGEON'S ROUTE AROUND THE WORLD

He is happy. Of course he is. No man with such robust health, with so few cares, with such a complete freedom from fear of all kinds, and with no desire for wealth or fame could but be happy. Yet, like most of us, he feels that he has missed a greater goal than he has found. I wonder.

BY WAY of warming up for this voyage of thirty-five thousand miles around the world, in and out among islands and continents, he spent fifteen or more years in adventuring quietly along through life. In the gold rush days, he went to Alaska, came back to the States, and went again. Once, while he was in that then desolate land, he "took a walk," as he expresses it, into the interior. He was alone, for his partner had been drowned. This "walk" lasted for twenty-eight days; and in all of that time he saw no man, nor any sign of man.

"I did some thinking while I was on that walk," he said to me. "My mind got to running on some books I had read when I was a boy on my father's farm in Iowa. These books spoke of the romance to be found on some of the South Sea Islands. I decided I'd like to see those places. Before my partner was drowned, he and I planned to sail away some day into the South Pacific. If he'd lived, maybe I'd have had company for my trip around the world. But he didn't live, and I decided to see the islands anyway. I'd become a pretty good sailor while going from one island to another off the coast of Alaska. My partner and I had a little sailboat up there. It was named 'Islander,' too."

So Harry Pidgeon came back to the States again, with his mind made up to see the South Pacific islands he had read about many years before. But the trip was to be delayed. By way of developing his love for roving still more, he built a small barge, eighteen by six feet, with a cabin nine by six, and in this boat, without sails or any other power except oars, he floated down the Mississippi River from Minneapolis, out to the Gulf of Mexico. No one went with him. This trip required more than a year. He tied up when he saw a town that appealed to him; he floated on down when he saw one he didn't take a fancy to. He made photographs on his way down, and sold them for enough money to pay his expenses. He is an expert photographer. That's how he often makes what little money is necessary for his expenses.

Another extensive bit of adventuring was a drive in a wagon from Mexico to Canada along the Pacific coast, and back again to Mexico. Again he traveled alone. He had but one horse for the round trip, which took him from January to October—nine months—to complete. On this trip, too, he was thinking of the voyage he hoped some day to make to those far-off islands that had fired his imagination, when, as a boy, he followed a plow horse up and down the corn rows on his father's Iowa farm.

We were sitting in the cabin of the "Islander," anchored at New Rochelle, New York, as he (*Continued on page 194*)

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Mistress Of The Bees

A Jen Culliton Story

By Nelia Gardner White

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN PFEIFER

JEN CULLITON had never been one to pry. She did not mean to overhear this time. She had come down-stairs with the quilting frames, and, somehow, they had seemed very heavy, and she had stood a moment, too tired to go on. "I'll call Oliver," she thought, "and get him to take them out."

But she didn't call him. She leaned the frames against a chair and sat down, a little abruptly. She knew she shouldn't have tried to carry the frames.

It was very still in the house. She could even hear the crackling of the wood fire in the kitchen stove. It was with a little start that she looked out through the kitchen doorway and saw that the room was not empty. Beside the stove stood Molly Parsons, from next door. At the back window stood her nephew, Oliver Crewe. There was a hurt in the bend of his shoulders that found an answering pain in Jen's heart.

Oliver Crewe meant a good deal to Jen Culliton. He was all Crewe, with his black hair and blue eyes and tall, lean body, and yet there was a quiet strength about him that was a very match for the strength that seemed to lie eternally in that great, awkward, beautiful figure sitting there beside the quilting frames.

So Jen loved Oliver. She was conscious often of a deep thankfulness that he was to carry on her work here on the farm.

Though she was in plain sight, Jen knew that neither of the two was aware of her. Oliver's hands were in his pockets, his eyes upon the September-golden hills.

"WELL," came his voice, levelly, to Jen through the stillness, "I suppose there's no more use talking about it. We seem to have finished."

Jen could see something almost like fright come into Molly Parsons's eyes. From a graceful, hoydenish child who grew still in the midst of a game of "Catch-a-thief" to listen to a lark's song, had come this woman, beautiful beyond even Oliver's boyish dreams of her, and with the lark's song come now to live in her slim white throat.

"Yes," she said slowly, "we seem to have finished, Ollie. It—it hurts to finish things with you—we've been friends so long."

"*Friends?*"

"Don't, Oliver. I wish I could make you see."

"I do see."

"No; you don't. You don't see how I *have* to sing, whether I want to or not. You think if I loved you enough I wouldn't care about the singing. It—it hasn't anything to do with love."

"You—you've made that clear. Let's not talk about it any more, Molly. There's a limit to what a man can bear. You'll stay for the quilting, won't you? Aunt Jen's been counting on you."

"Yes, of course, Oliver. Ollie—I—"

He turned, and Jen's heart grew tight at the hope springing into his eyes. But Molly did not go on.

"Yes?" he said evenly.

"Oh, nothing, I suppose—only, I hate to cut things off as if they'd never been. I feel like a little girl—going out into the dark."

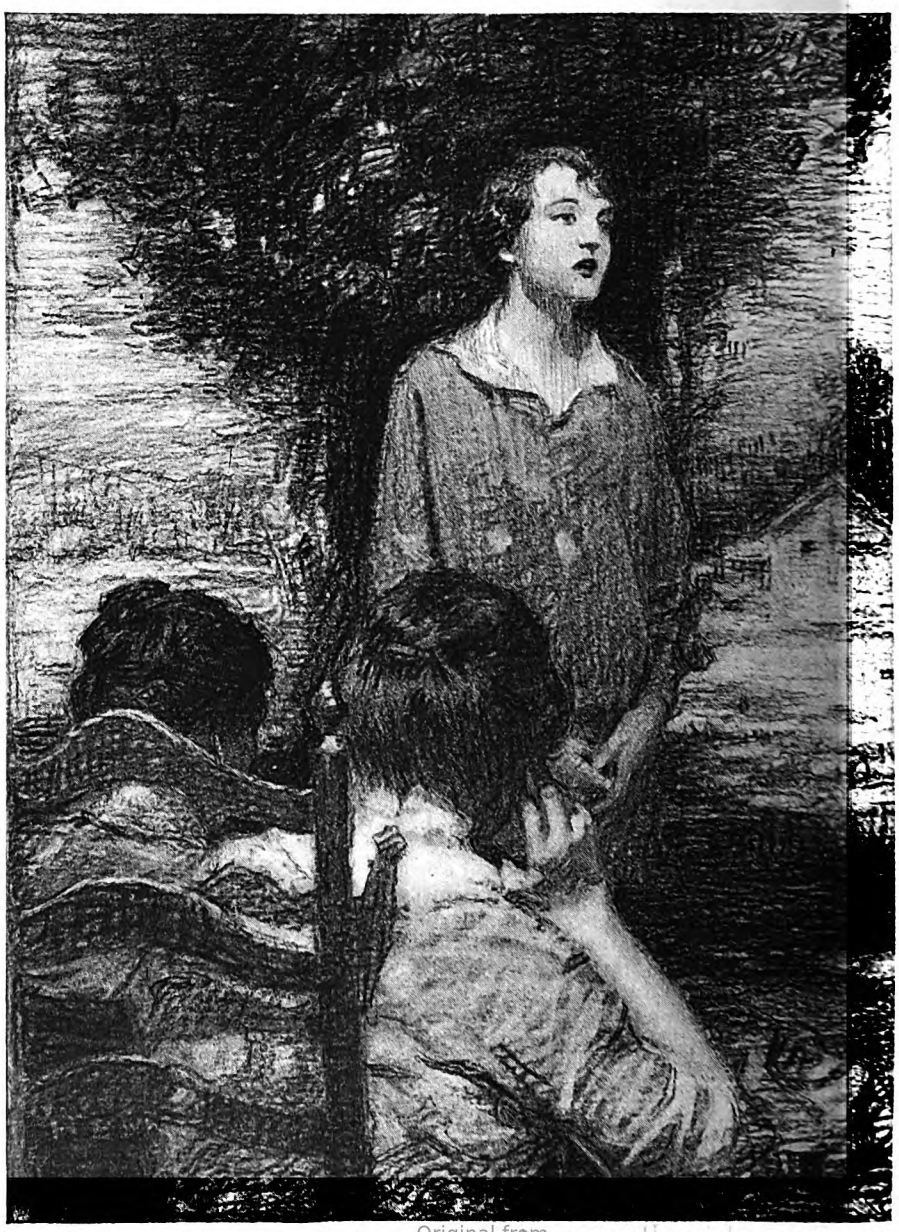
Into his lean face the feeling came flooding.

"Molly! Oh, *Molly!*"

She made a little protesting gesture with her hands.

"Don't, Ollie. I *have* to go—even if it is dark."

He turned again to the window, did not answer. She stood hesitant, as if she wanted to go to him but could not. Jen felt that if only that still, far-away beauty



The busy, gray-haired women paused in their work,

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of hers might be lighted into warmth, she would go. But she turned, instead, and came toward Jen in the other room.

"Aunt Jen!" she called.

Everyone called Jen Culliton "Aunt Jen," since the Crewe children had come to live with her.

JEN had risen, drawn the frames again into her arms as if she had just come down-stairs with them. The red stung her high cheek bones, for she was not used to deception. She had on a blue gingham, as she always had nowadays, and a black and white percale apron tied around her waist. She did not shrink with the years, Jen; she was as tall, as powerful as ever.

"Where's Oliver?" she found herself saying. "Thought we'd set the frames up outside. It's going to be plenty warm, and we won't get many more days like this."

"Oliver's in the kitchen," Molly said gravely, but she did not offer to go after him. "Let me take the things out!"

She took the frames in her strong young arms and got them through the doorway. Jen did not follow her. She stood still, watching her for a long moment. Molly was looking toward the house, and there was a look in her eyes as if she were seeing it as Jen often did—the peaceful, pleasant, rambling wings, the wood smoke going straight up to the clear fall sky; but Jen knew that Molly wasn't seeing it at all. She was seeing Ollie.

Jen turned abruptly and went out to the kitchen. Oliver sat at the table, his head down on his arms, all his strength gone out of him. Jen put a big hand, with unbelievable gentleness, on his shoulder.

"What is it, Ollie?" she asked.

He did not answer.

"Is it Molly?"

He did not speak, but he reached up and drew her hand under his face. Jen felt it grow hot with tears.

"There, son, it'll come out all right," she said tenderly.

"It's all over," he said dully.

He jumped to his feet suddenly, pulled his arm in an angry, boyish gesture across his eyes.

"Dandy day for the quilting," he said.

"Yes," Jen agreed; but her voice was troubled.

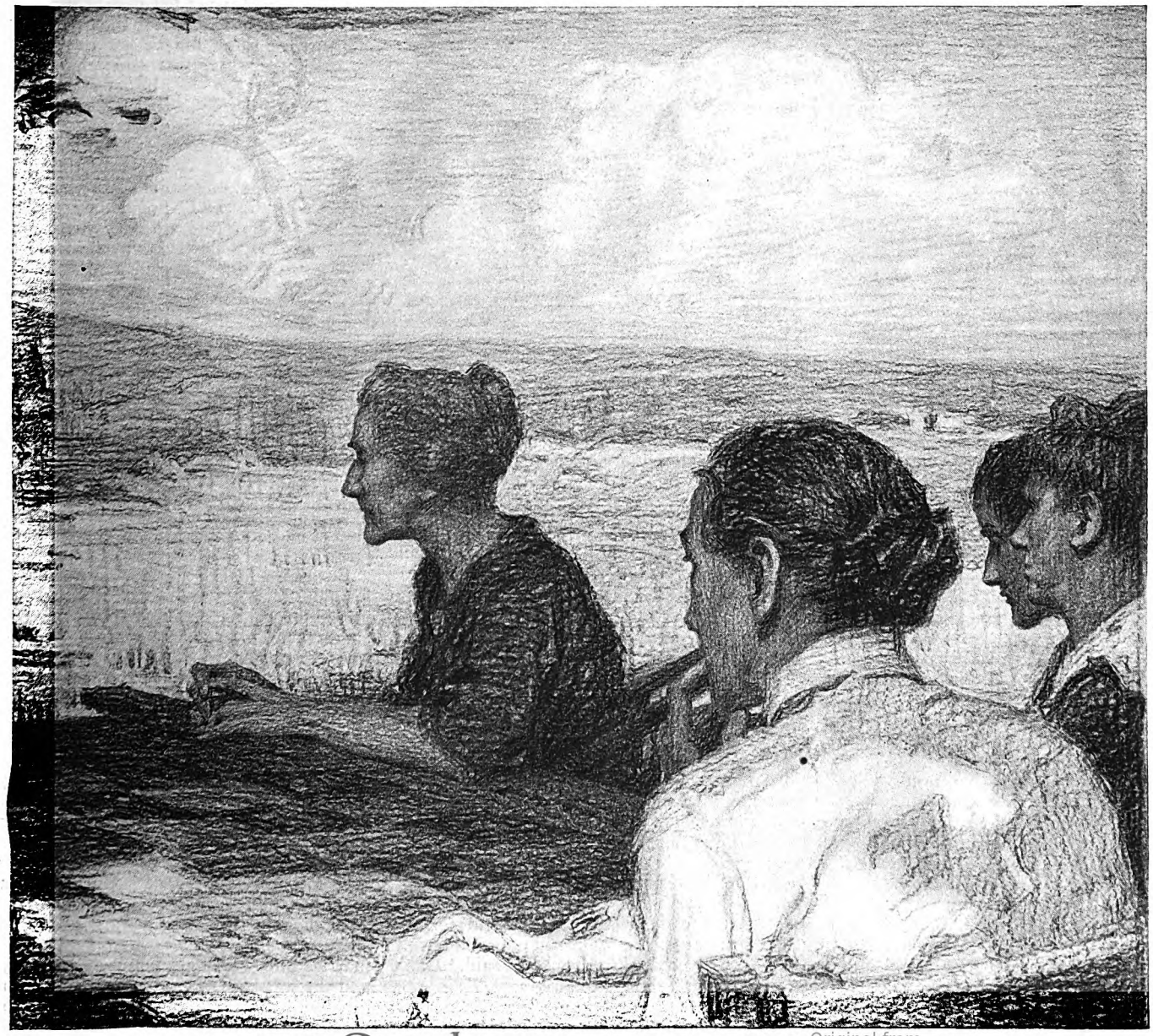
They put the frames up then, and Oliver and Molly Parsons laughed and joked till Jen thought she must have dreamed those moments in the kitchen. But young folks were different nowadays. She wished she could talk to Molly; but she'd never been able to of late years. Molly held you off. She'd put on so much sophistication since she'd been off studying, and Jen wasn't one to probe, unwanted. She did try to say something, though.

"ALWAYS took a sight of comfort in the farm on a day like this," she said, as she spread out the rolls of cotton. "The peace of it kind of gets right into your bones this weather."

"Yes, it's lovely," Molly replied, not looking up. "But it must be lonely sometimes—so far from folks—and things—"

"I've never found it so," Jen said dryly. "Depends on how busy you keep, mebbe. I've always had to hustle. Kind of makes me mad, anyhow, to hear folks talk like that. You, especially, Molly Parsons, born and brought up in these hills. Guess you wasn't a very lonesome young 'un, was you?"

"No; but that was different. I hadn't



their eyes upon some far-away time, as they listened to the clear, sweet voice of Allie Parsons's girl

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known there was any other world."

"*Other world*, h'mph! It's all the same world, child. Same folks here as anywhere. I've met a sight of city folks up at my girl Marg'ret's, and while some of 'em's right nice, seems to me most of 'em are struggling and graspin', and haven't any idea what they're reachin' for. They're hunting after happiness and content, that's what. Don't know as I've seen a single face up there like, say, your mother's, or Mis' Price's, or John Simmonses. And you can't say they stay here because they haven't got brains to go elsewhere. They've done well, all of 'em; and they're about as content as folks go in this world."

"Yes—but—" Molly began hesitantly.

"But what?"

"But you might have real work out there, too."

"True enough. But I'd want to make sure it was terrible real before I gave up my place here. The land gets to be part of you—and there aren't so many city flats you can say that about."

MOLLY stood staring down through the reddening orchard a long moment, her eyes wistful. But she pulled herself back with a little jerk.

"Well, I'll have to run home to dinner, Aunt Jen. I'll be back with Mother. Don't you work too hard."

"H'mph!" Jen said scornfully.

When Oliver came in to wash up for dinner, Jen asked, quite abruptly:

"What is it, Ollie—her singing?"

Oliver grew dully crimson.

"I see 'tis," Jen answered for him. "Well, she'll see—one of these days! I can see how, if she was maybe a little better singer, she'd be right. Some folks belong to the world, like; but Molly ain't one of them."

"She's made up her mind," Oliver said. "She thinks life would be . . . narrow . . . here; but it's more than that, Aunt Jen. Her singing's some kind of a force, driving her on. But let's not talk about it, Aunt Jen, let's not."

"All right," Jen said. "But I can remember Molly Parsons, singing to her dolls out under that maple there, and I hate to see her making a fool of herself."

"Did you want me to go down and get Grandma Price?" he asked, and Jen knew she could go no further.

They began to come then. Mrs. Lora-way, old Mrs. Frazier, Mrs. Burgameyer, Mrs. Price, Allie Parsons and Molly—all the neighbors.

"Good!" said Allie. "Glad you got things outdoors, Jen. Won't have many more good warm afternoons like this. Say, I forgot my shears, Jen! You got an extra pair?"

"My, that's a pretty pattern you got, Jen, for setting the blocks together with. It's hard to get that good, old-fashioned pink nowadays—mebbe it's just because I'm so old-fashioned myself; but seems to me there's nothing like pink calico for comforters!"

Grandma Price had come now.

"NEVER get used to cars as long as I live," she said, breathlessly. "My land, I'm glad to set! Ollie's awful reckless, Jen; you ought to give him a talking-to."

"Oliver's a man now," Jen said. "Can't give him talkings-to any more."

"Well, I don't know but what he is. Sakes—don't seem possible! Why, it wasn't but yesterday that Joe and him was such little peelers they upset the whole neighborhood."

Jen was passing scissors and thread.

"Makes you know you're getting on in years," she contributed.

"Well, you bear your years well, Jen," Mrs. Frazier said comfortably.

Jen gave a little inward start. She had made that remark almost unconsciously. It was a stock remark. It did not apply to herself. She looked about at the pleasant, friendly faces and, for the first time, it came to her that they were not the busy, bustling, middle-aged friends of the years past; they were elderly women, all a little tired.

THE discovery made her a little tired too, suddenly, and she sat down rather abruptly at the end of the frames. She looked up to see Molly, strong and slender and beautiful, threading a needle for Grandma Price. A swift feeling of resentment seemed to shake Jen.

Why, they were all getting old! Was she, too? Her hair was gray and, of course, she couldn't do the work she'd used to turn out; but she wasn't *old!* She'd never felt it—she'd never thought she looked it to the rest. But, just the same, maybe she did.

And yet she felt, almost fiercely, that there was a difference. She'd never thought of it before, but she did now. All these friends were glad to sit here and gossip and quilt, glad and content. They were satisfied to live in the past. But she wasn't. She liked to feel the reins of the farm still in her big hands, as they were. She still liked to drive into town and turn a good bargain. She was still, as she always had been, the head of the Culliton farm.

But as she looked about at all the comfortable faces, a feeling of wistfulness passed over her. Good, happy women, all of them, who'd done their part, and were resting now. Somehow, she had never thought of there being a time when she would rest, really rest, and yet, this fall, *she'd* been pretty tired, too. Then she was pulled out of her thoughts into their reminiscences.

"Ed's cousin Bart's pretty low," Allie said, taking a pin out of her mouth. "He's going the same way Ed's mother did—just the identical same way."

"You put in a couple of bad years with Ed's mother, didn't you?" Cora Frazier reminded Allie.

"I thought they were bad, at the time. They probably weren't. But I was just married and wanting a home of my own, and she was kind of overbearing. Do you mind the night she died, Jen? I was so nervous I got you to come over and stay all night."

Ollie reached up and drew her hand under his face. Jen felt it grow hot with tears

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"Remember about the bees? She was a great hand for the bees—she was kind of superstitious about them, and she told me to be sure and go out and knock on the hive, and tell 'em they had a new mistress—to keep on making sweet honey and not to go away. And it was so kind of still and frightening there that I felt I had to do it! You remember how she made you do things? I mind how you held the lantern, Jen, and I knocked—my hands was so cold they shook. Funny, the things folks used to do, ain't it?"

"Yes, I mind that night, Allie.. I remember I thought the bees ought to be glad of getting you for a mistress, after Ed's mother. Sorry to hear about Bart; he's always had hard luck, seems to me."

"Yes; he wanted to go off to school, and couldn't get away; and then he got a year in the aviation during the war and wanted to go in for that; but couldn't on account of that hip trouble that come on. Well, it's apt to happen that way. Me—I thought I could never stand it if I couldn't be a milliner."

MRS. LARAWAY laughed her fat, comfortable laugh.

"Well, when I was a girl some Salvation Army folks come to town and held tent meetings, and I thought if I couldn't be a Salvation Army girl with a bow under my chin, I'd die!"

"I wanted to be a missionary," Jen confessed, with her dry humor. "I guess it was that old song, 'From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand' that done it! I was always fond of coral."

"Well," Allie said, more soberly, "guess you got your wish, Jen."

Grandma Price nodded her head in slow, authoritative affirmation.

"What?" Jen asked, startled.

"Well, you've done a lot of missionary work, seems to me. I could tell a few things."

Jen flushed.

"Well, don't," she said dryly.

"Remember Reverend Meadows? Guess you did a little mission'ry work there, Jen. Made his going easy for him, anyhow. And Flint Miller—I declare, it made him over after you brought him and his boy together again."

"And those four children to bring up—that's been a chore, if they *are* your own sister's!"

"Oh, that's been fun!" Jen said. "And they've been a lot of help to me—besides comfort."

"Yes; but they weren't when you took 'em. And you've put in some of the best teachers we ever had up this way, these years you've been on the school board. The folks around here was worse 'n heathen when it came to picking out a teacher for their young 'uns. Yes, you've certainly done your share there, Jen."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" Jen said impatiently.

"I had some pretty tough years when the children were all little," put in Katie Burgameyer, flushing. "Mis' Culliton saw to it they all had shoes and decent clothes for school—and she never went bragging of it all 'round the country, either." Katie gave a quick, loyal smile at Jen.

"Well, I heard something—straight from Nate's wife, too—about how Jen had a chance to put Nate to the wall when he couldn't meet payments on his farm. And Jen might well have done it too, for spite over the way he's acted about the school board; but she even let the interest go for a couple of years till he got on his feet. Yes—all in all—I'd say you'd done some pretty good mission'ry work, right on this road, Jen."

"Good land, Faith Laraway! What you trying to do? Make a fool of me in my old age? Shame on you! Molly, why don't you sing something for us? Seems as if it would sound good out here in the open. Sing something old, will you? We aren't much up on music out here; but some of the old things seem good to us yet. We'll quilt right along, if you don't mind."

Molly Parsons flushed. But she was unafraid, and she stood up in the shade of the big maple and sang to them: "Way Down Upon the S'wanee River," "Old Black Joe," "Darling Nellie Gray."

"Used to sing those in singing school," Grandma Price put in once, with a satisfied nodding of her head. "Sing 'Annie Laurie.'"

So Molly sang "Annie Laurie," "Seeing Nellie Home," and "Loch Lomond." And the busy, gray-haired women about the quilting frame paused in their work, their eyes upon some far-away time as they listened to the clear, sweet voice of Allie Parsons's girl.

"Guess you're pretty tired," Jen said at last, gently. "But before you stop I wish you'd sing 'Sweet and low,' Molly. Always thought a lot of that song."

"Sweet and low,
sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea—"

Very tender and beautiful and sad, the young voice was, and Jen thought of the little girl singing

(*Cont'd on page 110*)

She held out the lantern to Ollie, and went down on her knees in the damp grass, lifted a shaking hand, knocked gently

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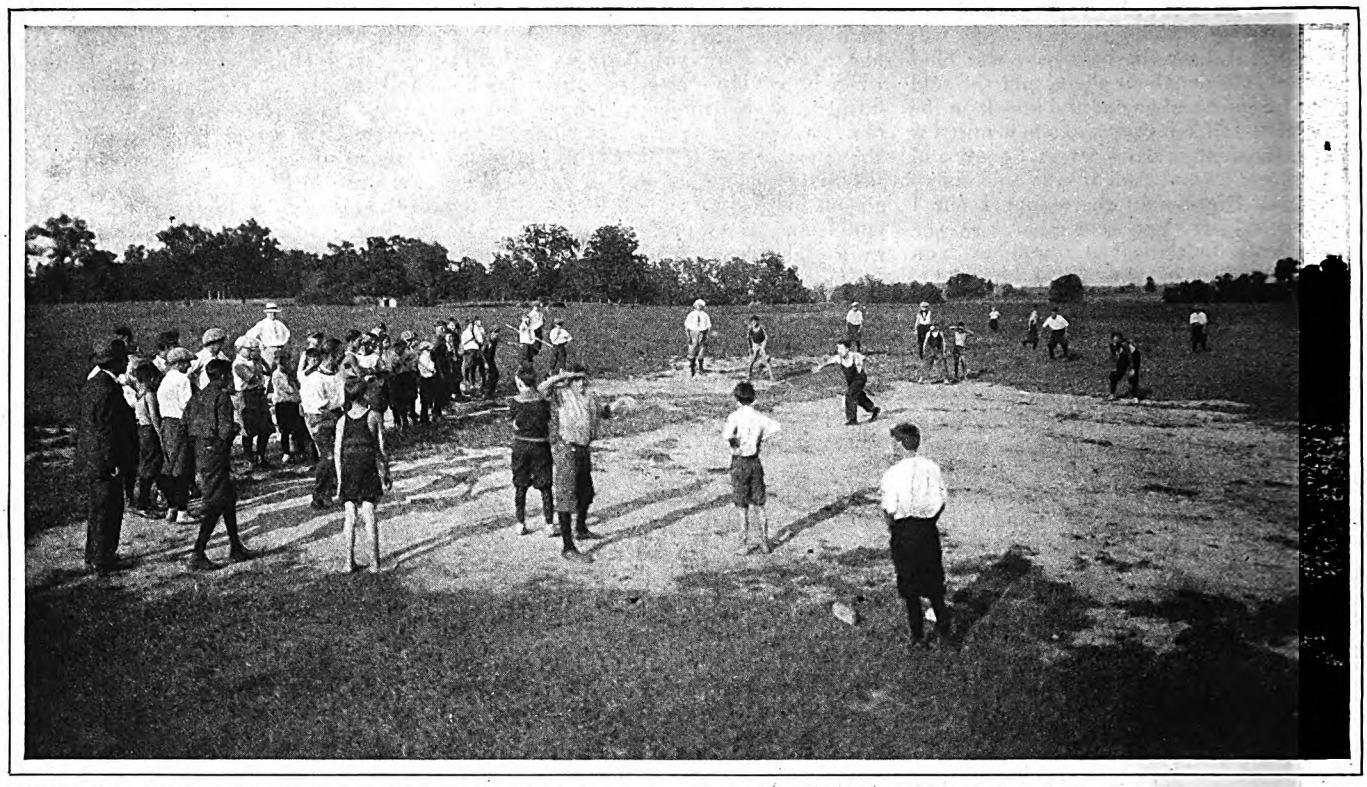

Plenty of space to play and chase around. A few Chicago Union League Boys' Club members at their summer camp in Wisconsin

"When I'm Big I Wisht I Could Be Like Him"

The boy who said this was a hero worshiper who had found his hero, and in the exclamation lies the secret of a remarkable boys' club in Chicago

By Neil M. Clark

BAREFOOT and dirty, the boy of ten stepped up to the man of sixty, and said:

"I've come to show you to the Elevated."

It was the custom of the club.

"Thank you," said the man. No other words could he utter. He was ill at ease, for it was the first evening he had spent with boys for a long while, and although eager for their good opinion he was not sure that he knew how to win it.

Off they went together, rather stiffly: the man who had earned his million, and the tatterdemalion whose parents had come over in the steerage a dozen years before. Exchanging few words, they parted gravely at the station; and the boy, returning to the club in less than no time, said to the man there:

"Say, Mr. Klees, is he coming back again?"

"I think so. He said he would. And next time you want to be cleaned up, don't you!"

The lad guessed so; but that wasn't important to him. He wanted to add something, and Klees, seeing it, said:

"Out with it, Joe. What's on your chest?"

The words came tumbling: "Gee, when I'm big *I wisht I could be like him!*"

In that remark lies the key to the story of a fine fellowship, a beautiful experiment in friendship.

Consider the man who was escorted to the station. For years he had dwelt in a world where his contacts were chiefly with business men of his own caliber; his daily life was a round of his office, his clubs, theatres, the opera, and charity by check. Other ways of living, if he thought of them, failed to touch him.

CONSIDER, too, the little Polish lad, Joe. He lived, and still lives, in one of the most congested neighborhoods of Chicago. Thousands of the parents are ignorant of the opportunities and standards of the country in which they live. Joe's father and mother knew only Polish, saw nobody except a few friends of their own nationality, and were as untouched by ways of living and ideals other than their own as was the millionaire. Neither vicious nor starved, honest enough, and loving their boy, they were abysmally ignorant of the country of their adoption. Was the lad to learn from them how to make a proper man of himself in this new world to which they had come?

Joe knew of no world but theirs until he was ten. He went to school, of course, and learned English; but his playground was the street, and his playmates boys from homes like his own.

It was part of their play, and of his, to shoot the glass out of street lights, to filch fruit from corner stands, to walk the sidings for adventure and lumps of coal, to elude railroad detectives after dark and break into locked cars, to hide from the cops. Joe's energy, normal in a boy of his age, found outlet chiefly in mischievous, disorderly, or unlawful channels. Had nothing better intervened, perhaps the easiest profession for him a little later would have been crime.

But fortunately for Joe, when he was ten there came news of a club in the neighborhood. It was located in an old dance hall, a tough "joint" that Joe and his friends had often wished they might visit. This new club was for boys, Joe heard, and although skeptical he was attracted by

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curiosity and some stronger inducements, and became a member. There, one day, he met the man whom he escorted as a guest of the club to the Elevated station. A critical day for Joe! His world and another, poles apart, came together; the lad glimpsed this other world—yearned to know more of it—and found a hero.

Joe is still only a boy; but not quite the same boy who ran the streets wild till he was ten. He is going to make a fine man, and is one of hundreds to whom the club has meant, in one way or another, a new mode of life.

I am going to tell you the story of this club, and of the man—and men—behind it. It is not the ordinary boys' club. It is founded on the idea of providing a place where men and boys who ordinarily never would know one another, meet on common ground, and benefit by the friendship that springs up; such friendship as every boy would like to share with his father and every father with his son.

Six years ago, a member of the Union League Club of Chicago, who had an especially warm spot in his heart for boys, induced a New York leader of boys to talk about his work before a selected group of club members. They listened with enthusiasm to what he said, and when the idea was broached that they should themselves adopt a neighborhood, they responded eagerly. Within a week forty-two men subscribed forty-two thousand dollars, and, what was more important, agreed to *give of their time*. The results that followed that beginning are priceless. Boys have waked to unrealized possibilities within themselves, grasping at ideals brought to them by men (and women) of a different world than their own; the records of juvenile delinquency have gone down with startling rapidity, and a whole community is gradually changing from a tough section to one of law and order. It is all a revelation of the power of human friendship and example. Charity by check has not done it, and could not have done it. But when boys of one world and men of another become friends things begin to happen; and the boys are not the only ones who have profited!

The Union League members were not impelled by false sentimentality to organize the club, but by practical considerations. They saw crime increasing; they knew that many of the criminals came from certain districts. They also know, as employers, that some classes of employees were very undesirable, and that these employees came from neighborhoods which, although there was nothing intrinsically wrong with the people who lived there, were ignorant and un-Americanized. They doubted they could do much with the parents, but were convinced that the boys could be taught a broader conception of life. Therefore the logical place to start was with the boys. Then arose the question: "Who can direct the work?" "Get Robert D. Klees," said the New York social worker. And getting him was part of the Union League's great success. "Bob" Klees is a wonder with boys. For thirty years and more he has been dealing with them, and to talk with him about the lads is to take a new grip on one's faith in human nature. But Klees could not have done alone what (*Continued on page 84*)

(In oval) A typical group of boys who have belonged to the club for several years. (At right) The largest boy in its band—and the smallest; they have traded instruments for this photograph only. None of the boys in the band ever had an instrument in his hands before coming to the club; but the band gives concerts of which no one need be ashamed. The director is a volunteer, a professional man interested in band music only as an avocation

(At left) A group around the stamp machine which is helping the boys to learn how to save money. For every penny or nickel or dime or quarter deposited in the machine, the boy gets a certificate. These are pasted in a book, which is taken at intervals to the bank, where the amount shown is credited to the owner's savings account. Mr. Klees is the man with the mustache, at the extreme left

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There's Not Much Use To Grind Unless You Advertise Your Grist

George Matthew Adams, head of a great newspaper feature syndicate service, tells how he built up his enterprise, and how he "discovered" Walt Mason and Eddie Guest

By Fitzhugh Green

NINETEEN years ago, an important Chicago firm failed. But at that time firms were failing every day; the panic of 1907 was in full swing. So it was, that, along with thousands of other men, George Matthew Adams, the young father of a pair of two-year-old boys, suddenly found himself out of a job, and with only twenty-seven dollars in the bank.

"What difference does it make if there is a panic?" Adams asked himself. "Why should I sit around and wait for the boss of some firm to give me a job? *Why shouldn't I be the boss?*"

This was all very youthful perhaps; but when George Matthew Adams erupts, there's more than smoke and noise to the phenomenon.

The first thing he did was to go over to the Fisher Building, a Chicago skyscraper. The agent, "Nick," was a chance acquaintance.

"I want an office, Nick," Adams told him. "I'm going into business for myself. I haven't any money. Will you trust me for a month's rent?"

Nick scratched his head. He looked the clean-cut, alert young man up and down. Then he peered into the earnest gray eyes that met his own. "Well, I'll take a chance on one room, George," he grinned. "Forty a month. Will that do you?"

Adams nodded briskly. As he had no special training, he wasn't yet quite sure what his business was to be. But he had a hunch.

However, he couldn't start a business office without furniture.

He hurried to the biggest retail store in town, the one which carried the most expensive class of desks and swivel chairs. "About what price?" the clerk asked. Adams confessed he had no money, adding quickly before he could be shown the door, "But I'll write you an ad that will sell a dozen desks!" Something in the way he said it made the clerk pause.

Luck played into his hands. The advertising manager was away. The manager had a new line which needed quick moving. Adams was given a chance. In a few hours he turned out a fine piece of advertising as well as a layout for a special furniture pamphlet. The manager was delighted.

Adams's new desk was delivered to his new office at eight sharp the next morning. That desk, though battered and worn, is still one of the most highly prized possessions in his handsomely appointed New York office to-day.

He got a typewriter and stand, a stenographer, and office supplies the same way; that is, by his imagination and his confidence in the people he approached.

The next thing was to build a business. Remember, this was in 1907, when we were right in the middle of hard times. Young Adams had no money; but he did have a score of nice healthy creditors, including the doctor, the grocer, and the apothecary.

Moreover, he had an idea. In his efforts to get started in Chicago, he had been studying the "want-ad" columns of the newspapers for nearly three years. The more he studied them, the more annoyed he became at the ineffective way in which most of the advertisements were written. Adams believed that people would be glad to learn how to write their small want-ads correctly. He went to the editor of the Chicago "Tribune," and explained his plan to teach readers how to phrase their ads clearly and effectively. It was no easy job to convince the busy editor that the idea would work; but eventually Adams won. This first order was more than enough to pay the office rent.

Thus began the "Romance of Want-Ads" plan that was to make the name "George Matthew Adams" known from one end of newspaperdom to the other. And thus was founded the Adams Newspaper Service, which now serves nearly one thousand American dailies and around fifty million readers.

"But why on earth should a minister's son become interested in advertising?" I asked Adams. His father was a small-town Baptist pastor, who brought up five children in Michigan on an annual salary of six hundred dollars.

"When a boy's family is as poor as my father's was," Adams chuckled, "he is likely to be interested in any work that will earn him an honest dollar. As a matter of fact, I had twenty-two different jobs before I got around to my final syndicate idea.

"I COULDN'T have been over twelve," he went on, "when I began to realize that if I were to have any sort of education, I'd have to get out and rustle for it. My mother was a great reader, and she made me see how tremendously handicapped is the man who does not absorb all the learning he can get before going out into the world. My father helped, by letting me take the janitor's place in the church. One of his parishioners arranged for me to do sweeping in the evening in the town factory. These two jobs saw me through high school.

"During the summer, I combined work with pleasure, by spending my vacations on a farm. This gave me the exercise a growing boy needs, and enabled me to save enough money to enter Ottawa University, Ottawa, Kansas, in 1897, at the age of nineteen."

A Rolling Stone Gathers a Lot of Experience!

"A ROLLING stone gathers no moss," says Mr. Adams; "and in the days of my changing from one job to another, I was gathering neither moss nor money. But I was laying away a precious store of experience that I wouldn't dare part with now. Indeed, it strikes me that a young man who is not sure what his business or profession is going to be would do well to go rapidly through a number of jobs, until his broadened perspective enables him to choose his walk in life much more intelligently."

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At Ottawa, Adams's struggles were multiplied. Not only did he have to look out for his clothing and board as he had done at home, but now tuition and lodging must also be paid. He met his problems with characteristic resourcefulness. Here is an incident that illustrates the way he would seize an opportunity: Between caring for the doctor's office where he was allowed to sleep, waiting on table where he ate, and other odds and ends, he carried papers. His paper was the old Kansas City "World," which was sent down early every evening by the fast express and dropped out at North Ottawa, from which point it was relayed on what was known as the "plug train," a slow local.

On the same train came the "Star," the rival of the "World." Adams tried hard to speed up the boys working for him, in order that his customers might have the "World" before anyone in town could read the "Star." But the winter days were often cold and dark; and one boy won't work much faster than another under average conditions.

So Adams conceived the idea of taking some of his gang all the way up to North Ottawa, and in the baggage car on the way back preparing the papers for delivery. The minute the train reached Ottawa proper, each boy could grab his pile and dash off, while the "Star" carriers were standing around fumbling with their unbroken packages. The plan meant an hour or so of extra-time effort for Adams, and his helpers who made the daily "plug train" trip up and back. But it soon brought results.

ALREADY Adams's sense of what people wanted in the way of news had begun to develop. "I found out that we didn't sell as many of the extra editions as we ought to. So I made a big blackboard and got the Main Street druggist to let me put it in front of his window when anything important had happened. On this board, I copied out of the extras the gist of the news. On the first trial of this scheme we sold three times as many papers as we had before. In less than a year, I had boosted my circulation to six hundred papers a day, a big figure for a small town.

"It was during this period that I was newspaper carrier for Henry J. Allen, since governor of Kansas, who then ran the Ottawa 'Herald.' I also handled—in the streets—the famous Topeka Capital edition, which ran for a week under the direction of Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," who edited the paper as he considered Jesus would have done. About this time too, I made the acquaintance of the publisher Arthur Capper, who also later became governor, and who is to-day United States senator from Kansas.

"I mention these contacts not merely in a spirit of pride, but because even at that early day I recognized the value of knowing and studying as many important and worth-while people as possible.

"However, this propensity, in another form, was soon to get me into serious trouble. In the city library I found a means of really satisfying the yearning to read that had been gnawing inside of me for years. Chief among the books that gripped me were the biographies of great men. In my junior year I spent so much time in the library that, to my horror, I failed at the end of the term. But by doubling up in the following autumn I finally caught up, and was graduated with my class in June, 1901."

PHOTOGRAPH BY PIRIE MACDONALD

After a varied experience in nearly a score of jobs, George Matthew Adams finally hit upon his feature syndicate idea. This, at last, was the work that suited him best; and he went about it so energetically that to-day nearly one thousand newspapers buy his service. Mr. Adams was born in Saline, Michigan, forty-eight years ago. His home is now in New York

AFTER a brief visit home, where he deposited his sheepskin and announced his intention of going to Chicago to make his fortune, Adams put on his best suit of clothes and set forth. He landed in Chicago with nine dollars in his pocket and a letter of introduction from his father to Dr. Johnson Meyers, of the Emanuel Baptist Church. He wasn't sure where, or how, or why; but in his heart he felt that he was going to make good. Doctor Meyers offered him a job delivering church tracts at one dollar a day. He gladly accepted it. Meanwhile, he began to study the want-ad columns of the papers. Even his dollar-and-a-quarter-a-week room and the two-meals-a-day régime he had set himself required funds. In rapid succession, he went from bills to surveying; surveying to running an elevator; elevator to clerk in the U. S. Pension Office. He wasn't discouraged. He didn't shirk. He felt it was all a part of a great adventure. He was learning about people, and about how people did things.

"One thing that I always remember about George Matthew Adams in those days," an older man told me, "was his intense curiosity and unflagging energy. He always seemed (*Continued on page 218*)

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Bill Green's Preceding Chin

He was as timid as a lamb until love and a little "new psychology" turned him into a roaring lion tamer

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIGUÈRE

BILL GREEN stood hesitantly by the performers' entrance of the Grand Consolidated Circus, a posy in his hand. There was a look of apologetic expectancy in his eyes and his heart thumped heavily; it thumped this way on schedule, at two-forty-five each afternoon and eight-forty-five each night. That was when Bill Green delivered his posy, and there was always the chance that as he passed it over, he might accidentally touch her hand. Sometimes it happened, thus creating a large splash in an otherwise drab existence. More often it didn't.

However, it was a twice-a-day gamble. Circuses must give their performances, and at each of those displays Mademoiselle Petite must carry into the ring her tiny bouquet. This she did, so that, after her gay ascent of the swinging tape by which she mounted in swift, overhand circlings to her trapeze, she might blow a kiss upon the posy and toss it forth to eager, upraised hands in the audience.

It made a nice little touch for the act, so, every day, Bill Green made his purchase with meticulous care, and then, breathing messages which no one but he and the flowers knew, stood in anticipatory eagerness until she should take them from him and go on through to the ring.

Not that Bill Green was only a property man. According to the pay rolls of the circus, he was an animal trainer's assistant, which meant that in addition to helping with the feeding—and taking on all the hard work when a lion got the toothache or one of the beasts escaped—he could also act as attendant outside the big steel arena during the performance. Here, thoroughly effaced so far as the audience was concerned, he shunted six lions from their chute, then with prod-fork working between the bars, sent them to their pedestals.

Thus he set the stage for the spectacular entrance of Captain Marvelloso, by his own admission the world's greatest Cæsar of Wild Animals, who, when everything was ready, walked condescendingly into the arena, attired in a leopard skin and a coat of self-satisfaction.

MEANWHILE, in his baggy uniform of brown, Bill Green continued to hover near the bars, giving a lion a poke with the prod-fork at exactly the right moment to make it seem alive with attention at every word from its trainer, while Captain Marvelloso took the applause. To say nothing of the fact that Bill Green also worked those lions himself every morning, to keep them in trim, an labor which little, she was coming forward; golden-haired, laughing, a hand outstretched for her posies. Bill Green drew a deep breath. Then he leaned forward, and blurted:

"Gee, Miss Poteith, but you're pretty in that new costume!"

Poteith becomes Petite very easily in the circus business. For just an instant Margaret Poteith looked up at him, gracious and smiling. Then, almost instantly the lines of circus tradition tightened that invisible barrier by which the gradations of the social scale under the big top are held in place. Not that there was anything wrong in the remark itself; it was the tone, the manner.

"I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, as the smile disappeared, likewise Mademoiselle Petite—to give way to Captain Marvelloso, pulling hard at his mustache as he strode forward, his lion whip tapping angrily against a patent-leather boot leg.

TEN minutes after the interview which followed, a very miserable Bill Green sat upon the tongue of the stake and chain wagon, arms limp between his knees, jaw sagging, a man in defeat. Someone approached and halted; Bill Green did not look up. In fact, he neither heard nor noticed, until Joe Borden, head of the menagerie, caught him by the shoulder and jerked him to attention.

"Well," came in rough kindliness, "what's eatin' on you?"

"Oh, nothing." Bill Green raised his shoulders and lowered them in a hopeless shrug. "I just ain't any good. I've been thinking it over. I guess I'll draw out my money from the bank and buy me a farm again. The captain just bawled me out."

"For what? You've been taking care of his cats all right."

"It wasn't that," confessed the miserable one. "I told Miss Poteith how pretty she was."

"Oh!" Joe Borden whistled softly and looked across the circus lot toward the dressing tent, where Captain Marvelloso was escorting Mademoiselle Petite over the dusty space from the performers' door. "Oh, that, huh?" Then, after a long silence, "Well, Kid, if it's come to that, maybe you're right. You'd better go back. Somehow," he added, in a misguided effort at kindliness, "guys with faces like yours ain't got no business in love."

"Oh, I know I ain't got any looks."

"'Tain't your looks, Kid. You ain't got a half-bad face on you a-tall. That is," he added frankly, "if it wasn't for your chin."

Bill Green opened his eyes. He raised a hand to the aforementioned feature.

"What's wrong with my chin?" he asked innocently.

them like a parent through the long winter months, so that they would have their lessons perfectly committed to memory when Captain Marvelloso returned in the spring. Thus, Bill Green had many duties; it had meant only one more thing to remember, when Captain Marvelloso had volunteered him as a flower holder to the dainty Mademoiselle Petite.

That is, at first. Ever since Bill Green had sold his little inherited farm, five years before, looked about for a job by which to keep his nest egg intact, and

Captain Marvelloso

found it in the menagerie of the Grand Consolidated, he had been quite accustomed to taking on extra tasks.

But, after a time, the mechanical part of that flower-holding had faded. Bill Green had found himself taking quite an interest in those blooms, to be sure that they were the very best on the market. Then, one day, out behind the stake and chain wagon, he had raised the blossoms and kissed their stems—right where her hand would touch them. After that, Bill Green had been quite miserable. Yet happy in that misery, nerving himself day by day to a moment of open worship.

And now that moment was approaching. Mademoiselle Petite had left her dressing-room. A dainty thing of silk and

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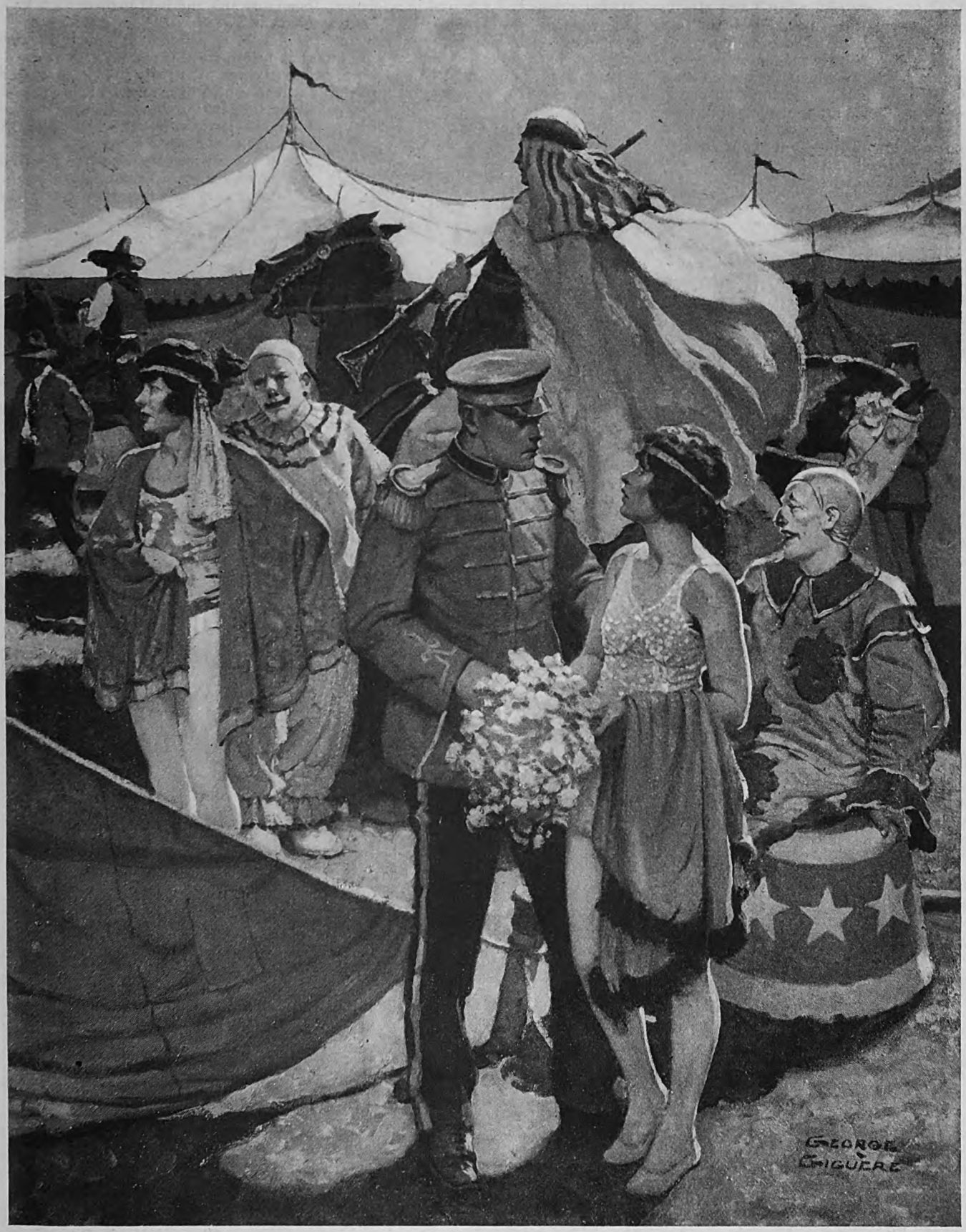

Very alertly he stood at attention as Mademoiselle Petite came from the dressing tent. Then he put forth the bouquet. "Your flowers, Miss Poteith," he said

The menagerie boss leaned back and looked him over.

"Well, o' course," he said, with the casual air of a connoisseur, "for a guy to have something wrong with his chin, he's first got to have a chin to have something wrong with."

"I've *got* a chin!" retorted Bill Green. "Now, have you? Say, I ain't talkin' about a lower jaw. I mean a chin. Look-it!" he swung about to give his companion a full view of his profile. "See that stickin' out under my mouth. That's a chin. Got determination in it. A person who looks at me knows he's talkin' to a he-man. I got a chin on me—it sticks out where a guy can see it."

"My chin'd stick out if I let it," said Bill Green desperately.

"What're you holdin' it down for?"

"I ain't," said Bill Green. "Only,

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about ten years ago, when I was still in school, there came along an awful cold day. A bunch of us kids were coming home, and somebody made a dare that I wouldn't lay my tongue against a steel electric-light pole. I wouldn't be dared, and so I jammed my tongue right against it. I guess you know what happens to you when you put out your tongue against ice-cold steel!"

"Sure; it freezes right to it."

"That's right," said Bill. "Nobody thought to thaw it off with hot water, so I just had to yank. Pretty near tore the whole bottom of my mouth off and it was sore for four or five months. Had to hold my tongue against the roof of my mouth all the time. Try it yourself."

Joe Borden tried it. "Does pull your chin in, don't it?"

"Um-humph. By the time I was well again, I'd just got in the habit of holding my jaws that way. I've done it ever since. But I could hold it the other way now, if I wanted to."

"Let's see."

BILL GREEN straightened, and turned his face to the profile. Then he set his muscles behind his chin and shoved. Out shot the lower jaw to prognathous proportions, to waver in prominence for a moment, then, as long neglected muscles weakened, to recede to its former insignificance.

"Told you I had a chin," said Bill Green defensively.

The menagerie boss looked at him seriously.

"Anybody can stick out his chin for a minute or so," he said. "The chin that counts is the one that stays there." Then, as the elephants trumpeted from the menagerie, he rose and stretched. "I tell you, Kid," he concluded, "it ain't worth it. You've got enough tucked away for a farm; better go back to it—better'n bein' nutty about some dame you can't never get, an' walked over by a four-flushin' guy that just makes you do th' work, while he takes th' roses. Cap Marvelloso, I mean. It'll be worse when that big bunch o' lions comes on from Hamburg. There'll be twelve of 'em to keep goin' instead o' six."

The call of the elephant line was repeated, and Joe Borden, having settled the fate of his companion, went onward, leaving Bill Green to varied reflections:

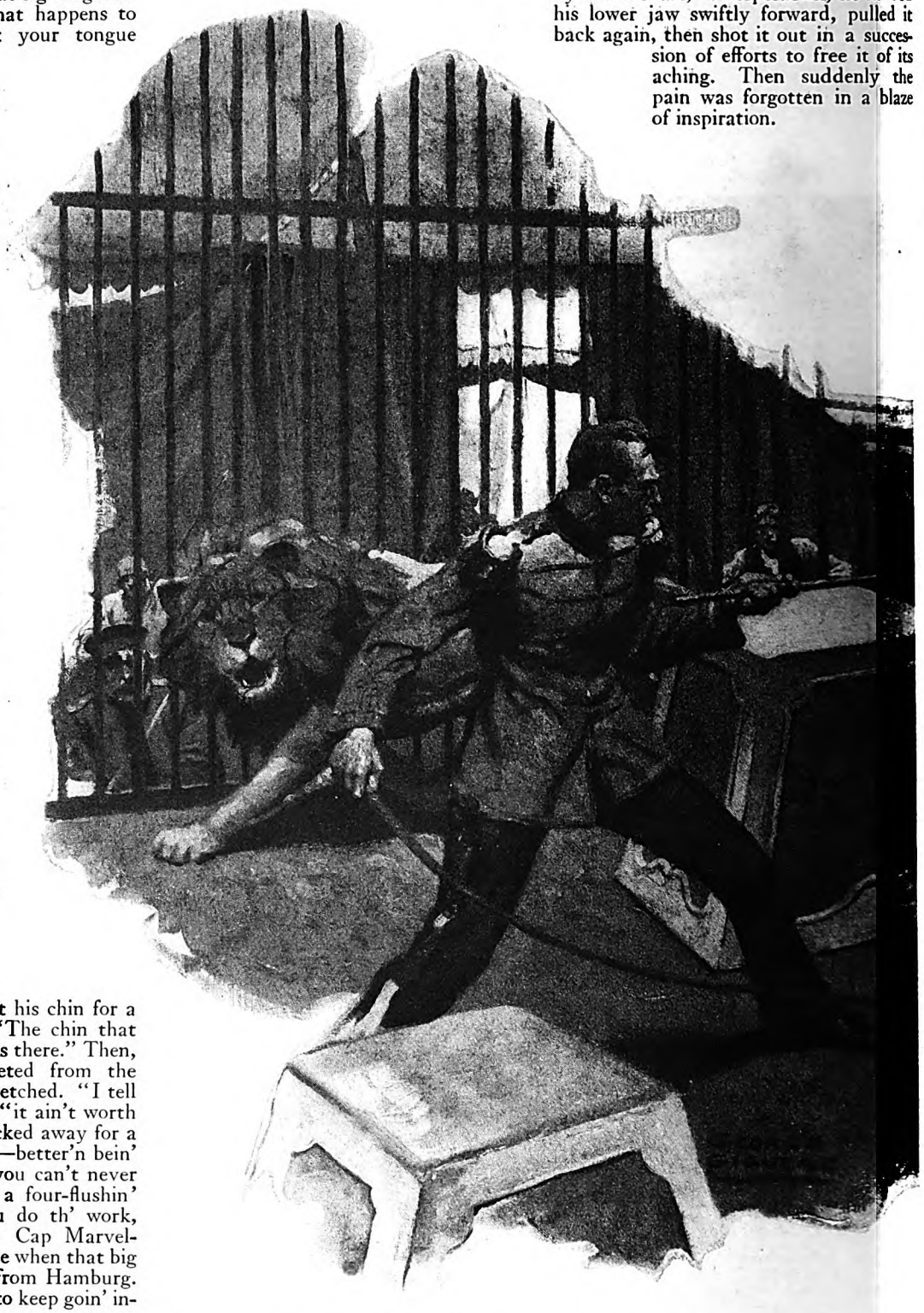
Upon injustice, for instance. He had never given the matter much thought before; in fact, he had never classified anything as unjust. It had been perfectly natural that, young and inexperienced, he had procured only a menial job with the circus.

Other things had followed in sequence. The worship of Mademoiselle Petite, descending upon him with unbalancing swiftness, had worked as love will often work: to make him feel lowly, and wormlike, and unworthy even to gaze into the blue eyes which caused his adoration.

So Bill Green had accepted his condition as thoroughly just. But to be the recipient of cutting remarks simply because a member of his facial ensemble had been placed in an unfortunate position through purely accidental causes—that was something different!

"I've *got* a chin," said Bill Green, kicking angrily at a tuft of grass. To prove the matter he again shoved his hesitant jawbone forward, and held it there for a long moment.

Then the pain came, much greater than before, for this had been a more prolonged effort. Patiently Bill Green waited for it to subside; the muscles ached steadily on. At last, in desperation, he moved his lower jaw swiftly forward, pulled it back again, then shot it out in a succession of efforts to free it of its aching. Then suddenly the pain was forgotten in a blaze of inspiration.



"Exercise!" exclaimed Bill Green. "That's what you do when your leg's been broken. Exercise!" In one-two-three-four fashion, he shoved his lower jaw to its farthest extension, brought it back again to its state of natural reticence, pushed it out again, and continued the matter for a full hour. And that was only the beginning.

The next day, Captain Marvelloso, having yelled five times from the end of

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the menagerie, at last strode heavily toward a man who had apparently been doing nothing more than standing at the other extremity.

"You thick-headed fish!" he announced. "Why don't you answer me?"

"Can't," mumbled Bill Green.

"Why can't you?"

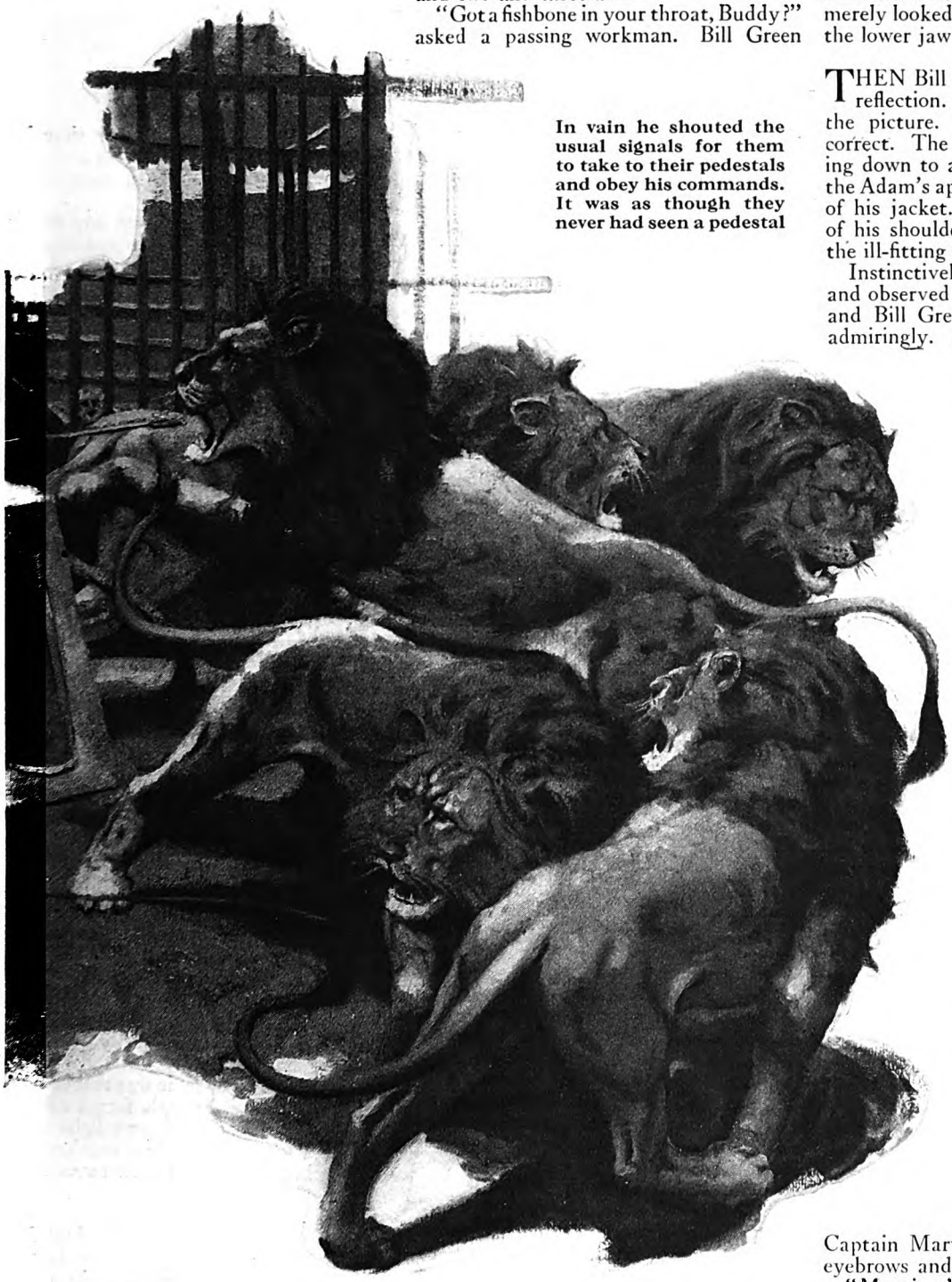
"Can't talk."

"You're talking now, ain't you?"

"Can't yell," was the response.

"Got a cold?"

"No; I ain't got any cold."



In vain he shouted the usual signals for them to take to their pedestals and obey his commands. It was as though they never had seen a pedestal

"Then—" Captain Marvelloso halted. "Say, listen, you. Don't you stand there pulling any sorehead stuff on me."

"Who's sore?" asked Bill Green innocently—and thickly. His throat was stuffy, his jaws ached at their anchors. But this Captain Marvelloso did not know, nor was Bill Green indulging in confidences.

"You're sore," said the head trainer. "You'd better get over it. I don't stand for soreheads around my outfit. You, standing there with your chin set, like you owned the earth!"

Bill Green merely gaped in an astonished way, and at the first opportunity moved out behind the side-wall. Joe Borden had been right! Chins were everything!

"One, two, three, four!" he gurgled. "One and two and three and four! One and two and three and—"

"Got a fishbone in your throat, Buddy?" asked a passing workman. Bill Green merely nodded. Anything for privacy. Then, "One and two and three and four! One and two and three and four!"

Thus a month went by. To a fateful moment when Bill Green stood behind the menagerie tent, a safety razor poised, his face turned against a two-sided mirror. Long he scraped; then, his lower jaw working at its exercises by second nature now, halted long enough to dabble his brush in the lather. And as he did so, he happened to glance to one side—where half of that mirror cast a reflection in the other half, thus revealing a profile.

It was Bill Green's. Yet, it wasn't Bill Green's. There was something about the granite underpinning of the jaw which seemed to set it off, and to give it a foundation, as it were, a different expression from the visage to which Bill Green had been accustomed. At first he merely looked upon it in surprise, working the lower jaw to be sure that it was his.

THEN Bill Green began to study that reflection. Something was wrong in the picture. The ensemble didn't seem correct. The neck, for instance, stretching down to a worn collar, and revealing the Adam's apple. The frayed throatband of his jacket. The wrinkled appearance of his shoulders, where they slumped in the ill-fitting uniform.

Instinctively, he threw out his chest, and observed the effect. It aided greatly, and Bill Green held back his shoulders admiringly. But at last they weakened and slumped, so suddenly that their owner was jarred. Therefore, as he lathered his chin for the final scraping, he began a new set of exercises to work in harmony with the projections of a steadily strengthening jaw.

"Say, are you the guy I hear countin' all th' time outside the menagerie wall?" asked Joe Borden a few weeks later.

Bill Green grinned, then, deliberately turned his head for a side view. "Ain't you the guy who said I didn't have any chin?" he asked.

"I'm a sonvagun!" came the answer, and Bill Green walked on. There was something in the menagerie boss's tone which had been particularly soothing, a certain tone of admiration which Bill Green had never heard before. It struck home; Bill Green had been looking at himself a great deal in the mirror of late.

"Morning, Cap!" he said quite cheerily as he approached the head animal trainer, who stood at one side of the tent, reading a telegram. Captain Marvelloso wrinkled his heavy eyebrows and looked up.

"Morning," he said bluntly. Then, with a sudden afterthought, "Say, what'd you call me?" Marvelloso was glaring, half in surprise, half in anger. But he didn't press his question. He didn't know that the steady stare in the eyes of Bill Green was there only from a determination to hold them from blinking. That the muscles which (*Continued on page 134*)

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Another "Just Folks" article

The Little Hero Of Meriden

Joe Swedock has lost both legs and both parents, but he has made a home for his four sisters and a younger brother—The story of a boy whose cheer and courage have won the hearts of his neighbors

By Mary B. Mullett

ONE Sunday morning, early last autumn, I was to have a guest for breakfast at the hotel where I was staying, in Meriden, Connecticut. He was to come at ten o'clock; not because he was a late riser, for I knew that he would be up and at work even on Sunday morning, before six o'clock.

Ordinarily, he did not stop for breakfast until ten; but—as he smilingly confided to me later—he hurried home on this particular morning to dress up for the occasion. You see, it happened to be, in more ways than one, a very *special* occasion for him.

In the first place, being a thorough gentleman at heart, he wanted to honor his hostess by presenting an immaculate appearance. Moreover, this was to be only the second time, in all the twenty years of his life, that he had eaten a meal in a hotel!

At nine-forty-five I went out for a ten-minute walk; and as I looked up a side street, a few blocks from the hotel, I saw my expected guest coming toward me.

I wish you could see him as I did. He was riding—but in a child's little express wagon! Yet, as I have just said, he was not a child, but a young man twenty years old.

As he wore no hat or cap, I could see how well shaped his head was, and how smoothly brushed was his thick brown hair.

He sat very straight; and as the little cart came flying down the slope of the street there was something fine and free in the poise of his head and shoulders.

I stood there watching him; and as he came nearer I could see the light in his blue eyes and his quick, gay smile of recognition.

He was so young, so eager, so happy! And yet, as I smiled back at him, it was with pity in my heart. Pity and pride! I was so sorry for him—and so proud of him.

As for Joseph Swedock, my guest that Sunday morning, he is neither sorry for himself, nor proud of himself. In his case, the "pricks of Fortune" have been sharp, deep thrusts. But he has made them only spurs to greater effort. And instead of pinning bouquets on himself for having done this, he pins them on the people who have *helped* him to do it.

In all my experience, the story of "Joe" Swedock, as he is known to everyone in his home town, is unique. The people of his home town, by the way, play a considerable part in that story; a fact which Joe himself is eager to point out.

In 1906, in this same town, Meriden, a young Polish couple was living in a humble little house on Veteran Street. Both the husband and the wife were immigrants. The wife could speak almost no English. The husband, a workman in a factory, had learned to read and to write the language of his adopted country.

Their first child, Joseph, was born on July Fourth of that year. The local orators, paying their eloquent tributes to American independence, knew nothing of little Joe's arrival. Yet he was to be a living example, in that community, of the independence they were exalting.

In the six and a half years following that Fourth of July, two more members were added to the Swedock family. The proud parents named them Helen and Anna.

Up to December 24th, 1912, nothing else of particular importance had happened to the Swedocks, except that six-year-old Joe had started going to school. The Christmas vacation having begun, December 24th could be devoted to play.

RAILROAD tracks possess, for the average small boy, an irresistible lure; and little Joe Swedock was no exception to this rule. A few hundred yards below the Meriden station there was a network of intersecting tracks; and this spot, with its treacherous "frogs" and switches, was Joe's playground that day.

If it had been summer, and he had been barefooted, the tragedy might not have happened. But even small boys wear shoes in winter; and as he was running across the tracks to get out of the way of an express train—the White Mountain Flier—one shoe caught in a switch.

Frantically, but vainly, he struggled to extricate his foot. The great engine thundered closer and closer. And the train roared past—leaving a pitiful little figure prone across a rail.

Apparently no one, except another small boy, had seen the accident. He ran to the motionless form; then, in terror, scuttled away in search of help. A physician finally arrived, an automobile was commandeered, and Joe was hurried to the hospital.

"The car broke down on the way," he told me, with a smile in which there was only the merest hint of pathos, "and the doctor had to carry me in his arms the rest of the way."

Lying in his hospital cot, after the operation, little Joe Swedock knew that he would never again play as other children did; for both legs had been amputated above the knees.

But they hadn't amputated any of his courage or cheerfulness! Even nine months in the hospital did not shorten his supply of these qualities; and they continued to survive and to grow, during the following year and a half, while he was housed at home.

In those two years he did not learn much more than how to keep cheerful under difficulties. Still, he did learn something. His father taught him to read and to write English. His mother—with still another baby, Bridget, added to the household—was too busy to give him this instruction, even if she had mastered the language, which she had not.

But she did give him the best lesson of all: the lesson of example. In the essentials of character, this Polish immigrant mother did not need to be "Americanized." She was stanch and self-respecting. Without talking about it, she nevertheless gave her young son her own standards of responsibility and duty, of decent and upright living.

When he was nine years old, Joe made his second start in school; for he had grown big enough and strong enough, by that time, to use a pair of artificial legs and crutches.

The legs were stiff and straight. The fine jointed masterpieces of construction were not for him. Partly because he was too poor to have anything so expensive, and partly because, at his age, he would outgrow them too rapidly. His crutches were literally his main support. Resting his weight on them, and swinging them forward one at a time, he really "walked" with his shoulders.

At the first glimpse, it was rather painful to see him. But people forgot all that when they caught the happy light in his eyes, and found themselves involuntarily smiling in response to his own ever-ready smile.

AND so life went on in the Swedock family. Not so badly, on the whole, even though the war had come, with its soaring cost of living. There was still another mouth to be fed, too; for in 1916 Teddy was born, making the list of young Swedocks number five in all.

Then, in 1919, a few weeks before little Stephanie came, to swell that total to six, Mr. Swedock died of tuberculosis. A fraternal insurance society of which he

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DOLEGA BROS., MERIDEN, CONN.

Joe Swedock, of Meriden, Connecticut, with his "family"

had been a member paid benefits of six hundred dollars to the widow. That, and six children, were all that her husband left her.

These two sixes were appallingly far from balancing each other. The margin had to be made up somehow and somehow it was! Mrs. Swedock, as soon as she was able, went to work in a restaurant. Neighbors were kind in Veteran Street—as they are in countless similar streets everywhere—and they looked after the littlest children during the mother's absence.

Aside from Mrs. Swedock, the only member of the family who, even by a stretch of the imagination, could be considered "adult" was Joe. His father died in August, one month after the boy was thirteen years old. But in the year that followed, Joe grew up *in spirit* more than many people ever do, even though they live to a good old age.

From the very beginning, his mother had been determined that her children should have an education; and in the face of almost overwhelming difficulties she still clung tenaciously to that purpose.

She realized especially that if her crippled son was to have the self-respecting independence which meant so much to her, he must have this asset of education. She made him realize this too.

"I KNEW I wouldn't be able to work in a shop or a factory," he said to me. "I must support myself in some other way, so I continued to go to school. But I earned a little money by selling papers. It was the only way in which I *could* earn anything, for I couldn't do chores or run errands.

"Then, only a short time after my father died, my mother also developed tuberculosis. The doctor said she must give up her work in the restaurant and must have a separate room at home. So all we had, after that, was the insurance money and what I earned as a newsboy and in a few other ways.

"I made a little extra by selling peanuts and soft drinks at baseball games and at boxing matches. People were always very kind. They never charged me anything for this privilege; and sometimes I would make as much as three or four dollars. But even then I couldn't earn quite enough to take care of us. We had to keep using the insurance money, a little at a time. When my mother died, in May, 1921, there were only a few dollars left.

"THE last few months, when she knew she couldn't live, she used to talk things over with me. I was only fourteen; and of course, because of my accident," he smiled, "I couldn't get a job, as other boys of my age could have done. Mother didn't see how I could take care of the five children. Helen, who was next to me, was only twelve then; and Stephanie the youngest, was less than two years old.

"So, although Mother didn't like the idea, she said I'd better put the little ones in an institution—after she was gone. She thought I might manage to keep the older ones with me. But I must send them to school, and I must go to school myself! She wanted me to go to college, too. It seemed foolish to talk of such a thing then. But we did talk of it; and my mother helped me to share her faith and courage.

"I can look back now and see so many ways in which she helped me. For one thing, she never 'mollycoddled' me. I never was a petted boy. She didn't want me to feel that my accident gave me the right to lean on others. I must stand on my own feet in one way," he laughed, "even if I couldn't do it another way.

"If I brought home a bad report from school, she gave me a good calling-down, and made me understand that I must do better the next time. She taught me to be self-reliant; because she knew it would be so easy for me to become dependent.

"But she was always good to me. I used to get up before five o'clock every morning and go down-town for the papers which I sold at the station. Sometimes there would be a heavy snowstorm, and my mother would beg me to stay at home that morning. But I knew I mustn't do that. I had my regular customers; and if they couldn't depend on *me* I couldn't depend on *them*.

"So when Mother found that I was going anyway, she went with me! I would sit on a sled and she would pull it through the deep snow, all the way to the station, about a mile from our house. She would go home then, get the other children up, and send two of them down to bring me back to breakfast about seven-thirty.

"After breakfast, I went to school. And after school, from three-thirty until six, I sold papers again. In the evening I studied my lessons for the next day.

"Until a few weeks before Mother died, Helen and Anna and Bridget went to school, too. By that time, Helen had almost finished the eighth grade. When Mother became so weak that she had to stay in bed, Helen left school and took care of the house. She was twelve years old then.

"WHEN my mother died, everybody was so good to us. The doctor who had taken care of her never charged us one cent for all he had done. We children have always been pretty healthy, but we have had to have a doctor now and then; and never has a bill been sent to me.

"The people of Meriden were just wonderful. For one thing, some of them offered to adopt the youngest children after Mother died. But I told them I wanted to keep the family (*Continued on page 161*)

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Somewhere There's Always Someone Listening In

"Uncle John" Daggett, of KHJ, Los Angeles, says there are five distinct radio audiences who know what they want, and why and when they want it—Amazing stories of the far-reaching effect of radio

By Magner White

THE site for the big picnic and barbecue was a beautiful canyon, ninety miles from Los Angeles. "Uncle John" of KHJ, the Los Angeles "Times" radio station, had invited all his friends to be there: It was a day in February, two years ago. "Uncle John" and his staff expected a crowd—say, possibly five thousand, or maybe even as many as ten thousand.

An hour before the time for the picnic, fifteen thousand people had arrived. When the celebration started, forty-eight thousand were there. By the middle of the afternoon, however, more than fourteen thousand automobiles had gone into the canyon, bringing the total attendance up to almost sixty thousand—probably the greatest picnic crowd in the history of America.

That illustrates, in a way, the great bond of friendship that exists between Uncle John and the hundreds of thousands who hear him every day and night on the air. But here's more along the same line: In the files of Uncle John's office I found more than three hundred thousand letters!

Letters from everywhere: typewritten, scrawled, hand-printed, on letterheads of great business firms, and on society note paper; in the firm hand of maturity, and in the unsteady or uncertain writing of childhood and of extreme old age; praising, suggesting and, occasionally, criticizing—and nearly all of them beginning, "My dear Uncle John."

"Uncle John's" name is John S. Daggett. Even though radio is still in its infancy, he is a veteran in the profession. When the "Times'" station was opened, five years ago, he was the man at the microphone, and he has been there ever since.

In the studio, after more than twenty-five years as a newspaper reporter, he found his life's work. He loves people, nature, and beauty. His studio shows it. Hundreds of photographs, among them the likenesses of many famous people, look down from the walls—all affectionately inscribed to Uncle John. There are flowers all about the place. The studio canaries keep the place merry with their songs.

In this setting, one afternoon, I found Uncle John. It was a silent hour for KHJ, but Uncle John was very busy.

He had come down to the studio to help a deaf girl. The girl, about seventeen, had never heard a sound and, as a last resort, it was decided to turn into her ears all the power of the great KHJ broadcasting station, in the hope that her under-developed organs of hearing would be stirred.

While I was waiting, the miracle happened! The girl heard the voice of Uncle John saying, "Hello, Cleo, this is your friend Uncle John!" They were only sounds to her; but, transient as they were, they had meaning. She had heard. Whether the result can be made permanent or not remains for further experiments to determine. Cleo may live the rest of her life in a world soundless to her; but the memory of at least one human voice will continue to ring in her ears.

KHJ station *is* an interesting place.

An hour later, Uncle John and I escaped to a place where we could talk, uninterrupted. When he is in his studio he belongs to his great public.

"These people who listen-in on KHJ every night," I opened up, "what do they want to hear, principally?"

"There are different audiences for different times of the day," Uncle John replied. "These various audiences all have different ideas about what they want to hear. But, before I go into that, I want to say something else.

"RADIO knows no time limits. There is always someone listening in somewhere. One time we ran our station continuously for more than one hundred and fifty hours, night and day, during a lodge convention. We heard from that stunt from all parts of the United States, and every separate hour's program was commented on, showing that, no matter what hour of the day or night a number is put on the air, there is someone somewhere ready to hear it.

"But in a more local way, you find people forming into groups to listen to the radio programs. In the morning or in the afternoon, they will listen to news items, talks on interesting subjects, and lectures on special topics. During the noon hour, however, they expect a little music along with the other things.

"In the evening—early in the evening—they want songs, old and new. A few talks may be interspersed; but if they get too long the crowd will start tuning out and trying to get another station.

"Late in the evening, say around ten-thirty and after, only instrumental music will do. It may be (*Continued on page 176*)

The Cricket Cricked in Los Angeles People Heard Her in New Zealand

"ONE evening I decided to try a stunt," said Mr. Daggett. "In one of the flower pots here in the studio, I had discovered a cricket. By experimenting a bit, I discovered that if I covered the bowl with a black cloth for a few moments, and then took the cloth off, the cricket would sing.

"'Now, friends,' I said, when I got ready to sign off that evening, 'we are going to have a very special feature. Miss Cricket will sing, as our closing number, her own composition, entitled "Cricketing for You".'

"I put the flower pot down by the microphone, removed the black cloth and, much to my relief—for I didn't really know what would happen!—that cricket began to sing. She cricketed at the top of her cricketing ability, loud and clear.

"After a couple of minutes she quit abruptly, took a few steps, wiggled her legs a couple of times—and gave two final sharp snaps, for all the world as if she were saying, 'Well, how was that? Pretty good, eh!'

"That was one of the greatest hits that ever went over KHJ. It was late at night, but our telephones buzzed for an hour afterward—people calling in to report that they had heard the cricket. We got letters and telegrams by the hundred; and two weeks later, all in one batch, we got twenty-seven letters about that cricket from New Zealand—6,800 miles away, a fourth of the way around the earth!"

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John S. Daggett

MR. DAGGETT, studio director of KHJ, "The Times," Los Angeles, is known to radio fans as "Uncle John." He has been on duty at KHJ since the station opened, five years ago. Born in Kansas City, Missouri, he moved with his parents to Pasadena, California, when he was nine years old. At sixteen, he became a "Times" reporter, remaining on the staff twenty-five years, when he was appointed to his present job. "Uncle John's" love for children has made for him a warm place in thousands of families whose members know him only as a voice that speaks to them every day. He is forty-seven years old.

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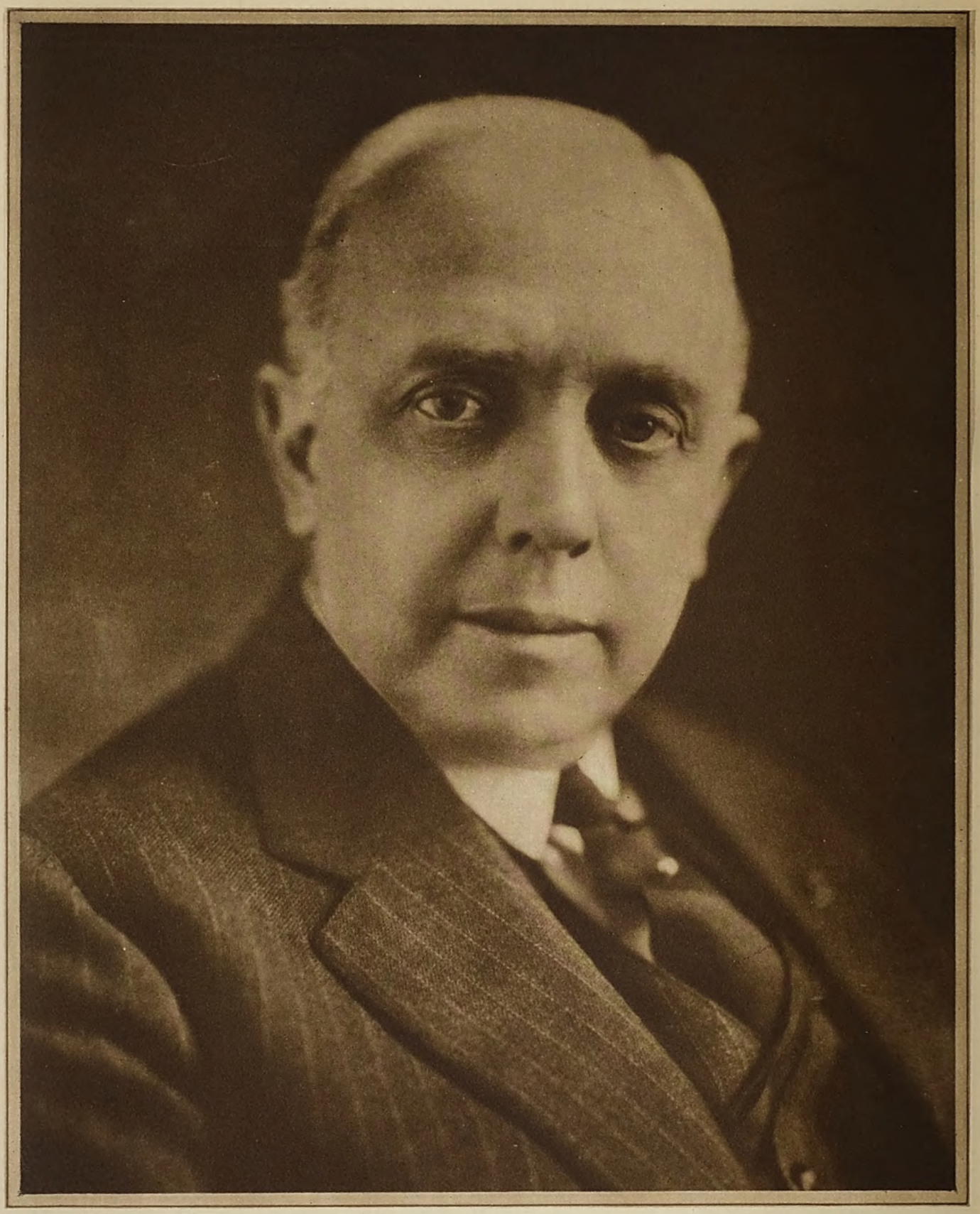

Photograph by Blank & Stoller, N. Y.

John L. Merrill

FOR a little more than forty-two years Mr. Merrill has worked for the same company. He began as a handy boy about a small office, grew up with the organization, appointed himself private secretary to the president, and finally, in 1918, after thirty-four years as an employee, he became head of All America Cables, Inc. The man under whom he had served for so many years asked the company to name Merrill as his successor. His firm is one of the important links between North and South America. Mr. Merrill was born in Orange, New Jersey, sixty years ago, and now lives in East Orange and in New York City.

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The Longest Days Are Those On Which You Pity Yourself

"I went through a period of self-pity," says John L. Merrill, president of All America Cables, Inc., "so I can talk with feeling on that subject." The story of another man's dream which Merrill inherited, and which he made a reality

By Helen Christine Bennett

WHEN I think of the story of John L. Merrill, I am bound to conclude that the gods of chance probably have a good chuckle now and then. How else is it possible to explain the building of the career of the president of All America Cables, Incorporated, upon the foundation of the passing of two pepper and salt shakers? What relation could pepper and salt shakers possibly have to the joining of two continents by cable, or to the rise of John L. Merrill from office boy to the presidency of his company?

In the winter of 1884, Merrill would have been bewildered by this question. He was eighteen; he had completed high school, and he had decided that, as family finances then stood, he had better forget his cherished ambition to go through Harvard University. The thing for him to do was to get a job. His elder brother, who at that time was cashier of an insurance company in Wall Street, invited the younger boy to come in to New York from their home in East Orange, New Jersey, to lunch with him at a club on the top floor of the building in which he worked.

The younger boy lunched at the club several times, meeting a number of men. One noon he found himself seated next to an elderly gentleman who talked with him about politics. Young Merrill was flattered by the attention, but not so much so that he forgot his manners. Thanks to a painstaking mother, he had learned always to see that others at table were taken care of. Several times during the meal, he captured the pepper and salt and passed them to his elderly companion. Mr. Samuel Blackwell, remembering that there was a vacancy in his force, turned to the well-mannered young man who sat next to him:

"I am the treasurer of two new cable companies," he announced; "the Mexican Telegraph, and the Central and South American."

Young Merrill leaned eagerly forward; this sounded promising.

"And," continued Mr. Blackwell, "if you are open for a position, young man, there is a vacancy"—here Merrill's heart leaped, only to sink heavily at the next words—"as office boy at five dollars a week."

Office boy—at five dollars a week—the young man's gorge rose. Why, even in those days, the messenger boys got more than that. And he was a high-school graduate! Here a heavy kick on his shin made him start and turn reproachfully to his brother, who followed the first kick with a second, and a tense whisper:

"Take it."

DAZED but obedient, Merrill managed to accept the offer. After Blackwell had gone, he protested to his brother.

"I know it isn't much of a job," agreed the older boy; "but that is a new concern. It has good men in it, and some big men back of it. If you get in on the ground floor, you might work up to almost anything."

The next morning John Merrill began as office boy with the firm now known as "All America Cables." As we sat in his office in the building erected by the company at 89 Broad Street, New York, he told me this story of his start, and, laughing, he added:

"Mr. Blackwell said he never would have remembered me at all had he not been impressed by the way I found and passed him those pepper and salt shakers!"

I looked about the cheerful, spacious room in which we sat, a room lined with maps of the world, so that even within its four walls you are conscious of being a part of something much bigger.

"How long did it take you to get *here?*" I asked.

"I didn't get *here* at all," he replied, smiling. "Come with me, and I will show you the room they gave me." We walked down the corridor, and he opened a door upon the most luxuriously designed office I have seen outside those of the directors of motion pictures. Mr. Merrill stood on the deep-piled rug and shook his head.

"This is my regular office," he said, "but I like my desk in the board-room better. But you asked me how long it took to reach the room, by which I suppose you mean the presidency. It took me thirty-four years, and it happened eight years ago."

As we went back down the corridor to the simpler room, I thought that the selection was characteristic. Merrill has the rare combination of dignity and simplicity. He is a powerful man of erect carriage, commanding presence, and vigorous movement; but his voice is low and gentle. As I watched his associates come and go—for our talk was constantly interrupted—I understood his universal popularity with the fifteen hundred men the company employs. Indeed, I quickly found myself agreeing with the verdict of one of Merrill's associates:

"Here is a man who reached the top of the ladder without forgetting how life looked from the bottom. He has passed out of the ranks of the men with whom he used to work, but he has not become their boss. He has become their father."

To-day the employees in the small stations throughout South America, Panama, Central America, the West Indies, as well as those in our own country, know John L. Merrill. In every way practicable he keeps in touch with them; in many cases, he is acquainted with their personal and family affairs, and it is to him that they appeal in times of trouble and distress.

It is to this close relationship between him and his working force, no less than to Merrill's business acumen and hard work that the remarkable increase in the business of the company during the eight years of his direction, is due.

IN 1918, when Merrill became president, the company was handling, exclusive of press messages—which vary too widely to be averaged—less than three thousand cables a day. At the close of the war in 1919, there was a distinct slump in business, followed by two years of depression. Yet, despite these handicaps, the business of All America Cables steadily increased. By 1926 the number of messages had more than doubled. To-day, the company is handling, exclusive of press, over six thousand messages a day, a total of over four million a year.

I have made this statement because Merrill is in the unusual position of a man who inherited a dream. Selected by the founder of the company, James A. Scrymser, as the man best fitted to carry on after his death, Merrill has had to face considerable skepticism. His close association and personal friendship with the former president, and his entire willingness to subordinate himself to the man who had conceived the idea of uniting the three Americas by cable, and who had brought his vision largely to pass, had perhaps resulted in an overshadowing of the younger man's initiative. (*Continued on page 144*)

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The flock was coming back. The wanderer must have heard its coming sooner than I, for instantly his call changed to something like glad, contrite confession

Migration—The Wonder And The Mystery Of It

By Archibald Rutledge

DRAWINGS BY REX BRASHER

I LOVE the legend of Persephone. The ancients were wise when they invented the story of her abduction by Pluto, and of her annual return to the earth, in the springtime, to visit her mother, Ceres. The story has a universal appeal, because the human heart knows the bleak loneliness of winter, and the romantic appeal of the return of spring. Persephone is at home once more on a visit; and life is joyous when she is with us.

It was on a misty night in mid-March, when the warmed and fragrant sap, one knew, must be running; when the gentle wind that breathed through the stark tree branches had a tenderness, as if but yesterday, down South somewhere, it had been romping with jasmines and roses. My heart felt the spring. I was coming home over a lonely Pennsylvania field, and several times I had stopped to listen for migrating birds; for it is on just such a night that they are likely to become bewildered in their epic journey, and as a result fly closest to earth. In the moist, mild darkness I heard a flock of wild geese passing northward, honking in standard fashion. For me, such a sound has always been full of powerful suggestions, primeval, and full of nameless glamour. I have gazed, fascinated, at these flying wedges, valiantly grazing the wild moon's icy arc—led homeward by an overmastering instinct. A few days ago, they were in the delta of the Mississippi, and along the Gulf Coast; a few days hence, and they will be sporting amid the frost-rimmed sedges of some far Athabascan lake! We who are supposed to love thrills above all else should get a tingle out of that thought, suggesting as it does the heroic mood, the dim, infallible wisdom, the immense journey, the thousand perils overcome, the superb achievement of the migrating hosts.

IN THE still night I listened to the geese until they passed out of hearing. After some moments, I heard a single honker returning. Apparently he was quite near me, and he was giving a lost and lonely call. There was a note of protest in his tone, of distraction. Evidently, he had become separated from the flock. Many times he circled, crying out continuously. I heard him until I reached home. Ten minutes later I came out of the house to discover whether he was still in the neighborhood. I then heard both the flock and the stray bird.

The flock was coming back. It must have understood that it had lost one of its number. The wanderer must have heard its coming sooner than I. Instantly, his call changed to something like glad, contrite confession. The cries of the other geese changed too. He was telling them that he was sorry, and they were berating him for not having watched his step more carefully. The Royal Night-Mail had turned back to recover a straggler. The "Homeric" had hove to in order to search for a man overboard.

The whole performance seemed to me a wonder of the night, of wild intelligence, a thrilling touch to make one feel that migration is no mad escapade, no hap-

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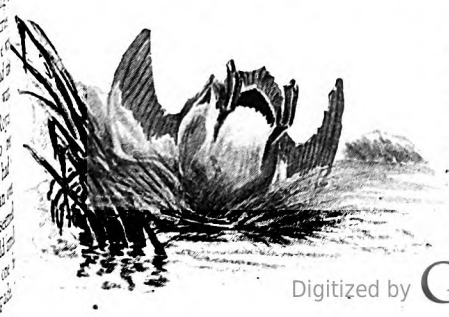
hazard, blind dash; but orderly, precise, masterful. That incident of the recovery of the stray goose, and many another like it, has taught me that migration is no mere frantic dash into the distance. Its performance partakes of the nature of high art; it has always the rhythm of a great symphony. It requires strategy, cunning, patience, endurance, cleverness, unselfish lavishing of the strength and wisdom of the few for the good of the whole.

THAT the leaders of a migrating band are important personages, and that much is expected of them, I once saw rather humorously illustrated. I was driving along a country road in early April when there came into view a belated flight of wild geese. There were seventy-six in the flock, and the birds were flying too low for safety. I stopped to watch them. When they were almost over me, a farmer in a nearby yard began to fire at them with a rifle.

Naturally, they veered and mounted; but what amused me was the clamor that the birds set up—the wild gabble of criticism of the great gander that was leading the stately march. He, of course, was at the very point of the wedge. I distinctly saw the two geese behind him and a little on either side of him turn their heads to shout raucously at him, and at the same time each quite evidently gave him a blow with their wings. Immediately he was displaced as a leader, discredited, and fell back far in the line, all the other geese "chastising him with the valor of their tongues," and trying to strike him as he passed them.

To interpret the meaning of the behavior of the geese as a protest against their unwary leader might be considered pure imagination, were it not for the fact that I have confirmed my idea of it many times, not only with wild geese but also with wild ducks, with crows, and with other birds. The leader of a migrating flock is like a watchman that feeding crows post to give them warning of the approach of an enemy. If the sentinel permits an enemy to creep near, he is usually severely punished. I once caught an old crow watchman dozing, and managed to kill several out of the feeding flock. The frightened birds, though flapping away wildly, gave their attention less to escape than to the guard who had betrayed them. They buffeted him until he cried out for mercy. As mute sable witnesses of the fury of his comrades, many jetty feathers floated down to the field.

I have mentioned migrants seen and heard; but I am sure that comparatively few of the migrants that pass us are observed; and we have attributed our failure to seeing them to their going by in the darkness. Probably the better reason



A great bald eagle had harried the ducks all winter long

is that they fly higher than is generally supposed. On the very crest of the Blue Ridge, at a point where the hills are twelve hundred feet high, I have seen geese and ducks flying a thousand feet over my head. From the valley below they would hardly have been visible. The officials of the great Trigonometric Survey of India photograph the sun on every clear day, and at times the pictures show other things. Quite recently a flock of wild geese was photographed at a height of five and one-half miles.

When migrants pass close to the earth, their presence apparently never fails to affect their tame friends and relatives. Often in the spring, and also in the autumn, flocks of tame geese and ducks will rise from the meadows, or even from yards and pens, and fly with joyous abandon and distraction for considerable distances; and I have frequently heard domestic geese and ducks answer, with a far homesick recollection, the calls of their wild cousins from the sky.

Quail also, though they are not supposed to migrate, will often, in the autumn, rise high in the air as a covey, and fly great distances—ending their bizarre flight sometimes in very unaccountable places, such as the back yards of city homes, the trees along a village street, or the gardens of a very civilized community. The ruffed grouse, that lordly prince of the woodland, in the fall of the year is sometimes infected with the travel spirit; and at such a time I have found him far from his native haunts. I was shooting along a stream one November, a stream some five miles from the nearest mountain, when to my amazement I flushed one of these splendid birds. One autumn, while in North Carolina, I saw another of these superb aviators come dashing incontinently over a small valley and up a wooded slope, on the crest of which I had my home. The regal courier unhappily sped straight through one of the large windows of the house, and fell stunned into the room beyond. I picked it up; it soon revived, and upon being released sped off as buoyantly as ever.

The Indians believed that the autumn was the time of semi-madness for many wild creatures; and this distraction of would-be migrants, together with the fact that the fall of the year is the mating season for many of the larger animals, lends much evidence to support this otherwise apparently fanciful and poetic belief.

IN ADDITION to those that have a sudden ancient thrill to migrate, but never quite accomplish it, there are those that really would, but cannot, because of wounds or other similar handicaps.

I remember going one day in early March into the great Santee delta, in South Carolina, which is only across the river from my old home. At that season of the year the region is aglow with spring greenery. Especially in the dewy hours of morning the whole world looks like a glistening beryl, a twinkling emerald. As I paddled into that strange, still country, the tide was high; ditches, canals, and creeks were flooded; many of the old waste fields were mere shimmering expanses of limpid water.

The ducks that had wintered by the thousands on the delta had, for a week or more, been moving northward. When I invaded the reedy wastes which had been their winter playgrounds, they were silent and deserted. Here and there I

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saw a shy king rail stepping with swift stealth, that in itself is concealment, into the tall marsh. A great bald eagle that had harried the ducks all winter long now sailed disconsolately over his spacious domain.

Suddenly, from a sunny estuary behind a clump of greening marsh, I heard a mallard quacking. He did not know that I was near; but he evidently was aware of some presence that disturbed him. Nor was it the eagle. A small flock of widgeons passed, speeding northward. That day they might not stop short of estuaries around Nags Head, or the vast bays of Currituck. A teal has been timed on a straight stretch of a river to fly one hundred and twenty miles an hour. These ducks were, I judged, going about seventy-five. This mallard saw them, and he wanted to join the flock. Why he did not, I soon discovered.

Often on a moonlight night in October I have seen the mocking bird take the air on quivering wings

PADDLING round a point of marsh, I saw him behind a fringe, still unaware of my presence. Evidently, he was wounded. Some hunter had shot him down in the marsh, possibly weeks before this; and while he had managed to escape the eagle's vigilant eye, and the prowling stealth of many a wild-cat, he could not join his comrades on their spring flight. It may be that I am overestimating his emotion; but I thought I had never heard cries so pathetic and appealing.

All of us, presumably, have experienced what it means to be left behind; and in the case of this lone mallard he was to be left a couple of thousand miles behind by his kith and kin. I heard him importunately hail the fleeing flocks; and I saw two or three of their number crane their necks and gaze downward; but they did not stop.

Later that morning I saw other ducks, and their presence comforted me. There was to be, I knew, some comradeship in misery. Indeed, there must have been joy in that fellowship; for that summer I found mallards mating on the delta. Books of science tell us that mallards never mate in the South; but Nature has a way of playing tricks on the writers of solemn books. Here were migrants that couldn't migrate; yet they managed to find life very much worth while after all. They could not go with their families; but they managed to get along quite well; and ere long their families came back to them! I guess it is sometimes so with us.

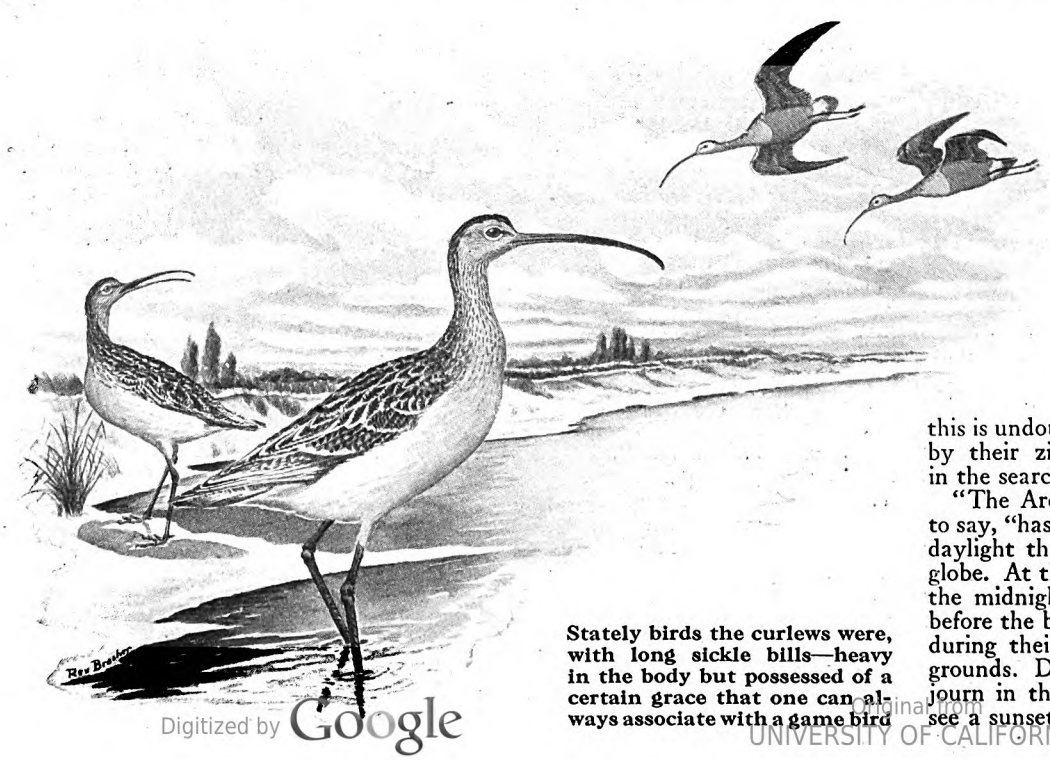
ALL of us are interested in world's champions of any sort; yet up to this time no Olympic medal has been hung on the soft gray breast of the Arctic tern, the bird that executes the longest migration flight achieved by any of the myriads of the winged hosts. It is called "Arctic" because it chooses the very far North as its nesting ground; indeed, it has been found mating as far north as land has been discovered. Its tiny chicks are reared amid latent icebergs, blizzards, and every other condition that would seem adverse to the rearing of young. One nest of this extraordinary bird has been found within a few degrees of the North Pole!

As soon as the young are fully fledged, the tern begins his epic overseas journey, airily passing lordly New York, flouting the romantic and alluring shores of Virginia, even passing the Florida Riviera, and the aromatic West Indies; following the immense length of the South American seaboard, down to the distant and dim Falklands, down past remote South Georgia, down toward the Antarctic Circle, where it delights to spend our winter; tirelessly skirting the frigid edges of that lone and disastrous region. This Odyssey of Migration represents a flight of full eleven thousand miles.

Of this remarkable air voyage, no man speaks with more authority than Wells W. Cooke, the expert on bird migrations, in the Biological Survey. He says that the Arctic terns arrive in the far North early in the summer and leave late in August, staying about fourteen weeks at the nesting site and that they probably spend a few weeks longer in the winter than in the summer home. This would leave them scarcely twenty weeks for the round trip of twenty-two thousand miles.

"Not less than one hundred and fifty miles in a straight line must be their daily task," says Mr. Cooke, "and this is undoubtedly multiplied many times by their zigzag twistings and turnings in the search of food.

"The Arctic tern," Mr. Cooke goes on to say, "has more hours of sunlight and of daylight than any other creature on the globe. At the most northern nesting site the midnight sun has already appeared before the birds' arrival, and it never sets during their entire stay in the breeding grounds. During two months of their sojourn in the Antarctic the birds do not see a sunset, and for the rest of the time



Stately birds the curlews were, with long sickle bills—heavy in the body but possessed of a certain grace that one can always associate with a game bird

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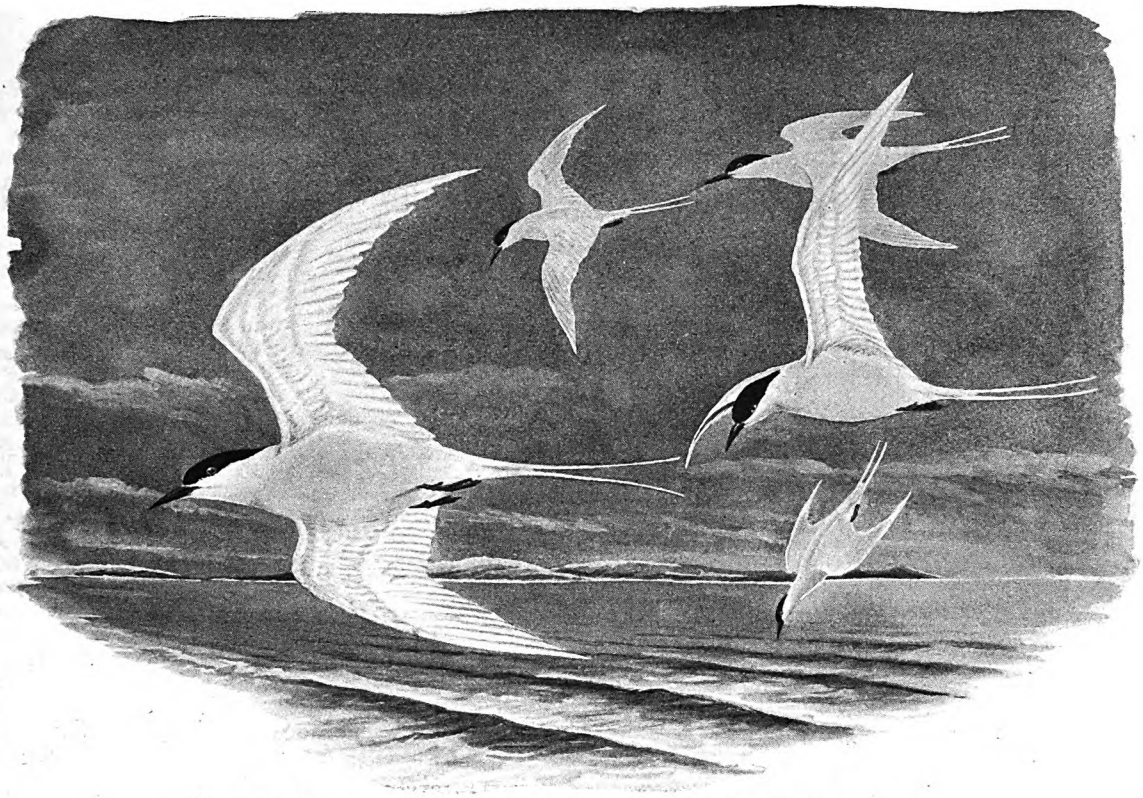
the sun dips only a little way below the horizon, and broad daylight is continuous. The birds therefore have twenty-four hours of daylight for at least eight months in the year, and during the other four have more daylight than darkness."



The Arctic tern executes the longest migration flight made by any of the migrating birds—eleven thousand miles

WHILE the Arctic tern makes the longest migration flight, no other bird compares with the golden plover, when we consider the strange and marvelous flight that it takes, its achievement having much of the same powerful appeal to the imagination as a non-stop transatlantic passage by airplane. There is a regular route of migration from the shores of Nova Scotia to the Lesser Antilles, and thence to the northeastern coast of South America. It is a favorite route for many aquatic birds, but especially for the golden plover.

Breeding in those lonely wastes within the Arctic Circle known as the "barren grounds," as soon as the young can take wing the golden plover starts for Labrador; thence, after several weeks' stay, the birds repair to Nova Scotia—the jumping-off place for the most wonderful of all non-stop bird-flights. Their objective is the coast of South America, twenty-four hundred miles away over the trackless waters. Occasionally, in stormy weather, the voyagers may "put in" at Bermuda, or at some of the islands to the southward; but if the weather is favorable their immense journey is accomplished without rest or pause. Flying both day and night, these spirited and beautiful birds actually pass from Canada to Brazil without a stop.

I used to have a mocking bird—a regular pet, though he was never caged—with whom I was on the most intimate terms of friendliness—until my Delaware grapes began to ripen. Then his raids made me cool in my attitude. He lived in a dense cedar in my yard, lurking for the most part in its dusky shadows; but he would emerge often in the grape season; and occasionally to fill the world with wild music—like some moody genius who retires into solitude, whence he presently reappears with a masterpiece.

I often tried to discover how many kinds of birds this particular mocker imitated; the complete list (some little leeway should be allowed me for mistakes) was eighty; and often in a single brief concert, as spontaneous as it was inspired, he would give the calls and songs of thirty or more birds. Most of these notes, being of birds with which I have since boyhood been familiar, were not in the least difficult to identify. But what was my astonishment one day to hear him clearly imitate the note of a rare migrant—the Bartramian sandpiper—a note not native to the mocker's Southern country, one that could have been caught by him only from some high-passing migrant, fleeting eerily by under the stars. I believe science should accept as authentic the mocker's repetition of a call or a song as proof that the bird imitated has been in the neighborhood, though no human eye has seen it. I have heard this superb mimic give the notes of several birds that I could not identify; doubtless they were of migrants that stop rarely, if at all, on the Carolina coast.

HALF the joy of life seems to be in little things taken on the run—or on the fly. I love to think of the mocking bird's being able to catch the fugitive note of a far aërial wanderer, and, without any loss of its haunting strain, handing it on to me. Often, on a moonlight night in October, I have seen him take the air on quivering wings; and in lyric ecstasy voice the meaning and the mystery and the beauty of the dreaming world. Listening to his marvelous minstrelsy, and watching the moon write her silvery scattered dreams on the incoming tide that flows past my porch, I have felt him to be an interpreter of all the glamour that my heart was aware of, but was baffled to express. Any bird that can interpret wonder is worth hearing. I fully expect him at some time to let me hear the mellow fluting of the golden plover. If anyone in Carolina can hear that mystic rover, the mocking bird can.

How long the remarkable passage of the golden plover takes has not yet been ascertained, nor is it soon likely to be. But it is not unreasonable to believe that an average speed of thirty miles an hour is maintained; the trip would then be one of three days and three nights.

But upon reaching the shores of South America, the heroic journey of the golden plovers is by no means ended. They resume their flight, voyaging southward, and at length reach the pampas of the Argentine. Some go as far as Patagonia. Here they remain from the late summer until the March following. Upon their arrival in South America, they find the native plover busily nesting; but it is said that no migrant from the North ever mates in the Southern Hemisphere.

Upon their journey northward in the early spring, the plovers follow an entirely different route. Overland they speed to the northern coast of South America; then they traverse the Gulf of Mexico, entering the United States by the way of Texas and Mississippi. Up the valley of the Mississippi they go, and by the first of June are once more at their nesting ground far within the Arctic Circle. This epic cycle forms an immense ellipse, the respective tips of which rest upon the Arctic North and upon the plains of Argentina.

The golden plover of the Pacific Coast flies overseas from Alaska to Hawaii. "It seems incredible," says an authority, "that any birds can lay a course so straight as to attain these small islands lying in mid-ocean, 2,000 miles from the Aleutian Islands to the north, 2,000 miles from California on the east, and 3,700 miles from Japan on the west. And yet, year after year, the hosts of the golden plover pass from Alaska to the South Sea Islands, and thence in mating time they return to their far breeding grounds in Arctic America. (*Continued on page 150*)

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Making One Hour Do The Work Of Two

By M. K. Wisehart

TO BEGIN with, I want to tell you something about the circumstances that led to the writing of this article. Some time ago this magazine printed the story of a boy who started out at bricklaying. Almost the first day at this trade, he discovered something which seems never to have attracted attention in the same way before. His discovery was simply this: No two of his fellow workmen were using the same methods in handling brick, trowel, and mortar. He was struck by the conclusion that if *one* of the bricklayers was doing the job in the *right* way, then *all* the others must be doing it wrong! And it was this notion that ultimately became the foundation of a great career.

Having learned one phase of the building trades after another, the apprentice boy became manager, then superintendent, for a construction company. Next, he was a construction engineer "on his own." Always he was turning over this idea that there must be one right way of doing anything. It was a bee in the bonnet, a sting and a goad, an obsession. Some said that it was a chimera.

But the young fellow achieved such astonishingly quick results in digging canals, in raising buildings and industrial towns, that he was sometimes asked to stay on the job after his contract work was finished; they wanted him to install his *methods* in the plant itself. In the end, he gave up construction work entirely to become a management engineer, one of the first, a pioneer.

For thirty-five brilliant, indefatigable years, Frank B. Gilbreth made a romance of digging out the one best way of doing work. He became a maker of hours, a creator of time. He came to be recognized as one of the world's greatest authorities on management engineering. He was called upon to reorganize the production methods of many of the biggest enterprises in the United States, and in many cases he revolutionized them.

While preparing that article I learned, among other things, that Gilbreth was an intensely human man. There wasn't anything under the sun that he wasn't interested in—economics, history, nature, boating, baseball, golf, horses, and especially champions of any kind, whether they were champion pitchers, typists, or cranberry pickers down on Cape Cod.

"I can't afford to collect jade," he said to me one day, "so I'm making a collection of knots. What do you think of them?"

He showed me a hardwood knot whose peculiar grain was the exact likeness of a hairy, bewhiskered Spitz. Anyone would have known it was a Spitz.

He handed me another knot. "Why, that looks like Chauncey Depew!" I exclaimed.

"Right!" he answered. "Chauncey M. Depew all dressed up in an aviator's helmet!"

One day, when putting in a call from a grocery store telephone booth, the engineer had seen this knot in a board of the booth. The proprietor of the store agreed to his cutting out the knot if he would fix up the hole afterward. So the engineer got hammer, saw and nails, and zestfully set to work, removing a chunk containing nature's capricious likeness of the distinguished lawyer, after which he repaired the damage with another board!

From all over the world, people who knew of Gilbreth's knot-collecting hobby sent him knots that they had found. Few of these were as good as his own finds, for he had the zeal of the real collector, and his own specimens were distinctively beautiful or odd and full of human interest. He once made a trip all the way from Boston to Arizona to get a petrified knot.

Frank Gilbreth was that way: an enthusiast, thorough, human in all he did. He had time for everything that he thought was worth-while.

I MADE a list of Gilbreth's hobbies, the incidental by-product activities of an extraordinarily dynamic life. Twenty-eight of them! Too many to list here. If one of these hobbies more than another could be called his passion, it was his desire to apply to the affairs of every day the principles of time-saving that he had applied in industry. Some of them couldn't be applied, of course. Marvelously effective in their sphere, they had to do with technical and intricate things. I told him so.

"But every one of us ought to engineer his time," was the response. "We need to *plan* to make the most of twenty-four hours a day."

He spoke of a day as made up of 1,440 minutes and wanted to know how long I thought it ought to take a man to unlace his shoes, take them off, put them on again and lace them up. A minute and a half was my guess.

"It can be done in twenty-nine seconds," he answered. He had found this out on an engineering job for a big shoe company that operates hundreds of stores in every part of the United States. At the start, on the average it had taken the clerks seven minutes to fit a customer with shoes and complete a sale. The engineer had reduced this time to three minutes. Of the three minutes, seven seconds were allotted for the removal of the customer's shoes and twenty-two for putting them on again.

"Starting at the bottom and using both hands," observed the engineer, "a man can button his vest in three seconds! That's laboratory, stop-watch time! It's perfectly feasible. The other way usually takes seven seconds. Accumulated seconds make minutes!"

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed. "You think as much of a minute as you do of one of your beautiful knots!" And his answer was, "You may pick up a better knot; but if a minute's thrown away, you aren't going to find another just as good!"

And he went on in this way: "Of course it isn't important that a man should cut his shaving time in half, get his shoes on in a flash, button his vest in no time at all. But it is important to *think* in elements of time. We ought to *know* how long it takes to do all our jobs—from sharpening a pencil, to dish-washing or reading a column of fine print. Find that out, and you've made a beginning as a time engineer. That's the vital thing!"

He was full of his subject. It was wonderful to hear him talk. "But isn't there another side to this time-saving question?" I asked. "Most of us are doing all we want to now, aren't we?"

"No! No!" was his earnest response. "Don't say that! It isn't true! There's something every one of us wants to do in addition to what he's *got* to do. We tell ourselves the reason we don't get at it is because we lack time. We're likely to be a little easy with ourselves in that respect. Often, the real reason is simply *the way we use time.* I tell you that if a man's life is going to amount to anything more than an incoherent series of false starts and thwarted efforts, he's got to get acquainted with the fundamental principles of time-saving."

ON THIS subject of time-saving, the engineer promised me an interview for the readers of this magazine. That conversation took place early in June, 1924. Mr. Gilbreth was then getting ready to sail for Europe on the twentieth. On June 14th, the Associated Press gave to the world the tragic news that the engineer, in a telephone booth at the railway station of his home town, Montclair, New Jersey, had been stricken with heart disease. But the swift-moving Hand of Time had not caught him napping!

The other day I went to Mrs. Gilbreth to see if she would take up the thread of this story where it had been broken. You may recall that the previous article to which I have referred was entitled "They Are Both in Who's Who." It was, in fact, the story of the joint achievements of the engineer and his wife, Lillian Moller Gilbreth.

The mother of eleven children, a home-

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maker, she had nevertheless been an active partner in her husband's profession. She is the author of a number of important books, a recognized authority on industrial psychology.

Mrs. Gilbreth not only went on with the story, she also told me a number of other interesting things. The condition in which the engineer had left his affairs, the way in which his wife was able to carry on, that is an important lesson in itself.

Presently I promise you the continuation of Gilbreth's message on time, but first something about these other matters, for we have to do with a woman's story as well as the message of a man.

"During the war," said Mrs. Gilbreth, "when Frank was working at Fort Sill on the job of standardizing the methods of gunfire for the United States Army, he suffered a long siege of pneumonia. We both realized that the only way he would have freedom from the worry that his heart would go, and leave me uncertain what to do, was for him to plan everything in detail, to standardize what he would want done if he went. So, everything was put in order even more thoroughly than it had been done before. Not a single complicated duty of any kind arose for me to do.

"THE trip abroad had been arranged for England, Holland, and Czechoslovakia. We were going to attend the Power Congress in London, where Frank was scheduled to discuss two technical papers. We were going to look after our engineering jobs in foreign factories, and attend the world's first Management Congress, in Czechoslovakia. We had just six weeks in which to do everything. It was all planned on a travel chart which took care of the days, hours, and many of the quarter hours.

"I knew that the thing to do was to go on with the schedule; and I sailed on the ship on which Frank and I both had had reservations."

In London, Mrs. Gilbreth gave the two papers that her husband had been scheduled to give. Then she took up an important question with the foreign clients. Would these companies, with staffs entirely of men, want a woman to go on with the management job? They said, "Go on!" So she did the work that her husband and she would have done together.

"Throughout the six weeks," she said, "I followed the chart Frank had made. An excellent piece of planning! It was a great satisfaction to me to check up on it and to find that I was seeing it through to the last detail."

BACK home, Mrs. Gilbreth filled her husband's other engagements for lectures and technical papers—at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Yale, Sheffield, Ohio State, Purdue, and the University of Michigan. And she was asked to continue all of these lectures during the following year, as well as her own lectures at the Harvard Business School, Smith College, and at Teachers College!

One of the plans Mr. Gilbreth had developed shortly before his death provided for an entirely new departure in management engineering. He had been going from plant to plant with his men, installing improved production methods as well as teaching them. Under the new plan representatives of the plants were to come to his laboratory at Montclair, learn the methods, and return to the plant to make the installations themselves.

In six months' time Mrs. Gilbreth had reorganized the business in accord with this plan. She explained the idea to one of her clients. "Go ahead!" he exclaimed. "It's a novel method. I believe it's practical. I'll send a man even if he's the only one, and pay the entire cost of the course myself!"

But more than one attended. A limit had to be put on the number admitted for the training. "The plan is fully established," said Mrs. Gilbreth. The course consists of two parts. The first part teaches how to find the one best way to do work; the second, how to teach it to others. "Now we're able to teach half a dozen men from different plants at one time, instead of taking each plant separately. In this way we get much more done."

And so I asked her some of the questions that the engineer himself had been going to answer: How we waste time? How we can save time? How we can all get more done? This is the way she answered:

"AT ONE time we had in our organization an engineer of very great talents who had a trait that is characteristic of many of us. He was forever thinking and talking about what he was *going* to do. He spent a great deal of time thinking up new methods and experiments. Sometimes months would elapse without a move to put them through.

"Mr. Gilbreth used to say, 'Our talented friend is a creature of inertia. He stops so long to look at the difficulties of a problem that he gets paralyzed. What we've got to do is to find a way of getting him started.' And Frank devised for this engineer what he called two self-starting principles, as follows:

"First: Whenever you think of something you ought to do, do something about it at once. First, of course, decide whether this is a thing you mean to carry through. If it is, get into action *at once*.

"Second: When it comes to tackling a new job, remember this: the chances are you can't do the hard things first. Don't worry about them. Do the easiest. What you do first may be nothing more than making a note in your notebook, putting in a telephone call, (*Continued on page 188*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALLIE F. BRAMBERG

Mrs. Lillian Moller Gilbreth is a widely known consulting engineer, and the author of important works in the field of management. Until the death of her husband, Frank B. Gilbreth, two years ago, she practiced her profession with him; since then she has carried on her own work and his. He was one of the most distinguished industrial engineers in America. Mrs. Gilbreth is author of "Psychology of Management," and, with her husband, "Time Study, Fatigue Study," "Applied Motion Study," "Motion Study for the Handicapped," and other technical books and papers. She is the mother of eleven children, and lives at Montclair, New Jersey

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"Six feet," commented Smith, looking from the tape to the servant; "and yet I am told that the first Mr. Renfrew was *seven* feet tall"

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Peter's Tower

Secret Service Smith goes back a hundred years to solve a mystery

By R. T. M. Scott

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIGUÈRE

"I WANT you to find a murderer," began old Samuel Andrews, as he took the easy chair beside the great work table of the criminal investigator.

Aurelius Smith lowered his lanky body into a chair upon the opposite side of the table and reached for his pipe. After applying the match and emitting the first fragrant puff, he squirmed back into his chair with evident satisfaction. As a matter of fact, he lived for his work and cared little for anything else.

"You fear that the murderer knows you, although you do not know who he is," he remarked through the tobacco smoke.

"How could you possibly know that?"

"My dear sir," returned Smith, "you are a very important New York lawyer. Instead of visiting my humble quarters it would have been more natural if you had suggested that I call at your office. Therefore, you desire secrecy. Why? So as not to alarm the murderer. Therefore, the murderer knows you. Then, again, your profession teaches you exact speech. If you knew the murderer, you would ask me to convict him instead of asking me to find him. Pray proceed."

"You might have been wrong," said the lawyer, with a smile.

"Of course. But I would soon have discovered it."

"And you were not afraid of lowering yourself in my estimation by making a mistake?"

"No," answered Smith, without a trace of emphasis. "My own estimation is the only one which concerns me."

The speech held no arrogance, no conceit whatever. The total lack of offense would have taxed a great actor.

"I like you," said Andrews. "You would have made a good lawyer."

"Thanks," said Smith.

"And now for the story of the case," continued the lawyer. "It concerns the Renfrew family, and it has an early beginning."

"Tell it," said Smith. "Tell everything."

And the old lawyer went back more than a hundred years to tell it.

In 1815, shortly after peace came among the English-speaking peoples of the world, Peter Renfrew sailed his old sloop into the mouth of the Hudson, and cast anchor off the shore at a point where the city ended in small, scattered buildings and gave place to fields and trees. With him Peter brought his wife, his son, Peter the Second, a number of slaves, and a bag of gold. Where he came from he did not trouble to say; nor did strangers ask inquisitive questions after they had noted his height of seven feet and the girth of his chest, which was equal to that of two ordinary men.

Old Peter, Peter the First, went ashore with his wife, his son, his slaves, and his gold. He bought some land at the northern end of straggling New York and gave his attention vigorously to truck farming. It was the second year, just before the snow came, that old Peter's wife died. The day of his tragedy Peter Renfrew the First took his thoughts from men and gave them to God.

Snow fell as the old man leased his farm to a neighbor and, followed by his son, carried his dead wife on board the sloop; then he summoned his slaves. To each negro he gave his freedom and a piece of gold. Never a question asked Peter the Second as the snow fell and they sailed northward up the Hudson. People said that the river would freeze and bind them, but none ventured to advise the Renfrews.

FIFTY miles up the Hudson the sloop froze fast in the ice. It was said that the white-haired giant carried his burden to the top of a high hill, built a great fire to thaw the ground, and buried her that midnight.

There was talk of the Renfrews during the following spring, but none saw them in New York. There came gossip that a great madman was building a high stone tower over the grave of his wife. It was thought that he was trying to reach heaven to join her. Peter the Second confirmed some of the story when he sailed the sloop back to New York, single-handed, in the fall. He told that his father was dead, that he had been struck by lightning on the top of his tower, that he had buried him beside his wife. People thought the end was fitting, and said that only God could have killed such a man.

Peter the Second worked the farm until the following year, when he took a wife and carried her away to the tower upon the great hill on the Hudson. It may have been because of the hunting, which he loved, and it may have been a honeymoon; none knew. Peter the Second never returned.

In a great, circular room at the top of the stone tower, during the dead of winter, Peter's bride tried to present him with her utmost reward. It was very sudden, and Peter fled through the snow, upon the rough hill tops, toward the nearest settlement for help. Upon a craggy summit his foot slipped, and he fell far down a sheer cliff—clutched a shrub, which dragged loose—clutched a crevice too small for more than finger hold, and, one arm broken, hung, swaying in the wind.

Far below, an Indian saw the fall and, there being no hope of rescue, stopped to gaze, his admiration growing as minute followed minute and the iron muscles of the dangling man fought against the inevitable.

When it was over, the Indian climbed the cliffs and followed the tracks back through the snow. In the room, on the tower top, the red man found a dead woman and a crying baby. He wrapped the child in blankets and carried him over the hills to his smoke-blackened, skin-covered tepee. Peter the Third entered life roughly, strenuously—like a Renfrew.

White people heard the tale, and the child was rescued and ultimately taken to New York, where he received considerable education and grew to manhood, while the city, bulging northward, overran the old truck farm and increased its value enormously. Peter the Third became a very rich man. In 1860 he bought the small mountain upon which rested the old tower, and built a low, rambling country house upon the summit. Nor would he move the tower, although it occupied the best site; and the result was that a library window lost much light by nearly touching the rough masonry of Peter's Tower, as it was called over the countryside.

Peter the Third was the first studious Renfrew, and he capped the tower with a revolving dome, mounted a huge telescope and indulged in astronomy and mathematics. He married and had one son, another Peter, before dying at his telescope of heart failure—a surprising death for a Renfrew. But Peter the Third had forgotten to grow beyond six feet, and had studied the stars.

PETER the Fourth—they were all Peters, these single sons—reverted to type. He grew to a height of six feet and four inches, and possessed a chest which caused tailors to gasp. As a boy, he would look at the old tower and shrug his shoulders half humorously, half reverently. On Hallowe'en he would measure the length of his great-great-grandfather's grave, and place a candle in a pumpkin at its foot. As a man, he lived mostly at his country place, riding and hunting over the hills, and swimming the Hudson like a porpoise. Strangely enough, he never gave up the rite of the pumpkin at the foot of the ancient grave. He even per-

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formed it at other times than Hallowe'en.

This Peter married and had a son who bid fair to be like himself. Four years later, in 1904, a miracle happened, and the Lord gave him a daughter, Petrovna, so like a flower that men stopped to look who had not tarried so in years. The old truck farm reached the middle of New York, and grew skyscrapers instead of vegetables. There was more money than could be used, and ten years of happiness fell upon the Renfrews.

Then came the World War. Peter the Fourth measured the grave of his great-great-grandfather, solemnly, reverently; then caught the first train northward, out of Cold Spring, for Canada. Never stopping to use money or influence to obtain a commission, he enlisted with the "Princess Pats," in a uniform which he had to buy for himself, since the quartermaster had none large enough. Two years later he returned—minus one leg and half an arm. He looked at his family shamefacedly, as if he had done something that was clumsy; then swam the Hudson amid some floating ice instead of using a bathtub.

"Which arm did he lose?" asked Smith at this point.

"Left," replied Andrews.

Smith refilled his pipe and inserted himself even more luxuriously into his chair, looking at the old narrator with a trace of the child who desires to hear more of a fairy story.

It seemed that Peter the Fourth soon forgot that he had ever had two arms and two legs, and life went on, much as before the war began, with feats of strength and a wild abandon to the joy of life, clean life, straight life—but wild. Peter the Fifth left the football field and college to join in it, lacking only two inches of his father's height. Petrovna equaled the men for agility, outrivaled the countryside for beauty. Mrs. Renfrew smiled, contented, upon her family.

MRS. RENFREW smiled till the summer of 1925, when she grew serious, like all mothers upon certain occasions, and talked earnestly with her great maimed partner. Peter the Fourth grew serious too, and roared over the telephone to his lawyer in New York. The lawyer came and went, and came again with a new will.

It was upon a summer evening that the lawyer, Samuel Andrews, brought the will and laid it before Peter Renfrew the Fourth in his library, so close to the old tower that the light from one window was destroyed. The will was signed before a servant as witness. The servant withdrew. The lawyer withdrew, closing the only door of the library and leaving his client alone, rereading his will. Twenty minutes later Peter Renfrew the Fourth, stabbed to the heart from the back, lay dead upon the library floor.

"Ah!" exclaimed Smith. "I remember reading something about the case in the papers. The coroner decided that it was a case of accidental death, that the old man had fallen off his chair with a steel paper knife in his hand, that he had flung his hand behind him and fallen on the blade. It was reported that the knife was found on the carpet beside the body. Rot! It was undoubtedly a case of murder."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because," answered Smith, "death was instantaneous, and the knife would not have come out of such a wound unless somebody removed it. I will venture to say that there was no blood upon the blade."

"That is true," admitted Andrews; "but the coroner thought that the clothing wiped it clean as it came out."

"Not at all likely," returned Smith, shaking his head thoughtfully. "Knives stick fast after deep thrusts. Soldiers, on the battlefield, often have considerable difficulty in withdrawing their bayonets. Either the paper knife did not do the killing, or the murderer withdrew it and wiped it clean. But I have a much stronger reason to think that murder was done at Peter's Tower."

"What is that?" asked Andrews.

"I don't know," replied Smith quietly; "but it is the reason that brought you here. Why do *you* think it was murder?"

"The will disappeared," answered the lawyer. "The new will was gone when I returned to the library twenty minutes later."

"Good! And you have told nobody but me?"

"Nobody."

"EXCELLENT! Now tell me everything you know about the twenty minutes during which you were absent from the library."

"Well," said the lawyer, "there is so little to tell that it makes the mystery all the greater. As I left the library I encountered Petrovna, the daughter, who was sitting in the great hall-living-room and facing the only door which led into the library. She was reading a book and waiting for her fiancé, who had gone to the village to post a letter. During the entire twenty minutes she remained where she was, so that no person could have entered the library without her knowledge. It was she who discovered the tragedy. I had talked with her for five minutes, and walked out into the garden, where—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Smith. "What book was she reading and why did she not accompany her fiancé to the village?"

"I am afraid that I cannot answer either question," replied Andrews. "Why do you ask?"

"Books tell the characters of their readers. Lovers stroll together in the evening. Who is this careless lover?"

"Stanley Holts, who appears to be a wealthy man from Florida," was the reply. "Personally, I should not care to endorse his note; but he is a guest of the Renfrews and intends to marry the daughter of the house next week."

"Rather soon after the father's death, isn't it?"

"You don't know the Peter Renfrews," returned the lawyer. "They appreciate death; but not one of them ever bows to it more than once, since Peter the First went mad and built his tower."

"Humph!" grunted Smith. "What happened during the next fifteen minutes?"

"I went out into the garden," continued the lawyer, "where I found Miss Cora Melleville, a very pretty actress from the vaudeville stage. She, also, was waiting for somebody, for Peter the Fifth, to whom she is engaged and to whom she will be married next week."

"Ah!" ejaculated Smith. "I see the reason for Mrs. Renfrew's alarm and for the sudden changing of the will. Well, where was Peter the Fifth?"

"Gone to swim the Hudson by way of a little exercise," answered Andrews. "Beside Miss Melleville was a large police dog, apparently asleep. I sat down on the bench beside the girl and talked. From where we sat we could see dimly the only two windows of the library. Suddenly the dog raised his head with a short bark; then raised it more, and howled.

"Miss Melleville suggested that the ghost of Peter the First was walking, and we went over to the old tower, accompanied by the dog. The girl ordered the dog to enter the black interior of the tower and to ascend the winding stairway. The dog, a very clever and particularly courageous animal, did as he was ordered, and we waited in the doorway. Suddenly, the dog descended the stairs, partly falling in his hurry, and dashed past us into the night with his tail between his legs. Almost at the same moment Petrovna screamed from the house, and we found her in the library with Holts, who had just returned from the village. Upon the floor was her dead father."

"What was the nature of the last will—the one that disappeared?" asked Smith. "And what was the nature of the will which it superseded?"

"These are copies from my office," replied Andrews, taking two documents from his pocket.

Rapidly Smith glanced through the papers.

"The vanished will," he commented, "would appear to reveal the motive for the murder. There are, at the start, three suspects; but that means very little."

"Three?" asked the lawyer.

"Why, yes," returned Smith. "You, yourself, make the third one. You could have committed the murder before you left the library!"

"True," replied the lawyer, smiling; "but you really do not suspect me or you would not have made that remark."

"On the contrary, I might have made it for the very purpose of making you think that I did *not* suspect you."

"YOU should have been a lawyer," retorted Andrews; but his smile faded and he grew serious. "What do you make of the dog's howling without apparent reason? It was calculated that he probably howled at the very moment that his master met his death. Do you think that the animal could have sensed the tragedy?"

"Exactly in what direction was the dog's nose pointing when he barked?" asked Smith.

"Toward the old stone tower," was the answer, after a short pause.

"And when he howled?" continued Smith.

"Still toward the tower," answered the lawyer, after a slightly longer pause.

"Very well, I will tell you what happened," said Smith. "The dog was asleep or, at least, had his eyes closed. He heard something, too faint for your ears, and lifted his head, with a bark, in the direction of the sound. With his eyes open he saw something you did not see, something which mystified and terrified him, something he may never have seen before.

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What the dog heard and what the dog saw was probably the same thing—something which would seem to be connected with the tower."

"You do not suppose that the dog actually saw old Peter the First?" asked the lawyer, shaking his head dubiously.

"The ghost?" queried Smith with a chuckle. "The case is very interesting, but I scarcely think that it is interesting enough to contain a real ghost. There is one thing that puzzles me unusually, although I have a vague suspicion. I want to know why the murdered man formed the habit of carrying a Hallowe'en pumpkin out to his ancestor's grave. Suppose we run out there to-morrow."

SMITH and the lawyer motored out to the country place of Peter Renfrew upon the following day. The detective, who had been consulting a road map, made his first move shortly after they passed through Cold Spring, and turned into the narrow road which skirted the shore of the Hudson River.

"A case like this, Mr. Andrews," said Smith, "is more delicate than the mechanism of any watch. Justice can be done so that people suffer, and justice can be done so that people are benefited. I am glad that you told me the history of the family. I feel that I know them all—except Petrovna. By the way, Mr. Holts, Petrovna's fiancé, had returned from posting a letter, and entered the library ahead of you when Petrovna screamed. Did he not post that letter at the tiny hamlet of Storm King which we are just approaching?"

"Yes. In a box outside the post office. Nobody saw him, and there is no proof that he did or did not post the letter."

Storm King is no more than a cluster of frame houses nestling under the very crags of Break Neck Mountain. At Smith's request the car stopped before the post office, where candy, cigarettes, and groceries mingled with postage stamps. A very pretty child, sucking a lollypop, stood in the doorway.

Smith looked at the child, smiled slightly as he got out of the car, and held out his hand. Sticky fingers seized the larger ones and together the tall man and the little girl entered the post office. Behind a small show case stood a woman, from whom the beauty of the child had evidently descended.

"She never did that before!" exclaimed the woman.

"Children and dogs like me," said Smith, "if they are nice children and good dogs. May I buy some cigarettes?"

Smith paid for the cigarettes with one hand while he continued to hold the sticky fingers with the other. Before he left, he remarked that he was on his way to Mr. Renfrew's country house, and asked if there was any mail for Mr. Holts.

The woman shook her head, and at the door Smith asked another question.

"You know Mr. Holts, of course?" he asked.

Miss Melleville suggested that the ghost of Peter the First was walking . . . and ordered the dog to enter the black interior of the old tower

"Oh yes! He is the man with the dirty gold."

"Dirty gold?" queried Smith.

"Yes," answered the woman. "Twice he paid me for stamps with a ten-dollar gold piece that was all stained. I scrubbed them bright after the children were in bed."

But Smith was saying "Good-by" to the child, and appeared to have little interest in gold of any kind.

During the short remaining portion of the drive Smith scarcely spoke. As they turned into the private road which wound its way to the rambling house on the top of the hill, his eyes swept the landscape calculatingly, but he kept his thoughts to himself and asked no questions. It would seem impossible that any person could have guessed that he was a detective as he followed the lawyer into the house, carrying the latter's brief case much as a trusted and confidential clerk might have done.

The last of the Peter Renfrews stood before the fireplace, legs wide apart and spanning a huge (*Continued on page 155*)

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Are You Overworking Your Conscience?

By William S. Sadler, M. D.

THROUGH the solemn stillness of the church the preacher's voice rang out with dramatic intensity: "And Jesus said: '*Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.*'"

Seated in the congregation was a highly strung middle-aged woman of over-conscientious temperament. For some unaccountable reason—it may have been the earnestness of the preacher, or it may have been that she was more overwrought than usual that day—the woman seized this scriptual admonition, and proceeded to translate it into literal terms.

From that Sunday morning she put a bridle on her tongue that was as absurd as it was harmful. Vowing to speak no idle word, her communications consisted chiefly of abrupt sentences reluctantly forced from her as the necessity arose. She no longer chatted with her family or visited with her neighbors—her conscience condemned the pleasantries they indulged in as idle words.

Several months later, this hyper-conscientious woman was numbered among my patients. Her digestion was all awry, her sleep disturbed, her nervousness increased; even her religion had gone back on her, and had become sour and mildewed. It was a hard job to get her back to anything like a normal mental state.

I am constantly meeting people who are sick, physically and mentally, because of needless conflict with their consciences. And it is the purpose of this article to analyze some of these conscientious scruples, and to talk about conscience in its relation to health.

To make my position quite clear, let me say at the outset that I do not believe that conscience is "the voice of God to the soul." The sentiment is a pretty one which probably originated in the brain of some poet—but it isn't true.

Conscience is nothing more nor less than a name which we apply to our inherited and acquired standards of right and wrong. And these standards are tremendously influenced by education, training, association, and environment, especially environment.

In this country we can trace much of our trouble with conscience to the teachings of the Puritans. These sturdy forbears rather inclined to the idea that anything pleasant was sinful; and life with them was a somewhat dreary succession of blue laws. Even to-day I meet a number of their descendants—over-conscientious souls, who, when they discover they are having a good time, immediately become conscience-stricken, and look around shamefacedly to find out what is wrong.

Far be it from me to decry conscience! I recognize the health value of being in possession of a conscience "void of offense toward God and toward men." But I want people to realize that worry and fear, when they become wrongly linked up with conscience, are able to torment and torture the innocent soul, and produce much sickness.

Let us return to the case of the hypersensitive woman, who, in mortal fear of being called upon in the day of judgment to account for every idle word she uttered, wrecked her health physically and almost mentally.

I had to wrestle with that woman's conscience for weeks. I explained to her that, while conscience is a state of mind that tells us always to *do* right, it never tells us what *is* right. I tried to make it clear that other mental powers must be brought into service, to find out what is right—such as judgment, reason, discrimination, choice—and that it was the part of the other mental powers to determine what was right under certain circumstances, and that conscience was merely the mental monitor which admonishes us to do the right thing after we have determined on our course of action.

She and I discussed religion by the hour, and little by little the harsh grip that her conscience had on her conduct of life began to loosen. To-day that woman is getting well, having learned the part her conscience should play in normal existence.

I WOULD like to tell you about another woman who got conscience, religion, and diet all jammed up together. She happened to be one of those persons whose digestion goes on strike when she gets tired. As a result of this, she had eliminated one article of food after the other from her diet, until after eight years she reached the place where there wasn't anything left but baby food and a few special invalid preparations. From one hundred and fifty pounds she went down to ninety-one. A careful examination of her stomach showed everything was all right.

But in the midst of all this worry about her digestion, she began reading books on diet, and somehow got a religious twist to her dietetic practices. Then her conscience became involved in the matter. She decided, and rightfully so, that the laws of health were the laws of God, and imagined that she had transgressed them beyond forgiveness.

I remember well the first time I talked with her. She quoted to me the text: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" That is good scripture, and I think some people who are utterly careless and wholly conscienceless in their way of living would do well to heed it. But this poor soul needed rather to get hold of the text describing how the apostles ate their meat with gladness.

I explained to her that the stomach trouble was due to upset nerves, and began her reëducation along these lines. She now has her conscience pretty well under control when it tries to impinge on the realm of dietetics, although she still has a standard of right and wrong about eating.

There are certain foods that her conscience will not permit her to eat; but whether she has her potatoes fried or baked is now immaterial to her. Previously, she regarded the eating of fried potatoes as a sin. Now she knows she can eat them and other erstwhile tabooed foods without fear, if she is not tired out nervously.

A SHORT time ago I came in touch with a man who has made a religion out of physical exercise. If he doesn't perform certain exercises every morning, walk so many miles each day, and do just the same number of exercises each evening before he retires, he is exceedingly unhappy.

He actually told me that he went to church one Sunday and did not enjoy the service, because his conscience told him he had not taken his regular amount of exercise the week before. His friends are beginning to regard him as a pest; even his wife has put him in the nuisance class. His outdoor social life is spoiled because he cannot exercise as other people do. His exercise has to be individual to himself.

What am I doing for this chap? I am inducing him gradually to break away from his slavish régime by pressing home the fact that life needs variety to give it spice, and that from a health standpoint monotony is a dangerous thing.

In going to his absurd extreme in the matter of exercise, he not only enslaved himself but he enslaved his conscience. Fortunately for him, he is beginning to see the light. In a month or so, if he doesn't have a relapse, he should graduate from the nuisance class and become an ordinary, normal human being.

But this man was not nearly such a hard proposition as a pale, anemic young woman I met last winter. She had got it into her head that she must take cold baths in the morning. She didn't like them; but she thought they would be good both for her body and soul—a sort of moral discipline. Her reaction being poor, she would have headaches half the day from the cold bath. But conscience drove her on. I soon discovered that she always had some fad that she was over-conscientious about. Once she took up physical culture, and tried to walk ten miles a day, until she lost thirty-five pounds in weight.

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There is hope that some day she will be delivered from this habitual tendency to pick up fads and become hyper-conscientious over them. I'm doing my best to talk sense into her. But let this serve as a general warning: No matter how good your health fad may be, don't become over-conscientious about it.

Thomas Hood, the poet, hit the nail squarely on the head when he referred to "That fierce thing they call a conscience." I have a patient at the present time who thought it was wrong to engage in an innocent pastime that all the members of her family indulged in. Finally, she made up her mind she wouldn't be queer, and joined in with the rest. Then her conscience got overly busy and bawled her out for having a good time. In less than three months her health was hard hit by insomnia and indigestion.

She is getting over the attack, because we persuaded her that conscience was an intruder, and that it was a matter of personal choice whether or not she enjoyed this trifling pastime. She now believes it is far better to play with the members of her family than to indulge what she now says was her conscientious ego. In fact, she regards her previous hyper-conscientious reaction as Pharisaical.

ANOTHER interesting case recently came under my observation in the person of a hyper-conscientious school teacher, thirty-seven years of age. She was easily the best teacher in the group to which she belonged; but she was not satisfied with being the best teacher. She wanted to be more than superlative. She was so over-conscientious (and I think there was an element of personal pride and egotism also) that she worked early and late, and put in uncalled-for extra time on her profession. She also attended every meeting that had to do with teachers and teaching, and took advanced work every summer for ten or twelve years, foregoing all vacations and relaxations.

What was the result? Suddenly she went to pieces. For a year now, she has been resting. She said to me the other day, "Doctor, I have learned my lesson. I am not going to try to be the best teacher in the world any more. I shall be satisfied if I'm a good teacher. This breakdown has educated my conscience. Some of the things my conscience made me do to be a good teacher in years gone by, my reëducated conscience will not allow me to do in the future. I have learned my duty to myself as well as to my pupils."

In the realm of family life, I could relate scores of experiences showing how the over-conscientious mother has ruined her health by wrongfully sacrificing herself to her family. When parents have done their duty by their children, why should they worry their heads off? Perhaps the children don't do things just as we would like to have them. Maybe they have a program of their own, and run away from home to carry it out; or skip off to get married. Why should Father and Mother —particularly Mother, for she seems more inclined to do this sort of thing than Father—jeopardize health and happiness by over-conscientious worry?

The children, by the way, are seldom appreciative of this extreme conscientiousness on the part of their parents. It irks them, and is often the basis of that lack of understanding between the two generations which is so prevalent to-day.

The young mother who gets up in the middle of the night to see if the children are breathing all right is the type that had better watch her "conscientious" step. I met such a one not long ago. She was constantly worrying over her children's bringing up, and when she stopped to think that they would have to go to school in another year or two, it was too much for her. How could she bear to have any one of them out of her sight! Something would certainly go wrong in school —they would get hurt, catch diseases, choose the wrong playmates.

AS THE result of all this conscientious worry, she went to pieces, and for eighteen months had to stay away from her family. The children were left in the care of a stranger; and the father told me, confidentially, that they did very much better in the hands of this woman, that they got along better, and developed more character, than they did under their mother's solicitous care.

I am not relating this instance to detract from the value of intelligent and faithful parental training. It's the finest thing in the world, within given boundaries. But why carry things too far?

The trouble is that some people are born with an over-anxious tendency, and develop it to the point where it becomes, in medical parlance, an *anxiety neurosis*. When this tendency gets linked up with an overworked conscience—well, someone has to pay the piper.

I have seen conscience become a misshapen thing in the lives of sons and daughters, who have laid their happiness on the altar of parental duty. I admit this sacrificial spirit is beautiful—we have to admire it while condemning it—but it just isn't human. What a disastrous thing it is, for instance, when a young woman, whose brothers and sisters are all married and settled down, feels she is called upon by her conscience to devote her life to the care of her father and mother.

It may be a lovely picture of filial devotion; but what is going to happen to her when she gets old? She is seldom welcome in the homes of her married brothers and sisters. Oh, of course I know there are exceptions. But look around among your own relatives, friends, and acquaintances, and see the position of the daughter who stayed home to look after the old folks. More often than not she finds herself sitting in a doctor's office, somewhere between forty-five and sixty years of age, worn in heart and health. Usually it is too late to break the mold into which she has set; but she sees clearly that she should have got married, like her brothers and sisters, and that they should have made the care of the father and mother a joint undertaking.

GENERALLY speaking, daughters suffer from this spirit of self-abnegation more than sons; but the other day I saw a man of forty-seven who has sacrificed himself to care for his parents. Five brothers and sisters are happily married, with children of their own; and now this bachelor, as he nears the fifty mark, is growing cynical and bitter. He considers taking care of his parents an unpleasant duty. But he is determined to see it through. Some queer twist of conscience makes him regard himself as the sole bearer of the burden, because of his unmarried state; and he does not feel at liberty to change that state.

In my medical journeys into the minds of folks, I have discovered that children are not only selfish and sometimes actually ungrateful for the loving care bestowed on them but that parents are often very selfish too. I'll go further than that and say that every parent is selfish who monopolizes the life of a son or daughter, thus preventing the child from getting married and living a natural and normal life.

I grant you, in cases where for some reason or other a son or daughter does not get married, it seems only natural that such unmarried child should live with the parents and make a home for them in their old age. Please do not misunderstand me. I do (*Continued on page 98*)

You Should Educate That "Still Small Voice" of Yours!

"UNTRAINED conscience, or what you may take to be conscience, is not an infallible guide," says Doctor Sadler. "You must *educate* your conscience. It must vary, develop, and advance, as life and knowledge vary, develop, and advance. A conscience that is 'void of offense toward God and toward men' is a tremendous health giver. But an ignorant conscience gets all mixed up with worry, fear, false beliefs about right and wrong. It can wreck the most robust health. I have seen many persons who mistook some foolish belief for the voice of conscience, and then in their efforts to live up to this notion played havoc with their lives. Your conscience, if it is divorced from reason and knowledge, is bad company. Educate it! Make it keep pace with knowledge!"

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PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Ellis Parker Butler, famous humorist, enjoying one of the wholesome recreations of the suburbanite

Why I Live In A Suburb

By Ellis Parker Butler

I ADMIT without shame that I am a suburbanite. I live in a suburb now, and have lived in one—the same suburb—twenty-one years. This surely entitles me to know something about suburban life, and whether or not it is the joke some city dwellers think it is. I understand that the birth rate in the United States has now reached something like four a minute, and I think it is time someone told the truth about the suburb, because all these newcomers will have to live somewhere, and the cities are considerably crowded.

Most people have entirely wrong ideas about the suburbs. The city dweller, especially, seems to think that the suburbanite must have something seriously the matter with him, or he would pack right up and move to the city and live in a flat. He considers the suburbanite a permanent joke, like the bossy mother-in-law, and whenever a vaudeville actor wants to get a laugh in a New York City theatre he says he lives in Flushing or Bound Brook or Bronxville, and thus gets a hearty laugh from every man and woman who lives on an airshaft and receives daily sustenance by way of a dumbwaiter.

I once read a criticism of modern books that said the trouble with them was that they were "suburban." The meaning seemed to be that anything suburban must be petty and ineffectual—a lot of old ladies sitting around a table drinking weak tea and talking thin gossip. In this same vein is the somewhat general idea that the men who live in the suburbs never amount to much; that if they were real red-blooded men they would be living in the city, where the struggle for existence is fast and furious, and only the virile can survive. The implication is that we who live in suburbs are the small, frightened men who have run away from the city because we were afraid of it.

Now, this is not doing justice to the suburbanite and his suburb. In the first place, it does not recognize one or two things that even a schoolboy ought to know. One of these is that in population alone the suburbs constitute an important part of every city.

ANOTHER thing any schoolboy should know is that the suburb is not what it once was. The suburbs got a bad name back in old Roman times, when the imperial city sat on seven hills, surrounded by a wall, and "sub" meant "below" and "urbs" meant "city." In those days, I dare say, the haughty city dwellers on the hills used to empty their ashes out of their kitchen windows onto the roofs of the miserable suburbanites below, and it could not have been very pleasant for the suburbanite. When a fussy enemy army came along, the suburbs, being outside the walls, were not a nice place in which to live. The bandits from the campagna probably raided the suburbs rather often, not being able to get into the city. Nowadays, most of the banditry goes on in the city; the suburbs are the safe and clean places.

Even a few years ago the suburbs compared poorly with the city in the matter of many comforts. Forty or fifty years ago few suburban houses had plumbing. Most of the streets and roads were mudholes. There were few decent sidewalks. Few suburban towns had gas or water. The trains for commuters were little less than disgusting. Modern plumbing has now made the conveniences of even the cheapest suburban home equal to those of the palaces of Manhattan of fifty years ago. The automobile has put good roads and streets everywhere. The advent of cement has brought sidewalks. Increased suburban population has made gas and water lines profitable, and they are in all but the most isolated sections. Electric light and power are universal. The trains to town are rapid, commodious, and comfortable.

A suburb of New York is to-day very much like the prettier residential sections of a small city—of Des Moines, Springfield, Nashville—any prosperous place. The dwellings have lawns; the streets are tree-bordered; the houses are the same as in any well-built town, and their architecture is continually improving. The business streets have excellent shops, some of the larger suburbs have very satisfactory department stores. There are good schools, churches, motion picture theatres, clubs, banks, and mail delivery.

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Police and fire departments are usually better than in places of similar size that are not suburbs.

A man has to live somewhere. And usually his family—if he has one—prefers to live where he lives. However, there are two kinds of men: One has to live where his work is, whether he wishes it or not, and the other can live almost anywhere he pleases. A farmer, for example, is almost compelled to live on his farm. Anyone can see that it would be rather inconvenient for an Oklahoma farmer to live in an apartment on Riverside Drive, in New York. Especially if he kept cows. To have to get up before breakfast every morning and hustle out to Oklahoma to milk the kine and then hustle back to the neighborhood of Eightieth Street for breakfast would annoy even the sweetest-tempered farmer. On the other hand, it would be just as annoying for the janitor of the Riverside Drive apartment to live on a farm in Oklahoma.

IN THE same way, a man who is running a village newspaper in Wisconsin finds it more convenient to live somewhere in the same county. It is not customary for the editor of the "Briggstown Weekly Star" to live in London, England. It is better for the editor to live where his newspaper is published, or reasonably near by, in case the press breaks down, and he has to put on his overalls and crawl under it

Going up and down the line it is clear that most men are practically compelled to live in or near certain places. The work they have chosen dictates their places of residence. Only a few of us are fortunate enough to be able to live anywhere we please: we are the retired millionaires, tramps, umbrella menders, and authors. We are the people who can carry on wherever we happen to put ourselves, and we can put ourselves in the places we like best.

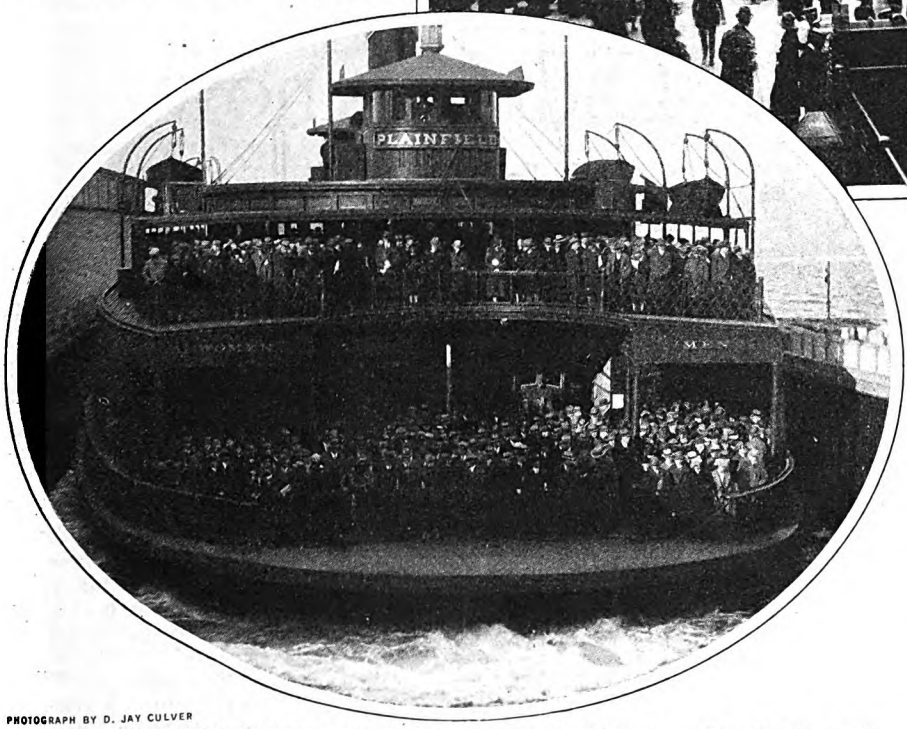
One of the questions that constantly agitates the city dweller is, Why do you live in a suburb? It is put in different forms by different people; sometimes it is, How can you *stand* living in a suburb? Another question, less frequently spoken but evidently often in mind, is, Why is a suburb, anyway?

I MIGHT quite as reasonably ask, Why is a big city? I can understand why there are cities, even quite large ones; but I cannot quite see why some of these huge overgrown conglomerations of people are considered desirable places of residence. A big city is a nucleus that has outgrown itself, and cannot stop growing because it does not know how. New York—the most tremendous mass of men and women yet known—began as an ocean port. It was logical that ship owners, merchants, and factors should live on the edge of the bay, handy to the shipping. Their clerks had to live there, also. There had to be retail shops to supply these people with food and clothing, and thus a town began.

Presently it was found that some goods could be manufactured in America, and manufacturers began to gather together at the port to which their raw materials came. More merchants were required, and tailors and shoemakers and watch repairers were needed; bankers were needed to take care of the money; blank-book makers and printers were needed to supply the merchants and bankers with books and billheads and other printed paper. Exchanges were established to make trade easier. Places of amusement were created to ease the spare time of all these people who were now so numerous

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN LEVICK, N. Y.

A scene in the Pennsylvania Station, New York City. More than fifty-one million passengers, counting those who come and go on the Long Island Railroad, use this station annually. It is one of the principal terminals for the Long Island Railroad, which carries more commuters than any other line running into New York



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

A Central Railroad of New Jersey ferryboat coming into its slip. In the rush hours of the morning and afternoon these ferries carry two thousand or more passengers, each—mostly commuters—not to mention the score or more of trucks, wagons, and passenger automobiles. The total ferry traffic into and out of New York City amounts to more than one hundred million passengers annually

they made a city. Because there were printing presses and printers in the city, the men who wanted to print books and magazines came to New York; the authors and illustrators came because the publishers were there; I came with the rest of them. I was one of about four million at that time.

The reason I came to New York was that I wanted to be a writer. I lived in Iowa and had begun to sell quite a few of my things. I knew that a great many of the writers I admired lived in the big cities. I also knew none of them lived in Muscatine, Iowa; and I felt I was side-tracked—off in the woods. I thought, as many ambitious (*Continued on page 212*)

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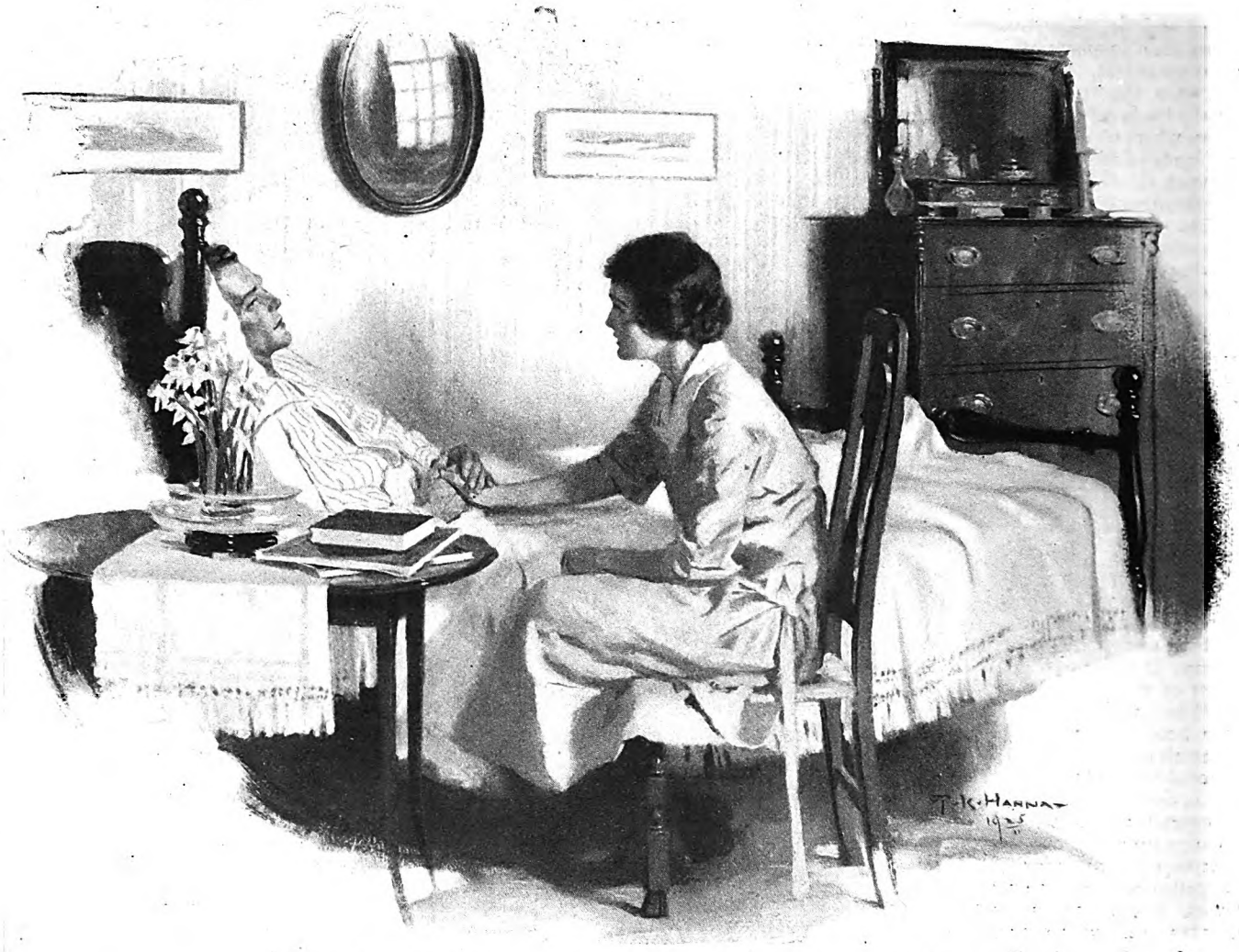

There'd been times when letting him hold her hand had been the only way to keep him quiet. Now—well, now she just let him, anyway

A Girl Who Didn't Know What She Wanted

A love story

By William Almon Wolff

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

ANNE WARREN drove up the hill to the house as furiously as the need of shifting gears half way up would let her. It wasn't much of a hill; but her car wasn't much of a car. It had seen better days, and it had to be humored now. But she got up all right, and stopped, with screaming brakes, just outside the barn where the car lived, the Warrens not having any proper garage. She was very angry; something of that showed in the way she sprang from the car, with a whirl of her short skirt, and strode toward the house.

But she hadn't taken two steps when she remembered the stuff in the car, and going back to get it rather spoiled her attitude. She couldn't stride, either, very well, with her arms full, and two or three bottles in her burden. Her eyes were still snapping, though, and her color was still high, when she kicked open the kitchen door and went in.

"Anne dear,"—her mother turned, mild protest in her voice, from the table where she was busy with an embryonic pie—"must you be quite so boisterous?"

"Sorry—my hands were full. I got everything, I guess. Mother—they're coming. I passed them down the road, by the Thatcher place."

"Who? Leave those things. I'll put them away. Who's coming, dear?"

"The telephone men! Cutting down trees—slashing off branches—spreading ruin and destruction!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Warren sighed. This was an annual tragedy for Anne. Each year

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ıe linemen came through, clearing a way ɔr the wires. They did a lot of mischief; ut it wasn't, somehow, quite tragic for Irs. Warren—few things were. And ıost of what they did, she supposed, ɜally was necessary, although that was ɔmething Anne would never admit. Maybe, if you speak to them—"

"Speak to them? You bet I will! The andals!"

"Now, dear, don't lose your temper. 'hey're only doing what they're paid ɔ do."

"But they're not. That's just the rouble, Mother! They don't have to lash and hack the way they do. They're ıust lazy; they'll cut down a whole tree to let out of climbing it to thin out the ranches. And—oh, Mother, if no one ver lost their temper do you think anything would ever be done?"

"I know, dear. The men are trying. But—if you could just not lose control of ourself. You put yourself in the wrong o if you do. Lunch is nearly ready; do ou want to lay the table?"

"Oh, I suppose so!" said Anne. "You ot the mail, didn't you?"

"Yes. I left the paper in the living-oom. There's a letter from Aunt Harriet oo, if you want to read it."

Anne went out, her anger still driving ıer, through the dining-room and into he living-room, across the hall. It was no ıse trying to make her mother understand.

THE house was very old, and it was full of square rooms, with low ceilings. They weren't all alike, though; it was the ɔort of house that had grown with the ıeeds of succeeding generations. And, although it was a good deal like most Colonial houses of its age, it didn't have at ıll the look of a museum. That was because its furniture wasn't all of its own ɔeriod and age, but was just what the peoɔle who had lived in it had acquired from ɜime to time, as they needed things.

Anne pushed Aunt Harriet's letter ıside indifferently; the paper was what she wanted.

She gave the front page a cursory glance; had it contained any sensational ıews she would probably have read it through. But as it was she turned at once to the pages where the columnists and the critics held forth, and was absorbed in what they had to say. Music—new plays —new books. Plays she'd never see; books she'd be lucky to come upon two or three years hence, when they'd been crowded from city shelves and brought up to the country by the summer people. And there was gossip; chatter about people whose names meant something, who were doing things. She was still reading hungrily when her mother called.

"All right, I'm coming!" she answered, and sighed, and went to lay the table for luncheon.

She was in a queer mood during that meal. She usually was after the paper came; reading it stirred her, upset her. And to-day, of course, the telephone men had excited her too. She looked at her mother, and she wondered how her life could continue to be so rich, so full, in the dullness of their environment. Hers wasn't; she was starved. Her mother was a saint, of course, for one thing; for another, she was always busy. But the things that occupied her! Cooking, keeping house, mending clothes, taking care of the garden and the chickens. Being on call when there was sickness or trouble in the neighborhood; acting as deputy for Doctor Grant whenever, in an emergency, he couldn't be reached. Mrs. Warren knew more than most doctors, Anne believed. And why not? She had been a nurse for five years, and the wife of a country doctor for twenty.

But it seemed to Anne that it didn't come to anything, when you added it all up. Her mother was a real person, with a real mind—and what good did it do her? Was the same thing going to happen to her?

LIFE seemed a horribly futile thing to Anne, that day at luncheon. It was all so narrow, so limited, so stultifying. It just made a joke of all her hopes and plans, of her reading, her study, her two years at college before her father died, her passionate struggle to learn something, to be someone. And why—why?

Because she was tied down here, of course. That was the real reason. How could she leave her mother? Oh, her mother was always saying she could, of course. She had even offered to help her if she went to New York to take a job, as she had had a chance to do, more than once.

But she couldn't do that. How could she? It was all very well to talk, but she'd never be able to bear the thought of her mother all alone up here. Why wouldn't her mother go to New York with her, sell this place? She could, for a good price, and with the insurance money they'd have quite a respectable income. And she could earn more, too; of course she could. Her mother wouldn't, though; nothing Anne had ever said had moved her.

And from the clean break, the definite step of going off by herself, Anne shrank. She didn't want to leave her mother—and—well, she was safe here. She hated to admit to herself that that was a factor in her acceptance of a life she loathed; she didn't, very often, admit anything of the sort.

If she married—well, that would be different, of course. But she couldn't just pack up and go off to live her own life.

"What are you going to do this afternoon, dear?" Her mother's voice broke into Anne's thoughts.

"Nothing—till after those men have gone. Then— Oh, I don't know, I may play golf with Arthur, and I'm supposed to go in and say good-by to the Waynes. They're going back to the city on Monday."

"I thought they went right after Labor Day. I declare, I do think it's nice, the way people keep their houses open so much later than they used to. But they'll all be gone soon."

"Yes!" Anne wanted to howl. The summer people were all that made life endurable. From the first of October, when the last of them went back to town, till the early part of May, when the first of them came back, Anne lived in a state of suspended animation.

"Listen!" said Mrs. Warren. "Bob's barking; someone must be driving up."

Anne sprang to her feet.

"It's those men!"

"Anne dear, please!"

"Now, Mother, you mustn't interfere! Please, dearest! Just for once, leave it to me. I won't lose my temper, I promise you."

She went out quickly and, sure enough, the telephone truck was at the top of the hill with its ladders and its coils of wire. Bob, having barked his warning, was making friends, now, with the younger of the two men who had come with it, and they, being busy with him, didn't see Anne at first. So she had a chance to survey them with scornful appraisal.

Both were young. Both wore khaki working clothes, with spiked leather boots, and broad belts, equipped with hooks by which they could fasten themselves when they had climbed a tree, leaving both hands free. One was just a pink-cheeked child, around nineteen. Anne eliminated him at once—he'd roll over and play dead if she looked at him. But the other was different, as well as older; he had a long, lean face, deeply tanned, and a square, almost grim, jaw, and the bluest eyes she had ever seen.

"How do!" called the child when he saw her. "We've come to thin your woods out for you."

"Oh, no!" said Anne. "Not on this land. Not this year."

Anne wanted to laugh at the way his face fell when he heard her, and at his rueful look, and his absurd attempt to keep on grinning cheerfully. But she wouldn't.

"I'm sorry." That was the older man, and his voice made Anne jump; it was so different from anything she'd been expecting. "But you can see for yourself how thick the branches are over there, in the corner of your woods, where the wires come through. We'll do no damage." He looked at the trees. "It won't hurt the trees at all; it'll do them good."

"No," said Anne, doggedly. "We won't have it, my mother and I. You come every year, chopping and slashing; there wouldn't be a tree left if you could have your way! There'd be just a barren, ugly waste, instead of all that beauty. No!"

She meant that to sound final, and it did. The boy squirmed, and looked again at the trees.

"Hey, Jimmy," he said. "Maybe, at that, we might let it go here."

"No!" said Jimmy. And the word was just as final, as he said it, as it had been on Anne's lips. "You cut along, Ed; get after that sumac down the road. I'll bring the truck when I get through here."

IT WASN'T fair, of course, to rob her of an ally like that, but Anne had to admire his strategy. And she stood, watching, while Ed, with another rueful, disarming look at her, went off. Then she turned to meet the other's cool, impersonal gaze, bent directly upon her.

"Well?" she said.

"I'm wondering how to make you understand," he said. "You see, those wires must be clear before winter. That's just the sort of place to make trouble later on; if there were an ice storm, for instance."

She didn't answer him at once, but walked over slowly, and stood looking up at a young maple.

"Look!" she said. "You simply ruined this tree last year. You came while we were away for the day, and you were too

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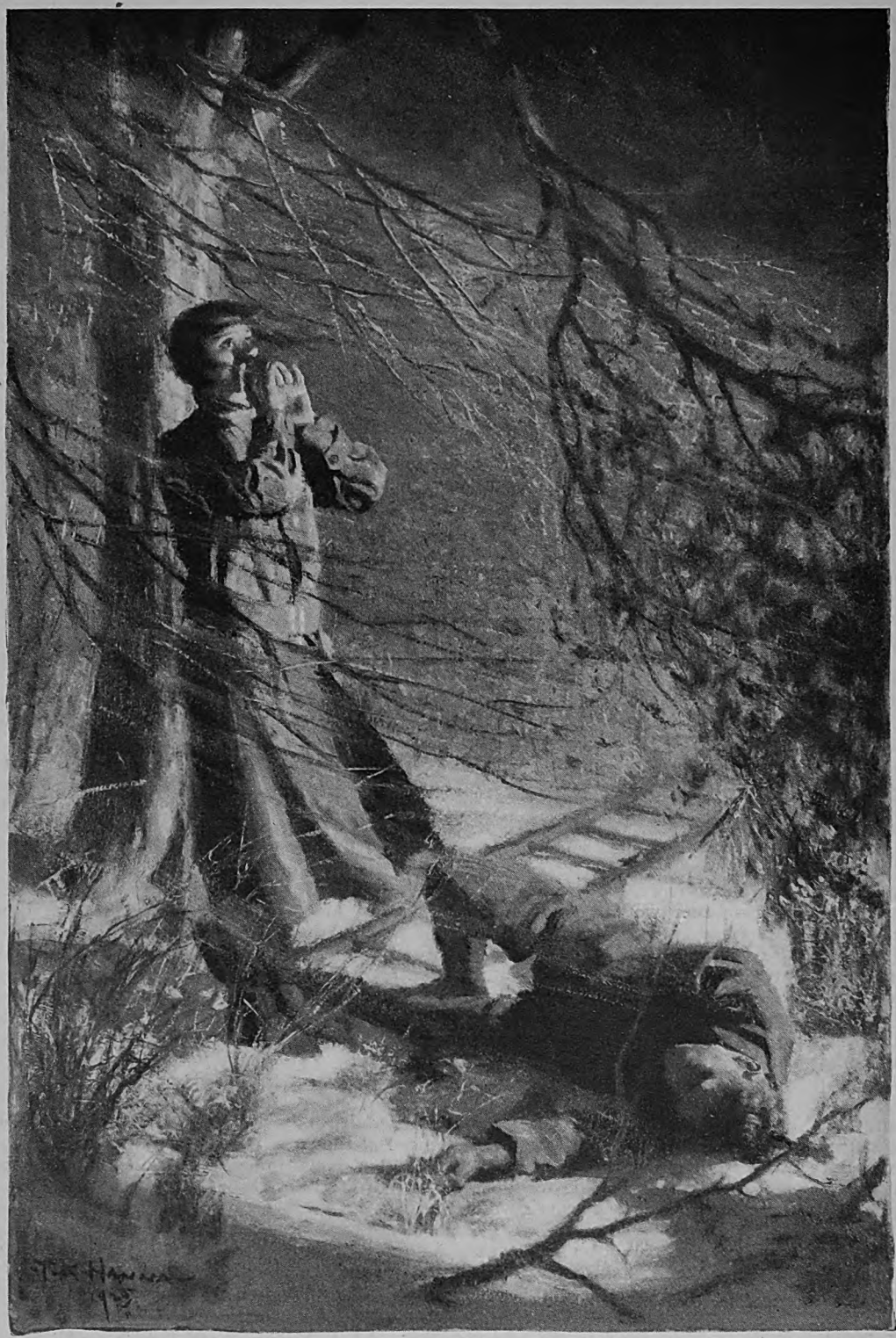

There was a sickening crash; the next moment he was lying in a heap, almost at her feet

lazy to be careful; you just slashed and slashed, and topped the tree. It'll never have a good shape now—and it was beautiful. And it's still beautiful up there. Can't you see? And that mass of foliage, why, just after the sun has gone down it's—but, oh, it's no use! You wouldn't understand; you couldn't."

"Probably not," he agreed steadily. "But there's something else to think about. And that's the service. That has to go on, and it's part of my job to see that it does, that nothing that can be done to keep it going is left undone. That's a big thing, too, you know; big, as big as beauty."

"As if anything could be!" Her scorn darted at him as swiftly, as hotly, as her words. "Anyway, you sha'n't touch a tree—not a branch! It's our land!"

"Yes," he said, quietly. "It's your land. Of course, the law—but never mind that. You use the telephone, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, cautiously.

"And you don't like it when something's wrong with the line, when you can't get a number?" He laughed shortly, and Anne, all at once, realized that it was he who was losing his temper, while she was still as cool as ice. She could see the gleam in his blue eyes; she knew that he was furious.

"Naturally," she said. "Of course I don't!"

"Naturally!" He caught up the word. "But will you do your part? Oh, no! You want your beauty—your mass of shadow at sunset! You—"

"Really—" Anne wasn't angry yet, but there were warning symptoms. No one had ever talked to her as this man did. He—he was scorning her. "You've no right!"

"You get in the way of the biggest thing there is!" he said, as if she hadn't spoken. "You want your beauty—and you want your telephone. But you aren't willing to do your share. You'd be the first to complain if a wire were down and you had to walk a mile through the snow because you couldn't telephone the grocer!"

"I wouldn't! I never would!"

"Oh, yes, you would!" he taunted her. "I know your sort! Beauty! You talk a lot about beauty; and half the time you don't know it when you see it. All the beauty you ever see is on the surface of things."

"I—" She was angry now, angrier than she had ever been in her life.

"You can see the beauty of those trees; but you can't see any beauty in those wires, in the idea of all the millions of miles of wire that carry thought and speech across mountains and deserts from one ocean to the other."

"Of course I can!" She was trembling now. "But that's got nothing to do with this—"

"It's got everything to do with it."

BUT, even as he said that, he regained control of himself as suddenly, as swiftly, as he had lost it. "I'm sorry," he said. "That—that's not an apology exactly. I meant what I said, and it's all true enough. But I had no business to say it. If you care to call up the company, they'll probably—"

She stamped her foot.

"As if I'd—!" But she couldn't finish; she had to struggle for a moment to master the break in her voice. "I—I think you'd better go now. Don't you?"

He looked again at the trees, and then at her.

"Yes," he said, quietly. "I guess I'd better." Again he looked from her to the trees, and she thought she heard him sigh. "It's a pity," he said.

Then, without another word, he climbed aboard the truck, and drove off, down the hill. Anne, white and shaken, watched until he turned into the road; then she went back, slowly, to the house.

"It's all right, they've gone," she told her mother. "One of them was rather—rude. But he knew we were within our rights, of course. So he went."

She jumped as, just at that moment, the telephone rang.

"Hello!" Her (*Continued on page 205*)

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The Conquest Of Night

The story of artificial light, and its development from crude torches to electric beams that rival sunlight itself—What light is, how much of it is enough to read by, and other interesting facts that scientists have discovered

By Harry A. Stewart

YOU walk into your home on the darkest night, push a button, and immediately the house is flooded with light. It's the simplest thing imaginable. here's nothing to it at all, except a little ove against a button in the wall.

Your grandfather, in his youth, would ive regarded such a thing as a miracle rought by science, and he would have een right. "This is the last word!" he ould have exclaimed. "Nothing better ian this can ever be done by way of ghting a house."

It doesn't seem a miracle to you, of ourse, for you take electric lights as an veryday affair. You grumble if you on't have them, and you fuss if a fuse lows out and throws the house into emporary darkness. That's the way we ll accept progress—as a matter of ourse, and as our *right*.

But while you would not share your randfather's amazement at light produced, seemingly, by magic, you may gree with him that nothing better than he electric lights of to-day is in store for he lighting of the homes and offices, treets and factories of the future.

"The old gentleman is right," you may ay. "Science has reached the final goal n artificial lighting."

No scientist would agree with you, owever. A scientist never admits the *inal* goal in progress along any line. He s never content with things as they are, ut is always eager to improve them. He ias a childlike mind, which doesn't admit he impossible.

Take the matter of artificial lighting, or instance. So far as you can see, there sn't anything more to be done about it. The present-day lights are good enough or you. But that has been just the attitude of the lay mind at each new step n advancement through the ages.

Away back in the dawn of human life, when primitive man wandered about in the woods and caves, chasing everything that was afraid of him, and probably running away from everything that wasn't, some wise old fellow conceived the idea of bringing a burning brand into his cave.

The effect was wonderful. He had prolonged his day. Now he had a chance to make his weapons and his plans while his enemies slept. He had advanced.

Then, a long time later, there came along a man with a splendid idea. He made the grease lamp, burning the fat of animals in it. This was much better than a firebrand, because it would burn longer, and, if not too heavy, it could be easily moved from place to place.

Again, the effect was wonderful. The conquest of night had advanced still further. On through the ages, the advance continued, the candle and the oil lamp taking their places as great achievements.

And so man came far into the modern age, artificial light being one of the great factors in his civilization. Inflammable gas was discovered, and someone thought of piping it from place to place. Another great step! Another body blow to the reign of darkness between sun and sun! And so, as time went on, came the highly improved gas lighting systems, and the electric lighting systems that we have to-day.

"No other great step in lighting is possible," *you* say.

But the scientist asks: "*What next?*" And he keeps right after this problem of lighting as though no great progress had ever been made.

A SHORT time ago I visited the research laboratory of the General Electric Company, at Schenectady, New York. There I found men working on the problems of light, and on many other problems that to the lay mind appear to have been solved long ago. My mission was to learn something about light—what was being done to discover its nature, and how scientists were learning to do new tricks with it. So in my talk with Dr. Willis Rodney Whitney, director of the laboratory, I confined myself to this particular phase of the laboratory's many activities.

The Schenectady laboratory is one of the most complete and famous institutions of its kind in the world. It was started twenty-three years ago in a small way; but now it occupies one hundred and thirty-two rooms, and employs scores of persons, fifty-eight of whom hold the Ph. D. degree. All of the scientists employed are allowed to do almost what they please. Each one is a man of some note in his line. When he comes to the General Electric's research laboratory, he is perhaps assigned to some promising subject for research, usually as assistant to a man who already has done considerable experimenting along that line. Often, however, he is given whatever apparatus he desires, and is then free to pursue his own ideas. Possibly he will discover something valuable, possibly he will not. No one can tell in advance.

This laboratory is not a philanthropic institution, however. It is run for profit, though that profit is not always immediately visible. But over a period of years, the laboratory does show a financial return to the company, for some of the many discoveries made there have high commercial value.

It is a fine example of what is sometimes called "enlightened self-interest." The General Electric Company pays highly educated men to seek any new fact that may be found, on the chance that the discovery will be of profit to the company, and of benefit to mankind.

MANY of the most valuable discoveries yet made in these research rooms have been "accidental." That is, a scientist, while experimenting with a certain definite goal in view, has come unexpectedly on a result that he hadn't in the least anticipated. For example, in seeking a way to prevent the bulbs of incandescent lights from becoming blackened, and thus useless, one of the men discovered that filling the bulb with nitrogen gas produced a light of extreme brilliancy—and from this chance discovery came the most efficient incandescent lamp ever made. During the past year, 55,000,000 were sold in America alone.

One of the most important results achieved in the laboratory with relation to light, Doctor Whitney told me, is the tungsten filament. Tungsten was first used as a filament in Germany; but the Germans knew of no method by which the tiny particles of tungsten metal could be forged into a wire. They made their filaments by mixing tungsten powder with sugar sirup. The sticky mass was forced through holes, and came out in a sort of candylike thread. After being molded into the familiar hairpin shape, it was put into a furnace. The heat carbonized the sugar and the tungsten particles were held together by incipient fusion, while the carbon was driven out by subsequent treatment.

These filaments were better than the old carbon filaments because they used much less current in producing an equal volume of light, but they were very fragile. Almost any sort of jar would break them. The General Electric Company bought the foreign patents, and sought and found a method of producing a metallic tungsten wire stronger than steel. This was one of the results deliberately sought for in the laboratory.

"Do you know what light is?" Doctor Whitney asked me, as we were talking over the discoveries that had been made in the great laboratory of which he is the head.

"Well, no," I answered; "I don't believe I ever (*Continued on page 116*)

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The Wilds Gave Back To Marzolo The Faith He Had Lost

Crushed by disappointment, he sought forgetfulness in the remote mountains of South America, where he was all but killed in an accident—Eventually his health and his faith returned to him, and he became a famous restorer of rare pictures

By John Kidder Rhodes

IT WAS the rosy dawn of a Sunday morning in San Francisco. The first shafts of sunlight were touching the tip of Twin Peaks. A jangle of sound broke out on one of the hilly streets, and light sleepers wondered what it could be. A few bestirred themselves enough to catch sight of three boys with mouth organs.

Gayly they went. Tune followed tune. The morning of life, as well as of day, was in their veins. When the tunes were particularly lively, they danced. And so they passed the time quickly until they reached the newspaper office.

One of the three was a black-haired, black-eyed Italian boy whom his mates called Leo; Leo Marzolo was his name. He was barely nine years old, but sturdily built; and when the papers were passed out he shouldered a great bundle with ease and carried it to his corner—his, by right of a pair of fists that could fly as fast as any would-be interloper's. As soon as early risers began appearing on the streets, they heard Leo's voice lustily piping:

"Call, Chronicle, 'xaminer!"

His feet carried him flying to each beckoning purchaser.

He continued steadily busy until ten o'clock; by that time his last paper was sold, and he hurried home. A flight of stairs brought him to an apartment. It was very modest (the rent was only five dollars a month), and some boys might have been ashamed to call it home. But not Leo. This roof sheltered his mother.

Into her lap he counted the day's earnings, pennies and nickels, mostly, with an occasional dime. In addition to the price he paid for his papers, he had earned that day nearly fifty cents. His mother kissed him, as she always did, and put the money safely away. Every penny of it, he knew, was needed. There was no longer a father.

No one knowing Leo Marzolo in those days, thirty-odd years ago, when Sunday morning meant Sunday papers and another half dollar earned for his mother, could have guessed the curious and fascinating future in store for him. Fate weaves the fabric of a man's destiny in strange ways.

Somewhere in the books it was written that Leo should learn to love art; that he should find delight in every detail, ancient or modern, of the artist's profession; that he should study profoundly, and gain a mastery of chemistry, paints, varnishes, crayons, the qualities of paper, wood, and canvas, the action of heat on materials, methods used in all periods of painting, the lives, minds and technique of the masters; that, because of his knowledge and extraordinary patience, paintings and drawings worth thousands and even hundreds of thousands of dollars should be entrusted to him for restoration when age or ill usage threatened their value; that he should become known from coast to coast and beyond the sea, and should have a share in some adventures as engrossing as any hunt for buried pirate treasure.

Nothing of all this could be foreseen. Nor could the other side of the picture be guessed, the price he would have to pay: wanderings under far skies; lonely months in a hospital among utter strangers; vagabondage and poverty. The career of Leo Marzolo is a moving story.

Marzolo was born in a vineyard under a fig tree, literally. It was on a little farm not far from Martinez, in Contra Costa County, California. The farm was mostly given over to grapes, and in one corner of the vineyard Father Marzolo had built an arbor for a rest-house and shelter; it stood in the shade of a great fig tree. Here Leo was born, on Washington's Birthday, 1887.

THE mother had come to this country from Genoa a few years before; the father had come a few years earlier still, from Rome. They had married in California, had worked hard and owned their little farm, and their faces were set toward independence and prosperity . . . until Fate stepped in.

"When I was three," said Marzolo, "my father died. By that time a son younger than myself had been born. So there were three of us: an older brother, myself, and the youngest, just a baby, that my mother was left to care for. And there was little for her to do with.

"She sold the part of the farm containing the vineyard for eighteen hundred dollars. Just a little while afterward the Santa Fé Railroad built a line through there, and paid thirty-six hundred dollars for a narrow strip as a right-of-way across what had been our vineyard.

"Things like that, I have learned to think, happen for a purpose. Often they are hard to understand. The difference to my mother would have meant so much; but it seems that for some reason it was better for her and the rest of us, not to have it. The railroad erected a workmen's house on the property, later a store was built near by, a few houses went up

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Comfort Yourself in Dark Hours By Remembering Dawn Will Come

"A TIME may come in any man's life," Mr. Marzolo says, "when he cannot read the signs—cannot make head or tail of things. Then I believe it is best for him to resign himself into the hands of the great Power that directs us, convinced that inevitably things will work out as they should. A way through, or over, or around will appear. Of course a man must head into the wind, obey what his heart tells him he must do, and be sure to commit no rash act that later closes the door when it is time for him to come back.

"All you can do is to keep on. Do the best you can; there is always something else waiting for you. You never know what it is.

"You may call that a mystical belief. I call it a belief in divine justice."

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and the vineyard where I was born is today the little station of Vine Hill.

"We moved to San Francisco," he continued. "My mother had her little sum of money and the small income from it, but had to watch the pennies carefully. She went out to sew, and did any other kind of work she could get. We lived substantially, but modestly. What I could earn was so much relief for her. Selling the Sunday papers on the street was my first regular work, and a little later I got a delivery route for 'La Italia,' a daily newspaper, which I took to the homes of Italians.

"At twelve I quit school and got a job. My employer was a dry-goods merchant. I worked exactly one morning. By noon I knew I didn't like the place and never would, and did not go back after lunch. Immediately afterward I got another job in a picture-frame store."

THIS suited the lad far better. He liked pictures. "As a boy in school," he said, "I used to make drawings for the teacher. I remained in that store for more than two years. Meanwhile, I studied at night school, and completed what at that time amounted to the high school. I then studied art at night.

"I obtained a set of watercolor paints, and every Sunday another boy and I went sketching. We would tramp off into the hills, find some bit of scenery we liked, and make pictures. Sometimes we would paint two or three apiece in a single Sunday. By means of these I earned a little extra money. Paul Elder, the publisher and bookseller, had an art department in his store, and sold my sketches for me at twenty-five cents apiece.

"On one of these Sunday excursions I met William Keith, the noted landscape painter. He was a mature man, I a boy; but he seemed to take an interest in my work, and invited me to his home, where he had interesting paintings. We used to talk about them, and I brought him my sketches, which he criticized. My acquaintance with him meant much for me.

"Among my mother's possessions was a small madonna painted in oil colors, which had been damaged; there was a hole through the forehead. I knew that damaged places were sometimes patched in important pictures, so I got books from the library and studied how it could be done. I found that no one book could tell me all I needed to know; I had to read many. When finally I felt I knew enough, I relined the canvas, and successfully patched my mother's madonna. It was the first job of the sort I ever did, and I felt proud of it. Never afterward did I lose for very long the feeling that something like that was the work I was in the world to do.

"These various activities—working days, studying nights, painting Sundays—kept me pretty busy, and began to tell on my health. My mother advised me to stop work for a year, and devote myself wholly to studying art; which I did. I had saved enough for one year at the art school of the University of California.

"Following that, I got a job in a picture store in Oakland, across the Bay. My mother still lived in San Francisco, and I with her, and it was necessary for me to take the street car for a half-hour ride to the Bay, across on the ferry, and from there ride by steam train to the station near the store. It was a long, tiresome trip to make twice a day; but I made quite a bit of money at the store, was doing work I loved, and, besides, had an object to work for.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KOEHNE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Leo Marzolo is known all over America and in foreign countries as one of the most skillful restorers of old pictures. He was born in California thirty-nine years ago, and showed an early liking for art, finally specializing in saving pictures from the effects of age or of ill-usage. Paintings worth vast sums have been entrusted to him. Mr. Marzolo's studio is in Chicago

"I was in love, and my girl had promised to marry me. So by the time I was twenty I had saved a good bit of money besides what I always gave my mother, and had bought a house and lot in Oakland, where I was planning my own little nest. Then came a stunning blow.

"One day the girl I was engaged to marry received a letter from an aunt, inviting her for an ocean voyage to Honolulu. She asked me what I thought about it, for it would delay our wedding a little.

"'Go,' I said; 'it will be a fine trip for you.'"

A wistful look came into Leo Marzolo's eyes.

"Sometimes," he continued, "a woman will do things on water she wouldn't on land. Have you ever heard that? Sailors will tell you it is true; I don't know why.

"On the boat to Honolulu, she met a man who looked something like me, and acted like me. Within two months after she left I heard they were married.

"I do not blame her; but it broke me up. I had loved her too much to take it easily. I threw up my job, sold my house for two thousand dollars, gave part of the money to my mother, bought a ticket to South America with most of the rest, and sailed without a definite destination or purpose, except to go, and go, and go. I was twenty; had seen nothing of the world up to then except a corner of California; the woman I loved had thrown me down, and the only thing I could see to do was to lose myself for a while and try to regain my bearings."

MARZOLO landed at Callao, the seaport of Lima, in Peru, and formed a wild plan. He would strike inland over the Andes Mountains, he decided, by way of mule trails winding up three miles and more into the air, and try to follow the boundary between Peru and Bolivia. Somewhere in those lonely places among strange people and savage surroundings, he hoped to find something, if it was no more than forgetfulness, that would do his soul good.

"A time may come in any man's life," he says, "when he (*Continued on page 201*)

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Things I Wish My Congregation Wouldn't Do

WHEN I stand in my pulpit and call my congregation "Beloved," I mean just that. The problems of my congregation are on my heart all my waking hours, for their burden is my burden. But sometimes I sit at my study desk, alone at night, thinking of things that I wish my good congregation wouldn't do. I would not, for the world, offend the members of my church. I am too fond of them to do that; and they are fond of me. But my interest in the ministry—in the problems of all ministers—impels me to list these unintentional sins of congregations.

First, I wish my congregation wouldn't think I can always preach a good sermon.

Sometimes I am sure that my people expect all my sermons to reach the same standard, as if they were factory-made, and turned out by the dozen from some mechanical contrivance. Preaching is no hand-organ accomplishment, but a nervous art, subject to the moods and mutations of a frail human nature. The very same sermon may be preached both well and ill. Some Sunday mornings, try how I may, my thought stumbles and falters. My words are difficult to find, and they fall heavily into the pews before me. My tongue feels weighted and my voice is badly pitched. But another time I feel the lift of some strong current, words abound, and thought rises.

Often, on the most auspicious Sundays I have preached my worst, even on Easter, with the chancel filled with lilies. I can never tell until I read my text whether it will be a good or a bad Sunday. I wish my people would be patient with me on the bad Sundays, for it is not from carelessness or from idleness I have failed. So often some parishioner has said, "Did you have a headache this morning, Doctor ——?" Others give me meaning looks. I don't eat my dinner on such Sundays. I shut myself up in my study. My wife knows that.

My second wish is that my people would not hold me responsible for everything that goes wrong in the church. I am not always responsible, even if the Sunday-school attendance is falling off. I am not culpable if the new graded lessons are not proving a success; not to blame if the young people of the Epworth League did make too much noise at their last social. It is not my fault that the janitor kept the church too warm last Sunday. The other day, a woman told me that it was my business to keep small boys off the church roof. I certainly will keep boys off the roof if I see them; but I do not grant that this chore is my business.

I am not an omniscient handy man or an indefatigable jack-of-all-trades. I do not know whether or not the strawberry ice cream has arrived for the evening entertainment of the Queen Esther Circle. I have no idea whether or not the sexton found Mrs. Jones's glove, which she left in the church two weeks ago. I do not know where the sexton keeps his hammer, nor am I cognizant of how long ago the church piano was tuned. During any day, I am likely to receive telephone calls on the following subjects:

"Would you mind going over to the church to see if I left my gold breastpin in my pew? It has the initials E. F. on the back."

"Why hasn't my little girl been promoted to the Junior Department of the Sunday-school? All her little playmates have been promoted."

"Why do I find my pew occupied by strangers when I come to church? I know I come late, but I expect my pew to be held for me."

"I put a five-dollar bill in the collection plate last Sunday, thinking it was a one. Won't you please return the four dollars?"

"The Jones boy slapped my boy in Junior League. Is that the kind of morals Miss —— teaches? Do you think you ought to have her over those children if she doesn't know how to manage them? She never said a word to the Jones boy."

Patiently and as far as I am able I answer all the questions. I could never suggest that such items were not my business, because my parish would say I did not take a "personal interest." They think that my finger should be in every pie. It is difficult for them to believe that it is not my fault if the Men's Dinner was sparsely attended. I am held accountable if the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society does not raise its budget.

Third, I wish my congregation wouldn't think I have all the leisure in the world. Perhaps that is why they call me about so many trivial things—they think I have plenty of time. Some of my flock refer to Sunday quite seriously as "your busy day." They grant me an occupation on Sunday; but they are under the delusion that I have nothing to do the rest of the week.

"ALL you have to do is to get up two sermons," they say.

To begin with, sermons worth their salt are not "gotten up." They are not concocted, scratched together, molded out of thin air. They are wrought into shape painfully, in the depth of meditation, under the shadow of brooding. A person who has never experienced the arduous excitement of meditation cannot realize how hard it is to think an hour, and write a phrase, and then to have the tenuous thread of thought snapped by a jangling front doorbell.

But still, the most of my congregation suppose that I take a sheet of paper and write down my sermon heads, "one, two, three," as fast as my pen will move across the paper. When I attempt to give each Sunday a constructive program of good living, I cannot write my heads "one, two, three." Church members do not know how difficult it is to find original, refreshing ways of developing a text.

The great, eternal truths are always the same, but I must present them differently in order to put them across. I must not repeat myself too often, or my people may accuse me of using "old stuff." I must combat all the extraneous thoughts they are trying to think down in their pews—about their business and their possessions. To do that takes time, planning, and study. It is not done by moving the pen swiftly across the paper.

AND there are a few other things besides my Sunday sermons that occupy me during the week. There is prayer meeting, and there are addresses to the Sunday-school and to the Epworth League, and a word at other church meetings, a word that must be adequate. Then I officiate at weddings and funerals, visit the sick and comfort the distressed, call on the newcomers in town, and see that all the babies are listed in the Cradle Roll. Calling on people, moreover, is not something which can always be accomplished with great speed.

"Are you the man with the mattresses?" a housewife once shouted down to me from an upper landing. When she saw that it was the new minister who was calling, she was covered with confusion. It was a half-hour before she appeared in the parlor. She must have changed her costume completely, because I could hear her excited feet patting about overhead.

My days pass fast and crowded, like every other minister's days. One afternoon I see the red leaves in the gutters, and the next afternoon the snow is on the ground—so it seems. What time do I have, in the midst of all my activities, for God? I must be the spiritual leader of my flock. Above all things, I must be that. But it takes time to be spiritual. One does not enter the Kingdom of Heaven by simply crying "Lord, Lord!"

A minister must wait and listen for the still, small voice. He must pray, and prayer takes time, and energy. Prayer is not kneeling and wishing, as the spiritually illiterate imagine. It is communication with the Unseen, and as such it is a struggle like Jacob's wrestling with the angel till dawn, a struggle from which one may emerge exhausted. And still my congregation considers I am not busy! They would have to make an appointment to see a business man for ten minutes; but they can drop in on me any old time.

They come in the morning, without apology, and spend a couple of hours talking of nothing at all. When a troubled soul comes to me for real help, I am never too busy. But seventy-five per cent of my callers want chiefly to hear themselves talk, to enjoy the luxury of free psychoanalysis, to bear gossip, and to criticize. Down in my sitting-room women go into

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orgies of self-pity, and I can never press a button and have my secretary show them the door.

In a former charge, my study was in the church proper, and my wife rejoiced because she could truthfully say I was "out." In my present parish, I have a parishioner who is in a fright about her salvation. She is sure she has committed the Unpardonable Sin, and she wants me to reassure her. The other day I saw the open-faced watch on her wrist tick through an hour and a quarter while she told me again the story of her life. I have kept count during the past year, and I reckon over a hundred hours spent in her society. She tells me I help her—oh, so much. But sometimes I wonder.

My fourth wish is that my congregation wouldn't expect me to know by instinct if any of our members are sick. Often I hear that Mrs. So-and-so was indignant because she was in bed a week, and I never called. One such family lowered their subscription. How could I know they were ill? Every Sunday morning I say to my people, "Please inform me of any who are sick in this parish." That request is printed, also, on the church calendar. I have on my desk a "sick list," carefully compiled. But still, members will grow angry because I did not know. I find them more sensitive on that point than on any other.

Fifth, I wish my congregation wouldn't think I am like an undertaker's folding chair, useful for weddings and funerals alike, and with just about as much feeling. I weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice, even if the rejoicing comes only a quarter of an hour after the weeping. On occasion I must go from the funeral of one dear member to the wedding of another. I must show my sympathy at the funeral, and yet people would think I exhibited poor taste if I cast the slightest shadow on the wedding. But no one seems to think that the transition from one state of mind to another is hard for me.

I wish my congregation wouldn't think I have become hardened to such duties. I have not yet acquired a professional attitude that might make each succeeding experience a "case." Even if I could do so, it would be disastrous for me to callous my heart. I must really feel with those who suffer, or I shall not be able to comfort. I know there are professional comforters, who pat the hands of the bereaved, mouth fine-sounding phrases from the Bible, and pass on quite unaffected. But I am (*Continued on page 124*)

If You Ask Me:

The man who bosses his wife doesn't love her very much

TWO young people of average intelligence meet and fall in love. They marry, and begin to get acquainted.

If neither is abnormally selfish, and neither is spoiled, the business of steering their craft through the matrimonial seas will be comparatively simple.

If one is spoiled and selfish and "sensitive"—sensitive, in this case, meaning addicted to martyrdom, and eager to be offended—and the other is generous and patient and long-suffering, the craft still may weather the storms.

If both are selfish, or both are spoiled, or both are afflicted with a sense of personal importance, pride alone can save them.

But even the unselfish and unspoiled who adventure in matrimony may unwittingly court shipwreck in calm and untroubled waters.

There is the matter of "bossing."

How many, many couples, adventuring in matrimony, pledge themselves to a policy of absolute equality and say: "Neither of us will boss. We shall be partners, sharing all things equally, and the authority of one will be equal to the authority of the other." How simple it sounds! But there is no equality, for there are no equals.

No two people have the same capacity for loving. And the one who loves least almost invariably dominates. The greater love of the other prompts sacrifice and surrender.

Which loves more, the man or the woman? There is no hard and fast rule. It is obvious that the man loves more during the period of courtship. But when the marriage takes place, a strange thing happens! The man has conquered. He relaxes, as a general will when a campaign is finished and the enemy is in hand. His love no longer is inflamed by opposition. The enthusiasm of the chase is gone. He must adjust himself to another kind of love—the lasting, placid affection that is friendship idealized, comradeship made divine.

During this period of adjustment, a change of equal significance affects the heart of the wife. She was happy in being pursued. The thrill of it was the very essence of romance. Now the thrill is gone. Her husband accepts her as a matter of course. But she is not willing thus to be accepted. She hungers for a continuation of romance. And in her eagerness to keep the thrill, she begins to love more and more desperately. If the man loved more before marriage, she now evens the score.

Here, then, is the first danger of the voyage:

We all are parasites by nature. We lean upon those who will support us, impose upon those who are long-suffering, take our ease if another is willing to do the work. Necessity is our salvation.

The man whose love is less becomes a parasite. He feeds upon the love of his wife. He oesn't realize what manner of creature he is becoming, for he falls to his low estate by slow degrees.

Why does she permit it? Is she not his equal—a partner with dignity no less than his own? She is; but she is something more than that. She is a mother by nature. As a little girl she mothered dolls; later on, she mothered her brothers. Now she mothers her husband.

His selfishness isn't inherent or premeditated. It is a product of conditions. He became a leaner because there was something to lean upon. He is the boss—not by right of masculinity or superior intelligence or greater will power, but by virtue of greater selfishness.

The other danger is similar, and to the masculine mind perhaps even more sinister.

The man may have the greater capacity for loving. Or the woman's dream of romance may be shattered by poverty, by dish water, by the hard reality of a crowded apartment, or by the sight of an unshaved chin.

If the man's love is not affected by his apparent triumph, it is because the triumph is not genuine. His lady is elusive still. Desperately he strives to win from her an affection equal to his own.

And she, a little disillusioned, a little resentful, accepts his greater love as her due and leans upon it. She is the head of the house—not by reason of nagging, but solely because he hungers for her love, and in foolish desperation makes himself a serf in an effort to win it.

If the man or the woman is a parasite, it does not follow that the marriage will end in disaster, for where there is much love on one side and a little on the other, there is always a way to smooth things over. But it does follow that the marriage will fall short of the happiness it might afford if both would give as they take, for neither ever will know the joy of real comradeship, of real partnership. There is no "boss" where each one is eager to serve.

Robt Quillen.

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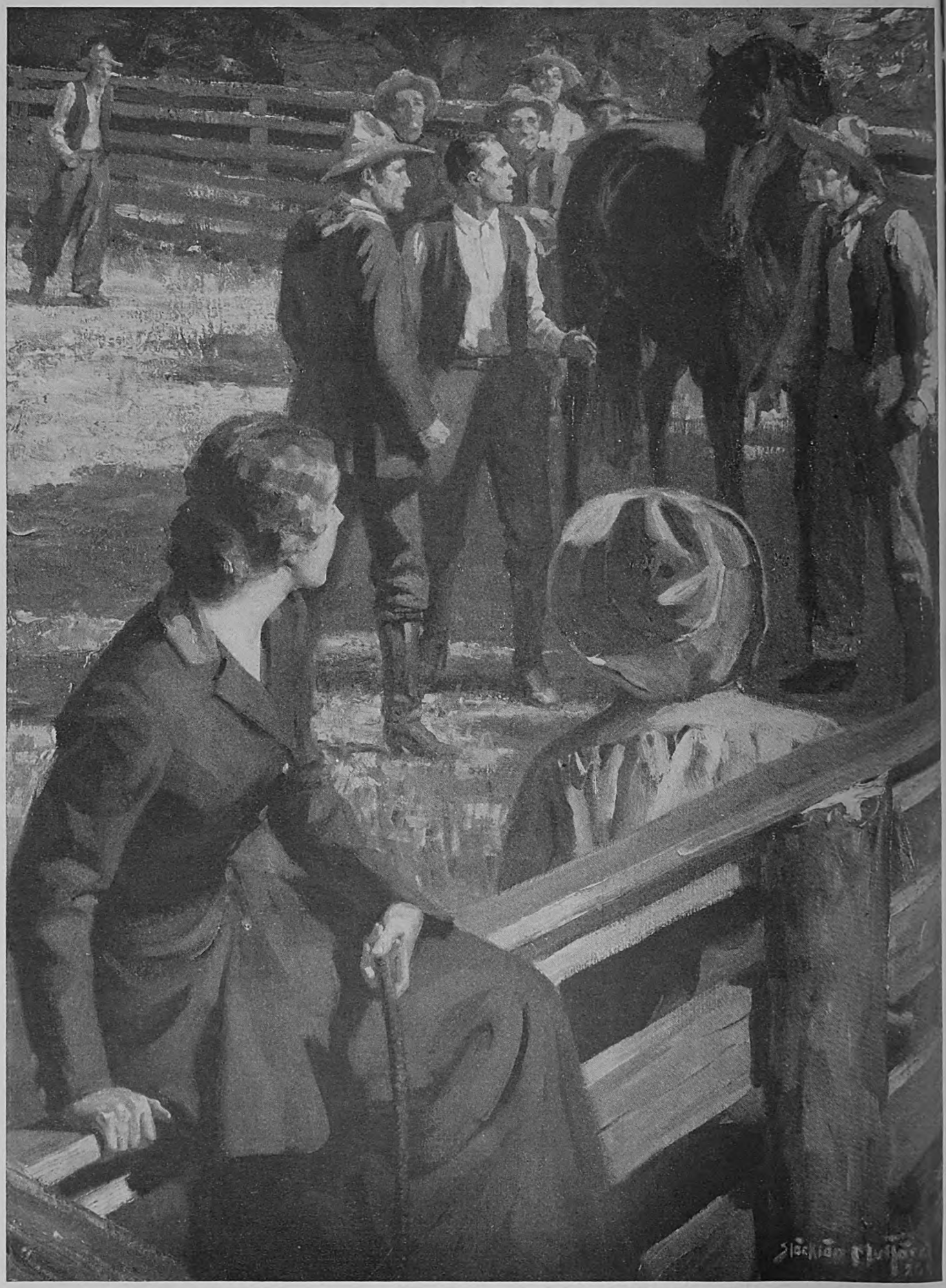

"I'm askin' thet you look at these marks on Red, Boss," replied Raidy. "If you won't, I reckon I'll take it as a slap at me. An' I'll quit you cold"

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"Nevada"

A romance of the West

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

Synopsis of the Four Preceding Instalments

BEN IDE and his sister Hettie had sold their fertile ranch in California, on the shores of Tule Lake, and journeyed overland to the newer country of Arizona with their family, Ben's brother-in-law, Marvie Blaine, and a long train of men, wagons, and horses. There were three reasons for this move: their mother's health, Ben's longing for a return to pioneer living, and the hope in his heart and in Hettie's that in a frontier country they might find the man they both loved.

Six years before he had come to them a stranger, known to them only as "Nevada." For two years he had helped Ben in his wild-horse hunting; he had shared in the capture of the great stallion, California Red; he had fallen in love with Hettie. And then he had recognized in Less Setter a scoundrel he had known in years past, and had seen through Setter's schemes to ruin the Ide family. He met Setter and his two accomplices, killed them all, in open fight, and escaped, with no word of farewell to Ben and Hettie.

By his deed he saved the ranch for them, and made possible Ben's reconciliation with his father and his marriage to Ina Blaine. This Ben and Hettie knew. What they did not know was that their "Nevada" was the notorious gunman, Jim Lacy, and that he had learned from them for the first time the beauty of friendship and the glory of love. It had made a new man of him—and yet to save them he had had to renounce his new self and become again Jim Lacy.

Jim went back to Lineville, where he had known Setter, resolved never to let Hettie know who he was; but to live up to her ideal of him. And again Fate intervened. He had arranged to go to Arizona with Cash Burridge, who had determined to turn from cattle "rustling" to honest cattle raising, and had bought a ranch there—and then once more Jim Lacy was called upon to kill his man and become a fugitive from the law. He came into the "Gold Mine" (Lineville's gambling hell) one night, to find a girl dying on the floor, where Link Cawthorne, in a drunken rage, had thrown her. Jim Lacy did the only thing his code allowed. And for four years no one knew his whereabouts.

Meanwhile, Ben Ide and Hettie had bought a ranch in Arizona from a man named Cash Burridge, only to find out from Tom Day, a neighbor, that Burridge had cheated them in the count of cattle; that he had passed on liens on the stock; and that the whole country was so infested with rustlers that not even Judge Franklidge, the boss rancher of the country, knew who were the honest ranchers and who the thieves.

However, Ben stuck to his guns, built his ranch houses, and hired a man named Dillon as foreman. When Ben Ide's cattle and his own began almost at once to be the chief targets for the rustlers, Judge Franklidge called Day and a trusted cowboy, "Texas Jack," into consultation. Texas Jack volunteered to go singlehanded into the Mongollons and pose as a rustler, in order to get information to break up their gangs. And when Franklidge and Day remonstrated, he confessed to them that he was the notorious Jim Lacy. So, once more, to save those he loved, Nevada made his sacrifice. He shaved off the beard he had grown, bought a new outfit, and rode into town—Jim Lacy again.

He heard much gossip in the saloons, and learned that old Elam Hatt and his son Cedar were under suspicion. Then, on the street, he ran into Rose, the only daughter of old Elam. He gained her confidence, found that she feared Cedar Hatt and Clem Dillon, and loved Marvie Blaine—and promised to help her. That night he saw her at a dance with Marvie—and he saw Hettie Ide! Hettie was lovelier than ever, and from a dark corner Jim heard Clem Dillon make love to her. Hettie repulsed his advances with scorn, and when Dillon tried to hold her by force she broke away from him and ran. Whereupon Jim stepped out of the shadow, knocked Dillon down, and got away before a crowd gathered.

That night he ran into Cash Burridge again, and made friends with him. Cash told him that Hardy Rue, one of Less Setter's men, was also in Winthrop. The next day Hettie learned that California Red had been stolen, and from a store window saw Hardy Rue shot down in the street by the notorious Jim Lacy. He came directly past the window—and she knew that Jim Lacy was Nevada.

She told no one, enduring alone the pain of her terrible secret, and trying still to cling to her old faith in Nevada. And then Marvie Blaine came to her for help in his trouble. He was very much in love with Rose Hatt; but Rose so feared her brother Cedar that she had begged him not to come to see her again. And she would not marry him, because she would not bring disgrace upon his family. Hettie was moved by this evidence of fineness in the girl, and promised to go with Marvie to see her.

HETTIE, early riser as she was, outdid herself on the Wednesday morning which was the date of her agreement to ride down into the brakes with Marvie Blaine.

There were tasks to see to, some of which she performed before her mother called her to breakfast. Hettie was still at the table when whoops outside alarmed her. Then she recognized Marvie's "Whoop-ee!" and ran out on the porch, followed by her mother.

"For the land's sake!" cried Mrs. Ide. "Has Marvie gone daffy?"

They saw him running wildly, bareheaded, up the walk toward Ben's house. "*Whoop-ee!*" yelled Marvie again. "Hey, Ben!"

Hettie realized now that something was up, so she started to run across the log bridge. When she got half way she saw Ben rush out on the porch, in his shirt sleeves, rifle in hand.

"What's the matter, Marv?" he shouted.

"*California Red's back!*" bellowed Marvie, coming to a halt.

Hettie saw Ben start as if struck. Then he ran to meet Marvie. Hettie lost little time getting over the bridge and across the grassy bench. Breathless and excited, she arrived in time to see Ben sink down on a log, as if overcome.

"Ben, I'm—so glad," panted Hettie.

"Boy, you're not playin' a trick on me—because I was sore on you?" implored Ben of Marvie.

"Nope. I saw him sure. An' I was tickled to death!"

"I reckon Dillon fetched him back," sighed Ben, in unutterable gratitude.

"Dillon, thunder!" exclaimed Marvie. "Dillon is in bed. There's nobody up but me."

"Ahuh! By George! Did you see anyone?"

"Not a soul."

"Well! That beats me. Let's go down."

BEN and Marvie, with Hettie trying to keep beside them, stalked down off the ridge, into the lane, through the courtyard, and on to the corrals. Raidy appeared on the bunk-house porch, and he carried a rifle.

"Boss, what's the bellerin' about?" he queried, as he joined the trio.

Marvie led the way through two corrals, and then across the wide square to a high pasture fence, up which he scrambled like a squirrel.

"There!" he shouted, pointing.

Ben surmounted the fence ahead of Hettie, and his exultant cry prepared her.

California Red stood not far distant, down along the fence. Nervously he jerked up at Ben's cry, and wheeled, with head high, ears up, eyes wild. How sensitive, how splendid he looked to Hettie!

Ben whistled and began to call: "Red! —Red, old boy; come here, Red!"

The stallion lost his alarm, and laying down his ears he approached slowly, step by step. Ben kept calling. Red knew the voice, and showed increasing gladness. He whinnied. Then he trotted straight to where Ben straddled the fence. He looked the worse for his absence. Ragged, scratched, muddy, somewhat thinner; he showed the effect of hard travel and probably harsh treatment.

"Come, Red; come, old boy," Ben called again. "Don't you know your boss?"

But Red would not come all the way.

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He halted, uncertain, pawing the ground. His dark eyes shone softly. Again he whinnied. Ben guardedly got down off the fence, speaking all the time, and slowly went up to Red, finally encircling the noble neck with his arm. Then he buried his face in the red mane.

Hettie's thoughts went back to the Forlorn River days, when California Red had roamed the sage hills, free and proud, when Ben had been a lonely outcast, wild-horse hunter, when Nevada had come so mysteriously into their lives; and her eyes dimmed.

Meanwhile the cowboys had arrived on the scene; Raidy had opened the pasture gate. Presently Ben led the stallion through to the square.

"Look him over, Raidy," said Ben. While the cowboys crowded around, and Hettie still stayed on the fence, the better to see, the old horseman walked around Red, feeling him, examining him, lifting his hoofs one after the other.

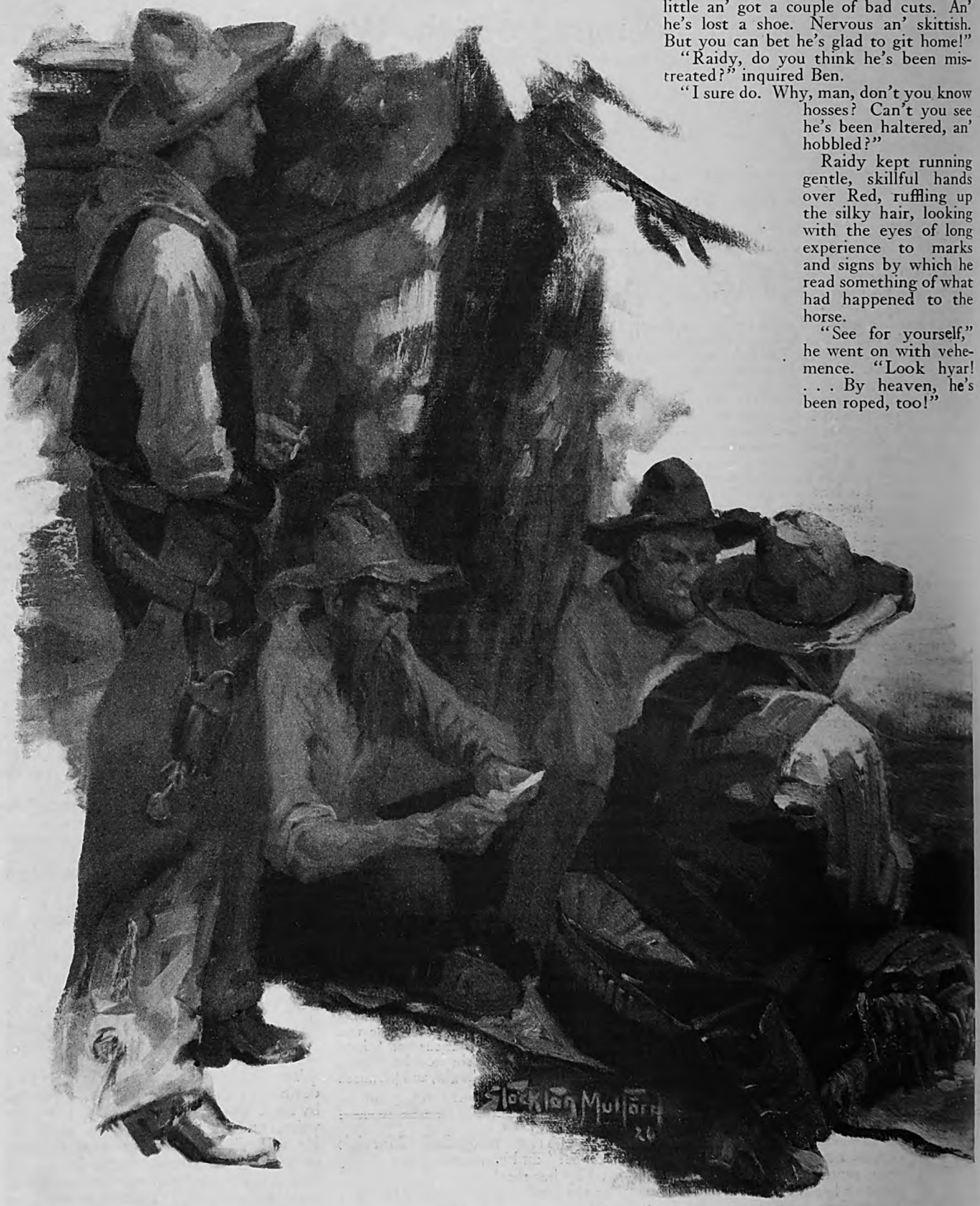
"Wal, boss, he's as sound as a bullet," declared Raidy gladly. "Ganted up a little an' got a couple of bad cuts. An' he's lost a shoe. Nervous an' skittish. But you can bet he's glad to git home!"

"Raidy, do you think he's been mistreated?" inquired Ben.

"I sure do. Why, man, don't you know hosses? Can't you see he's been haltered, an' hobbled?"

Raidy kept running gentle, skillful hands over Red, ruffling up the silky hair, looking with the eyes of long experience to marks and signs by which he read something of what had happened to the horse.

"See for yourself," he went on with vehemence. "Look hyar! . . . By heaven, he's been roped, too!"



At this point Hettie saw Dillon stalk around the corner of the high fence, which had obscured the men and horse. Abruptly he halted. Swift amaze and consternation leaped across his expression of

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curiosity, blotting it out. Then, as swiftly, his face changed, smoothing to a smile. What a handsome, pleasant man! Hettie marveled at his consummate control and acting. But he could not fool her again. The return of Red was actually as startling to Dillon as it had been to anyone else there.

The circle of cowboys opened to admit Dillon.

"Ha! So, Boss, what'd I tell you?" he broke out, and vigorously shook Ben's hand. "The old red son-of-a-gun has come back. Jumped the pasture fence goin' an' comin'. . . . Took a little run, an' come home. I've had many a hoss do it."

"Not wild hosses, Mr. Dillon," snapped Raidy.

"What do you know about hosses, Raidy?"

"Wal, I reckon I've forgot more'n you ever knew," retorted the older man. "I ain't doubtin' you've had a lot of hosses, Dillon; but you didn't *raise* them—you didn't *catch* them—an' you didn't *keep* them long."

This was pretty plain speaking, as was evinced by Ben's stepping between the men, and the dark flush that wiped out Dillon's geniality.

Ben raised a hand to silence Raidy. "That'll do. You're both privileged to your opinions. But don't get nasty."

"All right, Boss," replied Raidy, in an aggrieved tone. "But my word is sort of ridiculed hyar. An' I'm askin' thet you look at these marks on Red. If you won't, I reckon I'll take it as a slap at me. An' I'll quit you cold."

"Raidy!" exclaimed Ben, astounded.

"You know me, Boss," returned the old horseman sturdily.

Ben wavered. It was plain to Hettie that he hoped to keep peace between the old and the new hands, so valuable to him now. But Raidy had thrown down his gage, and he looked formidable.

"Ben," called Hettie, from the fence, "you've known Raidy all your life. He taught you how to ride. It's only fair that you listen to him."

"All right, Raidy, if you feel that bad about it," replied Ben resignedly.

AGAIN the old horseman ran his gentle, skillful hands over Red's supple body, down to the wonderfully muscled legs. "Look hyar," said Raidy, as he stooped. "He's been hobbled. See! He's been gone ten days. That mark was made no more'n yesterday."

"Reckon you're right," admitted Ben, as he slowly arose. "I apologize."

"No apology wanted," said Raidy. "All I want is for you to come out of your trance. . . . Now, look hyar. Look at Red's nose. He's been roped."

"By thunder! There's been a hackamore on him," ejaculated Ben.

Dillon was not to be outwitted, and he had swiftly followed Ben's examination of the horse with one of his own.

A man had come out of the aspen thicket. He carried a rifle, which he held by the barrel over his shoulder

"Darned if Raidy isn't right, Boss," he exploded, evidently regretful. "I hadn't even looked at Red. But there are the marks, plain as print. . . . I apologize too, Raidy. My mistake."

"Wal, Mr. Dillon, I'm acceptin' your apology," drawled Raidy, his keen old hawk eyes on the handsome foreman.

HETTIE was riding beside Marvie across the western end of the sage flat, toward the fence which marked the limit of Ben Ide's ranch land.

Marvie dismounted to open the gate for them, and when he vaulted to the saddle again he grinned. "Nobody but Raidy saw us, an' he won't tell. But Ben would stand for anythin' to-day. Gee, how he loves that red horse!"

(*Continued on page 68*)

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

No Taxicab Can Run Him Down!

Captain Salisbury and his family live on a scow in New York Harbor, where the captain is employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad to receive boats loaded with cargo, and keep them until they are called for. Catherine, his daughter, is boarding the tug which takes her to school every morning

FAR away from the roar of railroad terminals and freight yards lives "Captain" George S. Salisbury and his family, on a scow in the middle of New York Harbor, where he performs duties vitally necessary to the operation of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

While the millions of inhabitants on Manhattan Island dwell in congested quarters, Salisbury and his family enjoy a permanent home on the cooling waters of the upper bay within the shadows of the Statue of Liberty, of Ellis Island, and the gray skyline of down-town New York.

A railroad man living and working on the water! Yet Salisbury can be compared to a yardmaster. It is the only job of its kind on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Day and night, he must be on the job, for the "Scow Ox," on which he lives, is never closed.

"No, sir," said Captain Salisbury, as we sat in his living-room on the scow, while the craft rocked on the waves, "a fellow does not have to work near the tracks to be a railroad man.

"The 'Scow Ox' is the same as a distribution yard on the railroad. When coal arrives at the dumpers at South Amboy, New Jersey, it is loaded on the boats that will convey it to the various piers in the New York district. Well, some place must be provided to tie up these boats in the harbor while tugs transport them, a few at a time, to their destinations. Here is where I come in. After the boats are loaded at South Amboy, they are formed into a tow, which starts for New York. The boats are towed in to the 'Scow Ox,' and tied up with us. Then tugs arrive to escort the boats to the different piers.

"Not all of the boats which arrive at the 'Scow Ox' are loaded with coal, however. Some are freighted with different kinds of merchandise, such as brick, and clay products from the Raritan River district. Therefore, the freight may come from all points on the waterways. And in the reverse movement, light boats are picked up at the many piers in the metropolitan district, brought to the 'Ox,' and made up into one large tow, to be taken to South Amboy, the Raritan River district, or other points."

When a tow arrives at the "Scow Ox," Salisbury takes the lines from the tugs and boats and makes them fast. He also keeps a careful record of the names of boats as they arrive and depart. On snowy winter nights, or in hail, fog, or rain, he must inspect the boats, to see if they are in safe condition for towing.

"Often I find as many as twenty light boats, in addition to eighteen loaded boats, moored to the scow waiting for their movement, on tide. Day and night, they come and go," said Salisbury.

"To get an idea of the average size of a tow, and what such transportation means, just picture in your mind a tow of eighteen boats, each boat carrying 1,000 tons of coal. This is equivalent to a train of 360 coal cars of 50 tons carrying capacity. Assuming that sixty loaded cars is a fair haul for a locomotive, you can see that it would take six trainloads on rail to deliver the 18,000 tons of coal. One large boat, the 'Lake Oneida,' has a carrying capacity of 2,400 gross tons, which is equal to a whole trainload of coal.

"The 'Scow Ox' is an ideal home," said Salisbury, whose family consists of his wife and daughter Catherine. "For five years we have lived here, and when I saw that the job might become monotonous, I built a chicken coop on one end of the scow, installed a radio, got a dog from a friend in New York, and cheerfully accepted conditions. Not long ago, I also placed on board several rare specimens of carrier pigeons.

"At first I was worried about school for my daughter Catherine. She was only eleven years old then, and attended a school in down-town New York. But I arranged to have a tugboat of the Pennsylvania Railroad call at the scow every morning during the school term and carry her to New York. Every evening she returns to her home on the bay in the same manner. For five years now she has

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traveled to school in this way, and she is affectionately called by the river men 'The Princess of New York Harbor.'

"We are happy here," said Salisbury. "When we want to bathe, we just slip on a bathing suit and jump off our front porch. Nearly every summer afternoon, Catherine swims around the scow.

"In summer it is really delightful on the scow. While New York swelters, we are so cool we have to sleep beneath blankets. There are four rooms on the scow, which constitute the living quarters. In the bow are the lamp locker, storage room for supplies, and chicken coops. The pump is directly connected to a gasolene engine, and keeps the scow free of water."

I asked Salisbury if the scow was ever cut adrift during a storm, and whether they fear heavy fogs.

"We were never really adrift," he replied. "Once we dragged our anchors. But we were soon relocated. No; we do not fear fogs. We are not lying in the channel, and our lights burn brightly during the night. Sometimes in rough weather we get shaken up quite a bit; but no worse than the other boats running up and down the river.

"When the scow is being overhauled once a year at the shops in Hoboken, we stay on it just the same, and another scow takes our place for the time being. During that period I enjoy a short vacation."

"But don't you freeze in winter out here in the middle of the bay?" I asked the captain.

"No, indeed," he replied. "Every fall a tug brings us ten tons of pea coal, and we have a large stove in the kitchen, where we take our meals. This stove heats up the entire living quarters of the 'Ox.' In summer, we cook with a kerosene stove."

"And the ice?" I asked. "Doesn't the ice flow jar you about in winter?"

"Yes; we often drag our anchors during the passage of a heavy flow of ice, and then a tug comes over with a steam derrick, replaces us in our position, and relocates the anchors in a new spot."

I asked Salisbury if he did not get a thrill, living in such a picturesque location.

"Certainly I do," he replied. "Who wouldn't? On one side is the Statue of Liberty! Across the way is Ellis Island. And over there is New York, with the big skyscrapers, and before our eyes move the great ocean liners bound for the far ports of the world.

"Yes, sir, an ideal job and an ideal home. Show me anything better."

ROBERT H. DENEHEY

This Blind Girl Edits a Magazine for the Blind

As a little girl, Helen Day, of New York City, was brought up by a great-aunt who was blind. This relative was morbidly sensitive about her affliction. Any allusion which folks made to her loss of sight was keenly resented, and she shrank from the most casual contacts. Later on, as a climax to a long series of illnesses, Helen herself became blind. And she readily fell into her great-aunt's mental attitude.

To-day, however, all that is changed. For eight years, Miss Day, though sightless, and almost totally deaf, has been one of the busiest editors in New York. Seated each day before a Braille typewriter in her office in her mother's home in Harlem, she edits copy, reads proof, and selects manuscripts for "The Searchlight," a bulky quarterly sent all over the United States to readers who cannot see.

The thought that she works under a handicap, or is less lucky than anyone else, never troubles Helen Day now. She is too busy providing interesting magazine articles for hundreds of shut-ins.

"They need to have sunshine and optimism brought into their lives through reading," she told me. "I try continuously to do this. But it is often hard to get articles. Good writers will not sell stories and poems for nothing. And we never have any money to buy manuscripts."

The day which changed the entire course of Helen's life occurred in 1914. When only six years old, she had had an attack of hip disease which made it impossible for her to go to school for ten years. Four years later, she had another serious illness, which left her totally blind.

One afternoon, after she had recovered sufficiently to go about the house, someone told her of an exhibit at Grand Central Palace. Here on display were hundreds of examples of art and handicraft work done by girls who, like herself, were blind. The exhibit was shown under the auspices of the Lighthouse, an institution maintained by the New York Association for the Blind, at 111 East 59th Street.

Helen wanted to know all about the work of the Lighthouse. She wanted to learn to do useful things. But her distrust of human contacts and her old sensitiveness held her back. Finally, however, she overcame both. She went to the head of the Girls' Club at the Lighthouse, and told her story. After that, she studied shorthand and music regularly in the Lighthouse classes. Typewriting she taught herself.

BAIN NEWS SERVICE

Helen Day, of New York City, has been blind since she was ten years old; but she attended Hunter College, and now edits "The Searchlight," a magazine for the blind written in Braille

On one occasion, after she had become a part of her new life, Helen was sent as a delegate to a meeting of the City Federation of Women's Clubs. Sitting in darkness in the big auditorium, she became particularly interested in a speaker who discussed the activities of Hunter College. The next day, a letter went from the blind girl to the faculty. She received a prompt reply. After that, in spite of blindness and ever-increasing deafness, for four years she regularly attended college classes. She concentrated on literature and composition.

But another misfortune was not far off. Helen was eventually obliged to give up college, because her deafness became so acute that she could not attend classes with any profit. In this extremity, she turned to the circulating library for the blind in London, said to be the largest of its kind in the world. She received books regularly. Soon she was an expert in Braille. So proficient did she become that she undertook Braille proof reading for the Red Cross.

Although "The Searchlight" is a very bulky magazine, it contains fewer words, perhaps, than any other quarterly in circulation. This is because of the size of the lettering. Each number contains only about two thousand words in all; but the book is so large that it is inconvenient to hold. The average issue of the magazine is two or three inches thick.

A picture of the Lighthouse in perforations is always the frontispiece. The first article is the "Postmistress's Letter," written by Miss Day herself. This is popular with the readers, and brings many letters to the editor's desk. An article of any length requires from six to ten pages of Braille in the "Searchlight." Poems of a cheerful nature are always desirable, and, as they require little space, they are frequently used.

As an editor, Miss Day tries to cover a wide range of interest. It is her ambition to make the magazine appeal to boys and girls, as well as to older persons. Blind readers like fairy tales and adventures even more than other folks. But since Miss Day cannot pay contributors, she must depend upon reprinting of material, or upon voluntary contributions.

A recent number contained a reprinted story on the community life of ants, translated from the French of Jean Henri

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Fabre, and several geographical studies. Also, one or two poems and the tale of a British officer in India, which Miss Day thought interesting enough to clip from another publication after someone had read it to her.

During her seven years as an editor, Miss Day has brought the circulation of her magazine up to three hundred blind readers. In New York, the quarterly is sent free to all who wish it, but readers outside of New York must pay postage.

If more funds were available, the circulation could be correspondingly increased.

The "Searchlight" is published by the New York Association for the Blind. They offered her the position because they knew about the Braille proof reading that she did for the Red Cross, said Miss Day.

SUSIE SEXTON

"Jack-Knife Ben"

STEP right this way, gentlemen; this is where you get 'em!"

A brisk, businesslike voice commanded the attention of passers-by, and I stopped, as several others had already done, in front of the small man in gray who wore a blue yachting cap. In a little alcove under an overhanging roof stood a tray of knives; and as I looked on they were rapidly sold, to the accompaniment of the never-ceasing patter of the man in the blue cap.

"*That* costs you seventy-five cents," he was saying to a hesitating customer; "*this* one is a dollar. Yes, sir; you get exactly the same quality in that knife as you do in this. You pay the difference for the handle.

"Quality, sir?" he was already saying to another. "Just read that, if you please; it says 'Jack-Knife Ben' on the blade, doesn't it? That never goes on a knife unless I stand behind it."

"Jack-Knife Ben," the sixty-two-year-old knife salesman, has been in business in that same block at the Chicago Stock Yards for nearly forty years. Starting with a few dollars and a few dozen jackknives, he has built a business that to-day has a volume of several hundred thousand dollars a year.

His real name is Benjamin W. Chon, though not one in a thousand of his regular customers would recognize him by it. At heart, he is a showman, like the barker in front of the circus tent. But he is far more than a showman; he is a merchant, and an alert judge of human nature.

Ben keeps an eye peeled for the needs of every customer within reach of his voice. Not many people can sell knives as he sells them. And in the store that has gradually grown up back of his little original sidewalk stand, he also does a good business in razors, diamonds, jewelry, clothing, and men's furnishings, rain coats, leather goods, and optical instruments.

"I was twenty-four years old," Ben told me, "when I reached Chicago by box car, busted, and broke! It was late fall and cold. I had acted nearly every rôle but the bloodhound in a barn-storming troupe playing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' up and down the states; but the paid admissions wouldn't cover the actors' salaries, let alone bed and board.

"In Chicago, I did odd jobs for a while until I got together the sum of eight dollars. Then, out of curiosity, I drifted on a visit to the Stock Yards.

"I was amazed at the number of farmers, stock-raisers, cowboys and cattlemen who came there from all over. The thought occurred to me that every one of those men needed a first-class jackknife. I asked myself why they shouldn't buy knives of *me*, and get good ones!

"Next morning I was on the job. My store was a barrel, my display case a cigar box, and my entire stock a few dozen knives I had been able to pick up at a bargain with my eight dollars. I offered the knives for sale at a quarter apiece.

PHOTOGRAPH BY REW HOFFMAN

Starting with eight dollars' worth of jackknives, Benjamin W. Chon, of Chicago, Illinois, has built up a profitable business. But he still likes to peddle knives in front of his store

"At first, it was pretty tough, sticking to it through cold, rain, snow, sleet, and sun. But people got to know me. I had a line of talk, guaranteed my knives, and took care to sell *good* knives, built the way farmers wanted them. Customers at my barrel store soon included all sorts and classes, from laborers to millionaire packers and commission men.

"But I was only a peddler. The policeman on the beat didn't understand my ambitions, and hated peddlers—me especially. Day after day he'd order me away; and I'd come back, as sure as the next sun rose. If it rained, I moved under any handy awning. If it was bitter cold, I stuck my hands through a radiator grill in the old railroad station until they were warm enough to handle cash and knives again.

"It was about eight years before I finally got my first little shop. Mr. John Ashby was then vice president of the Stock Yards Company. That company owned the real estate, and leased it out, and they wouldn't let me rent any space, even after I could afford it. But Mr. Ashby noticed I was persistent, and he had a little shack put up for me. It was just about big enough to turn around in; but I settled in it, and made money faster than ever!

"Later on, the elevated lines were built and the steam railroad was abandoned. I rented the old station, and fitted it up as a store. We're still in it. We aren't grand, like some of the stores downtown. But that's real mahogany in those showcases; when a jeweler wants to close out and quit, I can give him cash for his stock—twenty, thirty, fifty thousand dollars if need be—and get bargains for my customers.

"One of my sons now manages one side of the store, and another has charge of the other side; but I still prefer to stand out in front with my tray of knives, and sell them to all comers in all weathers. Seldom a day goes by when I sell less than fifty knives. I have sold as many as seven and eight hundred in a day.

"I pride myself on knowing more farmers personally than anybody else in the country. To a good many of them mine is one of the few city stores where they really feel acquainted.

"I have done business with a lot of famous people too. Everybody who comes to Chicago comes to the Stock Yards, and they pass my place of business. The Prince of Wales has one of my knives. President Harding had one, and President Coolidge has one.

"It's some satisfaction to me to-day, now that things are going smoothly, to have an old customer come by and remark:

"'Ben, do you recollect way back when I bought my first knife from you—when you sold 'em off a barrel? I wouldn't carry anybody else's knives in my pocket!'"

NEIL M. CLARK

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DELICIOUS TOMATO SOUP!

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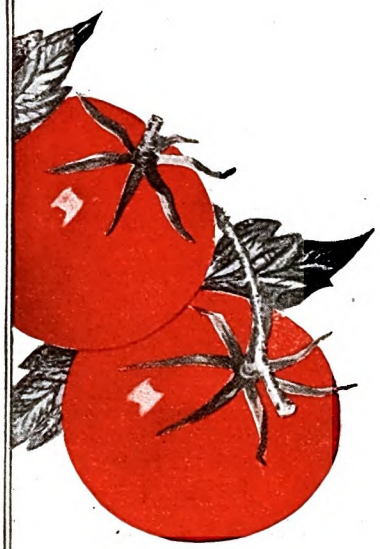

Nowadays "making" tomato soup means getting Campbell's at the store. It's so easy and convenient. And the soup is so delicious. No wonder, for it is made in the most famous soup kitchens in the world.

Red-ripe luscious tomatoes sun-sweetened on the vines. Strained through colanders of solid nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points, leaving only the pure juices and rich "meat" in a smooth puree. Golden butter and tempting seasoning make the flavor even more attractive.

Campbell's Tomato Soup is the great family favorite—first choice in countless homes. Serve it today and it will be a regular favorite on your table.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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"Nevada"

(*Continued from page 63*)

"Marvie, were you looking at Dillon when he first came on us and saw Red?" inquired Hettie.

"No, I wasn't. Why?"

"He struck me as being more amazed than any of us, and *not* so happy."

"Ahuh!" replied Marvie. It was evident that he chose to be noncommittal. Hettie, however, did not fail to catch the glint in his eye.

"Here's where we turn off, Hettie," he said, as he left the road. "Narrow trail, but good. Look out for the brush an' duck the branches. Ride now!"

He spurred his horse into a lope and Hettie did likewise. Soon they entered the forest, where the shade was welcome and no dust arose. Hettie had been on this trail several times, though not to go very far. It led west, toward the brakes and the frowning dark notches of the Mongollons, dim and purple in the distance.

THEY rode perhaps five miles before the trail began to penetrate deeper into the forest and to ascend into rockier and rougher country, and she soon gathered what the brakes of the Mongollons meant. The brakes were canyons, running like the ridges of a washboard, walled with brush and rock, choked with dense thickets, above which the lofty pines and spruces towered. Ridge after ridge Marvie climbed and descended, until, coming to a deeper, clearer canyon, he turned off to follow a willow-bordered stream.

As they progressed, again riding at a lope, the canyon widened and deepened, the walls grew rugged and unscalable, the fringe of pines on the rims lifted higher, and every aspect of the wilderness seemed likewise intensified. The time came when the horses had to walk again, down and down, under narrow gray shelves of stone, under the massed foliage of maple, oak, aspen, all beginning to show a tint of autumn, especially the fluttering aspens, just turning to gold. The stream grew larger, swifter, deeper, and its mellow roar filled the dreamy solitude.

At corners, where the trail turned, Marvie always exercised a caution which added more than romance to Hettie's feelings. This adventure grew with the miles. How dark, still, lonely some of the constrictions in this brake of the Mongollons!

"Somewhere along here we'll meet her," whispered Marvie fearfully. "It always scares me. That Cedar Hatt might be prowlin' along the rim to spy on us. Rose is cute, though. I've waited half a day before she came."

They wound along the crooked trail, and if it were possible Hettie imagined every vista wilder and more hauntingly beautiful than the last. The white bleached grass, the green willows, the amber rocks, the rushing, foaming brook, the thickets of oak and aspen, russet and gold, the wonderful walls rising sheer, stained and mossy, gray and purple, up to the ragged fringed rims—all these aided the movement of leaves, the flash of birds, the fragrance of pine, the utter solitude, into working an enchantment upon Hettie's senses. No wonder Marvie had fallen in love with his wild Rose.

"I see her horse," whispered Marvie, as he halted. "She'll be near. We'll get off now. I'll hide our horses."

Hettie got off to hand her bridle to him, and waited while he led their mounts out of sight. How noiselessly he moved! Marvie had become a woodsman. Soon he returned and led her off the trail into the grass.

"Anyone ridin' along behind us would sure see our tracks," he whispered. "But that's a slim chance. You see, it's an old, unused trail here. The Hatts live over in the next canyon."

"She's a brave kid, to meet you this way. And you're not such a coward, Marvie boy," returned Hettie.

He led her up a gradual grassy slope, into the protecting shelter of low pines and silver spruces. "Look at the elk beds," he whispered, pointing to round places where grass and moss had been flattened.

Hettie espied a ragged red pony, without a saddle, haltered to a sapling. Then she saw a dark curly head rise above the tall grass. Next moment Marvie was speaking low: "Hettie, this is Rose Hatt. . . . Rose, I've fetched her. This's Hettie Ide, my best friend an' sister."

As Hettie sank down, smiling, with hands outstretched, the girl rose to her knees, her eyes dilating, her face without color.

"Rose, I'm glad—to meet you," whispered Hettie, and she kissed the girl.

"Oh, Miss Ide—you're good to come," faltered Rose. She was trembling all over.

Marvie knelt beside Rose, and it was evident this was a torturing moment for him too. The romance and excitement had passed. Ide's sister was now face to face with the daughter of rustler and backwoodsman Elam Hatt, with the sister of notorious Cedar Hatt.

"HETTIE, I reckon Rose won't be so scared an' shy if I leave you alone with her," said Marvie. "So I'll keep watch below. An' don't forget we haven't lots of time."

Then, with a bright and reassuring look at Rose, he slipped off under the low-spreading trees. Hettie turned to the girl, trying to think of words to put her at ease. How like a woodland wildflower! Rose wore a buckskin blouse fringed and beaded, a ragged brown skirt, and boots without stockings. She held a sprig of tiny aspen leaves, turning gold.

"Rose, since Marvie loves you, I must love you too," said Hettie, speaking not what she had intended, but the words that welled from her heart. She did not need to be told that Rose Hatt had never had love of mother, sister, or friend. The girl gave a little gasping cry of wonder and pain, then fell into Hettie's arms, where she burst into tears.

This made the ordeal easier for Hettie, and she held the girl in silence until the paroxysm of weeping had subsided. Then she began to talk, kindly, soothingly, as if to a child, saying she hardly knew what, until the moment came when she felt she might venture a question. But before she could ask it, Rose sat up, wiped her wet face, and smiled through her tears.

"Marvie was right," she said. "It's sure good to see you, hear you, now I'm over my scare. I'll never forget you till my dyin' day!"

"Rose, you love Marvie very much?"

"Yes," replied the girl, simply. "I couldn't help it. But I didn't know at first. Not till the dance."

"Then you two have pledged your troth?"

"If you mean told our love, yes, Miss Ide. But I didn't promise to marry Marvie."

"He asked you, of course?"

"He begged me to," replied the girl, lifting her head with pride.

"Why did you refuse?"

"I love Marvie too well to hurt him with you an' all his family."

"DO YOU mean you think you'd disgrace him and us because you're a Hatt?"

"Yes, an' a good deal more I haven't told Marvie," she went on, steady of voice, though her round breast heaved. "Cedar would come down on Marvie an' you an' your brother Ben for money. An' so would another man whose name I daren't tell. He—this man—has got a hold on Cedar—an' me. He'd ruin us all!"

"Rose, that's a strong statement," said Hettie. "But, even if it isn't exaggerated, it doesn't change the fact that you and Marvie ought to wait. You're both very young."

"I'm not exaggeratin'. I could tell you more. An' about marryin'—Marvie's reason for hurry is to get me away from the life I live. It's turrible, Miss Ide. I have to cook, wash, scrub for an outfit of rustlers an' hoss thieves. Look at my hands! Look at the black marks—here—an' there. I get kicked an' beat. Marvie knows, an' he can't stand it any longer."

"Couldn't you leave this home?" queried Hettie, earnestly.

"I've thought of that. Yes; I could. My dad wouldn't care. But I'd have to be a servant—or worse."

"No, indeed. Rose, you could come to my home."

"Oh, how—wonderful!" gasped the girl, rapturously clasping her hands. "But that'd be 'most the same as marryin' Marvie, so far as Cedar an'—that other man are concerned. . . . No, it'd never do. But thank you—bless you!"

"Rose, we mustn't despair," continued Hettie, touched to the heart by the girl's sincerity. "Time will help us. If you could only escape this—this drudgery and shame."

"That's the hope which keeps me up, Miss Ide. If I could only tide over a little time! Cedar is goin' to ruin fast. He's rustlin', gamblin', drinkin' harder than ever. He's under the thumb of—the man I daren't squeal on."

"But why daren't you?"

"Because if *he* didn't kill me, Cedar would. I'm the only one outside of that

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Pine Tree Outfit who *knows*. An' my life ain't worth much."

"Pine Tree Outfit!" echoed Hettie, her eyes lighting. "That's the mysterious gang of rustlers."

"It sure is. I'm trustin' you with my life, Miss Hettie. But I daren't tell more. Nobody knows how secrets slip out. You might talk in your sleep."

"Naturally. But I think you could risk it, considering I sleep alone," said Hettie. "Rose, this *is* a plot. We're all involved. Your people and mine. What a tangle! It must have been fate that brought you and Marvie together. Oh, if I only knew how best to advise you!"

"Reckon I wish so too. But I've got a hunch. It's my job to stick home—to fool my people—to learn all I can. . . . I mustn't see Marvie often, an' be sure we're never ketched. Somethin' will happen, Miss Ide. You've made me feel it. You've made things different. Neither Cedar nor *him* can last long in this country. Not now. I heard my dad say so. . . . Oh, this is the second time my hopes have risen. Oh, I wish I could tell you of another friend I found lately. I forgot. . . . But he came to my home, an' there was an awful time. I listened at night through the chinks of the logs. Cedar was wild. Cash Burridge was there. 'We've got a big deal on,' says Cash. An' that pleased all the gang except Cedar. They set to whisperin', an' I didn't hear no more."

"Rose—isn't your friend—Jim Lacy?" whispered Hettie haltingly, with dry lips.

The girl caught her breath, and drew back sharply, wonder the most predominant of her varying emotions.

"There, you have betrayed it," continued Hettie forcefully, trying to command her voice. "Call Marvie now. We will plan another meeting, then hurry home. I've enough to think of—this time!"

Rose silently slipped away under the pines, and Hettie, staring at the green-walled foliage seemed to see a ghost. "Oh, my heaven," she whispered in an agony. "Nevada belongs to this thieving, vile crew!"

FROST fell early in September on the high rims of the Mongollons. Soon after the sun set the rarified air became cold and sharp, making a camp fire something to draw the riders and hunters, and other men of the woodland.

A group of five dark-faced, dark-garbed campers sat around a beautiful opal-hearted cedar fire, at the wild edge of Black Butte, where it fell sheer into the brakes. Three of these men were playing cards, cross-legged in front of a saddle blanket, intent on the greasy bits of colored pasteboard and the piles of gold coin and rolls of greenbacks.

The other two men occupied a position on the opposite side of the fire. One had his back and his outspread palms to the blaze, while the other sat against a log.

"Well, Jim," said the standing man, "all I want to get at is this: If you'd loosen up a little more, drink an' gamble a little, especially when we run into other outfits, it'd facilitate our plans."

"I reckon, Cash," returned Jim wearily. "But how can I have a quick eye an' hand if I drink? I'll agree, though, to be more friendly an' set in a game now an' then."

"Good. Reckon that'll do. Lord, Jim, don't get me wrong. Ever since you called Hardy Rue out an' killed him, I've been ready to crawl an' wear my finger nails off scratchin' for you. I mayn't have been your friend back in Lineville; but I sure love you now! You've put me on my feet again."

"Wal, Cash, that's plain talk," replied Jim. "An' I don't mind sayin' I like you better than I used to. But I cain't love any man, or even be pards."

"Sure, sure, I understand," returned Burridge hastily. "An' I'm glad for small favors. But you needn't tell that to our gang, or any of these outfits we meet. They all think you were my pard back in California, an' are yet. Burt Stillwell would have shot me, sure; but he was afraid of you. He couldn't be himself, an' I'm tellin' you he was a bad hombre."

"Aw, bad, yes, in a sense of dirty, yellow, behind-your-back viciousness," agreed Jim, flashing a quick, eloquent hand. "I hate to throw a gun on such fodder. But he forced it. He kept still till he got a few drinks. Then he riled up aboot Ben Ide's red horse, an' put in that ridiculous claim for his pard, Cedar Hatt. Wanted a share of the divvy for the cattle—for this Hatt fellow."

"The thunder he did! Well, I wondered what it was about. But I was so glad I didn't feel no curiosity," returned Burridge. He turned around to kick the fire-logs. Then he again faced his companion. "Maybe you don't know it, Lacy, but you made a lot of friends by pluggin' Stillwell; an' one sure enough enemy."

"Who's that? Cedar Hatt?"

"He's the bird. He's a backwoodsman, Jim, like an Indian, who knows the woods. Cedar wouldn't ever try you out, unless, like Burt, he'd been lookin' at the bottle. All the same, you'll be in more danger from Cedar than from all the gun-throwers in Arizona. He's killed shepherds an' cowboys enough, believe me. He'll trail you—ambush you in the woods."

"Much obliged, Cash," drawled Jim, yawning. "Reckon I know this heah Cedar Hatt!"

"I'm givin' you a hunch of hunches," declared Burridge. "I'm darned hones' and selfish about it too. I've other reasons besides affection not to want Jim Lacy killed. Cedar Hatt will be sore enough when he hears you put Stillwell over; but say, when he learns you got that red stallion an' sent him back to Ide—my lord, brother, he'll be fire and brimstone!"

"HOW soon is he goin' to find out?" queried Lacy, with more interest. "Stillwell cain't very wal tell. An' that pard of Stillwell's—Babe Morgan, someone called him—he'll be runnin' yet."

"Cedar'll find out pronto," declared Burridge, "If not from one outside our outfit, then from someone inside. You were playin' a queer high hand, Jim, when you took the stallion away from Burt an' Babe, an' sent it back to the Ide ranch. They'd stolen it. But your argument sounded good to me. Ben Ide would raise more trouble over the loss of California Red than over a hundred thousand head of stock."

"Huh! I'll bet he would," declared Lacy, dropping his head. The twig he had been twirling snapped sharply.

"Well, to go on, your argument looked good to me. Now, I've got brains, an' most of these rustlin' hombres haven't nothin' but spruce gum in their heads. That deal looked queer to all our outfit. Still, only Hubrigg opened his trap to say so. Hubrigg likes you, though, an' I think you can gamble on him."

Here Burridge leaned over toward Jim to whisper, "If our gang seem a little stand-offish yet, it's only your reputation. Since you helped us to steal cattle an' drive them an' sell them, why, they're sure you are one of us, even if you are Jim Lacy."

"Reckon that ought to be aboot enough," returned Lacy.

He turned his ear to the faint cold wind that breathed up out of the black void below.

"Hear anythin'?" queried Burridge.

"I heah a hoss."

"Good. That'll be Stagg, unless it might be one of our hosses. I'll take a look, an' then I'll unroll my bed."

BURRIDGE stalked away in the gloom of the forest while Lacy, left alone, attended to the camp fire. Once or twice he glanced at the absorbed gamesters, with something curious, strange, and menacing in his eyes. Then he fell to contemplation of the opal heart of the camp fire. And the moment arrived when he forgot the wild environment, the gambling rustlers, to become like a statue, cold-faced, with haunted eyes. He must have seen a ghost in the radiant embers, for not until a thud of hoofs sounded close at hand did he rouse out of his trance.

Presently two dark forms entered the circle of light, and approached, talking low. Lacy got up to meet them.

"Howdy, Jim," greeted the newcomer. He was a swarthy-faced, beady-eyed white man with a strain of Indian or Mexican blood.

"Howdy, Stagg. Did you make a good job of it?" returned Lacy, with apparent carelessness.

"Wasn't no job a-tall," said Stagg, reaching bare, grimy hands toward the fire. "Soon as you-all left, the red hoss quieted down, an' I coaxed him out of thet measly leetle corral. Reckon it was nigh on midnight when we got down on the sage. I tied up both hosses, pulled off my boots, put on my moccasins, an' led the stallion five miles through grass an' sage. When I run into Ide's fence I kept goin' along till I come to a gate. I opened it an' let him in."

"Much obliged, Stagg. I—reckon it was no fool move of me—though some think different," replied Lacy, turning his face away from the fire.

"Lacy, it was the slickest piece of headwork I ever seen on this range," declared Stagg. "I hadn't time to tell you I was at Burton's ranch the next day after Stillwell stole the stallion. Ide s cowmen came rarin' over the country. Thet Raidy, he's an old hand, an' he was mad as a hornet. An' to-day, as I was climbin' the Hogback I run into a sheep herder I know. Greaser named Juan somethin'. He said Ide had plastered the trees along the trails offerin' rewards for Red."

"There, Jim! You see it was a wise move," declared Burridge, with satis-

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faction. "Young Ide would have spent a fortune gettin' back that stallion."

Lacy stared out into the gloom of the forest.

"Reckon you're hungry?" asked Burridge of the arrival.

"Had a bite at Hatt's to-day," returned Stagg. "But a chuck of deer meat an' a cup of coffee wouldn't go bad."

LACY turned from the darkness to the firelight. "Stagg, did you see any of the men Hatts?"

"Sure, they was all home, an' had company too. Strangers to me."

"Did you tell them about takin' Red back to the Ide ranch?"

"Sure. Thought it good idee. An' I rubbed it in too. Elam's no hoss thief. He said hoss-stealin' was a low-down bizness. But Cedar swore there was somethin' crooked about a gunman an' rustler who returned stolen property. Also, he swore he'd steal the red stallion again, jest to spite you."

"Ahuh. Wal, what did Cedar say when he heahed I'd shot his pard, Burt Stillwell?" inquired Jim, in dry, caustic tone.

"What?" queried Stagg, with a start.

"You heahed me, man."

"Sure. But it—I— An' you shot Burt?"

Lacy nodded coldly, eying the fire.

Stagg stiffened a little, and after a pause glanced from Burridge to Lacy, and then out into the forest. A silence ensued, broken only by the gamblers.

"Burt's dead, then—of course?" asked Stagg presently, with an effort.

Cash Burridge broke the strange spell of the moment.

"Burt's under the sod an' the leaves, waitin' the judgment day. An' it was a darn good job, Stagg."

"No arguin' agin thet," returned Stagg. "Wal, Lacy, fact is, Cedar Hatt hadn't heard, no more'n me. An' if you're curious I can sure tell you—Cedar will be hoppin' mad!"

"I told Jim that," said Burridge impatiently. "What's it amount to, anyhow? There'll be a Hatt less, pronto."

"Wal, pards, the population of this hyar Arizonie is sure deterioratin'," returned Stagg, with a guffaw.

One of the gamesters, disturbed by the loud laugh, looked up to say, "Bill, shet your loud mouth, an' you an' Cash come set in this game. Hubrigg an' Brawn ain't very much to stack up agin."

"I'm on," replied Stagg, eagerly. "Wait till I swaller some grub."

"Gamble your heads off," said Burridge. "We needn't break camp till tomorrow. But I'm turnin' in."

"Same for me," said Lacy, and strode out of the lighted circle. Presently he had to feel his way to the black tentlike spruce tree under which he had spread his tarpaulin and blankets. Sitting down he pulled off his boots. Then he sat motionless, peering back at the ruddy camp fire. Presently he removed his coat and made a pillow of it. Next he unbuckled his gun belt, took it off, and put the gun under the edge of his coat. After that, he gazed a long time out into the spectral forest, before he rolled in his blankets.

The ring of a cold ax on hard wood awakened Jim Lacy from his slumbers. Hubrigg was chopping wood for a camp fire.

"Nifty mawnin', Hub," said Jim, by way of greeting. "I'll pack some water."

Whenever such duty as this, or other opportunity offered, Jim always took advantage of it, seeking even a moment away from the rustlers with whom he had cast his lot. That time, however long, was a blessed relief. He need not then be perpetually on the *qui vive*, watching, listening, reading the minds of his companions. In those stolen moments or hours he reverted to his old character, Nevada, lover of the open, of desert and forest, of the life and color and mystery of nature.

Upon returning to the camp fire he arrived in time to hear Brawn exclaim: "What'n hail Columbia for do we want to ring the Hatts in on this deal?"

"Say, man, there's brains back of this deal," replied Burridge derisively.

"Meanin' yours, eh? Wal, all right; but I'm from Missourie."

They ceased the argument at the approach of Jim Lacy.

"Somebody rustle the hosses," called out Burridge.

AN HOUR later, the six men, with as many pack horses, started over the rim on the trail down into the brakes. It was a trail that even the most expert and daring rider would hesitate before attempting on horseback. Moreover, it was seldom used. Lacy decided it must be a rear outlet from the rendezvous of desperate men.

But, though very steep, it was not long. It led out into the head of a canyon where the stream gushed forth from under an amber-mossed cliff, and went singing down through a winding defile, surely the wildest and most beautiful that Jim Lacy's eyes had ever beheld.

"Cash, tell me," said Lacy, at an opportune time, when they rode abreast, "is Cedar Hatt the haid of this Pine Tree Outfit?"

"Lord, no!" ejaculated Burridge, in ridicule. Then, as an after-thought, he continued: "But, Jim, I don't *know* he isn't. I mean, I've sense enough to figure he couldn't be. There's a real man at the reins of that gang."

"You're square now? You honestly don't know?"

"So help me heaven!" returned Burridge, raising his gloved right hand. "If I knew I'd tell you—even though the man was my pard. But I don't know. I never met a man who did. Of course, no one is goin' to brag about that. The Pine Tree Outfit is only three years old. It's got a brand; but sure no one ever seen it on a steer or a calf. I never seen it on anythin'. I hear it's cut on aspen trees. Sheep herders will tell you that."

"Cedar Hatt might belong to it?" queried Lacy.

"Sure. But he'd be a bad hombre to trust, unless you had some hold on him. My idea of the Pine Tree Outfit is this: Some slick rustler from other parts has ridden in here, either with a few choice men, or picked them carefully after he got here; an' he had the money an' the brains to control a small outfit.

"It's no trick to steal cattle in this country, an' it's a heap-sight easier to sell them," continued Burridge. "But to do it on a big scale, an' not be found out—I call that brains."

When they rode around a high green corner Jim gave vent to an exclamation of utmost pleasure. The brake opened into an oval valley surrounded by gray-cliffed, green-thicketed walls, rising high. A level meadow, where horses and cows grazed in deep grass, ended in a low bench of land upon which huge isolated pines and spruces towered half way to the rim. Two log cabins stood picturesquely at the edge of this rise of ground. In the background, a corral and barn, with logs awry and roof caved in, showed half hidden in a blaze of golden aspens.

"This place, where the Hatts hang out," remarked Burridge, "is like a fox den, with two holes. The one we just came down, an' a pass below, where a couple of good shots could stave off all the cowboys in Arizona. Well, old sharp-eyed Elam sees us already. He's comin' out with a gun."

The riders in advance drove the pack horses up on the bench, and followed to dismount. Burridge arrived a little in advance of Jim. The old mountaineer Hatt stood shaggy-headed, with a smile on his craggy face.

"Welcome you air, both of you," said Hatt genially. "We keep open house fer our friends. Git down an' come in. Jest turn your hosses loose. Never yit had a hoss leave hyar."

While pack and saddle horses were led back toward the aspen grove Elam Hatt walked with Burridge, while Tobe and Henny, the two sons, followed. They were uncouth, unshaven louts, with bad teeth and pale eyes, and faces that indicated very low mentality. Lacy's advent manifestly did not cause them either apprehension or interest. Tobe was barefooted. Henny leaned on a short carbine, worn shiny from long service.

"Where's Cedar?" inquired Burridge casually.

"He's hyar abouts somewhere," replied Elam. "He seen you fust."

"Hope Cedar won't take exception to our comin'."

"No tellin' what Cedar'll take," replied Hatt, with a grin. "But I'm right glad to see you. I'm wantin' news. Make yourself to home. I'll go an' see about grub. . . . Tobe, whar's your sister?"

"I dunno," replied the son.

"Find her, you terbaccer-chewin' cub," returned Hatt, and strode away toward the cabins.

Tobe Hatt might never have heard his father, for all the attention he paid to the order. Instead, he gravitated toward Lacy.

"Got any smokin'?" he asked.

"Shore. Help yourself there in my saddlebag," replied Lacy.

The other young Hatt, Henny, now moved out of his tracks, and, dragging the rifle butt over the ground, he joined in a search of Lacy's saddlebag. Finding the tobacco, they availed themselves of Lacy's offer. They took it all.

"CASH, where you goin' to bunk?" asked Lacy, presently.

"Right here in the aspens. Good a place as any. Elam will offer the loft of the big cabin. But I'd just as lief be out."

"Wal, I'd a good deal rather," drawled Jim. "Cabin lofts are full of dirt, spiders, centipedes, an' smoke. I'll throw my outfit somewhere aboot."

"Make it within call, Jim," replied Burridge, not without significance.

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Jim sat down, ostensibly to mend one of his stirrups, but as a matter of fact he did not care to pick out his bed site under the pale eyes of these degenerate Hatt boys. He could peer through the eyes of men to their minds. Either Tobe or Henny would commit murder for a sack of tobacco. Jim decided he would carry his bed to a secluded place in the brush, and change that place every night. With covert glances, he watched the Hatt boys, and also kept a lookout for Rose.

"Wal, fellers, what about goin' on with our little game?" inquired Hubrigg.

"Sure," replied Brawn.

"I should smile," added Stagg cheerfully.

Cash Burridge shook his head dubiously; but did not voice his opinion until the Hatt boys had ambled off out of hearing.

"Say, men, I don't want to be a kill-joy; but, honest, I question the sense of showin' all that money here."

"Why not?" asked Hubrigg.

"It might not be safe. We don't belong to this Hatt outfit. They could have this canyon 'most full of backwoodsmen in no time. There's only six of us."

"Wal, listen to him!" ejaculated Brawn. "You got it wrong, Cash. There's five of us, an' Jim Lacy!"

"I just don't think it's wise," added Burridge stubbornly, ignoring the sarcasm.

"We may have to hang 'round here for a week or more," spoke up Stagg. "What'll we do? If we can't gamble, we might as well not have any money."

"Jim, what do you say?" asked Burridge, in perplexity.

"Wal, seein' that money changes hands so often, I reckon nobody'd miss it if the Hatts did get it," chuckled Jim.

"Haw! Haw!" roared Cash, slapping his knee.

"I'll set in a few hands," said Jim, good-naturedly.

Whereupon, the rustlers, in high spirits, owing to being well-fed and flush with money, repaired to the shade of a pine in front of Elam's cabin, squatted around a blanket, and emptied their pockets of coins and bills. Jim joined them, choosing a seat from which he could watch the cabins, and approach of anyone.

The Hatt boys came to look on at the game, soon growing as absorbed as the players. Old Elam came presently, and likewise fell to the attraction of the game; but it seemed that it was the playing itself, rather than the sums of money lost and won, that held charm for him.

ELAM HATT'S cabin was one of the picturesque double-cabined structures under one roof, with wide porch space between. The porch ran along the front of both cabins, and one end was littered with saddles and packs. Deer and elk antlers on the walls supported rifles and bridles. The left-hand cabin was smaller than the other, evidently consisting of only one room. The window, without glass or shutter, opened toward Jim, who had been quick to see a face peer from the darkness and draw back again.

When he caught sight of it again, he knew at once that it belonged to Rose Hatt, and that she had espied him. She stood far back in the gloom of the cabin, her face only a vague oval, but with staring eyes like black holes.

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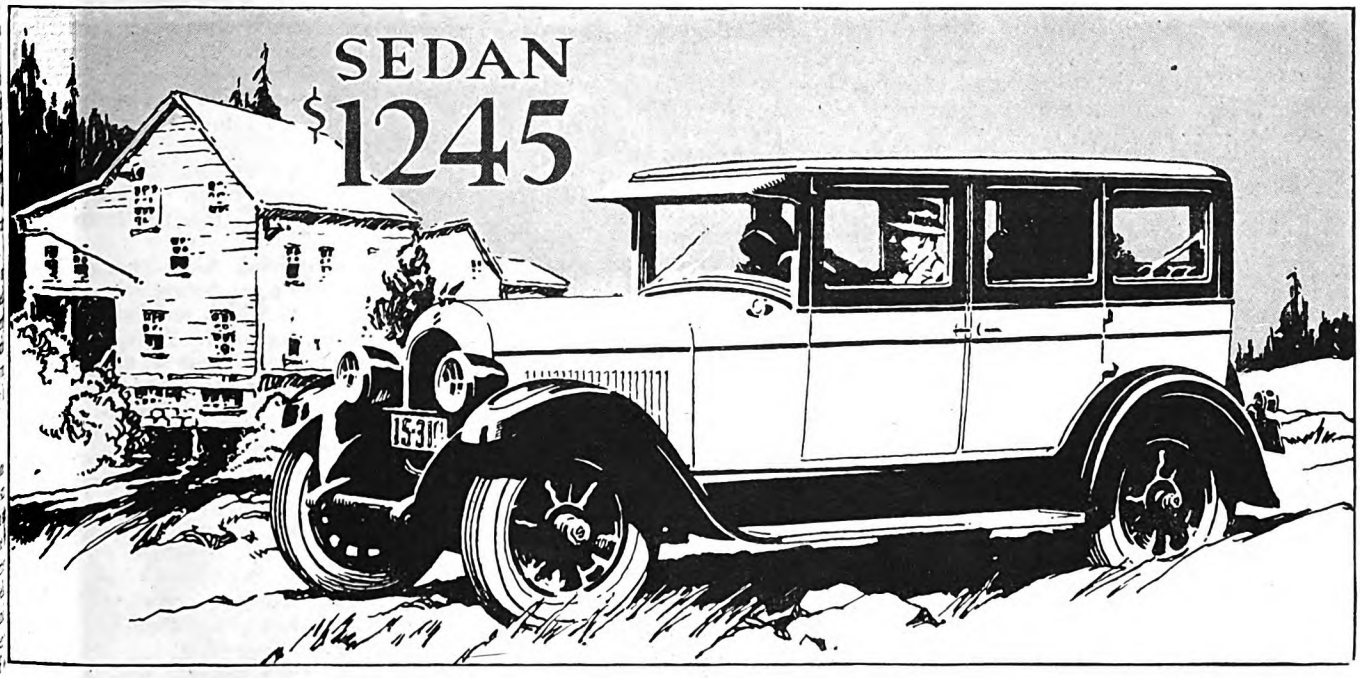

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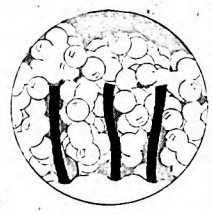
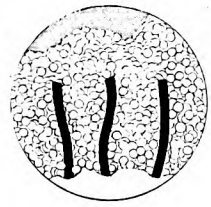
Compare the two lather-pictures on this page. Notice the amazing smallness of the Colgate bubbles. See how compact they are. The smaller the bubbles, the more water they hold; the larger the bubbles, the more air.



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



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1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

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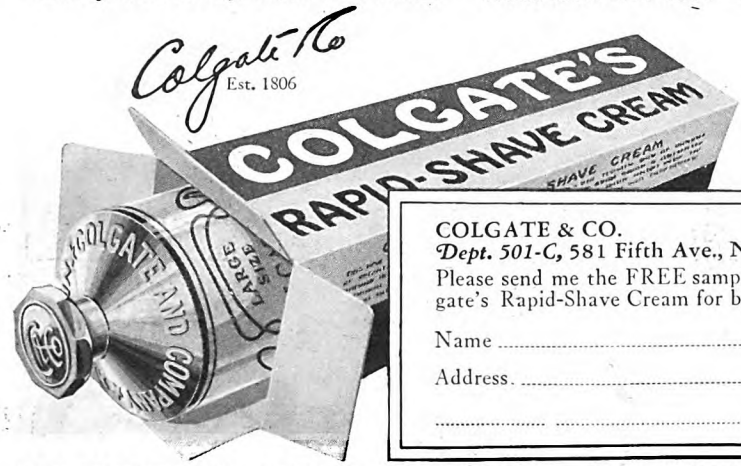
Once you try this unique "small-bubble" lather, we believe you will never go back to ordinary shaving methods. Prove this for yourself—at our expense. Just clip the coupon. We will send you a generous trial-size tube—free.



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Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

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.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

"Elam, do you know draw-poker?" asked Jim presently.

"Tolerable. I wisht I had stake enough to set in this hyar game. I'd bust somebody," replied old Hatt, to the amusement of the gamesters.

"Play a few hands for me," said Jim, rising. "Change my luck, maybe. I want a drink."

"Whisky?"

"No. Water. Where'll I get it?"

"Thar, inside the kitchen door at the end of the porch," replied Hatt, rising with alacrity to take Jim's place. "My girl jest fetched some fresh from the spring. Snow water, an' thar's none better."

As Jim neared the porch, Rose came out of the cabin where he had seen her, and crossed to enter the other. She wore buckskin. He caught the flash of brown, bare legs and feet. Jim went down the porch and entered the door mentioned by Hatt. As he expected, he encountered Rose. Despite excitement manifest in her face, he thought she looked clearer of eye and skin, somehow prettier.

"Howdy, Rose. You see I've come," he said.

"I saw you the first thing," she replied.

"I want a drink, please."

SHE filled a dipper from a pail and handed it to him. Facing her and standing in the door Jim drank thirstily. It was good water.

"Will it be all right if I talk to you?" asked Jim.

"Sure. 'Cept when Cedar's around."

"Where is he?"

"Reckon he's hidin' somewhere, watchin' you-all. So we can't talk now. . . . But oh, I've so much to tell you!"

"Yes? Tell me a little—quick," said Jim.

"Marvie's fetched his sister Hettie—to meet me," whispered the girl, fearfully, yet with eyes full of glad light. "Oh, she must be an angel. She says she will give me a home—if I can ever get away from here."

"Wal, now, that's fine!" flashed Jim, vibrating to this news. "*Three* friends now—Marvie, an' me, an' Hettie Ide. Lucky girl!"

"I can't thank God enough," she breathed from a full breast.

"Keep on thankin', an' fightin'," said Jim, with ring of voice and meaning smile. Then he set down the dipper on the bench and backed out of the door, eyes still intent on Rose. She was flushed of face now, eager, hopeful, yet still fearful.

"I will. They can't stop me now—unless they kill me," she answered resolutely, with a wonderful blaze in her eyes.

"Who're they, Rose?"

"Cedar, for one. I told you," she replied, haltingly. But there seemed to be a tremendous impelling power working on her, greater, Jim sensed, than could come through him just then.

"Tell me the other man."

"Oh, I daren't—I daren't," she faltered, losing courage.

"If you love Marvie—an' if *she* will stand by you—you can dare," he shot at her, relentlessly.

She showed then a struggle over fear that had outlived childish years.

"Rose, that other man is Clan Dillon?"

"*Yes—yes,*" she whispered, in unutter-

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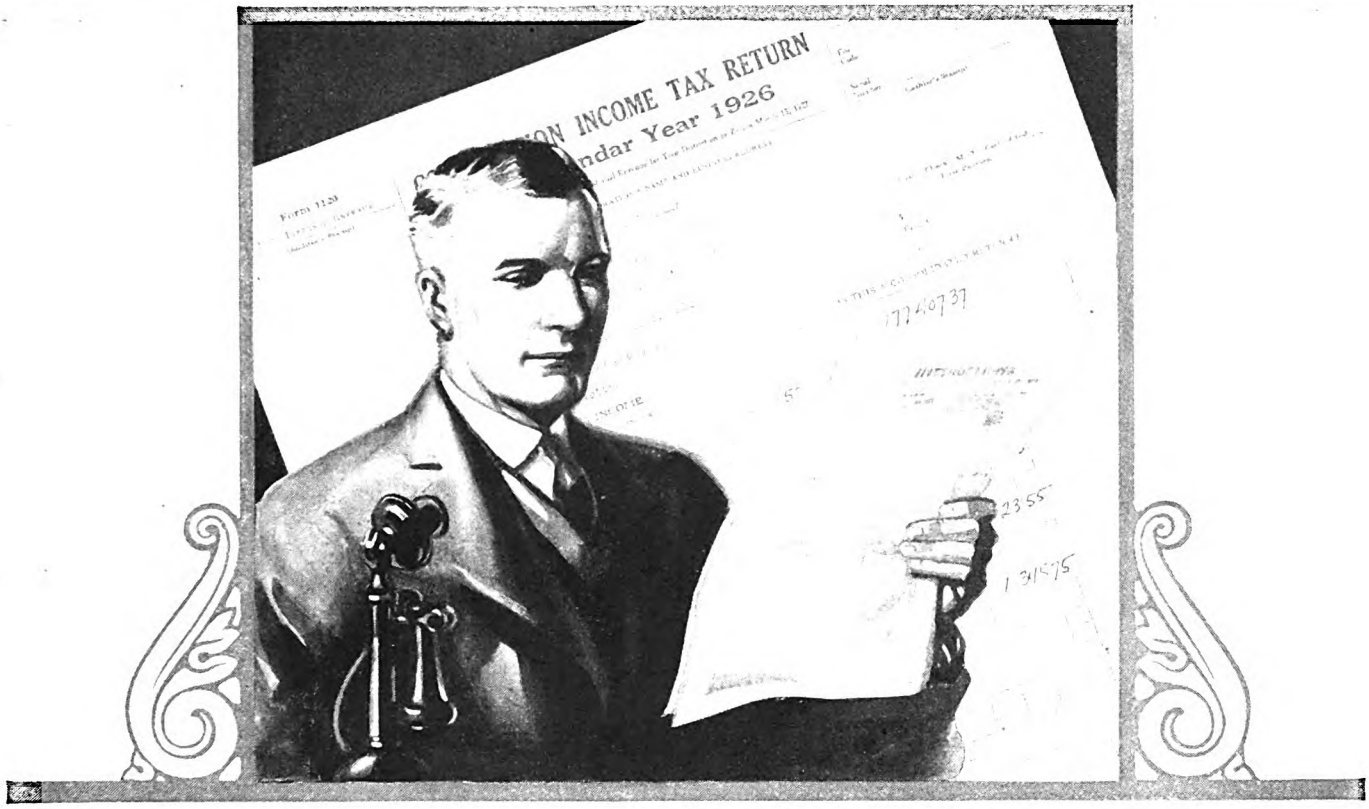

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able relief, as if she had been spared betraying him. "Are—are you to be here long?"

"Days, maybe weeks."

"Keep watch," cried the girl, finding courage. "Cedar will drag me off in the woods—to meet Dillon. If he does—follow us, for God's sake!"

"I shore will, Rose. Don't lose your nerve."

"But be *careful.* Cedar's an Indian in the woods!"

Jim Lacy turned leisurely, and with glance on the ground, apparently idle and lax, he strolled back to the gamesters.

"How comes the luck, Elam?" he asked.

"Ha! He's got no chanct on earth, Jim," said Cash. "Better set back in before we break you."

Old Elam held his own, however, evidently to his immense gratification. Jim watched for a while, much amused, until his ever-questing glance fastened upon a newcomer to the scene.

A MAN had come out of the aspen thicket. He carried a rifle, which he held by the barrel over his shoulder. This was Cedar Hatt.

Upon nearer view, Cedar Hatt turned out to possess only the walk and the shape of the Hatt family. He was darker than any of them, with beardless face of clear brown tan, small glittering eyes set close, black as coal, and of a strange intensity, sharp nose and sharp chin, with a slit between for a mouth. He wore his hair long, and it curled dark from under an old slouch hat full of bullet holes. His garb was greasy buckskin, from head to toe. There was a knife in his belt, but no shells for the rifle.

Cedar Hatt stood across from the circle of gamblers, and dropping the muzzle of his rifle upon his moccasined foot he leaned on it, and gave his restless sloe-black eyes scope of all present. If the players saw him they gave no outward show of it. The game progressed, with luck shifting from one player to another, and manifestly what seemed a long, tedious, irritating waste of time to Jim was only a fleeting of precious moments to them.

Finally, Cedar Hatt, without ever having uttered a word, shouldered his rifle, and stalked away with the spring of a deer-hunter in his stride. He went up the canyon to disappear around the green bend.

Whereupon, Lacy strolled away himself, into the golden shade of the aspen thicket, and on through darker shade to the lichened base of the cliff. He flung himself down here and leaned against the wall. Above him the quivering aspen leaves fluttered with the marvelous, noiseless movement peculiar to them. All around in the brush the lizards rustled. Nature was alive and full of treasure for the watcher, the seeker. But Jim Lacy's eyes were focused inward; his ears were attuned to a beating within. He had come there into the obscurity and loneliness of the thicket to think, to plan, to plot, to work out a course he could inevitably follow.

But how useless that was! The slightest accident or incident might change the best of his plans. If he decided on a definite thing his mind would be set. His task demanded more than that; and it involved infinite patience and sacrifice,

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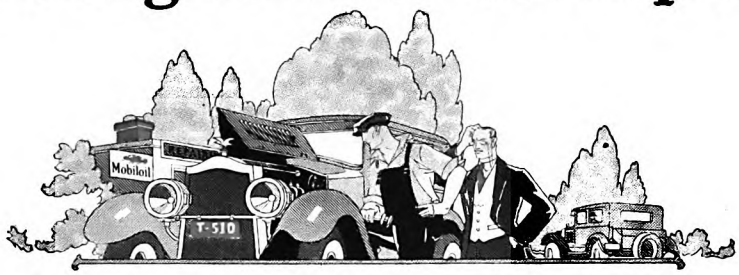
Yes, many oils are cheap to *buy*. The question is: Are they cheap to use?

For a while, almost any oil will "seem all right." Carbon and engine noise develop slowly.



But if you think for a moment that any oil will do, consider this fact:

30¢ a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Make this CHART *your guide*

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil, indicated below, are Mobiloil "E," Mobiloil Arctic ("Arc"), Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil "BB," and Mobiloil "B."

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

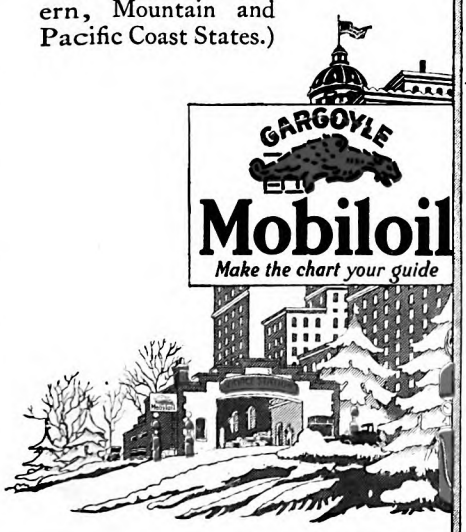
If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 4	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *other mods.*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan 6	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....

No automotive engine can long stand incorrect oil. Oil chosen by guess leads to excessive carbon and premature engine noise.

The correct Mobiloil for your car is specified on the Mobiloil Chart. 609 leading automotive manufacturers approve the recommendations in this Chart. You will find that Mobiloil is by far the most commonly used oil in the personal cars of automotive engineers.

If your car isn't listed in the Chart on this page, you will find it on the complete Chart displayed by Mobiloil dealers.



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Because it makes teeth utterly

CLEAN

. . . most dentists urge its use . . . most Americans buy this dual-action dentifrice

WHY do most dentists urge the constant use of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream?

Because germs cannot lurk where teeth are clean. Utter cleanness is the first step toward beautiful, healthy teeth. Colgate's, through its remarkable dual action, gives to teeth a protecting, attractive cleanness!

Modern mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful, bubbling foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces.

Then it thoroughly washes the entire mouth—teeth, gums, tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequalled cleanness; removes the causes of decay.

A normal healthy mouth needs no drug-filled dentifrice. "Just keep your teeth clean," says science, "and don't fear imaginary dental afflictions."

Visit your dentist at least twice yearly. Clean your teeth at least twice daily with Colgate's. Colgate's will keep them *clean*. Only your dentist can do more.

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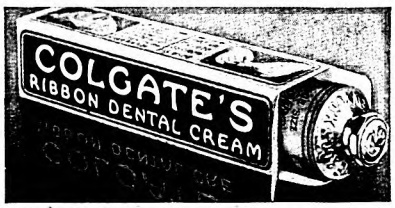

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Send me a sample of this modern dual-action Dental Cream.

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incredible command of geniality and good-fellowship with these rustlers, sight and sense that must grasp every little clue which might lead to the success of his venture. All this, when his spirit revolted, and his nature demanded quick, hard, fierce action.

AFTER supper, which was served about sundown on the porch between the two cabins, Elam Hatt scraped his rude seat back and arose.

"You-all who want to gamble air welcome, but I reckon some of you will want to set in to a confab with me."

He went into his cabin, followed by Burridge and Lacy. The large room was dark, except where breaks in the chinks between the logs let in light. Hatt stirred the slumbering embers in the huge yellow stone fireplace and put on chips of wood.

"Reckon they'll want the lamps, an' we don't need none," said Elam.

The door opened to admit Cedar Hatt, who advanced with his sliding, silent step, to seat himself on a bench in the shadow beside the stone chimney.

"Burridge, if thar's a lead weight on yore chest shove it off," invited Elam, bending down to lift a fiery ember with which to light his pipe.

"Are you open to a big deal?" queried the rustler bluntly.

"Always open to anythin'. But I'm careful not to change the minds of ranchers about Elam Hatt," replied the backwoodsman, shrewdly.

"Which means they think you do some two-bit rustlin' of mavericks, like any cowboy; but you never tackle a real rustlin' job?"

"Reckon that's the size of it, Cash."

"An' that's exactly why I'm goin' to spring this deal on you. No one will ever lay it to you, an' everyone will lay it to the Pine Tree Outfit. Savvy? The time's just ripe. The trap's set. We can't do it half so well without you an' your sons. We don't know the country. Otherwise, you bet we wouldn't let you or anyone else in on it."

"Sounds good. I'm listenin'."

"Tom Day an' Franklidge have throwed a big herd of stock together. Some of it's workin' with Ben Ide's big herd, the last of his stock, in what the sheep herders call Silver Meadows. They're high, an' won't be comin' down before the fall round-up. That'll come anywhere along first of October. Now, while them cattle are high up we plan to drive them—*on up over the Rim*—an' down into the Basin, where we could sell a hundred times as many head, with never a question asked. I've already got the buyer. To do the job right an' quick we need more riders, an' particular some who know how to find fast travelin' through them bad canyons up to the Rim. That's all. I leave it to you to call the turn on that deal."

"How do you know Ide's stock air runnin' on Silver Meadows? Thet's Day's range."

"I know because I saw them, an' they used to be my cattle."

"You're calculatin' thet if Ide does rare, he'll lay it onto the Pine Tree Outfit?"

"Exactly. The deal is ready-made for us."

"How much stock thar now?"

"We can bunch three or four thousand

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"Runs in the Family"

POOR old souls! They think that bent backs and knotted hands are inevitable at their age. If only they had known, they could have prevented the misery of what they call "rheumatism".

For centuries all sorts of pains and aches have been charged to rheumatism. A stiff shoulder was rheumatism. A crippled arm was rheumatism. A creaking knee was rheumatism.

But now authorities agree that the term "rheumatism" should be discarded and that "rheumatic diseases" should be separated into two main divisions. In the first and more important division is placed Acute Rheumatic Fever. In the second Chronic Arthritis.

"How's the rheumatiz today, Joe?"
"Pretty bad—but got to expect it—runs in the family."
"Mine, too. Father had it before me."

Acute Rheumatic Fever is an Infectious Disease

It is caused by a germ which can be passed from person to person as the germs of other diseases are transferred. Most attacks come between the ages of five and fifteen. From then on the likelihood gradually lessens.

The grave danger from acute rheumatic fever is that the germs may attack the heart, causing that most fearsome of all ailments—heart disease.

A noted physician reports that not less than 40% of the persons who suffer from rheumatic fever develop chronic heart disease. Of the cases of heart disease in childhood, eight out of ten are the result of rheumatic infection.

The germ of acute rheumatic fever probably enters the body through the mouth or nose and may pass through diseased tonsils, infected sinuses or teeth direct into the blood, and so to the heart.

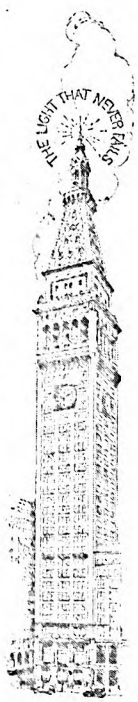
Children often have rheumatic infection which passes unrecognized by the parents. St. Vitus' Dance is one indication. So-called "growing pains" are another—it does not hurt to grow. Frequent attacks of tonsilitis may be a source of rheumatic infection. Protect your children from this menace to life and health. Have their throats, noses and mouths examined twice a year so that any possible condition which threatens acute rheumatic fever may be corrected.

Chronic Arthritis—A Rheumatic Disease

While acute rheumatic fever is caused only by a germ, chronic arthritis, which means "inflammation of a joint", may come from one of many causes. An injury to a joint, faulty posture, improper diet, the poisons from infectious diseases, germs from diseased tonsils, teeth, gall bladder, appendix or intestines—these are some of the causes.

Unless effective measures are taken to check the disease, chronic arthritis may progress to a state in which the victim is totally crippled and painfully deformed. That is just what happened in days gone by when the disease was not understood.

At the first signs of arthritis—stiff neck, lumbago, stiffness or creaking of the joints—have an expert search for the source of the trouble. Avoid needless suffering.



Rheumatic fever is the greatest known menace to the health of the heart, and heart disease causes more deaths every year in the United States than any other disease.

In a study lasting more than a year and covering 571,000 workers of both sexes and all ages, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company learned that of all the diseases causing loss of time from work "rheumatic diseases" head the list.

A survey conducted in England showed that among 91,000 working people of all ages and of both sexes, no less than one-sixth of the total "sick absences" during a year was due to "rheumatic diseases". And this was exclusive of loss of time due to heart disease developing from rheumatic fever that had occurred during the childhood or youth of these workers.

Send for our booklet "Rheumatic Diseases". It will be mailed free and may be the means of saving you and your family much unnecessary suffering.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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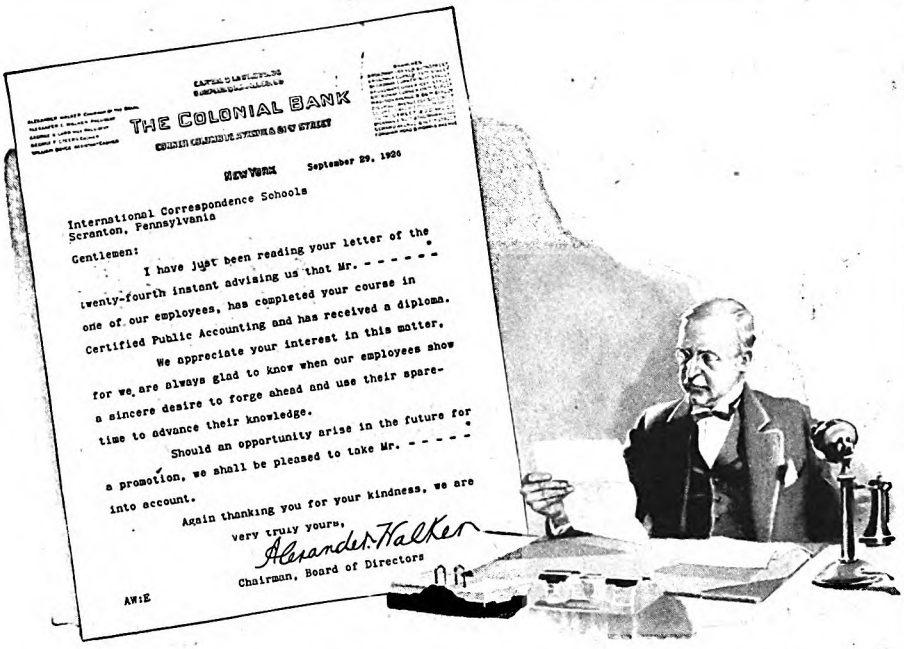
THE COLONIAL BANK

New York September 29, 1926

International Correspondence Schools
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen:

I have just been reading your letter of the twenty-fourth instant advising us that Mr. - - - - - - one of our employees, has completed your course in Certified Public Accounting and has received a diploma.

We appreciate your interest in this matter, for we are always glad to know when our employees show a sincere desire to forge ahead and use their spare-time to advance their knowledge.

Should an opportunity arise in the future for a promotion, we shall be pleased to take Mr. - - - - - into account.

Again thanking you for your kindness, we are very truly yours,

Alexander Walker
Chairman, Board of Directors

AW:E

Helping Employers to Pick the Right Men

THE letter reproduced above is just one of many similar letters received daily by the International Correspondence Schools.

These letters come in reply to letters sent to employers by the I. C. S., detailing the progress of members of their organizations who are studying at home in spare time.

The name of the student may or may not be familiar to the employer, but mentally, or in more definite form, he makes a memorandum to "keep that man in mind"—to encourage him—to give him, as opportunity offers, more responsibility and more money.

The very fact that a man cares enough about his future to study his work in spare time marks him as a man of ambition and steadfast purpose. He is the man who of his own volition is striving to make his services more valuable to his employer and to himself. He is, accordingly, a preferred man in every organization—the kind of man every executive is seeking to find.

More than 145,097 letters or Progress Reports were sent by the International Correspondence Schools to employers in 1926—a truly remarkable number when you consider that each one represented a definite achievement in training by some student.

Briefly, then, the International Correspondence Schools render a twofold service. They provide the individual student with special training to enable him to *deserve* promotion, and they keep his employer advised regarding his increasing qualifications for advancement in his work. This service is an important contribution to the efficiency of modern business.

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MAIL THE COUPON FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

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Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I have marked an X:

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☐ Private Secretary
☐ Spanish
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☐ Salesmanship
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☐ Automobile Work
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Navigation
☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Mathematics

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

head in half a day, an' land them over the Rim in less'n two days."

"An' you've got a buyer?"

"Waitin' an' willin'. He's drivin' ten thousand head to Maricopa. How easy to run in a few more thousand!"

"Looks too powerful easy to me," returned Hatt, as if sagging under an overpowering weight.

"Easy an' safe. An' listen, Elam. Twenty dollars a head! In gold! One yellow old double-eagle for every steer!"

ELAM HATT paced the rough-hewn logs that constituted the floor of his cabin. He seemed to find strength in their solidity. His legs were the first part of him to weaken. His collapse came suddenly, with a crash to the bench before the fire.

"Cedar, what d'ye say?" he asked.

"Burridge, swear them steers air in Silver Meadow," said Cedar Hatt, his moccasined feet coming down with padded thuds, as he leaped up and leaned out of the shadow.

"Sure, I swear. Three days ago. An' the grass an' water are fine. They'll work higher for several more days. . . . Ask Jim Lacy here. Reckon you'll not be intimatin' he's a liar."

"Talk up, Jim Lacy, if you're a rustler," called the younger Hatt.

"Wal, I was with Burridge. I saw the cattle," replied Lacy.

Cedar Hatt glided into the light of the fire, to lean over his father and strike out with a lean dark hand.

"Papa, with ten riders I can run them cattle over the Rim in one day," he declared. How grotesque and striking the epithet he gave his father! He seemed the epitome of lawlessness, of the hardened rustler, yet acknowledged the endearing claim of blood.

"Thet settles it then," returned Elam Hatt, throwing up his hands as one who had his price and it had been met.

"Hold on! Thar ain't no greaser herder in these brakes who'd lead thet drive. An' I'm the only white man who kin."

"Wal, what's makin' you yap so? It's settled, ain't it, 'cept the workin' out?"

"I want my pard, Burt Stillwell, in on this."

"Reckon I see no kick to thet. But it ain't my deal."

Cedar Hatt faced round with the swift, sinister action peculiar to him.

"Anythin' agin Stillwell?" he queried.

"Wal, not any more, Hatt," drawled Jim. "I shore had a little grudge; but it's gone. When I saw Burt last I shore had a friendly feelin' for him."

"Burridge, you had no use for the Stillwells. How're you standin' on this hyar deal I want?"

"Cedar, all I say is, sure—ring your pard Burt in—if you can get him," returned Burridge, with something unnatural in his tone. And it was noticeable that he stepped more into the shadow.

"Papa," hissed Cedar Hatt, and now that word inspired awe as well as mirth, "I'm double-crossin' the Pine Tree Outfit to make us all rich on this big job."

"Air you drunk, son?" asked Hatt, slowly rising to his feet. "How'n tarnation can you double-cross them—onless you mean beatin' them to the deal?"

"Me an' Burt *belong* to the Pine Tree Outfit!" (*To be continued*)

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Lovelier when your smile shows the sparkling *MOUTH of YOUTH*-

We begin to lose it in our earliest years

The numbers show where the important little mouth glands are located, three on each side. Before our teens, soft foods may have their effect of slowing up the important mouth glands. Even in childhood we may lose the Mouth of Youth. Pebeco contains the special substance that renews the vigorous, healthy action of the mouth glands. Even where the toothbrush cannot reach, Pebeco cleanses and purifies.

You enjoy every thrilling moment so much more

How gaily confident you are when you know your teeth are shining white, when others think your smiles adorable!

"I like the sharp clean taste of Pebeco," is what pleased users say. "It makes me feel so sure my teeth are always at their loveliest."

THE fine white teeth, the sound hard gums of Youth are due to six little glands in your mouth.

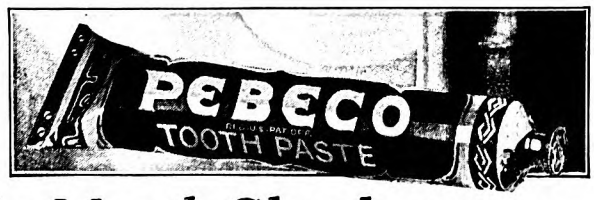
For when these function properly they produce the fluids which Nature intended to neutralize food acids and prevent decay. On them depend the gleaming whiteness of your teeth and healthy, hard, pink gums.

But these tiny mouth glands slow up.

Our soft foods cause them to become less active. There is too little chewing in modern diet to keep them exercised and vigorous. From childhood on, the mouth glands are gradually ceasing to provide protective fluids. Then decay begins, gums soften.

The formula that corrects this was worked out in Pebeco. As you polish your teeth so beautifully with this tooth paste, you get the full pungent taste of Pebeco's principal ingredient. This slightly salty substance safely restores the normal vigor of the mouth glands. Brush your teeth daily with Pebeco. The keen after-feeling lasts!

Made by Pebeco, Inc. A Division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.



PEBECO

keeps the Mouth Glands young

FREE OFFER: *Send coupon today for generous tube*

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D-28
Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER MARCH, 1928

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This is the

Burgess Radio "A" Battery

A SPECIALLY designed "A" battery for radio service. There is nothing like it in its field.

Proportioned to permit ease of handling and convenience of cabinet assembly and storage, you may expect this new Burgess creation to give you the length of service and dependability under all conditions for which all products of Burgess are noted.

If you are using the ordinary type of No. 6 "A" battery, we suggest that you learn for yourself from the Burgess Radio "A" the measure of service you have a right to expect.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

"When I'm Big I Wisht I Could Be Like Him"

(*Continued from page 25*)

has been done in Chicago; no one man could. It has been done by many men making friends with boys, and Klees is at the hub of the wheel.

You meet him, a big, young-looking man, in his office at the Union League Club or among the boys at their club, and are immediately impressed by the fact that he never lowers his voice to whisper a secret. If he is talking about boys, and boys are near by, they hear what he has to say; if he is talking about Union League men, they hear all he has to say. Born in Baltimore fifty-two years ago, he was educated in the public schools and at the Johns Hopkins University. While in college he worked with boys at the Y. M. C. A., and succeeded in winning the admiration of a member of the county board. After his graduation, this man induced him to take a position at the county reformatory, to see what he could do with the boy inmates.

"I expected to last about thirty days at the job," Mr. Klees told me, "and actually spent fourteen years there!"

One of his first acts at the Reformatory was characteristic. He persuaded the authorities to restore self-respect to the confined boys by giving them back their names. Before, they had been known by number.

Years of observation and hard thinking in this position convinced Klees that most of these "bad" boys were not naturally worse than other boys. He saw that they had been led astray by bad surroundings, by evil companions, or by lack of proper standards. He reasoned that if his aim was to help boys become better men he must reach the boys before they became "bad." So he went to work in the slums and city streets where ignorance is worse than poverty. Since then, his life has been spent working with boys in Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. When he came to Chicago he said to the Union League members, "Let's take the community that needs us most."

With the assistance of Juvenile Court authorities, the Eleventh Ward was chosen. Here, in an area of about a square mile, live, close-packed, some eighty thousand people belonging to twenty-two nationalities. Juvenile crime was then frequent in this district, living conditions were not good, and standards un-American.

What happened? Let Klees tell.

"WE STARTED in 1919," he said, "and early in 1920 opened our clubhouse, an old building which we remodeled. The boys of the Eleventh Ward had no idea who we were nor what we were up to, and naturally they were suspicious. No boy wants to be 'made good,' and to try any such tactics would have spelt failure. I began by walking about and stopping boys I met, telling them the clubhouse was for them. They were curious, but skeptical.

"'Are ya tryin' to kid us?' they'd inquire.

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A musical invention that has *thrilled* the world

The Brunswick Panatrope . . . electricity harnessed to bring you the finest music the world has ever known . . .

Joint achievement of **Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Co., Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., and The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.**

The Brunswick Panatrope, Model P-13. Cabinet in walnut with curly maple overlays. Operates entirely from the light socket.

JUST as the electric light, the telephone . . . electricity itself . . . were in their day amazing revelations, so now in music a new principle of reproduction . . . the electrical . . . brings results which change all one's conceptions of musical tone and beauty.

So vastly beyond anything the world has known is the music of the Panatrope that early demonstrations of this instrument in New York City, and at public gatherings the country over, met with an enthusiasm probably never accorded any other instrument.

The Brunswick Panatrope is an instrument for the home. Its music may be modulated to a whisper or amplified to fill an auditorium. Always in naturalness and beauty of tone the Panatrope achieves musical results that cannot be adequately described.

The only way to realize its superiority is to hear the Panatrope. Any Brunswick dealer will gladly demonstrate without obligation. The Panatrope plays all recorded music and may be used as the loud speaker for your present radio as well. Other models combine in one beautiful cabinet the Panatrope and Radiola Super-heterodyne.

Before buying anything in the field of music or radio, hear the Brunswick Panatrope and Panatrope with Radiola. Otherwise what you buy today, no matter how impressive it may seem, may fall obsolete tomorrow before this amazing invention.

Brunswick's "Light-Ray" electrical recording (musical photography) is a remarkable development whereby the entire musical scale is recorded *naturally*. Brunswick Records by this new method make your phonograph sound like a different instrument. And on the Brunswick Panatrope the results surpass belief. New records out every Thursday.

THE *Brunswick* PANATROPE

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., GENERAL OFFICES: CHICAGO

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$50 for two hours' work with CORONA

Extra money is so easily earned if you have the knack of writing articles or stories. Here is a man who often earns $50 or more in a single evening, writing articles about his own business.

Many people have this talent for writing but have never done anything to develop it.

There's just one way to start. Get a Corona and our new book of instructions for writers. Then begin to write a little *every day*.

Why successful writers use Corona

Corona is compact, portable, easy to carry anywhere—and its light, easy touch makes writing almost effortless. You'll do more writing—and better writing—when you own your own Personal Writing Machine. Mail the coupon. It will not obligate you.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc
Sales offices in principal cities of the world
Established 1903

Also manufacturers of the L C Smith Typewriter, the ball-bearing office machine

You can own this latest model CORONA

It's the finest Corona ever built—made by the world's pioneer manufacturers of portable typewriters.

A sturdy, dependable writing machine with full width (10 inch) carriage, twelve yard, two color, self-reversing ribbon, variable line spacer, everything you expect in an office machine. Yet it is compact, portable, easy to carry with you wherever you go.

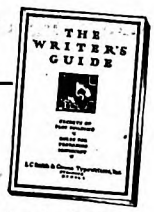
Standard Keyboard

Corona has the four row standard keyboard used in all offices and taught in business schools. If you are accustomed to using a large machine, you will be at home on Corona. If you have never used a typewriter before, you'll find that it is easy to learn with Corona.

Buy a Corona on easy terms

A small deposit puts Corona in your home and then you can pay on easy, monthly terms just like rent. Your Corona dealer will gladly accept a used typewriter, any standard make, as part payment. You need not wait another day. Just look up Corona in your phone book and the dealer will send you one for free examination.

This coupon will bring you our latest literature.



L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc
302 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Without obligation to me, please send me a free copy of The Writer's Guide—and complete information about Corona.

Name.....

Address.....

Do you own a typewriter?..... What make?.....

Would you like to know its trade-in value?.....

"One day the circus came to town. The boys might not understand a club, or a library, a gymnasium, or a swimming pool, but they understood a circus. I asked some of them if they wanted to go. Again they wanted to know if I was kidding them! I told the first few to spread the news, and get a hundred and fifty or so boys at the club the following day. More than two hundred showed up. The elevated railroad put three cars at my disposal; the circus people said bring two or three hundred, and we saw it all! When we went back that night I had about two hundred friends, and there was no more trouble getting boys to the clubhouse.

"The next important event occurred when some women of the Drama League learned what we were up to, and asked to be allowed to help. I told them to look us over and suggest what they would like to do. They said they wanted to put on a play.

"'Fine,' I said. 'What play?'

"'Shakespeare,' said they.

"'Why not a minstrel show?' I objected.

"It struck me as comical to try to get boys in that community to act Shakespeare. But Shakespeare they wanted, and Shakespeare it was. They chose the play 'As You Like It,' with boys playing the parts of both men and women. To show you how earnestly the boys took to it, I remember Harry Lazinski, one of those in the cast, coming to me and saying:

"'Mr. Klees, who's this guy Shakespeare?'

"'Harry,' I said, and I was trying a test on him, 'I don't want you to go around telling everybody; but if you keep it under your hat I'll tell you. Billy Shakespeare was a poor boy, like you and a lot of others. He was born in New York and shined shoes for a living under the Brooklyn Bridge; but he was ambitious and got it into his head he wanted to be an actor, so he studied and worked hard, and got on the stage and wrote a lot of plays. Maybe you can do as well as he did. Put that show over big, won't you?'

"'Sure will,' he answered.

"A few days later Harry was back.

"'Mr. Klees,' he said, 'you got that guy Shakespeare all wrong. He didn't live in New York or shine shoes under the Brooklyn Bridge. He—'

"You see? He had gone and looked it up for himself.

"THE way the boys put on that play was amazing. It was produced three times, the last time at a regular downtown theatre. After the Union League Club members saw it, there was no longer any question in their minds that these boys, poor as they were, had real stuff in them. Men who had been doubtful became interested, and the faith of those already at work was justified.

"Then the personal work began in earnest. That is what really counts. It's easy for men of wealth to sign a check, but there are so many things money won't buy for boys; so many intangible things, such as standards and ideals, that come only through the right sort of personal contacts.

"Our rule is to leave volunteer workers alone and allow them to find their own common meeting ground with the boys. If

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"POSITIVE AGITATION"

—*the tremendous difference it makes!*

This makes the difference

It pays to know the difference between *The* HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner

TAKE the now famous "Agitator" completely out of the machine, and the new Hoover still would be a mighty good vacuum cleaner.

But that is all it would be. And that is far from being what the new Hoover is—an electric cleaner whose plus efficiency starts where that of the vacuum cleaner leaves off.

The new Hoover cleans *deeper* and *faster* and *easier* because it has what no other cleaner ever has had—the revolutionary cleaning principle, "Positive Agitation."

So important and indispensable is this principle to the thorough and effortless cleaning of rugs, the new Hoover surpasses even the standard-design Hoover in these particulars:

1. For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.
2. By actual tests, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 131% more dirt
3. It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.
4. It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling
5. It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction
6. Its exclusive new bag is made of the most efficient dust-and-germ-filtering cloth yet devised.
7. Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease

You buy a cleaner to save time and energy—why not be sure you get the cleaner that saves them most?

Your Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver you the new Hoover complete with dusting tools for only $6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments.

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

as accomplished in the new Hoover is *beating*—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated above. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners · The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The New HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

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they have the right stuff, the boys will respond quickly enough; but if they haven't the stuff, rules won't help them.

"We have a band. Not one of the boys who plays in it ever had an instrument in his hands before. Now we give concerts anywhere, and are not ashamed of them. The man who coaches the band is a volunteer, a professional man interested in band music solely as an avocation. I'm glad to know that some day some of the boys may get jobs in regular bands. But what matters more is the contact the boys have with such a leader.

"We have athletic teams, a library of two thousand volumes, classes in typewriting and shorthand, a glee club, a summer camp, a course in woodwork, groups led by older men for the discussion of current topics and special interests, a course in dramatic study and another in freehand drawing; in short, almost anything the boys need or want of an educational or recreational character. The common way for men to become friends with the boys is through the groups. A man may take a group of twenty or twenty-five boys, as many as he thinks he can handle, and he can do anything he wants with them. It's up to the man, and he is merely warned that if he doesn't interest the boys, soon he will come to an empty room.

"NONE of this is done in the name of charity. The club is the boys' own. They pay dues: the smallest boys fifty cents a year, older boys a dollar, and still older boys who are supporting themselves, three dollars. Of course the dues do not pay expenses, and the deficit is made up by the Union League Foundation for Boys' Clubs.

"We have no arbitrary age limits, but take boys as young as seven—as soon as they come on the streets. We keep them as long as they want to stay.

"Our banquets are important and unique. Members of the Union League Club come as specially invited guests of individual boys. I know of no other gatherings like them. The tables are crowded with substantial and prominent men of affairs, sandwiched between lads whose fathers may be day laborers unable to speak the English language. There is no herding of the men in one place and boys in another. Every man has a boy on either side of him. Often the men have nothing on the boys beside them for shrewdness. I remember one of the boys asked for a job. The man looked him over, but shook his head.

"'No, sonny,' he said, 'I'm afraid you wouldn't do.'

"'How do you know I won't do till you try me?' the boy shot back.

"'What can you do,' said the man later, 'but give such a boy a job?'

"He has already received two promotions.

"One of our problems is to persuade the parents to let the boys remain in school. Though not poverty-stricken, they want their boys' earnings, and short-sightedly forget how much more they could earn in a few years with a little more schooling. I have in mind one of our young fellows who was graduated with honors from high school. The other day I got for him a good job with a public service company, yet after his first year in high school his

SO FEW MEN CAN DECIDE!

Can you?

THIS happened only a few weeks ago.

A man who had been promoted to a new position, with much larger income, sat talking with a friend. "It's funny what little things influence our lives," he remarked. "Three years ago I was reading a magazine and clipped a coupon from an advertisement—something I almost never do. The coupon put me in touch with the Alexander Hamilton Institute, which laid out a definite course in business reading for me.

"The first time the president of our company ever indicated that he was conscious of my existence was about a month later when I ran across something in my reading that happened to be of very immediate interest to him. From that moment he began to look on me as something more than just a name on the payroll. You know what's happened since."

The other man sat quiet a moment. Then he rose and, walking over to the table, pulled out the drawer and produced a wrinkled bit of paper.

"I clipped one of those coupons once," he said, "but I didn't do anything more about it. Here it is" . . . he held it out . . . "more than four years old."

That little incident reveals one of the fundamental reasons why some men go forward and others do not. Up to a certain point all men are interested in their business future. They will read about success and talk about it; but at that point they divide sharply into two classes. One group merely talks; the other acts.

Think of the four years that have passed since that man clipped that coupon. In that time, Charles E. Murnan, who was a clerk in a retail store, became vice president of the great United Drug Company. He says: "I would recommend the Course to anybody, if he had to borrow the money to take it."

In that time, J. A. Zehntbauer, who was a wholesale dry goods salesman, became President of the Jantzen Knitting Mills of Portland, Oregon. He says: "50% of my success could be attributed to my contact with the Alexander Hamilton Institute."

And all this while the man who was interested, but lacked the power of decision, has gone along with petty salary increases, when he might have made a direct short cut to executive opportunity and increased earning power. Some day he will arrive, but he has sacrificed the joy of succeeding while he is still young.

This is not an advertisement in the ordinary sense. It is a business editorial. Two men will read it. One will say, "That is interesting." He may even go so far as to clip the coupon, but it will never be mailed. At the critical moment of decision he will be tried and found wanting.

The other man will say: "This thing involves no obligation or cost. The Course has helped more than 300,000 men to shorten their path to the top. I have a duty to myself and my family to investigate it." He will clip the coupon and *it will be mailed.*

You have decision. Will you let us lay before you a definite plan of business reading, worked out by men who have made an unusual business success? Give one evening to it; decide, alone in your own home, without haste or pressure.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
788 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new, revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Modern Business

Signature.....
Please write plainly
Business Address.....
.....
Business Position.....

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

IN CANADA, *address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto.*
IN AUSTRALIA, *11c Castlereagh St., Sydney.*
IN ENGLAND, *67 Gt. Russell St., London.*

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Nothing succeeds like Health

Their ills banished, new life and energy achieved . . .
by one simple, fresh food

"DANGEROUSLY close to a breakdown" . . . "At thirty-five taking a purgative daily" . . . "Had to travel but was continually subject to nausea" . . .

Their troubles were discouraging. They grew continually worse! Then—easily, naturally—they conquered their ailments, found vigorous health again, new hope and greater ambition.

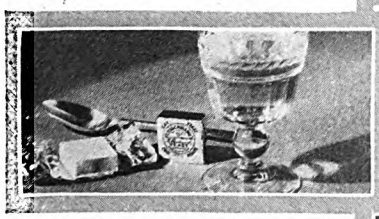
Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh corrective food. It counteracts the poisons of putrefaction in the alimentary tract, and removes the dangers of constipation. It aids digestion, clears the skin. It tones up the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation eat it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime.* You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at all grocers. Buy two or three days' supply at a time. Keep in a cool dry place. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. J-38, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

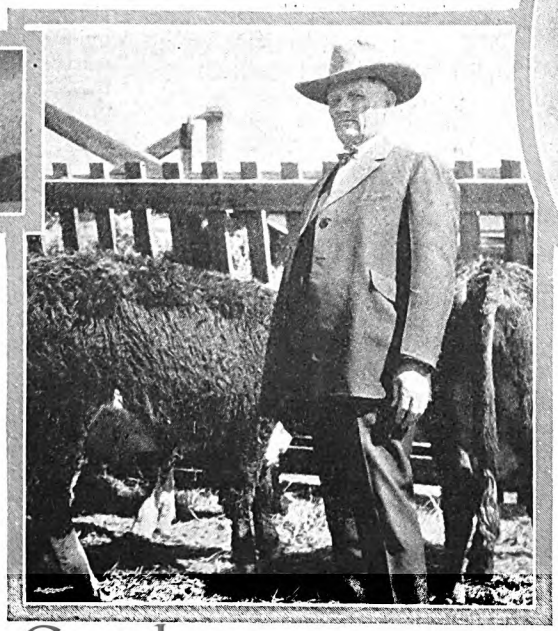
Captain UGO V. D'ANNUNZIO
Pres. Isotta Fraschini Automobiles

"SOME THREE YEARS AGO, I assumed obligations of such a character as to put me both physically and mentally under a very serious and continued strain: that kind of work which makes it impossible to live according to sense. My entire organism went out of balance and I soon felt that I was dangerously close to a breakdown. A business friend advised me to try Fleischmann's Yeast and although I was rather skeptical about it, I followed his suggestion. Inside of a month the signs of distressing exhaustion began to disappear, and gradually normalcy of functions was re-established. Since then I have continued to use Fleischmann's Yeast at the rate of 2 to 3 cakes a day."
UGO V. D'ANNUNZIO, New York City



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system, aids digestion, clears skin, banishes constipation.

"DRANK CREEK WATER and fought mosquitoes until I came down with chills. Chilled 8 months and constipation troubles began. At 35 years old was taking a purgative daily. In 1920 told my boys that my stomach could last but a short time. Read article "Yeast as a Food and Medicine." Was impressed and began use of Yeast same day. Ate it freely. In three months cut down medicine dose. In less than 1 year health so good had quit medicine."
J. E. WRIGHT, Ft. Worth, Tex.



"I HAVE BEEN REQUIRED to travel extensively by ocean and train," writes Mme. de Paszthory, internationally known singer. "My stomach was of a very nervous disposition and I was continually subject to digestive disturbance and nausea. I tried eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I found that the Yeast was the only thing that would settle my stomach. And I soon realized that it also kept my system clean and my complexion clear."
HELOISE DE PASZTHORY, Pasadena, Calif.

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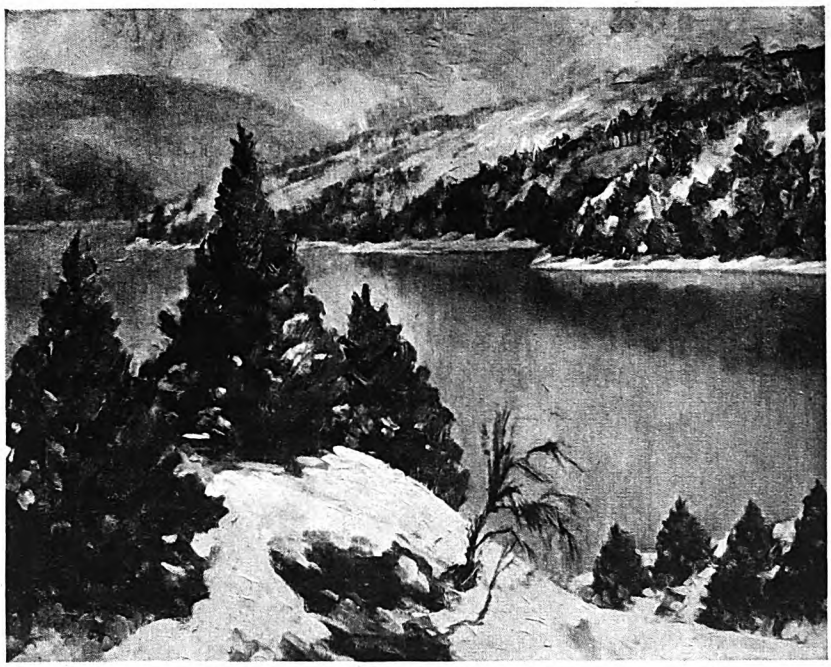
FROM WOODLAND TO HOME
Pure Drinking Water



The Water Supply of a Metropolitan City

TO give you a steady supply of clean water our reservoirs are guarded with infinite care.

Pure water from woodland springs and rivulets flows sparkling into the storage basins and eventually to your home. Fir trees planted around the watershed retain moisture and help to regulate the supply. Constant vigilance keeps it clean.

When your drinking water runs from the faucet, is it *still* clean and sparkling, with a reminiscence of the woods?

It is, if your home is BRASS-piped.

Corrodible pipe takes the sparkle out of drinking water and discolors it.

Rustproof BRASS pipe gives a full clean flow of water all the time.

BRASS pipe for a $15,000 house costs about $75 more than the best corrodible pipe—and you never have to replace it.

COPPER & BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway—New York

Write for "THE END OF RUST TROUBLES"—No charge.

METALS THAT NEVER RUST—COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

parents had insisted that he must quit and go to work. I sent an interpreter and convinced them their boy had a future, if allowed to get his schooling. They finally agreed. That boy, if I am not mistaken, is going far.

"Sometimes, on the other hand, we urge parents to take out the 'thirty-minute eggs' who only waste their time over textbooks, so that the lads can get out and show what they *can* do. Education, after all, isn't a matter of books alone. But the boy who wants an education and knows why he wants it, certainly should be helped. Many of these lads see things very clearly, once their contacts with men of affairs open their eyes. One of our boys is studying at the university to be a doctor, and I asked him about his plans.

"'I think this neighborhood needs a real good doctor,' he said; 'and I intend to come back here and practice.'

"ONE of the functions of the club is to find employment for boys, and we have placed hundreds of them in jobs that no one from this district could have touched otherwise.

"Let me tell you about Henry. He was as bright as a new dollar and needed a job badly, and it was up to me to get him one.

"I kept calling up on the telephone until I found a big insurance man willing to take a look at him. He turned us over to the man who did his hiring, and the latter demurred when he heard Henry's last name, Jurkowski.

"'Mr. Klees,' he said, 'we want American boys.'

"'I don't know how you define American,' I replied; 'but I suppose it doesn't include any boy who had the privilege of being born of Polish parents; but I want to tell you if there ever was an American boy, he's in front of you!'

"The employment man reluctantly made a place for Henry; and the boy needed no more than that. He has been there a year now, and has had two promotions and one raise in salary.

"My own door swings *both ways* for every boy in the club, and they know what that means. If a boy doesn't do what he should, it swings *out*. We don't expel a boy, but we insist on his doing the right thing. I do not place my faith in rules. Human nature is too delicate to deal with by hard-and-fast regulations. Every case stands by itself. There is only one rule in the entire club: Be a *gentleman*. Used properly, that goes far enough. I have talked with more than one big fellow with a cud of tobacco in his mouth and every other word an oath, and, looking him straight in the eye, I've said to him, 'You ought to be a gentleman!' It usually soaks in!

"It's impossible to win all the boys, of course. Some will never come to the club or alter their ways. But the street-corner bums are becoming increasingly scarce in our neighborhood.

"What gets the boys themselves is *a square deal*. Not long ago I told a young man I have watched, who hoped to go into boys' club work, that he would never get a club of his own, or, if he did, it would be a failure. He wanted to know why.

"'Because you play favorites,' I told him. 'You have pets.'

"A boy who stands off and sees what a pet gets, says to himself, '*I'm* not getting

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By the use of the famous Britannica Opacity Paper, which is made to order in tremendous quantities, a considerable saving is effected.

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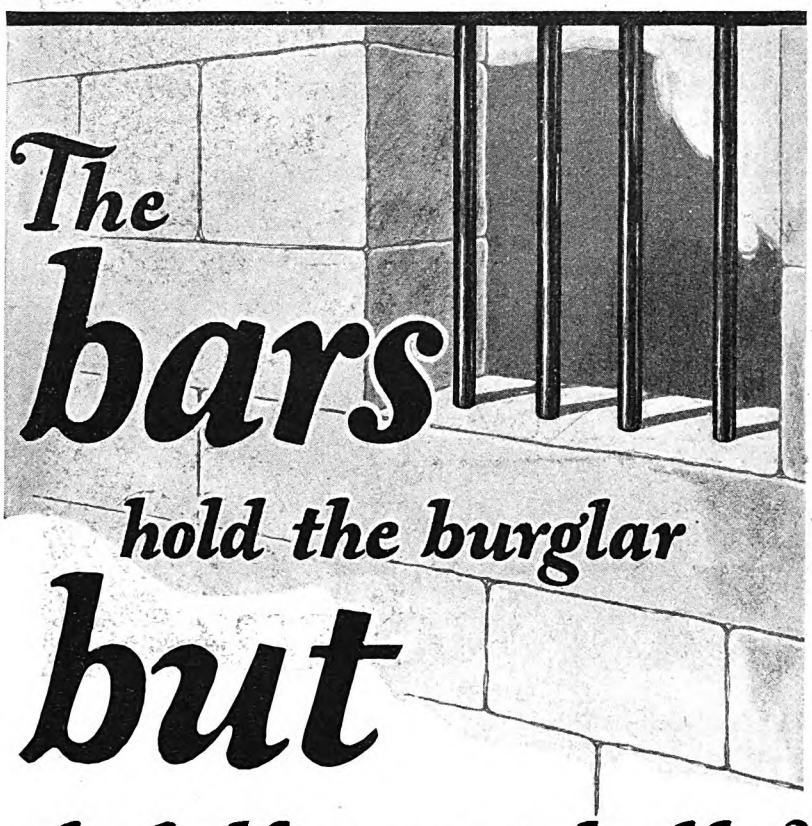

who holds your valuables?

How much better a few ounces of prevention in the form of the right lock!

Ask your hardware dealer to show you the Yale No. 192 Rotary Bolt Deadlock, or the Yale No. 10 Steel-Bar Deadlock. If you prefer a lock which operates automatically as you close the door, ask for the Yale 44 Automatic Deadlatch. Any of these will give you the utmost in protection.

Send for the booklet, "Yale Guards Your Treasures"

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
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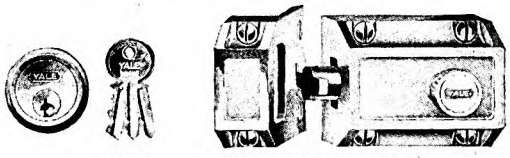

Yale No. 192 Rotary Bolt Deadlock

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

that!' When a man is not square, his influence with boys is gone. They ask fair play. Give them that, and it's almost enough, all by itself: plus some tact and common sense.

"Some results of the club are very definite. There has been a great decline in the rate of juvenile delinquency in the district. It used to be one of the worst areas in the city, and there was literally war between the boys and the police. The decrease in delinquency is not guesswork, but is based on figures of the Juvenile Court. Where one hundred delinquent boys used to be brought to the court from this district, there are now but seventeen; one year the district provided 1,456 juvenile court cases, the next year only 44.

"There used to be a breakage of lights by wanton boys amounting in the whole of Chicago to twenty thousand dollars a year. Four investigators from the City Hall found that for some reason—and *no other* explanation than the club could be given—there had been a great decrease in this breakage in our district.

WHEN the club was still an idea, two members of the Union League were discussing it, one expressing much interest.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said, "if it would do some of us men as much good as the boys."

In this he was right. Every man I talked with who has shared in the work speaks in a different tone of voice when telling about the boys. Two rather young men, for example, perhaps a little fed up on society, volunteered to take a group of twenty-five. It was a challenge when they were told they could do anything they wanted with the boys, and that the lads would stay in the group just as long as they were amused or interested, and no longer. These two men made good. But to do it, many a day they sacrificed their luncheon time to a discussion of new ways to keep their boys interested. It gave them both a new zest and interest in living.

Another man tried a group, and failed. He is popular in his own circle, but could not get across to these boys; they would not stay for what he had to offer.

The wife of a Union League member has one of the largest groups. Among other things she likes to play the piano and have the boys sing; and they like to do it—for her. But she will not allow a boy to come to her meetings with dirty hands and face. The way those boys polish themselves up before they go into her room is testimony to her splendid influence. And often boys from other groups, as well as the men, drift into her room before the evening is over, until she has a hundred or so around the piano.

One of the men, describing a group meeting at the club when he was asked to talk, illustrated how the boys tackle some subjects.

"I'll talk to you," he said to them, "by making you talk. Let's see what we know about the new traction ordinance the city is considering. Joe, we'll start with you."

"I think it'll make fares higher," Joe asserted.

"Where did you get that idea?"

Joe named a morning paper.

Following that, the catechizing went around the room, each boy being compelled to tell what he knew or thought, and usually naming the source of his opinions.

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Lively folk songs . . . a half hour of violin . . . an hour of story and verse . . . a talk of China and the East. A magic afternoon!

For hundreds of thousands of homes these Radiolas mean a new day of music

In the perfecting of the Radiola, RCA has achieved musical reproduction that is unchallenged!

Why are so many great musicians playing to radio audiences today, who would not broadcast a few years ago? Is it just the lure of a vaster audience? No—it is something more than that. It is because radio today can do justice to great music, and reproduce it truly.

In every angle of broadcasting and receiving, RCA engineers have contributed tremendous strides of progress. True musical reproduction over the radio is no longer a dream of the future. RCA Radiolas of today have outstripped all earlier methods of tone reproduction in clearness and *reality*, and have taught the world new principles of acoustics.

Hear any RCA Radiola . . . hear the Radiola 20—at $115—and you will realize that there is not a competitor, of any size or any price, that can surpass it in purity of tone. In hundreds of thousands of homes, the Radiola has taken a permanent place as a fine musical instrument.

Radiola 20, with Radiotrons, $115
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In every point of performance Radiola 20 is a brilliant example of RCA engineering. In distance tuning, it has the reach of larger sets that have more tubes . . . to magnify the faint, far signals, you just turn up the special "amplification".

In selectivity; it is *twenty times* as sharp as the ordinary set.

And it is simple to operate. A single control brings in near stations one after another—and small verniers give equal accuracy on distance tuning.

There are new principles in this RCA Radiola—but they are tested and perfected . . . not experiments. And when you have tried out and proved all its claims of performance, you will come back always to the one greatest enjoyment—listening to fine music, reproduced with clear, vivid reality!

Buy with confidence Authorized Dealer RCA *where you see this sign.*

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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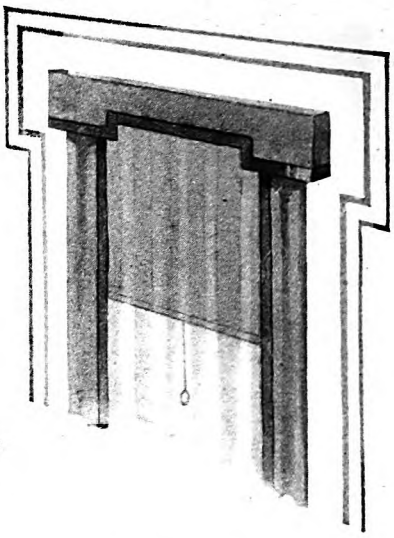
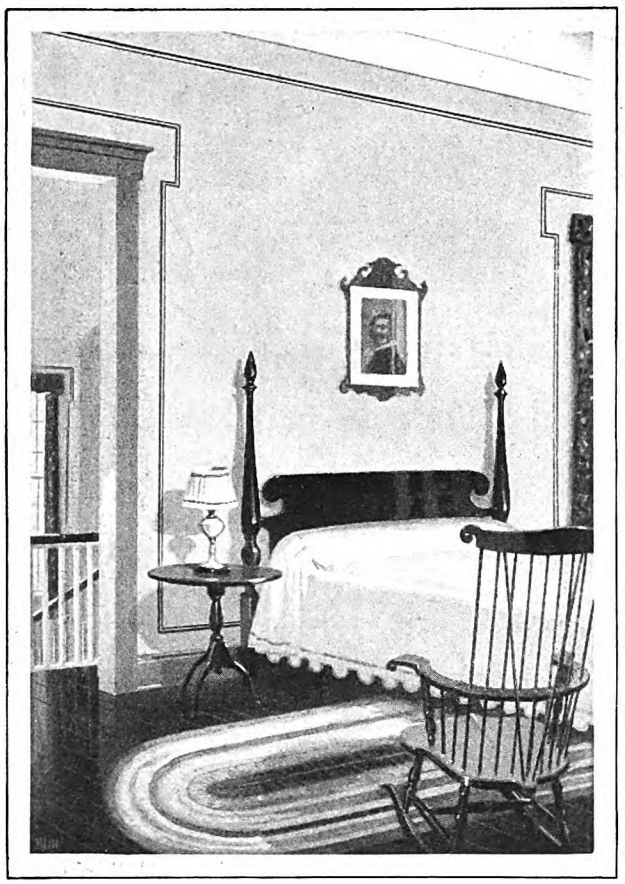


STRIPES

They add distinction and new beauty to the plain-wall interior



In many a modern home the one-tone finish gives a background of simplicity and beauty. But to that finish is often added one touch—*Striping*. And that one touch supplies a decorative note which makes the room distinctly different from the usual one-tone finish without the striping lines.

OBTAINING the most effective results with stripes depends upon the choice of color for them and the entire wall. If you use paint made of Dutch Boy white-lead and Dutch Boy flatting oil, your color selection need be limited only by your desires.

There is practically no end to the number of shades and tints you can obtain with this *all-lead, all-color* paint mixed and tinted for the job. That is why this combination of Dutch Boy white-lead and Dutch Boy flatting oil is used so frequently in producing striping and many other beautiful and distinctive wall finishes.

Let us send you a booklet on decorating the home which shows some of these unusual finishes and gives valuable information regarding the use and selection of color in obtaining them.

With the booklet you will receive a decorator's data form from our Department of Decoration. Use this if you want help in selecting a color treatment for one room or your entire house. Specialists in this department have already aided thousands of home-owners. Just send your request to our nearest branch asking for "Booklet A."

STRIPING consists of a narrow banding line (or lines) applied directly to the side wall. It outlines all window frames, door frames and other interior trim and parallels the wood trim and the ceiling line, the distance away depending on the width of the stripe.

Choice of color for the striping is important. A color very close to that of the wall color will result in a subduing effect. On the other hand, an intensely contrasting color will add snap and brilliance.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway — Boston, 800 Albany St.
Buffalo, 116 Oak St. — Chicago, 900 West 18th St.
Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave. — Cleveland, 820 W. Superior Ave.
St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St. — San Francisco, 485 California St.
Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.
Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

THE Dutch Boy is the trademark of pure white-lead, which makes an all-lead paint. This paint prevents deterioration of property, protecting your home completely against the attacks of wind, rain and storm. It is suitable for application to practically any paintable surface, whether outside or inside your home.

DUTCH BOY WHITE ~ LEAD

for CLEANLINESS *for* BEAUTY *for* DURABILITY

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And as the process continued, it became increasingly evident that nearly all the boys had one-sided, half-baked views on a subject clearly of interest to them. The leader gave some a tongue-lashing for lack of interest, and asked others why they did not read up on both sides. When he returned to his office, he sent them an authentic draft of the proposed ordinance.

"I was surprised to find," this man said, "when I went back next week, that *they had read it.* I wouldn't have waded through it all myself: wouldn't have taken the time. But they did, and when we met they debated it hot and heavy."

"THERE is no one way," Mr. Klees commented, "to get the boys. But whatever is done, it must interest them. They don't respond to pink teas and prayer meetings. Not that both of these aren't all right in their places, but they don't happen to interest these boys."

One sedate and dignified Union League member seldom unbends among his associates. But when he is with his group of boys he throws his dignity to the winds. He loves baseball. Recently, at a picnic at the boys' summer camp which was attended by many Union League members, this man was captain of one baseball team, while a boy led the other. Our dignified friend not only played good ball but also kept the players and fans in an uproar of merriment by walking on his hands, standing on his head, and cutting up all kinds of didoes. It is not on record which side won, and it doesn't matter; but it does matter that one of the boys said to Mr. Klees afterward:

"We like *him.* He makes fun for us!"

"Sometimes I dream," Mr. Klees continued, "and see clubs like this established with the coöperation of men of wealth and position in every city. Judge Arnold of our Juvenile Court says if we had fifty such clubs in Chicago it would halve juvenile delinquency. The need is terribly great."

"Will those clubs of which you speak be successful," I asked, "without a man named Klees?"

"I am the least part of it," he flashed back. "The contacts the boys have with our Union League members are all-important. Any number of men can work with boys and supervise such clubs. And more and more men are being trained for the work. But over and above what the trained boy club worker can do, privileged men must give time as well as money to under-privileged boys. It costs several hundred dollars a year to keep a boy or man in a penitentiary or jail or reformatory; it costs us about twelve and a half dollars a year to lead one of these boys toward good citizenship and keep him out of such institutions.

"Therefore, the success of such work as this doesn't rest with one man, but with many men. Nobody ever lost by giving the best of himself to others. And no boy ever lived but was better for having a worthy hero, somebody he wants to resemble when he grows up. That is the great thing the club provides. Our boys, through the warm friendships and contacts made here, and by worthy example, are going to have a better chance to live up to their best selves."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Try 10 cigars *free!*

Send no money - just mail the coupon

NO matter what you smoke now, no matter whether you have ever ordered cigars by mail—now is your chance to try ***absolutely free*** a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars—the kind that more and more smokers every day say they've "hunted years for."

This is "my treat"

Sign and mail the coupon now. I'll personally see that you get a box of freshly made, full-flavored cigars, size and shape as in the illustration, postage prepaid.

My famous Panatela, the cigar illustrated, is a full, five-inch cigar. The genuine Cuban-grown, clear Havana filler gives it richness and rare flavor. The fine Sumatra leaf wrapper assures even burning and long white ash. This cigar is just heavy enough to satisfy, yet light enough to please smokers accustomed to cigarettes. Strictly hand-made by skilled adults in clean, airy surroundings.

You save jobber and dealer profits

For twenty-four years I have been selling cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Customers tell me that I save them upwards of 5 cents on each cigar.

My selling policy is simple. I make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to smoke ten. If he likes them, he pays. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at my expense. The trial costs him nothing.

Why I lose money on the first box

I don't expect to make a penny on the first box of cigars sent to a new customer. In fact, I lose money—and am willing to.

Suppose, for instance, you and 499 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 500 into $3,400.00 (the cost of this advertisement) gives $6.80. In other words, it costs me $6.80 to induce you to try a box of 50 cigars. So I *must* offer an extraordinary cigar; it *must* be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities *must* delight you. Otherwise you would not order again. And I would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

Snap up this offer quick!

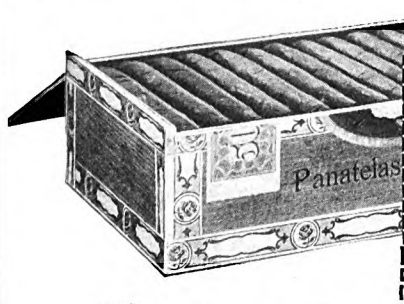
Let me send you a box of 50 cigars at once. If, after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth $3.75, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days—no explanation necessary, no questions asked. You will not be obligated in any way. In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman $3.75 when the cigars are delivered. I'll pay the postage.

Order today—enjoy the cigars right away

As I said before, you take no risk. The cigars won't cost you a penny if you don't like them. Now is your chance to try a wonderful cigar free. Mail the coupon to me.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.

Actual Size and Shape



This coupon entitles you to a FREE TRIAL of my cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
29A Bank Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me a box of 50 Panatela cigars. If, after smoking 10, I decide the box is worth $3.75, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation.

☐ Mild ☐ Medium ☐ Strong

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after

SHAVING

DELIGHTFUL

Here is a new treat for you. As bracing as the wind—as exhilarating as a shower bath.

Listerine after shaving. Simply douse on the face full strength.

Immediately it sets you up. Your whole face feels cool, soothed, yet invigorated. There is an amazing sense of exhilaration you'll like.

If the razor scrapes, Listerine stops the smarting. If the face burns, Listerine cools it. And you are left with a nice feeling of safety—for Listerine contains antiseptic ingredients that lessen the danger of infection.

Just try Listerine this way the next time you shave. We'll wager you will be as delighted as those happy ones who have written us letters about it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.

LISTE

THEY STICK TO IT!
The way we get new users for Listerine Tooth Paste is to get people to try it just once. After that they rarely switch.
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

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ASTRINGENT

INEXPENSIVE

Here's good news for any woman who has rebelled at paying the remarkable prices usually charged for astringents.

Listerine is a natural astringent, neither too harsh nor too weak. One that is safe for all types of skin, yet ridiculously low in cost.

After removing the cream you merely douse it on the face full strength. Dilute if you prefer.

You can feel it firmly closing the pores. You can feel it draw up lazy, sagging muscles. Your entire face is stimulated. You look—and feel—younger.

So many women have told us how delighted they are with Listerine used this way that we want you to know about it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

R I N E

— the safe antiseptic

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MEN!

Here's 100% Shaving Joy *at Last!*

Amazing New Way To Shave

-Without Buying Blades

Remarkable New Invention Makes Old Razor Blades Keener Than Brand New and Brings as High as 365-600 Slick Shaves from the Same Blade! See Generous Introductory Offer Below!

THINK of it! 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade. That's what KRISS-KROSS is doing for American shavers everywhere—

This amazing invention marks a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy. It is more than a stropper. Rather it is a blade rejuvenator. Makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before.

KRISS-KROSS strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready, with the *keenest cutting edge that steel can take!*

Special Free Offer

To introduce KRISS-KROSS, I am giving Free a new kind of razor. Possesses remarkable features. Instantly adjustable to any shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape, (2) straight (old style), (3) or diagonal (new way.) Gives a *sliding* instead of *pulling* stroke. Simply zips right through the toughest crop of whiskers and leaves your face satin-smooth and cool. Made of rustless metal. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before!

New Kind of Razor FREE

Absolutely unique. Handle adjusts to 3 positions. Novel feature reduces beard resistance 45%. All one connected piece. Nothing to assemble or screw up. Act at once and you can get one FREE with KRISS-KROSS super-stropper.

Write for Details at Once!

This astonishing offer is limited. Send the coupon for information on amazing KRISS-KROSS inventions today. They are sold only through authorized representatives (or direct from the factory). Clip the coupon today for full details. No obligation.

AGENTS: Make Big Money

Many are making big money as KRISS-KROSS representatives. $75-$200 a week. Spare time workers cleaning up Big. Gift razor is marvelous business-booster. We have a unique sales-plan that brings unusually sizable profits. J. C. Kellogg made over $200 in seven days. And H. King made $66 profit in one 8-hr. day!

Rhodes' KRISS KROSS STROPPER

Rhodes Mfg. Company
Dept. C-251, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Rhodes Mfg. Co., Dept. C-251
1418 Pendleton Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.

Without obligation, send me details and special offer on KRISS-KROSS super-stropper—and the 3-way razor you are giving with it.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

( ) Check this space if interested in becoming an authorized KRISS-KROSS representative.

Are You Overworking Your Conscience?

(*Continued from page 49*)

not refer to such voluntary celibacy. That's a matter of personal preference. I have in mind those instances where sons or daughters have deliberately thwarted their instincts, and spoiled their own lives by devoting themselves exclusively and wholly to the care of their parents. That, I believe, is both wrong and unnatural, and results in a tragedy in later life.

This hyper-conscientiousness is found in other family relations also. I have in mind two sisters. They are trying to live together in their home; but, as time goes by, their personalities are beginning to clash. They are so fearful of hurting each other's feelings that they keep themselves in hot water all the time, trying to explain their actions one to the other. If they would go right ahead and live their individual lives, and get over this squeamishness about hurting each other's feelings, it would be much better. But they are so conscientious about not offending that they both live under a horrible nervous strain.

A great light will shine forth some day when it is recognized that for people in the same family to try to live together when they grow up is going against Nature. It is Mother Nature's plan to scatter families.

And all that I have said about hyper-conscientiousness in the family applies to husbands and wives in their daily efforts to get along together. Occasionally, a wife becomes over-conscientious about her home, to the exclusion of the needs of her husband and children. The house receives attention out of all proportion to its inmates.

I want, too, in this article to warn parents against worrying over their failure wholly to eradicate inherited traits in their children. Remember that children inherit not from their parents, but rather *through* their parents, and that when you have done your duty as parents to overcome defective heredity in your children, you should cease to worry about it. Let them go out into the game of life and gain the experience that will teach them to correct these inherent weaknesses. Too many parents try to live their children's lives for them. And what is the result? The children lack moral strength and individuality, becoming pale editions of their parents.

WHILE thinking over this article, I remembered the case of an overscrupulous fellow I met many years ago. Until he was about fourteen years of age he appeared to be an average, normal boy. Then a tendency to over-conscientiousness began to manifest itself during adolescence.

He became so over-conscientious in his high-school work that he would study until two o'clock in the morning so as to be absolutely perfect in his lessons. He would also apply himself to the athletic activities of the school, goaded on by the same stern sense of duty. By the time high school was over, he was pretty well worn out.

Starting in college, he broke down after the first year, because he took everything, including himself, too seriously. After collapsing at college, his parents sent him West. Here he met a young woman who fell in love with him. But his conscience wouldn't let him fall in love with her, because of his ill health. Then he worried for fear the girl would break down or go crazy through her love for him. The result was he got so nervous that for months he was almost unmanageable.

Of course they had to bring him home, and for more than two years he moped and worried over what the girl thought of him and his conduct.

FINALLY, I ran across this lad, and after two years of careful planning and hard work, we succeeded in getting his mind directed to other things. He was getting along well until he happened in on some revival meetings. It required his attendance at only two or three of these meetings, with their strong emotional appeal, to throw him off his balance again. He looked back over his life, and decided that all his sufferings and sorrows were due to the fact that he never really had been converted.

He gave up his position, and spent weeks trying to get right with God, talking of his sins and confessing them.

This went on for six months. Fortunately, we were then able to relieve the nervous strain by getting him away for the summer to a boys' camp, where he served as physical instructor. He came back fairly well, and secured a new position. Within a few weeks his conscience got to work again, and he began criticizing the conduct of his firm's affairs, and worrying about it. Well, to make a long story short, from the time he was twenty-five years of age until he was forty his conscience led him to seek twenty-five different jobs!

And now what has happened? As he neared forty, he veered 'round the other way, and decided he had been foolish about this matter of conscience. Life, he felt, was meant to be lived and enjoyed. But instead of following out this philosophy in a sane and sensible manner, he cut loose, and went in for all the amusements and questionable entertainments that he formerly had shunned as a conscientious duty.

Naturally, he failed to find the satisfaction he was looking for, and so he reverted to one of his conscientious spells of depression. And this time he got into real trouble. Realizing that he had deliberately gone into sin, he thought that he had committed the unpardonable sin. It took another year of effort on the part of friends, ministers, and doctors to try and get this fellow straightened out; and any minute his hair-trigger conscience may get him into hot water again!

Fortunately, very few of us inherit such a tremendous tendency to overscrupulousness. In fact, most of us who are born with this tendency have it to such a mild degree that we can overcome it without much difficulty.

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You may have a desk —*but* do you get the salary?

the man—and his letter!

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Certified Public Accountants and Auditors
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LaSalle Extension University,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

When I enrolled for Higher Accountancy in 1919, I was a clerk with a clerk's wage.

Now I am a member of a firm having offices in nine cities. Our staff includes fifteen C.P.A.'s and more than thirty other accountants. This rapid progress in six short years is largely due to my LaSalle training.

Our firm handles the city work in Jacksonville, Tampa, Miami, Daytona, and numerous other Florida cities, and I have personally prepared the only two state budgets that have been presented to the legislature.

Several of our staff are LaSalle members and all of our men know of our warm appreciation of LaSalle accountancy training. I only wish that every man could realize the unusual opportunity offered by this training for substantial business progress.

Yours very truly,

Rob Pentland Jr.

THE desk in the private office of Robert Pentland, Jr.—member of the Florida State Board of C. P. A. Examiners and partner in the largest firm of Certified Public Accountants in the State of Florida—is about the same size as the desk he had when he was a clerk, in 1919. And there's no great difference in *looks*—

But his income today is more than ten times as large. His firm has offices in nine cities, and employs fifteen C. P. A.'s and thirty other accountants. And he is not yet thirty!

How did he boost his earnings so tremendously—in just a few short years?

He employed three aids: First, initiative—the courage to make a start. Second, energy—the willingness to work. Third, LaSalle adult business training—the short cut to high-salaried positions.

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- ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic
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- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants
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So much to do everyday everyday!

Why our hurried, nervous lives, our pleasures and our work, induce Auto-Intoxication, the self-poisoning that lowers vitality and keeps us miserable and depressed.

* * *

In these quick-step times thousands of American women are on the go from morning until night. Somehow they manage to run a household—to bring up children and to rush to parties and to dinners. They are active in society and in clubs. They work hard and they play hard.

But under the pressing demands of this twentieth century life—too many of us—men and women alike—neglect to take care of our physical selves. We are irregular in our habits—we exercise only in spurts—most of us eat more than we should.

* * *

And so, headaches, indigestion, and that "tired feeling" are common—and all too often the food we eat remains within us for longer than a day, fermenting and setting up a form of self-poisoning popularly called Auto-Intoxication. This self-poisoning is at the root of most of our modern ills.

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Sal Hepatica

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Generally speaking, it would do us all good to take ourselves less seriously. Let us master the art of living with ourselves as we are and the world as it is. By all means, accord conscience its proper place, but at the same time clearly recognize that human reason and trained judgment have *their* part to play in restricting its sphere of action.

I have a patient at the present time who is nearly insane as the result of religious worry. For three and one-half years he has worried about having left one church and joined another. Mind you, the same denomination! One church was a little too active and expected too much of him, and he shrank from participating in so many religious activities. Finally, he left and joined the other church. He now believes he committed a grave sin, and thinks he should go back and join the former church. Even if we allowed this in his present mental state, he would only worry more.

It will probably take six months or a year to get this man clearsighted enough to recognize that there are other duties besides religious ones in the world. I shall have to show him that it's a man's duty to provide for his family and accept his share of the responsibilities of life. While he is sick, his business partners have the whole responsibility of the concern on their hands—and that's hardly fair to them.

Through over-anxiety for his flock, and over-conscientiousness in his parish duties, a ministerial patient of mine has experienced a nervous collapse. He is in the throes of nervous prostration; and now this man, who has helped many distracted souls to find peace, is obsessed with the fear that he has committed the unpardonable sin.

I am having to use on him all of the arguments and reasons that he probably used on those he labored with in years gone by; and I am having the same trouble to get him to see reason as he doubtless had with his parishioners. However, he admitted a few days ago that it was probably true that anyone who had committed the unpardonable sin, whatever it is, would be the last to worry about having committed it. For the time being, therefore, he has accepted the idea that he has not committed such a great offense, and thus is giving nature a chance to heal his distressed soul.

AND how many times are we confronted with those over-conscientious souls who, because they have had a passing thought in their minds to commit some crime or to indulge in some moral dereliction, began brooding over their "moral" downfall. The fact that they resisted temptation, and came out victorious in the struggle between right and wrong, means nothing to them. Their overworked consciences make them feel that the thought is the equivalent of the deed. It takes only a few weeks of unnecessary self-condemnation of this kind to place them in the doctor's hands.

I am particularly eager that young men and women, or those of middle life, should not allow some minor sex or social mistake to ruin the rest of their lives. I am not saying this in order to lessen our self-respect and conscientious devotion to the seventh and to other commandments; but as a physician I am constantly meeting individuals whose pathetic stories illustrate how easy it is to commit some little indiscretion in early life, and then to magnify the moral consequences of this youthful indiscretion so that its gloomy shadow darkens the whole future.

I think the time has come when the medical profession ought to deliver people from wrong notions and exaggerated ideas along this line. We can have high ideals and steer clear of genuine moral turpitude without having to go so far afield as to make false moral issues out of youthful indiscretions, many of which are committed through ignorance or innocence. I believe such people should be set free from the fear that is ruining their lives, destroying their courage, and even preventing their getting married because of a feeling of unworthiness. In the final analysis they may be guilty of nothing more than of having committed some indiscreet but casual act. By casual I mean an act that does not necessarily deserve to have lifelong effects; one that involves no innate depravity.

I HAVE on my hands at the present time a mighty interesting case. I should call this patient the professional reformer type. He has worked so hard and so continuously, endeavoring to make the world over, and, incidentally, trying to make everybody do things just as he does them, that he has gone all to pieces.

Personally, I subscribe to the theory that it is the job of every human being to try to make the world a better place in which to live; but in doing so we should preserve a sense of values and proportions. This man I speak about had lost his, and could see no hope for the future in anyone's ideas but his own. I know that this is ticklish ground I am treading on, for we all have our pet hobbies; and I am not meaning to quarrel with a single reader about this matter. But why should some well-meaning folks suffer a nervous collapse stewing and worrying over their methods of reforming the world, when it is more than likely that other people are doing the same work in a way that is just as good, and perhaps even better? At least the matter is worth thinking over.

I do not advocate a slackening of conscience. What I advocate is the education of conscience in accordance with the light of the age. We should weave our own experience and common sense into our conscience, and check up its operation by the average of our own circle of acquaintances, and by our own race and nation.

Moreover, we must recognize that we may refrain from doing something to-day that, through more light and information, we will gladly do—with a clear conscience—to-morrow. Likewise, we may be doing things to-day with a clear conscience that, as a result of more experience and advance in education, we may cease to do to-morrow, because conscience condemns it. Conscience should vary as life varies. It is not infallible, nor is it a fixed or unalterable law on which our lives should be rigidly planned, but a power of the human intellect amenable to reason and subject to education and training.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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Barber, barber, shave a pig—
Health first class and appetite big!
Barber, don't fill his mouth with lather—
Give him a stick of Double Mint, rather!

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It's good to chew and good for you.

...After every meal...

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The Ten Greatest Thinkers

(*Continued from page 9*)

let him stand outside our circle, consoled with his high place in the literature of the world. And as to Seneca and Epictetus and Aurelius, they, too, were echoes of the Greeks, adapters of Zeno's apathy to a dying Rome. The old civilization was disappearing as they wrote; the strength had gone from the sinews of its people; freemen were everywhere replaced with slaves, and the proud free cities of the past were humbled with vassalage and tribute. The master class divided itself into wastrel Epicureans, or Spartan Stoics too militantly stern to indulge in the delights of philosophy. Suddenly the ancient edifice collapsed, and European civilization lay in ruins.

It began again when the Church healed the strife of factions with the mystic authority of the Word, and brought men back from the battlefields to a settled life. The emperors passed, the popes remained; the legions marched no longer, but the monks and missionaries of the rising faith created quietly a new order in which thought could grow once more. How long and dreary was that second adolescence of the conscious European mind! Even to-day we are so precariously established in enlightenment that we can yet feel, as if in memory, the fearful groping of those many years.

AND then trade grew, towns graduated into cities, schools into universities; again it was possible for some portion of mankind to be freed from toil for the leisure and luxury of thought. Abelard stirred half a continent with his eloquence, and Bonaventure and Anselm laid down in majestic theology the rationale of medieval faith. When the work of preparation was complete, another Aristotle came, St. Thomas of Aquin, a man who took the universe for his specialty, and flung a frail bridge of reason across the chasms between knowledge and belief. What Dante did to the hopes and fears of the Catholic Renaissance, Aquinas did for its thought; unifying knowledge, interpreting it, and focusing it all upon the great problems of life and death. We must quiet our prejudices and admit him to our ten.

No doubt some hearts will break at this selection, including the author's own. There are so many other names that one might here invoke more lovingly; names far more congenial to the modern world; names like Leonardo or Spinoza, which stir in us a passionate affection rather than a cold respect. Yet if we prove unfaithful to the standards we have ourselves laid down, we may as well abandon our voyage of recovery; our list would be an album of favorites rather than a gallery of great minds. It is true that the world does not follow Aquinas now, preferring a doubting Thomas to a dogmatic one; but there was a time when every intellect honored the "Angelic Doctor," and every philosophy took his gigantic "Summæ" as its premises. Even to-day, in a hundred universities, in a thousand colleges, his thought is reverenced as still sounder than science, and his philosophy is the official system of the largest Church in Christendom. We may not love him as we love the rebels and martyrs of philosophy; but because of his modest supremacy in a great century, and his vast influence upon millions and millions of mankind, we must make place for him on our rosary of genius.

AND then came a voice out of Poland, saying that this earth, footstool of God, and home of his redeeming pilgrimage, was a minor satellite of a minor sun. It seemed so simple a thing to say; we cannot be moved to fear or wonder by it now; we take it for granted that this soil on which we stand is a passing thing, transiently compact of elements that will disintegrate and leave not a wrack behind. But to the medieval world, whose whole philosophy had rested on the neighborly nearness of earth and God, this new astronomy was an atheistic blasphemy, a ruthless blow that seemed to overthrow the Jacob's ladder which faith had built between angels and men.

Copernicus's book "On the Revolutions of the Celestial Orbs" was well named, for no other volume in history has created so great a revolution. That pious Polish monk, sitting patiently before the smiling and baffling stars, had meant no harm; he had no suspicion of the bearings of his thought on the future of belief; he had lost himself in the search for knowledge; he was sure that all truth must be good and beautiful, and would make men free. And so, by the magic of his mathematics, he transformed a geocentric and anthropocentric universe—a world that revolved about the earth and man—into a kaleidoscope of planets and stars. Everything was changed—distances, significances, destinies. And God, who had been nearer than hands and feet, who had seemed to inhabit the friendly and flowing clouds, had disappeared into the far reaches of an illimitable space. It was as if the walls of a man's house had been torn down by some blindly angry wind, leaving him unsheltered in the darkness of infinity.

We do not know how profound a thinker Copernicus was, except through this immeasurable influence of his work. With him, secularism begins. With him, reason makes its French Revolution against a faith immemorially enthroned; and man commences his long effort to rebuild with thought the shattered palace of his dreams. Heaven becomes mere sky and space and nothingness, or it descends upon the earth and breeds visions of Utopia in the hungry hearts of men who once had hoped for Paradise. It was as in the fable Plato told, of the gods who had cared for man till he had come of age, and then had disappeared, leaving him to the devices of his own intelligence. It was as in the ancient savage days, when the Old Man of the tribe drove the young men forth, and bade them seek some other soil, and raise upon it their own homes and their own happiness. With the Copernican revolution, man was compelled to become of age.

He did not falter at this sudden maturity. On the contrary, the century that followed Copernicus was one of youthful audacity and courage in every field. Little

Will Anyone Accept This Pipe-Smoker's Challenge?

Twenty-one years is a long time to stick to any one product—particularly tobacco. Because even though over a period of years a tobacco may not change in flavor or quality, a smoker's taste generally does.

So it is all the more remarkable to receive such letters as that from Mr. Roberts of South Dakota, reproduced below.

Columbia, S. D.
Sept. 9, 1926.

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Gentlemen:

I am a veteran of the Edgeworth army, still in active service.

I make this claim, challenging all comers, to have smoked Edgeworth and nothing else but Edgeworth (when it was possible to get it) for a longer period than any other person within the scope of your territory.

I have smoked Edgeworth for twenty-one years and will soon start on the twenty-second.

I'll admit to having tried other brands, including so-termed high-class, high-priced blends and mixtures, enough to appreciate and satisfy myself of the superiority of Edgeworth.

In all these years I have never had one can of Edgeworth that varied in flavor or otherwise.

Yours very truly,
(signed) J. J. Roberts.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3-O S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

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"There y'are, Cap, the gas line's clear now and you ought to finish your trip without any more trouble—unless you have a blowout."

"I'm not worrying about blowouts, with Kelly-Springfields on all around."

vessels began to explore the now round and limited earth; frail minds began to explore the intellectual globe, careless of dogma, unharassed by tradition, and never dreaming that mankind would fail. Oh, the zest of those bright Renaissance days, when the poverty of a thousand years was almost forgotten, and the labor of a thousand years had made men richer and bolder, and scornful of barriers and bonds! The flash of those alert eyes, the rich blood in those strong frames, the warm color of their luxurious raiment, the spontaneous poetry of that impassioned speech, the creative, insatiable desires, the search and sweep and fearlessness of newly liberated minds! Shall we ever know such days again?

WHOM can we name as voice and symbol of that fermenting age? Leonardo? —painter, musician, sculptor, etcher, architect, anatomist, physiologist, physicist, inventor, engineer, chemist, astronomer, geologist, zoölogist, botanist, geographer, mathematician, and philosopher! Alas, our definition and criteria exclude him; he was—was he not?—an artist primarily, and only secondarily a philosopher or a scientist; it is by his "Last Supper" and his "Mona Lisa" that we remember him, and not by his theory of fossils, or his anticipation of Harvey, or his majestic vision of universal and everlasting Law. . . . Or shall it be Giordano Bruno, that forever-seeking soul, unsatisfied with finity, hungry for an immeasurable unity, impatient of divisions and sects and dogmas and creeds, only less controllable than the winter's winds, only less fiery than Etna, and doomed by his own turbulent spirit to a martyr's death?

No; it cannot be Bruno, for there was one greater than he: "the man who rang the bell that called the wits together;" who sent out a challenge to all the lovers and servants of truth everywhere to bind themselves together in the new order and ministry of science; who proclaimed the mission of thought as no vain scholastic dispute, no empty academic speculation, but the inductive inquiry into nature's laws, the resolute extension of the mastery of man over the conditions of his life; the man who mapped out, as with royal authority, the unconquered fields of research, guided a hundred sciences to their tasks, and foretold their unbelievable victories; who inspired the Royal Society of Great Britain and the great Encyclopedia of France; who turned men from knowledge as meditation to knowledge as remolding power; who forgot worship and foresaw control; who overthrew the Aristotelian logic of unobservant reason and pointed the gaze of science to the self-revealing face of nature; who carried in his brave soul, beyond any other man of that spacious age, the full spirit and purpose of the modern mind. Of course it was Francis Bacon.

From that day to ours the history of the European intellect has been predominantly the progress of the Baconian as against the medieval conception of the world. Predominantly but not continuously; there are many great figures that stood aside from this main road. In Descartes, the new order struggles in the arms of the old, and never quite liberates itself; in the great unifying soul of Leibnitz, the medieval tradition is still power-

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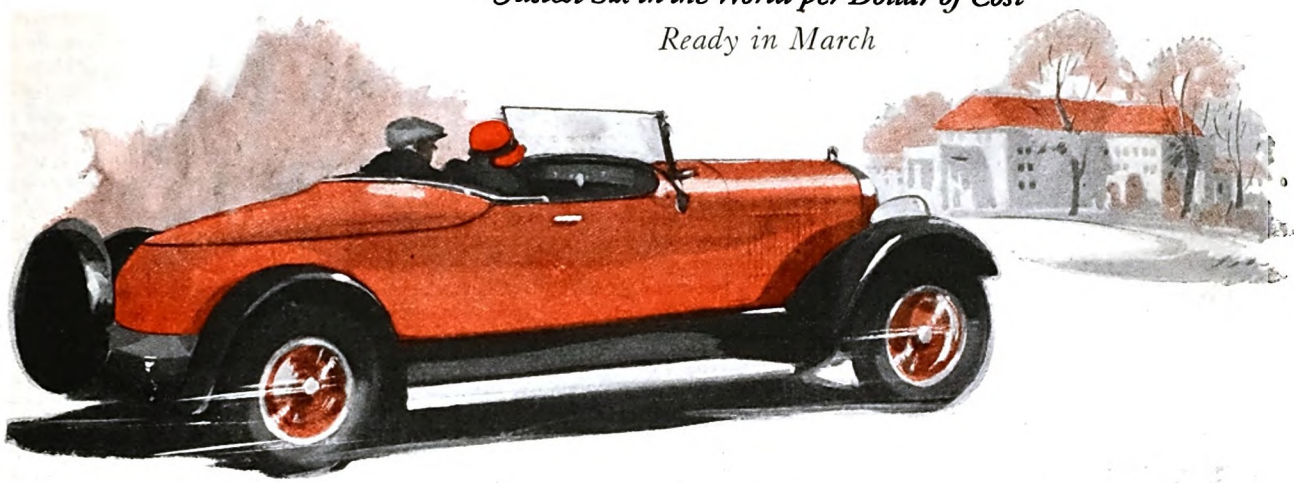

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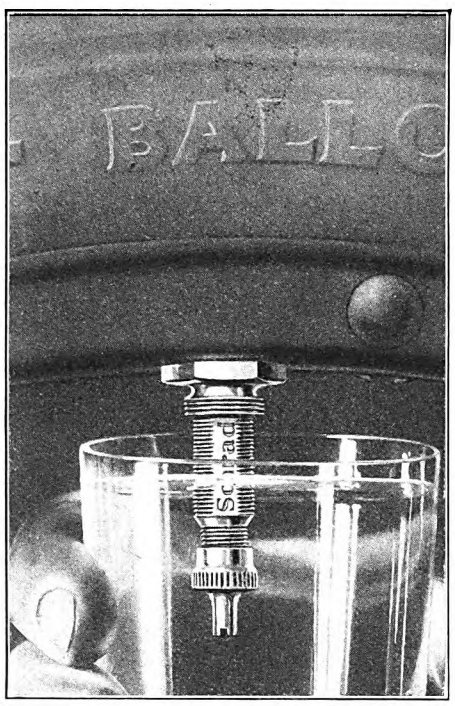

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ful enough to turn a mathematician into a precarious theologian; and in Immanuel Kant the voice of ancestral faith speaks amid the skepticism of the Enlightenment.

Strangely bridging these two streams of thought, the scientific and the religious, stands the figure of Spinoza: polisher of lenses and God-intoxicated man; silent devotee of lonely speculation, and formulator of the metaphysics of modern science; lover of mechanics and geometry, and martyr equally with Bruno to philosophy, dying only a slower and obscurer death. Every profound mind after him has felt his influence, every historian has attested the quiet depths of his wisdom.

But we have bound ourselves to judge these heroes of the mind in objective terms of influence rather than by personal estimates of wisdom; and even a lover of Spinoza must confess that the influence of the gentle philosopher has fallen upon the rarer and loftier souls rather than upon the masses or even the higher classes of mankind. He belongs to the islanded aristocracy of thought, and the world has not mounted to him yet.

BUT of Sir Isaac Newton there can be no similar dispute. "Every schoolboy knows" the story of his absent-minded genius; how the great scientist, left for a moment to his own culinary wits, and told to boil an egg three minutes for his lunch, dropped his watch into the water and contemplated the egg in his hand while the timepiece boiled; or how the absorbed mathematician, going up to his room to change his clothes for dinner undressed and went contentedly to bed. (It would be sad if these relieving stories were not true.) Not so many schoolboys know that Newton's "Principia" marked the quiet assumption, by science, of its now unchallenged mastery over modern thought; that the laws of motion and mechanics as there established became the basis of all later practical advance, of that reordered surface of the earth and that extended and intenser life which are the miracles of science in our day; that the discovery of gravitation illuminated the whole world of astronomy, and brought the bright confusion of the stars into an almost organic unity. "Not long ago," said Voltaire, "a distinguished company were discussing the trite and frivolous question" (alas, this is an unfortunate quotation) "who was the greatest man—Cæsar, Alexander, Tamerlane, or Cromwell? Someone answered that, without doubt, it was Isaac Newton. And rightly; for it is to him who masters our minds by the force of truth, and not to those who enslave them by violence, that we owe our reverence." Even in his lifetime the world understood that Newton belonged to its heroes.

It was Voltaire who introduced to France the mechanics of Newton and the psychology of Locke, and thereby began the great age of the Enlightenment. It will shock scholastic minds to see Voltaire included among the supreme thinkers of mankind; they will protest that his thought was borrowed rather than original, and that his influence was destructive. But which of us is original, except in form? What idea can we conceive to-day that has not enjoyed, in one garb or another, a hoary antiquity of time? It is easier to be original in error than in truth, for every truth displaces a thousand falsehoods.

An honest philosopher will admit, like Santayana, that truth, in its outlines, is as old as Aristotle, and that all we need do to-day is to inform and vary the design with our transient needs. Did not Spinoza, profoundest of modern thinkers, take the essentials of his thought from Bruno, Maimonides, and Descartes? Did not Ramus defend, as his thesis for the doctorate, the modest proposition that everything in Aristotle is false except that which he pilfered from Plato? And did not Plato, like Shakespeare, borrow lavishly from every store, making these stolen goods his own by transforming them with beauty? Granted that Voltaire, with Bacon, lighted his candle at every man's torch; it remains that he made the torch burn so brightly that it enlightened all mankind. Things came to him dull, and he made them radiant; things came to him obscure, and he cleansed and scoured them with clarity; things came to him in useless scholastic dress, and he clothed them in such language that the whole world could understand and profit from them. Never did one man teach so many, or with such irresistible artistry.

Was his influence destructive? Who shall say? Shall we abandon here the objectivity of judgment assumed in our definition of a thinker, and reject the laughing philosopher of Ferney because his thought was different from our own? But here we have sacrificed Spinoza, though some of us swear by his philosophy, sacrificed him because his influence has been, though deep, too narrowly confined. Evidently we must ask of Voltaire, not do we accept his conclusions, but did the world accept them, did his thinking mold the educated humanity of his age and his posterity?

It did; there can be little doubt of it. Louis XVI, seeing in his Temple prison the works of Voltaire and Rousseau, said, "Those two men have destroyed France," meaning despotism.

PERHAPS the poor king did philosophy too much honor; doubtless, economic causes underlay the intellectual uprising that centered in Voltaire. But just as physiological decay leads to no action unless it sends its message of pain to consciousness, so the economic and political corruption of Bourbon France might have proceeded to utter national disintegration, had not a hundred virile pens brought home the state of affairs to the consciousness and conscience of their country.

And in that great task Voltaire was commander in chief; all the rest willingly acknowledged his lead, and did his bidding proudly. Even the mighty Frederick greeted him as "the finest genius that the ages have borne."

Beneath the recrudescence of ancient beliefs amid which we live, the influence of Voltaire quietly persists. As all Europe in his century bowed to the scepter of his pen, so the great leaders of the mind in later centuries have honored him as the fountainhead of intellectual enlightenment in our time. Nietzsche dedicated one of his books to him, and drank deeply at the Voltairian spring; Anatole France formed his thought, his wit, and his style on the ninety-nine volumes which the great sage left behind him; and Brandes, aged survivor of many a battle in the war of liberation, gives some of his dying years

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BALLOON TIRE TREAD

Another Reason why Firestone Tires are Better

When Firestone engineers were developing the Balloon Tire they found it necessary to design a tread altogether different from that which is required by High Pressure Tires. The tread of a Regular Cord, or High Pressure Tire is usually designed with what is known as a wide rider strip at the center. Here the bulk of the rubber on the tread is concentrated.

With the Balloon or Low Pressure Tire this extra amount of rubber must be placed away from the center toward the outer edges of the tread. Because of the low pressure conditions the displacement is greater and most of the weight and wear is at these outer points.

Notice how the Firestone Balloon tread has a deep groove at the direct center, with narrow flexing rider strips and additional grooves on either side. These grooves nearly close up when the tire is under load, as they provide room for the rubber to spread out. Next come the outer rider strips—at the points of greatest wear—with numerous angular sharp-edge projections for non-skid qualities.

The Firestone tread was not designed with large, massive projections for appearance or to make plausible sales argument. On the contrary, the projections of the cross-and-square tread are small and the rider strips narrow, permitting the tread to yield to depressions and cling to the road, giving the greatest non-skid surface. This tough, pliable tread has the wear-resisting qualities that give thousands of extra miles of service.

The tread, however, is not the only important part of the Balloon Tire. Such a tread as this, designed to yield to every depression of the road, must be placed on the carcass that also has the qualifications to withstand the terrific flexing that this design tread permits. Firestone provides this extra strength and endurance by dipping the cords of the carcass in a rubber solution. By this process, every fiber of every cord is saturated and insulated—to withstand the extra flexing of the Firestone tread.

If you want the economy, comfort and safety of Gum-Dipped Tires—see the nearest Firestone Dealer. He will gladly explain the many features that make Firestone Tires better.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER ... Harvey S. Firestone

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Install a Full Set

When you need new spark plugs, install a full set—and be sure they are dependable Champions. Your garage man or dealer will tell you the advantages both of a full set and of Champions. Their sillimanite insulators for strength, their two-piece construction for easy cleaning are important reasons why they are so dependable, and why two out of three motorists the world over invariably choose Champions.

A new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles will restore power, speed and acceleration and actually save their cost many times over in less oil and gas used.

Champion X—exclusively for Fords—packed in the Red Box

60¢

Champion—for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box

75¢

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO.

to a forgivably idolatrous biography of the Great Emancipator of Ferney. When we forget to honor Voltaire we shall be unworthy of freedom.

Nevertheless, there was another side to this irrepressible conflict between simple faith and honest doubt. Something remained to be said for the creeds which the Enlightenment had apparently destroyed. Voltaire himself had retained a sincere belief in a personal Deity, and had raised "To God" a pretty chapel at Ferney. But his followers had gone beyond him, and when he died, materialism had pursued every rival philosophy from the field.

NOW, there are two modes of approach to an analysis of the world; we may begin with matter, and then we shall be forced to deduce from it all the mystery of mind; or we may begin with mind, and then we shall be forced to look upon matter as merely a bundle of sensations. For how can we know matter except through our senses? And what is it then for us but our idea of it?

When Berkeley for the first time clearly announced this novel conclusion to the world, it made a stir among the pundits, and seemed to offer a splendid exit from the infidelity of the Enlightenment. Here was a chance to reassert the primacy of mind, to reduce its threatening enemy to a mere province in its realm, and so to restore the philosophical bases of religious belief and religious hope.

The supreme figure in this idealistic development was Immanuel Kant, perfect type of the abstract philosopher; Kant, who traveled far in Königsberg, and from its promenaded streets saw the starry heavens melt into a half-unreal phenomenon, transfigured by perception into a subjective thing. It was Kant who labored best to rescue mind from matter; who argued so irrefutably, because so unintelligibly, against the uses of "pure reason;" and who, by the prestidigitation of his thought, brought back to life, magician-wise, the fair beliefs of the ancient faith.

The world heard him gladly, for it felt that it could live by faith alone, and did not love a science that merely darkened its aspirations and destroyed its hopes. Throughout the nineteenth century the influence of Kant grew; time and again, when rationalism and skepticism threatened the old citadels, men fled for strength and refuge "back to Kant." Even so matter-of-fact a man as Schopenhauer, and so rabid a heretic as Nietzsche, accepted him, and looked upon his reduction of the world to mere appearance as the indispensable preliminary of every possible philosophy. So vital was Kant's work, that in its outlines and its bases it remains to our own day unshaken and intact: has not science itself, through Pearson, Mach, and Poincaré, admitted that all "reality," all "matter," all "nature" with its "laws," are but constructs of the mind, possibly but never certainly known in their own elusive truth? Apparently Kant had won the battle against materialism and atheism, and the world could hope again.

And then Darwin came, and the war waged anew.

We cannot know now what Darwin's work may finally mean in the history of mankind. But it may well be that for posterity his name will stand as a turning point in the intellectual development of our Western civilization. If Darwin was wrong, the world will forget him, as it has almost forgotten Democritus and Anaxagoras; if he was right, men will have to date from 1859 the beginning of modern thought.

For what did Darwin do but offer, quietly, and with a disarming humility, a world picture totally different from that which had contented the mind of man before? Darwin, without attacking any creed, described what he had seen.

Suddenly the world turned red, and nature, which had been so fair in the autumn's colors under the setting sun, seemed to be only a scene of slaughter and strife, in which birth was an accident, and only death a certainty. "Nature" became "natural selection"—that is, a struggle for existence, and not for existence merely, but for mates and power; a ruthless elimination of the "unfit," of the tenderer flowers and the gentler animals and the kindlier men. The surface of the earth seethed with warring species and competing individuals; every organism was the prey of some larger beast; every life was lived at the expense of some other life; great "natural" catastrophes came: ice ages, earthquakes, tornadoes, droughts, pestilences, famines, wars; millions and millions of living things were "weeded out," were slowly or quickly killed. Some species and some individuals survived for a little while. This was evolution. This was nature, this was reality, and the world.

Copernicus had reduced the earth to a speck among melting clouds; Darwin reduced man to an animal fighting for his transient mastery of the globe.

Imagine the strain upon minds brought up in the tender philosophy of our youth, and forced to adapt themselves to the harsh and bloody picture of a Darwinian world. Is it any wonder that the old faith fought fiercely for its life, that for a generation "the conflict between religion and science" was bitterer than at any time since Galileo retracted and Bruno burned at the stake? And do not the victors, exhausted by the contest, sit sadly to-day amid the ruins, secretly mourning their triumph, secretly yearning for the old, old world which their victory destroyed?

WELL, there are our ten. Shall we see them in one glance? Confucius, Plato, Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Copernicus, Bacon, Newton, Voltaire, Kant, Darwin. Those whom we have omitted would make as fair a list: Democritus, Epicurus, Marcus Aurelius, Abelard, Galileo, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Schopenhauer, Spencer, Nietzsche.

The anonymity of most inventions, and the coöperation of many minds in the gradual accomplishment of some transforming mechanical innovation, has made our list inventor-less, even while we confessed that "history is the history of great inventions."

And consider the vast movements of thought which we have ignored: feminism, for example, with its great leaders, from Mary Wollstonecraft to Susan Anthony; and socialism, with its roster of hopeful theorists from Diogenes and Zeno to Lassalle and Marx. It must be so; no list could exhaust the treasures of man's

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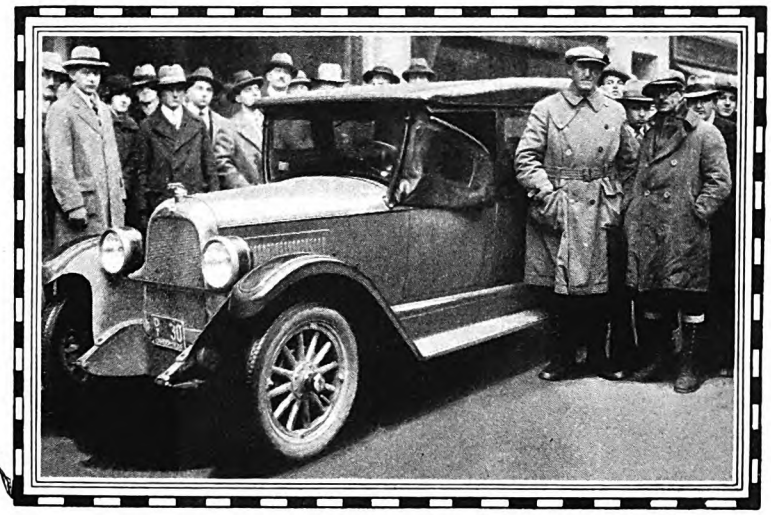
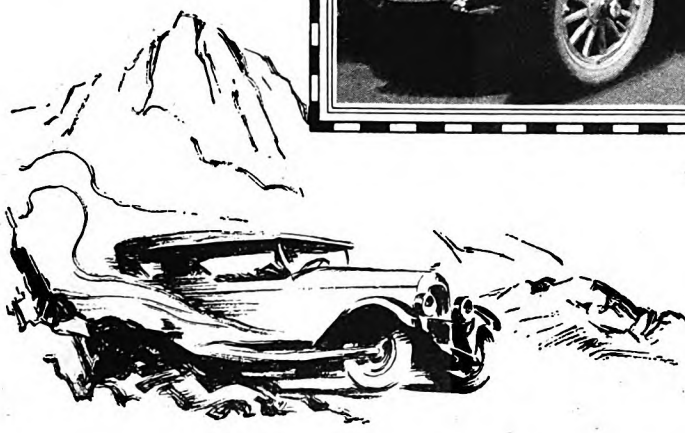
Whippet sets National Economy Record

—in Dramatic Coast-to-Coast Run



At the finish of the trip—crowds thronged around the famous Coast-to-Coast Whippet as it finished the run in front of the Willys-Overland Branch at 50th Street and Broadway, New York City



AVERAGES 43.28 MILES PER GALLON IN GRUELLING 3,559 MILE TRIP

LOS ANGELES to New York on 82¼ gallons of gasoline . . . averaging 43.28 miles per gallon. This is the sensational economy record recently achieved by a stock Overland Whippet in a gruelling 3,559 mile coast-to-coast trip.

This spectacular run shatters all previous records. It sets a new high mark for fuel economy. Never before has any car so dramatically, so convincingly demonstrated outstanding performance ability.

Under Official A. A. A. Observation

The entire test was conducted under the sanction and official observation of the American Automobile Association.

An Official Observer remained with the Whippet throughout the trip. An accurate log of the trip was kept by the observer, including the faithful entry of all fuel and oil added. As a further precaution, the carburetor was dismantled at both ends of the run and micrometer checkings made of every part. At the completion of the trip an official report was prepared by the American Automobile Association certifying every detail of this remarkable record.

Proof of Whippet Economy

This test was made under ordinary driving conditions such as encountered by average owners. Thousands of Whippet drivers are constantly reporting comparable results. 30 miles and more to the gallon of gasoline. 1000 miles on a quart of oil. With remarkably low upkeep expense.

In addition the Whippet offers you the outstanding advantage of 4-wheel brakes, brilliant performance plus greater room and comfort.

Step into a Whippet and you will be surprised to find so much spacious room. Due to its unique body and dash construction there is actually more leg room than any other car of this price. Just drive the car . . . that's the only way to judge its remarkable value.

The Whippet is available in six distinctive body styles. Touring $625; Roadster $695; Coach $625; Coupe $625; Sedan $725; Landau $755; f. o. b. factory. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

OVERLAND **Whippet**

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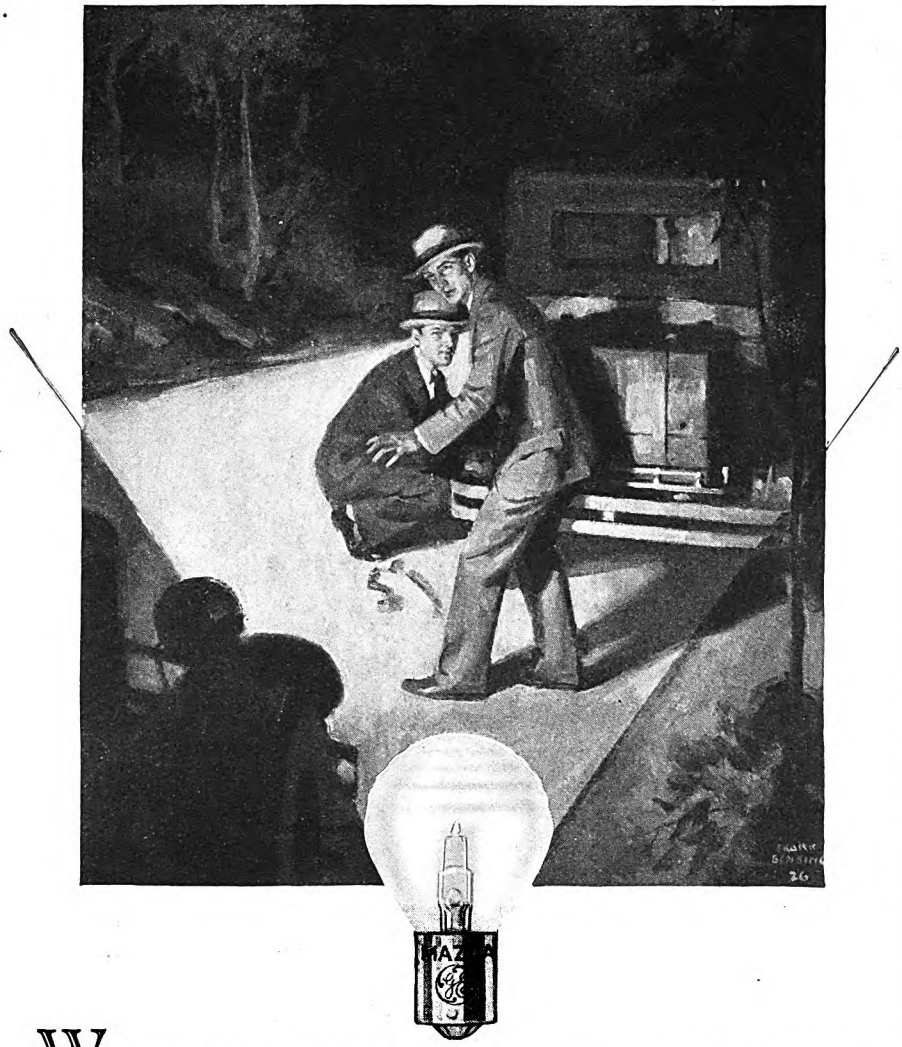
Light up.... for vision



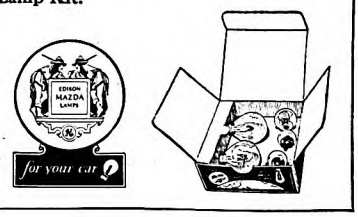
WHEN something suddenly leaps into shape out of the shadows of a curve in the road, you want to see well and see fast. You want headlights that won't fail you.

Light up for vision with the improved Edison MAZDA* Auto Lamps. They are the same good lamps you use at home. And for safety's sake, be sure that your lights are properly focussed to give the maximum driving light without glare and that you carry spare lamps for emergency.

Ask an Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Dealer to show you the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit and to fit it out for you with the proper lamps for every light position in your car. For his identification as a reliable dealer he displays the emblem shown below.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

For your own safety and the safety of others, carry spare lamps—in the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit.



EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

heritage or equal its infinite variety. And it is well; let us have many lists and many heroes; we cannot honor them too much, or commemorate them fruitlessly. Here, perhaps, is the true litany of saints; these are the names that should adorn our calendars, with those that gave new beauty to the world, or counseled it to a gentler humanity.

When we live with these men we understand God once more, and witness the miracle of creation every day anew. For even though our old faith may have gone from us, this new faith remains—that divinity hedges us about on every side, and the creative power lurks perhaps in our own souls. Throughout this quiet procession of planets in the sky, and this turbulent procession of heroes and frustrated men in history, we need not see merely the blind fatality of integrated matter and dissipated motion, hurrying us on to an ignominous and meaningless death. Rather, in the hunger and movement of infants, in the laughter and play of our children, in the ardor and devotion of youth, in the restless ambition of fathers and the loving sacrifices of mothers, in the crucifixion of prophets and the martyrdom of saints, above all in the undiscourageable research of scientists and the patient sufferings of genius, we may see, if we have eyes to see, the passion of life for growth and achievement, and the drama of persistent creation.

It is a world of suffering, yes; and the stars seem fairer and more enduring than our fitful race. But it is we who seek the suffering, and we who measure the stars.

Mistress of the Bees

(*Continued from page 23*)

to her dolls out beside this very tree. When Molly finished it was very still in the big yard, as if they somehow all wished to prolong the sweetness of the moment. Faith Laraway pulled a handkerchief from her pocket and openly wiped her eyes. Allie's mouth twitched, as if tears were close. Jen felt suddenly that she couldn't longer bear the moment.

"Thanks, Molly," she said. "That was powerful sweet. We won't forget it for a good long spell, I'm thinking—will we, girls? You got that piece done, Faith? Guess we can roll it up then, and get in to the table. It'll be dark before we know it."

Then they were in the house, making sure everything was in their bags, coming, neighborwise, out into the kitchen to hold their hands above the fire that made the swift, crisp shadows warm.

"My, a fire feels good—especially at my age!" Allie Parsons said.

"H'mph!" said Jen, scornfully.

They came to the table. Caroline had come down from her home to help out, and she and Molly passed things. They seemed very young and childish, even to themselves. For there was wisdom about Jen's table that night—the wisdom of women who have borne children, whose children have borne children—the wisdom of women who have toiled through twoscore or more years to wrest a living from the land—the wisdom of women who live in the country, love it, find

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LOOK!

Run Any Radio from your Electric Current

And remember, it makes no difference what kind or what make radio set you have, PHILCO Socket Powers will give you *both* A and B radio power from your electric light current—*dependably and constantly.* Here is your opportunity to do away with the ordinary "A" storage battery, dry cell batteries, and "B" batteries.

One switch controls everything. Snap it "ON" and from your house current you get a strong, steady flow of A and B power. Snap it "OFF" and your radio is silent.

No Hum No Distortion

Philco Socket Powers will give you radio reception without the least hum; without the least distortion. Your electric lighting current will now operate your radio set smoothly and perfectly—*any kind or any make of set.*

No more recharging to do; no more dry batteries to replace; no more fuss; no more bother, and better still, improved reception. ***Everything contained in ONE Cabinet.***

Installation FREE

No matter where you live there is almost sure to be an authorized PHILCO dealer near you who will deliver a brand-new Philco Socket Power to your home on the day and hour you desire. He will connect it to your radio set *at no additional cost to you.*

The Philco dealer in your community guarantees you complete satisfaction.

Yours On Very Easy Payments

You can buy a PHILCO AB Socket Power on *Easy Payment Terms* from any Philco dealer in your town. You merely make a small first payment—balance monthly.

Go to your Electrical Dealer, Department Store, Electric Light Company, Music Dealer or Battery Service Station; tell them you read this advertisement and you want the PHILCO RADIO SOCKET POWER.

Trade In Your Old Storage Battery

Yes, any one of the many thousands of Philco dealers will make you a very liberal trade-in allowance for your old "A" storage battery on the purchase of a brand-new Philco Radio AB Socket Power.

It makes no difference what make of "A" storage battery you now have or how old or worn out it may be, the Philco dealer will give you a surprisingly liberal allowance.

Mail This Coupon Now

Visit the Philco dealer, or if you prefer, mail this coupon to us and we will give you the full details direct from the factory. We will send you complete information on our Easy Payment Plan and Trade-In Allowance offer for your old storage battery.

Sign your name and address to this coupon, and mail it to us today. The coupon is not an order. It does not place you under the slightest obligation. It is merely a request for the full details and free illustrated literature describing these famous Philco Socket Powers.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Dept. 1093

PHILCO Radio "AB" Socket Power

Special Coupon

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.,
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Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 1093

Gentlemen:

Please send me, without cost, illustrated literature describing the famous Philco Radio AB Socket Power. I also desire full details of your Easy Payment Plan and Trade-In Allowance offer. It is understood that this request places me under no obligation.

Name

Address

Name of your radio set

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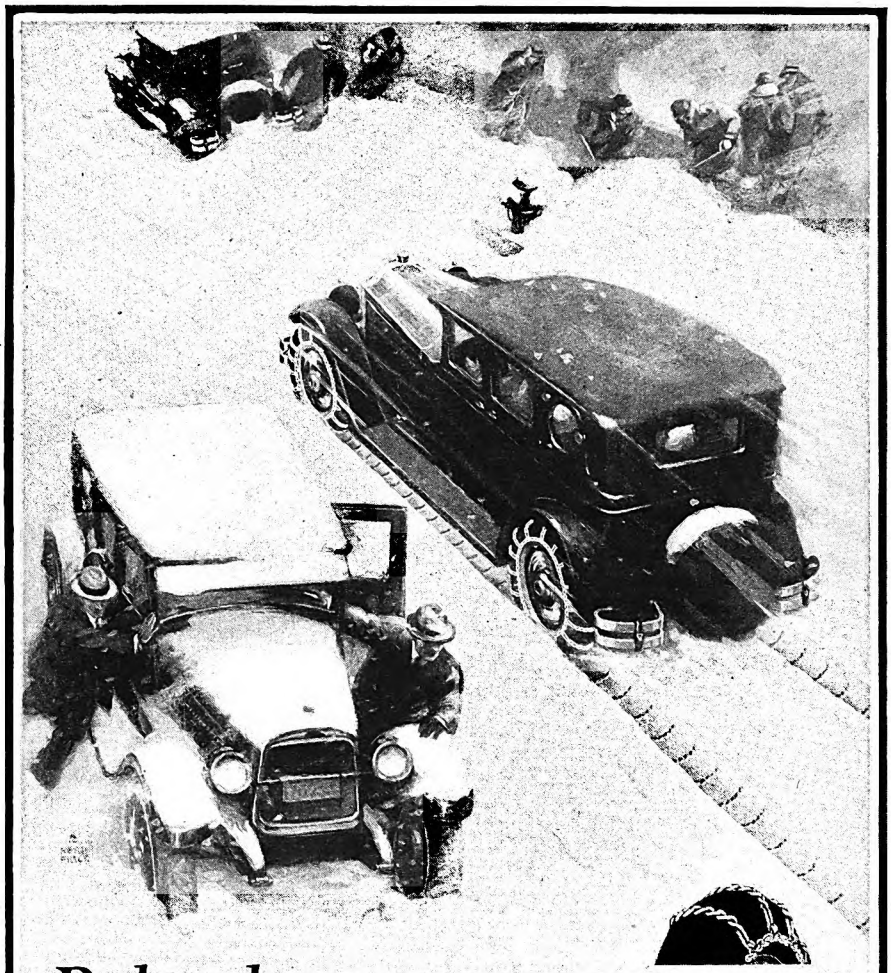
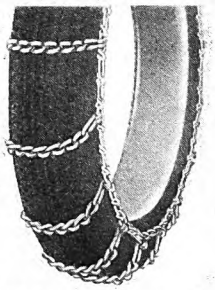


Be loyal to your common sense



SNOW makes hard going. Stalls you just when you think you're going to get through. Slips you into a skid when you least expect it. Because your tires have lost their traction. To stop stalling and skidding WEED Chains are indispensable.

Use

WEED CHAINS

Carry them always in your car and put them on as soon as it starts to snow, sleet, or rain. WEED'S hardened steel cross chains *grip* the road and give your tires dependable traction.

Be sure to ask for WEED Chains. They are time tested—have stopped skids for 23 years. You can identify genuine WEED Chains by their red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains and brass plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*, Bridgeport, Conn.
In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario
Makers of WEED *Bumpers and* WEED *Levelizers*

A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.* in business for *your* safety

There can be no Compromise with Safety

peace in it, and do not hanker to live elsewhere.

And, of them all, Jen Culliton was the wisest. As she sat at the head of her table, and made them all at home, there was something stupendous about her, some evidence of a grip on life that few possess, some dignity that was hers by virtue of her contact with earth, with the growing and selling of food.

"Mrs. Burgameyer, you'll have some more ham, won't you?" she said. "You didn't tell me how your boy was. Is he getting over his lameness all right? Molly, make some more tea, will you? Nothing like a fresh cup of tea for talking things over on! Cora, I haven't heard how your mother was?"

"Why, she's a little better to-day, Jen. She had a bad spell while we was picking the early apples. I was about tuckered out between cooking for pickers and taking care of her. Goodness knows, I'm not complaining, though. Ma's done lots for me all my life!"

"Yes, she's a good woman—the salt of the earth," Jen said.

Molly Parsons, in the doorway with the tea, felt a sudden stinging mist before her eyes. *There was such kindness in this house!* It was like a strange revelation to Allie Parsons's daughter. It was as if she had been following a vision for years, and now, almost up to it, it had grown suddenly small and gray and unworthy. But another took its place. A vision of a good woman, going her simple way, doing good to others with no ostentation, bringing fruitfulness out of the soil, doing her share in making the community better, bringing up children like Ollie and Joe and Caroline and Peter—a great woman, greater far than she would ever have been, going about seeking fame!

JEN smiled up at her gently as she set the tea down, not seeing what was in her heart, but touched, nevertheless, by the shining of her face.

After a little they all went, out into the crispness of the autumn night.

"It's been a good afternoon, Jen," Faith Laraway said. "Don't know when I've enjoyed a day so!"

"Me, either!" Cora Frazier said softly, as she gathered up her bag. "Seems a long time since we girls have got together like this. Wish we could do it oftener—I always feel good after!"

"Good night, Cora! Thanks, Allie, for lending me your girl, seems like she's part mine, anyhow! 'Night, Allie!"

They were gone. Jen turned to the table.

"You leave things alone, Aunt Jen!" called Caroline's eager voice from the kitchen. "Molly and I'll attend to everything!"

"All right," Jen acquiesced, in unaccustomed obedience. "Guess I'll just let you go ahead, girls. I'm going to sit down a minute; I feel kind of tired!"

But first she went outdoors, to fetch a chair that had been left under the maple.

Molly, drying dishes, was the first to come to her. Molly had suddenly flung the dish towel aside.

"I've got to see Aunt Jen a minute," she said to Caroline. "Something I have to tell her!"

She had to tell her about the vision. But she did not tell her, after all.

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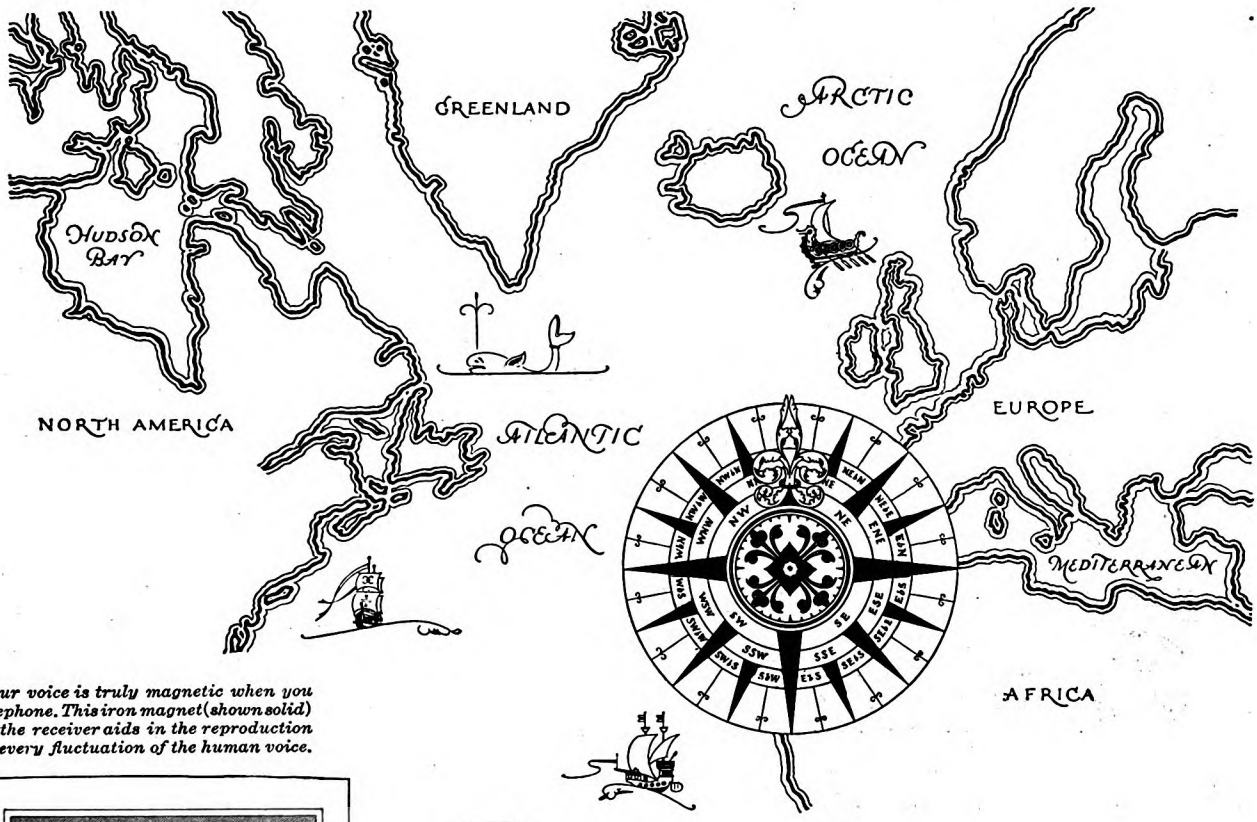
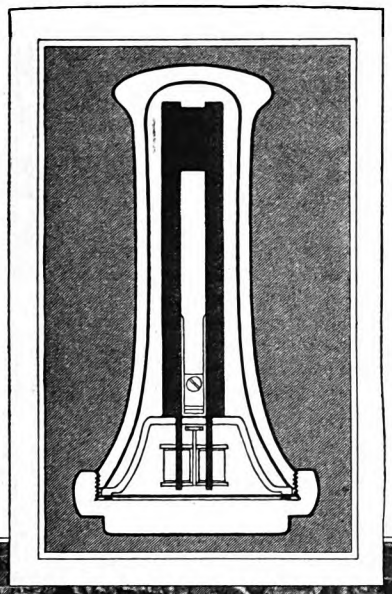
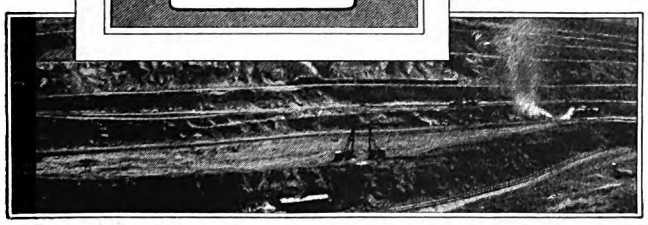


Your voice is truly magnetic when you telephone. This iron magnet (shown solid) in the receiver aids in the reproduction of every fluctuation of the human voice.



Iron*-the Magnet aid to voyagers and voices



Moving mountains—to get just the iron that comes up to telephone specifications.

WE all know that the magnetic property of iron is put to use in the compass as an indispensable aid to the traveler. This same property is at the heart of your telephone instrument, for there's a magnet in the receiver which aids the voice on its journey direct to the ear.

But there is iron and iron—and just one kind that qualifies for this important part in telephone making. To find that iron is a Western Electric responsibility—just as it is our care to seek out in the ends of the earth the right quality for all the other eighteen materials that go into this instrument.

Out of such tested materials is produced economically and accurately the delicate yet durable instrument that contributes its share to your good telephone service.

Back of your telephone

"From the Far Corners of the Earth" *is the geography of your telephone. For your copy address Western Electric, 195 Broadway, New York.*

**No. 11 of a series on raw materials.*

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

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COMFORT
through flexibility

IN shoes that are made to satisfy your desire for good style, you can now enjoy true all-day comfort. The minute you see these new, Spring Cantilever Oxford models, you will be delighted with their attractive appearance. Then, when you wear them, your feet will find these graceful shoes just as comfortable as your eyes found them good-looking.

If you have never tried the Cantilever Shoe, you have yet to enjoy the complete foot comfort that only toe-to-heel flexibility can give you. Your foot itself is flexible. Nature meant it to be free. When you restrict the foot by wearing rigid arch shoes you interfere with its natural movements. You are shoe-bound. In the Cantilever you are foot-free.

You will find Cantilever Oxfords *most* helpful if you need arch support. To support the arch you have only to lace the "sprung-up", all-leather arch of the Cantilever a little more snugly to the undercurve of the foot. Then the arch is supported flexibly, your foot is free to exercise and the weakened arch muscles are building up new strength with every step.

The Cantilever Shoe fits closely under the arch and round the heel. It needs no breaking in, because the shape of the shoe follows the natural lines of the foot. There's room for your toes in the modishly rounded toe of the Cantilever. It fits so well and is so tasteful in style that you will be proud to wear it with your most becoming costume.

In most cities Cantilever Shoes are sold by one especially selected store, which is often listed in the 'phone book under "Cantilever". If you do not find it there, the Cantilever Corporation, 402 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., will be glad to send you the address.

Cantilever Shoe

MEN . . WOMEN . . CHILDREN

Jen was not in the living-room, and Molly went out on the porch, and saw her, sitting out there in the chair under the maples.

"Aunt Jen—you'll catch cold!" she called.

Jen did not answer and Molly ran to her, fell on her knees on the browning grass beside her, seized the big hands that had served a lifetime for others. But she had somehow known before ever she reached her.

ABOUT ten Molly came out into the kitchen. Oliver and Peter sat there. Peter was in Jen's old red-padded rocker by the fire, and his hands seemed to cling to the chair as if it somehow were a part of Jen. Oliver was beside the table, the light from the lamp falling on his face, bleak and agonized with its hurt.

Molly went straight to Oliver, put a hand on his shoulder.

"Where's the lantern, Ollie?"

"Lantern? What is it—do you want to go home?"

"No— Oh, no— I'm staying with Caroline! But where is it?"

He got up, hardly seeming to see her, and got the lantern from its place inside the sink cupboard, lighted it.

"Come!" said Molly.

He followed her out the door and down through the back yard. She paused at the edge of the orchard, put a quick, comforting hand on his arm.

"Ollie—somehow—it seems *right!* She would have hated being old—and it was such a happy day—so—so much love in it! I—I think she'd have wanted it—to quit—in the harness, like this! Oh, Ollie—she was—she *is* a great woman!"

"Yes," said Oliver in a choked voice.

"She isn't really dead; she'll live in every home for miles around for years and years; she's a great woman, Ollie!"

She turned then, abruptly, and went on through the orchard till she came to the far end, where the beehives stood. She held out the lantern to Ollie and went down on her knees in the damp grass, lifted a shaking hand, knocked gently.

"Don't go away, bees!" she said in the half-whisper of a sobbing child. "Make sweet honey for—for your—your new mistress!"

Oliver put the lantern down with one swift movement. He reached down and pulled Molly up into his arms. She clung to him tiredly, and his tears mingled with hers, and their hurt became eased, as one hurt. It was as if they were living in the midst of some terribly sweet, sad legend.

"Only, really," Molly said at last, her face tight against his, "there can never be any mistress here but *her!*"

COLONEL BRAXTON will soon appear in another unusual and fascinating Melville Davisson Post story, "The Leading Case," in which a smooth-tongued, unctuous hypocrite, armed with a legal document, tries to defraud a young orphan girl of her inheritance. Things are looking pretty dark for the Colonel's young client, when through a tiny hole in the questioned document streams the white light of truth. From this point the story marches to a smashing climax.

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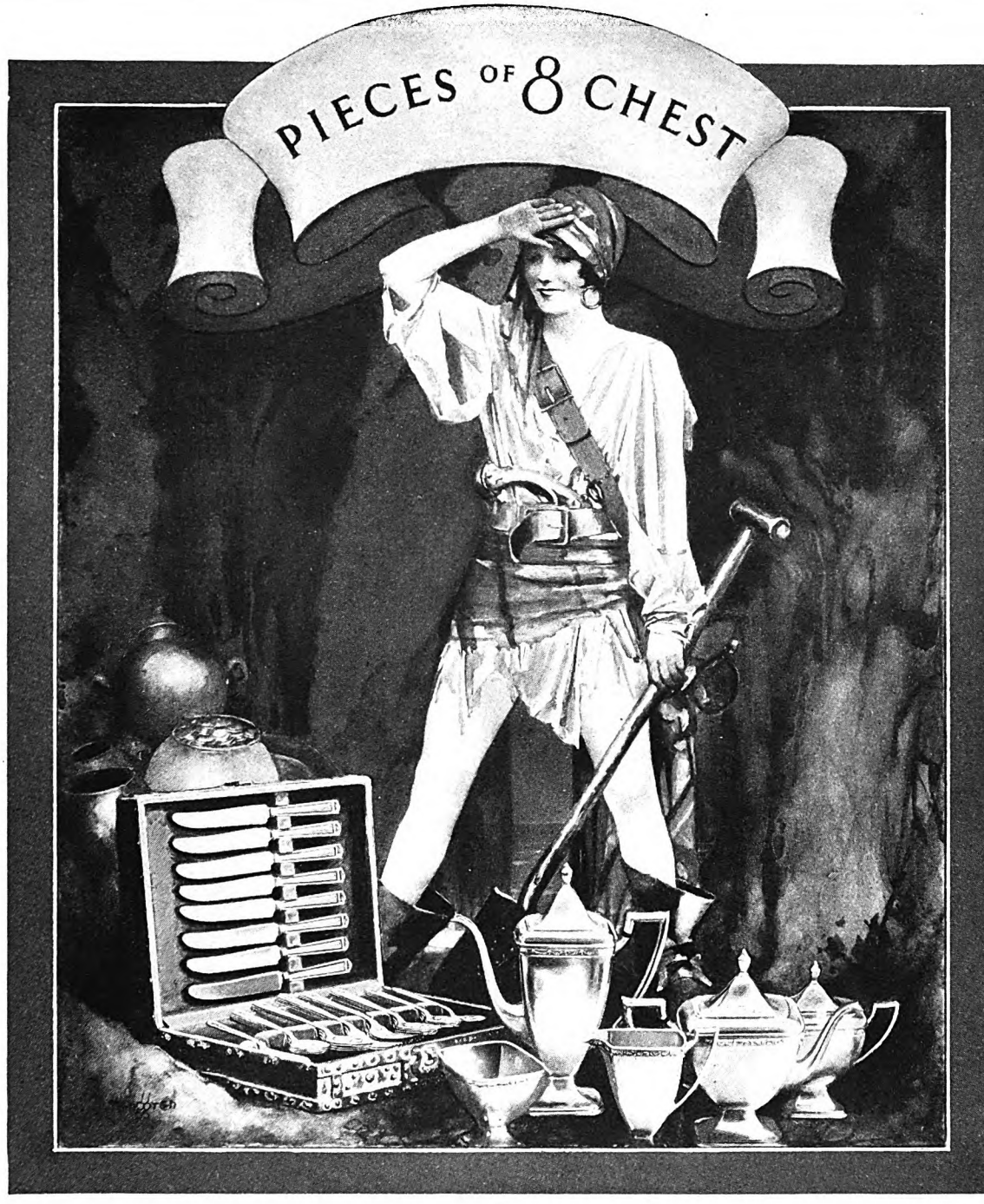

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A new idea, like hidden treasure, often lies buried for centuries. Then, one bright day, Progress unearths it, and the world gets a new thrill. So it was with the PIECES OF 8. Generations of young brides had hungered in vain for a set of silver with enough knives, forks and spoons to take care of "unexpected company." Then along came 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate with a set of silverware in "eights" instead of the usual shorthanded "six of each." Covers for eight in table essentials — 34 pieces all told — in a gorgeous Spanish Treasure Chest — retailing for . . . $49.50.

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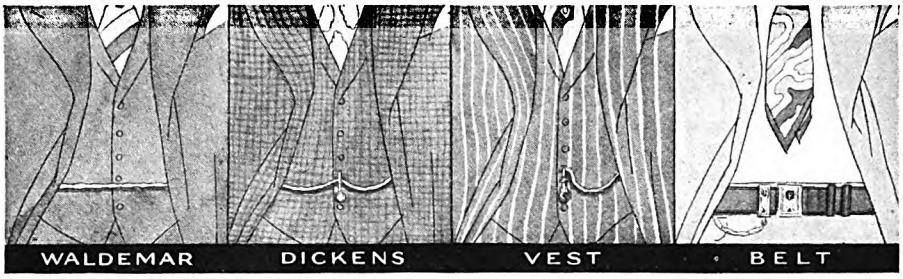

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TRADE MARK
CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

The Conquest of Night

(*Continued from page 55*)

thought about it as something that can be defined." Then Doctor Whitney told me some of the amazing things that have been learned about light, both the natural and the artificial kind.

I can abridge a little his explanation of light by going back to what science has learned about the atom. All matter, as you learned in your physics textbook at school, is made up of molecules, and the molecules, in turn, are composed of atoms. Each of these little atoms, scientists now know, is a sort of miniature solar system in itself, with a nucleus of positive electricity, corresponding to our sun, and with electrons of negative electricity revolving around it, like planets. Study of the atom seems to indicate that all matter—wood, iron, clay, everything—is composed of nothing but positive and negative electricity in varying proportions. And it may surprise you to know that *light*, as well as matter, originates *in the atom*.

But to me the most amazing fact that science has discovered in this field is that light is merely radio of infinitely short wave length. The atom holds the record for being the smallest broadcasting station.

"Yes," said Doctor Whitney, "the radio waves are of exactly the same character as light waves. The only difference is one of *wave length*.

"You know that one radio station broadcasts on a wave of 400 meters, another on a wave of 360 meters, and so on. But if a broadcasting station were able to send out waves short enough, you would *see* them in the form of light coming from the antenna, instead of hearing them, as you now hear the longer waves after a complicated apparatus has picked them up.

"AS EVERY radio fan knows, the length of the wave sent out by a broadcasting station is governed, to a certain extent, by the length of the antenna; the shorter the antenna, the shorter the wave.

"The shortest antenna ever used to propagate radio waves was composed of two pieces of platinum wire sealed in opposite sides of a glass tube less than a millimeter—or about four hundredths of an inch—apart. You can compare this with the wave length of light, which is *one thirty-nine-thousandth* of an inch for the red waves, which are the longest, and *one sixty-two-thousandth* of an inch for the violet, which are the shortest in the spectrum."

I am going to tell you a little more about the spectrum later on in the article.

"The radio station in the atom," Doctor Whitney continued, "which sends out light waves is indescribably small. I can best give you an idea of how small it is by an illustration: Suppose we take a cubic inch of air and enlarge it until the molecules of which it is composed are the size of grains of sand. How big a beach would these sand-sized molecules make? Why, we would have to have one a thousand miles long, a mile wide and

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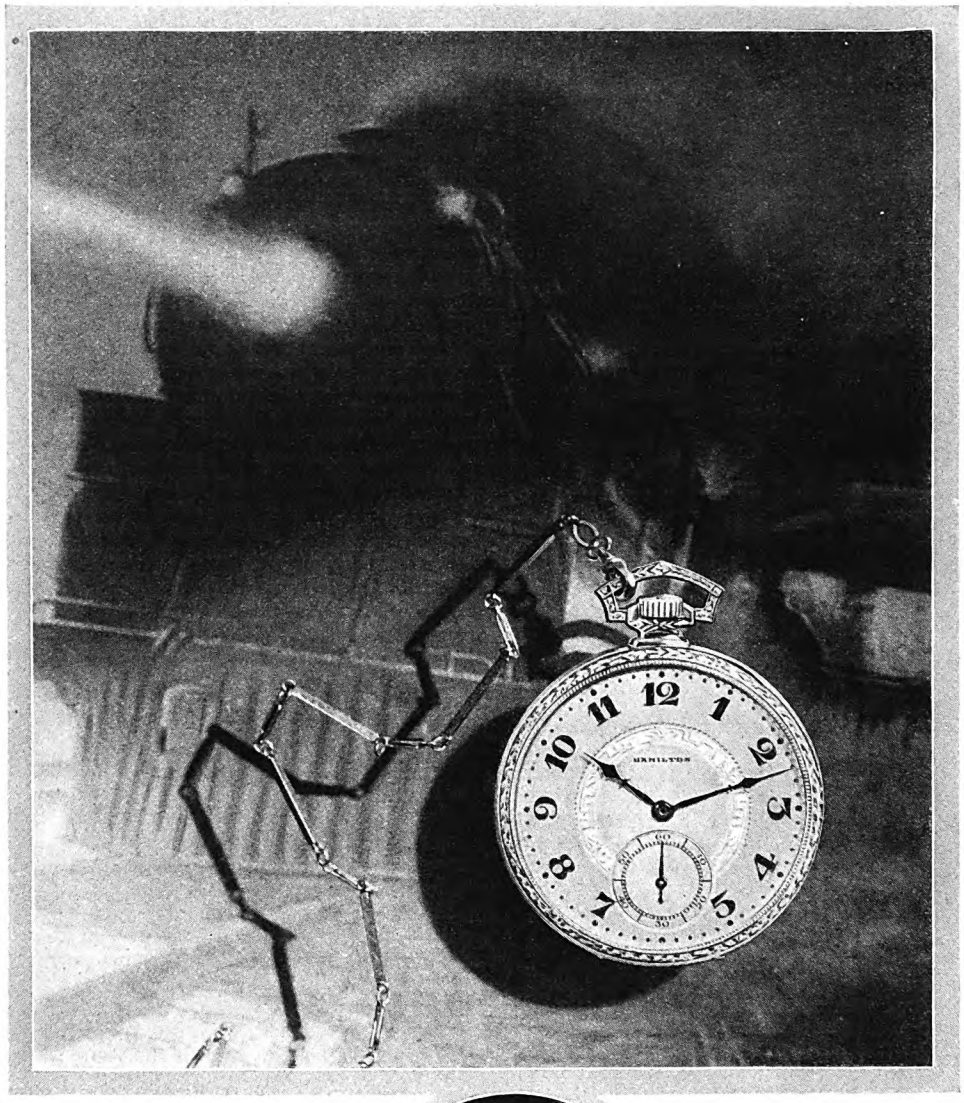

A conference at ten, luncheon at twelve-thirty, the Century at two-forty-five—for all these the business man must be exactly timed; and he is as exactly timed as the Limited itself if he carries a Hamilton Watch. For the Hamilton is more than a pocket-piece—it is a timepiece, a timepiece that under gruelling tests has won for itself the reputation of being the watch of railroad accuracy. Indeed, it is a fact that a large proportion of the railroad men of the country are served by the Hamilton Watch.

Hamilton accuracy is a matter not only of careful planning, careful machining, careful adjusting; it is the result of testing—thorough, searching testing—over a period of months. Every day, for weeks at a time, each Hamilton Watch ticks away under the keenest scrutiny, under the closest checking. When you slip a Hamilton into your pocket you may be confident that it will give you time-accuracy, year in and year out. And in a watch there can indeed be no possible substitute for accuracy.

The Hamilton Watch is priced from $48 to $685 for pocket models; strap models, $50 to $88; women's wrist models, $48 to $60.

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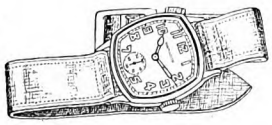
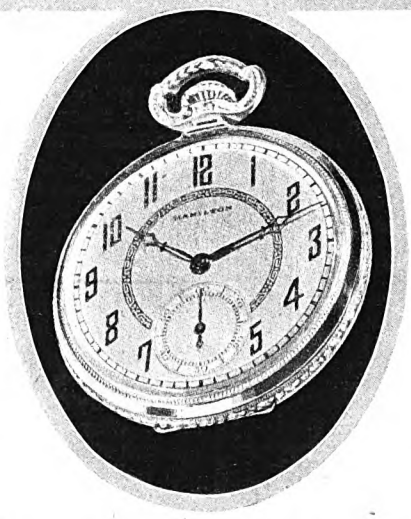
The Hamilton cushion strap watch sturdily encased in 14k filled green or white gold, costs only $50.





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Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

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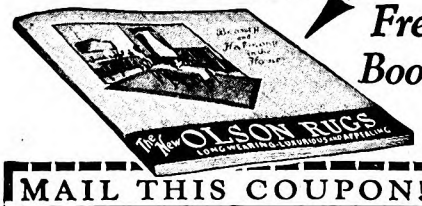

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three feet deep. And there are several atoms contained in each molecule.

"To sum it all up, light is produced by a radio wave almost infinitely short, propagated from an electron which has been electrically kicked away from the nucleus of the atom, and which sets up the electro-magnetic waves by its return to its place, just as the much larger group of electrons forced into a wireless antenna produce the much longer wireless electro-magnetic wave. Probably this won't give much of a mental picture to the average person; but any attempt to make it clearer would involve endless scientific complications."

Light, therefore, being a radio wave, travels at the same speed as a wave from a broadcasting station, or 186,000 miles a second. This enormous speed is, of course, practically instantaneous, so far as distances on earth are concerned. A radio or a light wave could circle the globe seven and one-half times in a second.

But there are distances between the earth and some of the stars so great as to make the terrific speed of the light wave seem slower than the pace of a snail. In our universe there are stars so far away from the earth that it takes light one hundred thousand years to reach us. In other words, if we had telescopes powerful enough to distinguish details on some of the stars of the Milky Way, whatever we saw would have occurred one hundred thousand years ago. The light from Mars requires three minutes to reach the earth; that of the moon about one and one-third seconds.

"NOT all light," Doctor Whitney continued, "is visible to the eye. Visible light is contained in a certain band of wave lengths, of which red is the longest and violet the shortest. This band of visible light we call the spectrum; and it is what you see in a rainbow. The colors run in the following order, blending almost imperceptibly to form hundreds of tints: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. The invisible rays beyond the red are called the infra-red; those beyond the violet are called the ultra-violet. These invisible rays, as well as the visible ones, are contained in all light, but their proportions vary."

Color is all in your eye. The spectrum, from red to violet, is capable of division into no fewer than three thousand different tints, or colors, by scientific instruments in the laboratory; but the human eye is capable of selecting only one hundred and twenty-eight of these. There are three primary or fundamental colors in the spectrum—red, green, and blue-violet—and by an admixture of these we can form all of the intermediate colors, including white, which is really not a color in itself but a combination of *all* the colors in the spectrum.

Perhaps you have at some time wondered why danger signals on railroads are red. Why do they put up a red light on a switch stand, instead of some other color, to indicate that the switch is open? I have heard many explanations: how red, being the color of blood, is the natural danger signal, for instance. But the real reason is quite commonplace.

White lights were barred, of course, because the engineer might mistake the light in a window, or a street light, for a signal. Red was chosen because the red rays are less easily obscured by fog or smoke than any other color (except white), and can, therefore, be seen farther under adverse conditions. The red beam has forty per cent the intensity of white light; green has twenty-five per cent, and violet is still lower.

As it is important that the danger signal be visible at the greatest possible distance, and as the red beam has the greatest intensity of any of the colors, it was chosen for the danger light. Green, on the railroad, is the safety light.

Perhaps you have wondered how light gets "around a corner." That is, how a given point, not in a direct light ray, is nevertheless lighted. For instance, there is some light inside a tunnel; or if you make a light in one room it will also light another room, provided there is an opening between them, even though this opening is not directly opposite the light. The answer is that the light in the direct rays is reflected from the minute particles of dust and water vapor in the air. If there were no reflecting particles in the air, there would be no light, except direct rays.

Color is due to light absorption. A red flower appears red because it absorbs all the other rays of the spectrum and reflects only the red. A piece of glass stained red allows only the red rays to pass, and absorbs all the others. If a red flower is lighted successively by red, green, and blue light it will appear brilliantly red in the red light, and black in the other colors, because, being red, the flower can reflect nothing but red light.

All of the ordinary methods of artificial lighting with which most of us are familiar give light that is more or less white. The candle and the kerosene lamp have a preponderance of the yellow and red rays of the spectrum, hence they give off a reddish-yellow light. Firelight contains a little more red. Gaslight is a little whiter, because it contains more blue and less red, and electric light is whiter still. The mercury-vapor lamp, used in photographic and industrial work, consists almost entirely of the green rays. Sunlight, of course, contains all the rays in the ideal proportion.

AN OLD friend of mine who lived in the country once remarked that he would not have electric lights in the house. They were hard, he maintained, on the eyes. For a good, comfortable light he preferred a kerosene lamp. I asked Doctor Whitney whether some kinds of light were better for the eyes than others.

"Habit," he replied, "has a lot to do with comfort. If you are thoroughly accustomed to kerosene light you will be more comfortable with it than with others. Eye strain is due more to quantity than to kind of light. Any light source is good, provided there is enough of it, and provided there is no glare.

"It is painful and tiring for the eye to gaze directly at the source of light; and, in some cases, it is dangerous. The direct rays from an electric arc are quite harmful to the eye. Workmen who use the arc for welding and cutting often suffer from acute eye irritation, even when their eyes are protected by a thick screen of dark glass."

The best light, of course, is that to which mankind is most accustomed—day-

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Never was so attractive, spacious and useful a cabinet, with electric refrigeration of so high a standard, offered at such a low price. A truly wonderful present for wedding, birthday or anniversary.

A practical saver of money, labor and food. Makes delicious frozen salads and desserts—and plenty of those dainty ice cubes.

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light. Of late years bulbs have been made to reproduce the color of daylight. You have no doubt seen these lights in the department stores, where they are used for matching colors. In the old days, when a woman wanted to match a piece of goods, she had to take the cloth and her sample to a door or window, where she could compare them by daylight. Now, with the "daylight" lamp, this matching can be done equally well at the counter.

Artificial daylight is produced by making the bulb of a tungsten lamp of a glass which corrects the light approximately to the spectrum of daylight. This glass is a faint blue in color, and is made in two shades. One of these is called "north window" daylight and the other "south window" daylight.

The difference between them is this: The light which comes through a north window is composed entirely of sunlight reflected from the sky. The light coming through a south window contains, in addition to the reflected light, a little direct sunlight. It is warmer in tone.

Inasmuch as this form of artificial light is the same as daylight in everything except in intensity, you would think most people would want it in their homes—but they don't.

The reason is that artificial daylight, in the home, seems cold and cheerless. For ages, the only light men had was firelight, which is composed mostly of red and yellow rays. They learned to associate the comfort and security of the home with a reddish-yellow light. The "daylight" bulb, with its greater proportion of blue rays, makes a room seem chilly.

ONE of the recent discoveries in connection with light has had a somewhat amusing sequel, as the following story will illustrate:

One evening last winter, when a young man living in a New York boarding-house came down to dinner, his appearance astonished his fellow boarders.

The landlady, a motherly soul, inspected him closely.

"Why, John!" she said, "are you sick?"

The young fellow shook his head.

"I believe you are," she insisted. "You must be coming down with something. Why, your face is just as red as fire!"

He assured her that he had never felt better in his life.

"Well," she said, only half convinced, "maybe you are all right; but what in the world makes your face so red?"

"Sunburn," he replied calmly.

Two or three others, attracted by the conversation, had gathered 'round. When they heard his reply they burst into a shout of laughter.

"Sunburn!" gasped one of them, when he could speak. "Why, you poor fish, how would you get sunburned in the middle of winter, working in an office all day? Tell us a better one!"

But John, perhaps with a desire to be tantalizing, refused to elucidate further. He ate a hearty supper, and then went to his room.

The following evening, at the dinner hour, his friends looked at him with awakened interest. The red flush was less pronounced in tone; it seemed to be deepening into brown.

By the fourth or fifth day there was no doubt about it; John's skin had assumed a most convincing tan. He looked exactly as if he had been spending the time under the palms at Miami, instead of bending over a desk in a Northern winter. One of his fellow boarders again took up the subject.

"By George," he remarked, "I believe you *are* tanned. How did you get it?"

"Well," John explained, "as you all know, I'm from the South. This winter I haven't been feeling good; sort of lost my pep. The doctor thought maybe I wasn't getting as much light as I have been accustomed to all my life, so he has been giving me treatments with the ultra-violet rays. That's all there is to it."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked another boarder, "that you can be tanned by *artificial* light?"

John nodded. "Yep," he answered. "And there is a lot of 'Palm Beach' tan going around New York this winter that was acquired no farther south than Fourteenth Street. You put on your bathing suit, lie under the ultra-violet lamp a few minutes daily for a few days, and you've got a tan that anybody would say had cost you two hundred dollars in railroad fare alone."

Light is now being used in the treatment of several kinds of illness.

THE ultra-violet rays, as I explained earlier in this article, are those light waves which lie just beyond the violet. They are present in all forms of light in a greater or less degree. Rays from the sun are strong with them, and these rays tan your skin—and even burn it if the exposure is long enough. The tan is merely a defense which the skin puts on to protect the body from these rays, by absorbing them.

The ultra-violet rays have, however, one peculiarity: they are almost entirely absorbed by ordinary glass. You could sit in the sunshine streaming through a window pane all day without acquiring the faintest tan. The wonderful thing about the ultra-violet lamp is the discovery of a kind of natural glass through which these rays pass freely.

This natural glass is called quartz. It occurs abundantly in nature, but until recent years no commercial method was known by which it could be melted, molded, and shaped so as to be perfectly transparent. It is now done in the electric furnace.

The ultra-violet lamp is nothing more than a mercury-vapor arc, the tube of which is made of fused quartz. This form of light, which consists almost entirely of the green rays in the visible spectrum, is very rich in the ultra-violet. These lamps are quite powerful. An exposure of from three to five minutes is sufficient to redden the skin, equivalent to a slight sunburn. Longer exposure would produce severe burning, with serious results.

The ultra-violet ray is used in the treatment of certain skin diseases, with apparent success, and also for the bizarre purpose of making up light deficiency in certain persons.

The ultra-violet rays have also the property of killing germs; and one use of the ultra-violet-ray lamp is in purifying water by exposing it to the rays. This explains how sunlight purifies the water in rivers.

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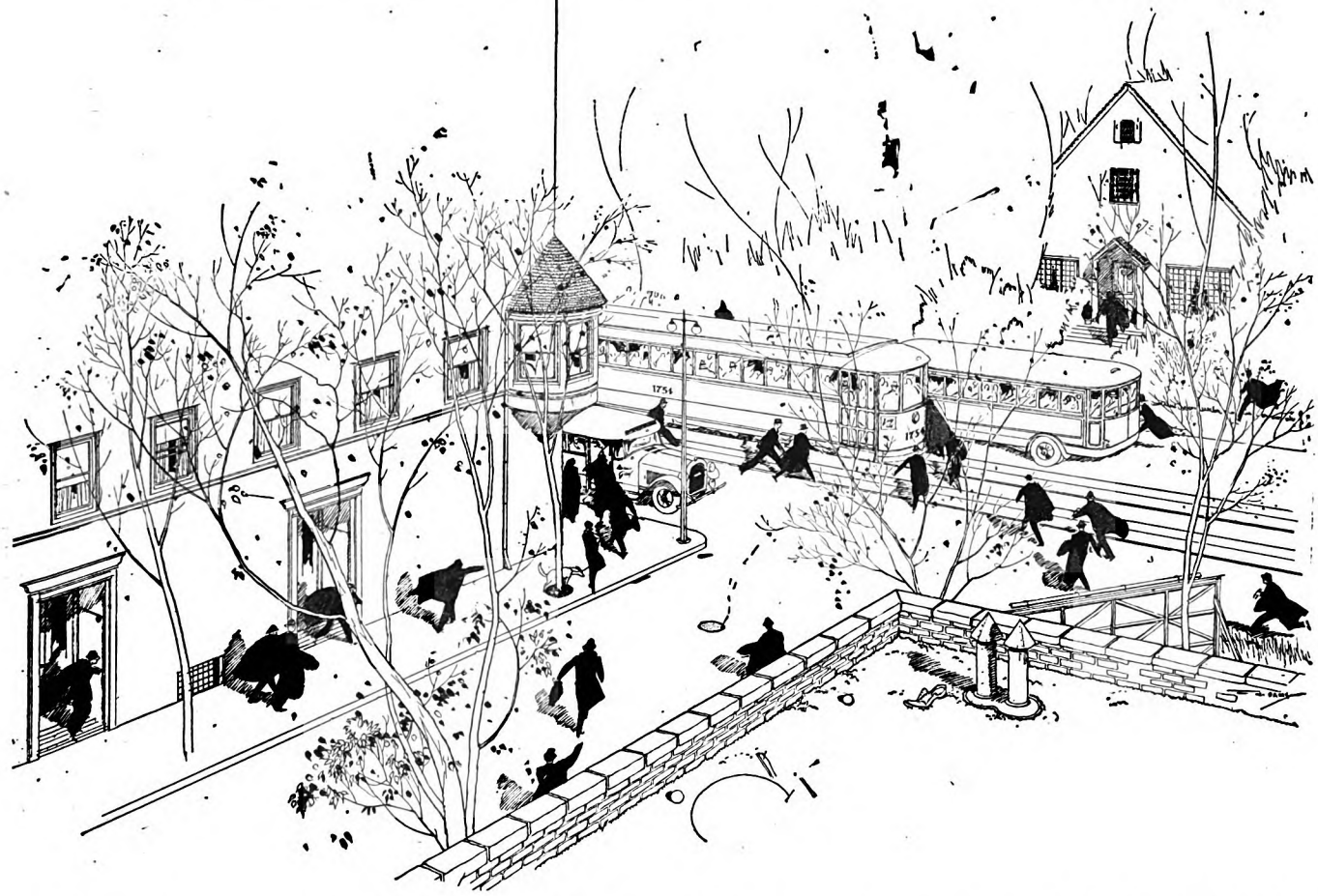
Why men leave home... *half fed*



ALL over the country, countless front doors bang each morning behind half-fed men, emerging to tackle the day's work. They don't know they're half-fed. They've had their breakfast. Of course they've had their breakfast. They may have hurried a bit, but they've had their usual breakfast.

They don't stop to think—and their wives don't stop to think—that this "usual breakfast" is an inadequate, poorly-balanced, starvation-diet kind of meal. A sufficient amount of *food*, perhaps, but not nearly enough *nourishment* . . .

But a small breakfast can be a safe breakfast

Stick to your small breakfast if you must—if your appetite and your morning schedule so dictate. But by all means stop to think—or get your wife to stop to think—that a small breakfast must be a particularly nourishing one. As a result of such thinking, Grape-Nuts has taken its place on millions of American breakfast tables. Eaten with milk or cream, a single serving of these delicious golden kernels supplies a generous amount of unusually well-balanced nourishment.

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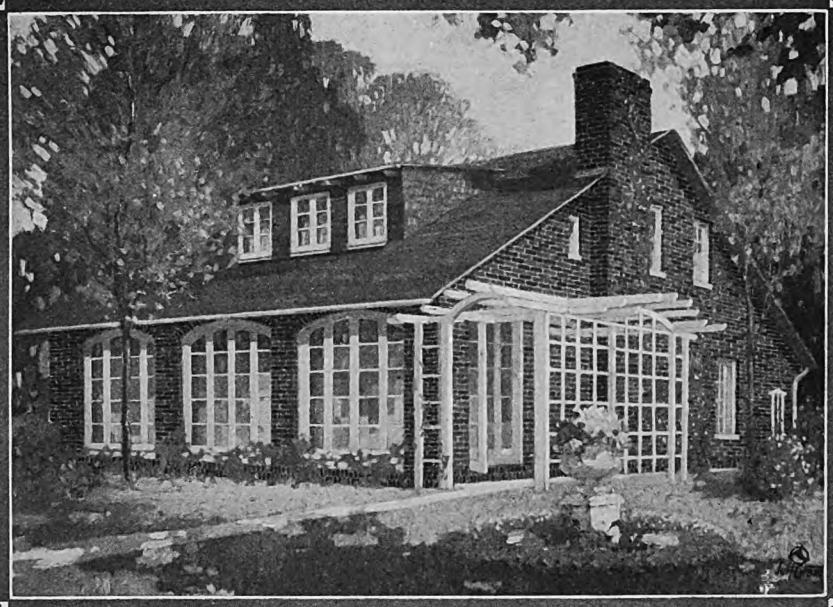
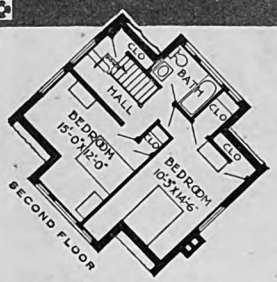
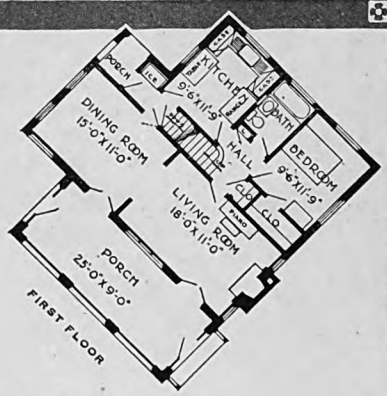




Six-Room House
No. 621



Plan now your own charming Face Brick

Home of Beauty

COLORFUL Face Brick will make your new house a real home—substantial, comfortable, satisfying—one that will serve you a lifetime and pass down to your children's children, lovely with the mellowness of the years, precious with the cherished memories of family fireside and genial friends. "The Story of Brick," a valuable booklet on building. Sent free.

INTERESTING BOOKLETS ABOUT HOME BUILDING

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" embrace 128 designs of houses, unusual and distinctive in design, convenient in floor plan and economical to build. Four booklets showing 3 to 4-room, 5-room, 6-room and 7 to 8-room houses. Each 25 cents. Entire set $1.00.

"The Home of Beauty" contains 50 two-story, six-room houses, submitted by architects in a nation-wide competition. Sent for 50 cents.

Complete plans for all these houses available at nominal prices.

"The Home Fires" tells how to build a real fireplace and shows many attractive fireplace designs. Sent for 25 cents.

"A New House for the Old." Stop repairing and painting by veneering the old house with beautiful Face Brick. Booklet sent free.

AMERICAN FACE BRICK ASSOCIATION
1736 Peoples Life Building · Chicago, Illinois

The Dealer Who Displays This Sign Carries the Best Quality in Face Brick

AFBA USE FACE BRICK —If Proper

Face Brick
made by a Member of the
AMERICAN FACE BRICK ASSOCIATION

While ordinary glass absorbs most of the ultra-violet rays, some, a very small proportion, pass through. This proportion, in ordinary incandescent lights, is so small that it can hardly be detected, even by scientific instruments. But from a light of great intensity, such as a high-power searchlight, enough of the rays pass through the glass front of the lamp to produce a good case of sunburn, if the skin is exposed to it for any great length of time. Men who are employed in constructing and testing searchlights show a fine coat of tan the year around.

The commonest form of artificial light is the ordinary incandescent bulb with the tungsten filament. These vary in size from the tiny "grain of wheat" lamp to the thirty thousand-watt lamp, the size of a football. The "grain of wheat" lamp is just the size and shape of a grain of wheat. It is used in the instruments with which surgeons explore the interior of the human body.

Tungsten metal is the best filament material because it withstands the necessary heat better than any other substance. It is produced from an ore called wolframite. This is mined in Colorado, California, China, and Africa, as well as in some of the European countries. Most of that used in this country comes from China, and the crude ore is reduced to tungsten in America.

At the mine the crude ore is worth forty dollars a ton. After it has been reduced to bars of tungsten in the electric furnace it is worth four thousand dollars a ton, and after it has been drawn into filament wire, which is stronger than steel and not much larger than a human hair, it is worth seventy dollars a pound, or one hundred and forty thousand dollars a ton.

AS I stated earlier in this article, the *kind* of light we use in our homes, schoolrooms and offices is not so important as the amount. Most rooms are underlighted.

What is proper illumination? Just one thing: enough light free from glare.

The unit of light measurement is called the "foot-candle." This simply means the amount given out by a *standard candle* at a distance of one foot. The light given by a standard candle is about half that produced by the ordinary tallow candle which you can purchase at the corner store. If you held a tallow candle a foot away from the wall, the intensity of illumination directly in front of the candle would be two foot-candles. The illumination of the average office by artificial light is about four foot-candles—which means that on the desk, where the light is needed, the amount of light is equal to that of two tallow candles held one foot away from the desk.

Compare that with the light out of doors. On a cloudless day in midsummer in an open field the average illumination of full sunlight is equal to *eight thousand* foot-candles. In the shade of a tree the illumination is five hundred foot-candles. The sunny side of a street is illuminated with a light intensity of about three thousand foot-candles, while the shady side of the street has about three hundred foot-candles. The light of the full moon, in an open field, is equal to about thirteen-thousandths of a foot-candle.

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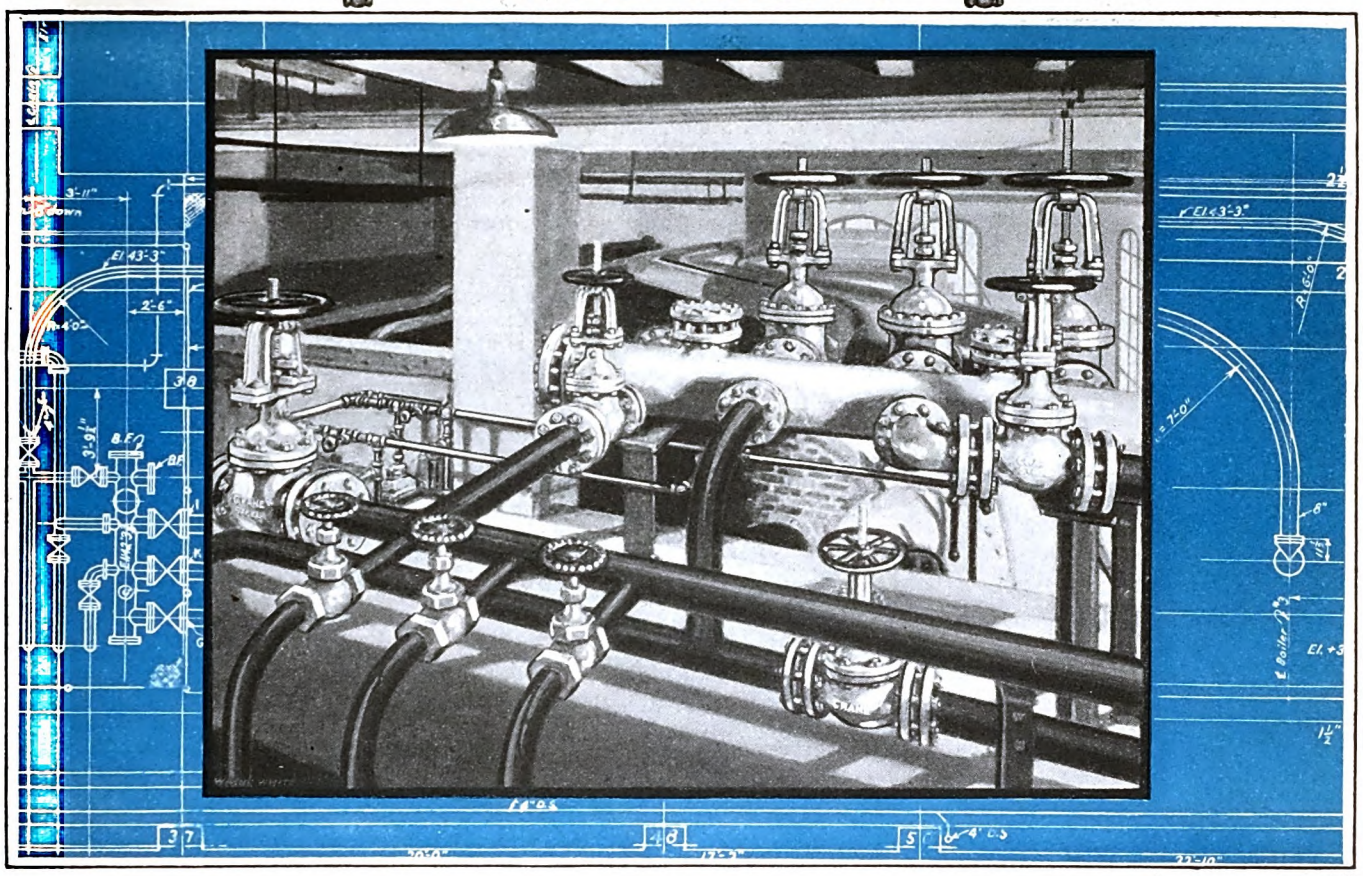
150 Pounds Pressure CRANE VALVES 2500 Pounds Pressure



[*A view above the boilers in the power house of* NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, *Alexander McKinlock Memorial Campus, Chicago. Consulting Engineer,* W. L. FERGUS. *Piping Contractor,* W. A. POPE. *Header and valves of Crane steel, and piping, supplied by* CRANE CO.]

An investment in knowledge

Carved in stone above the Gothic doorway of the School of Commerce, Northwestern University, are these words of Benjamin Franklin's: *"An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."* Doubly apt is the thought, since the door also leads to the power house with its Crane valves, fittings, and piping.

Man's mastery of metals and his influence over their texture and quality are the interest on just such an investment in knowledge. As early as 1888, Crane Co. established the country's pioneer laboratory for the chemical control of raw materials. Later, a similar pioneer effort systematically determined the behavior of metals and alloys at high temperatures.

As precedent and rule-of-thumb gave way to exact science, timid advance became rushing progress, with Crane well in the forefront. Today, at the service of every human activity are Crane materials, definitely grounded on the wealth of practical knowledge gained in 72 years of study and work with metals.

You may be the consulting engineer for a vast power development and need giant gate valves or special pipe bends; you may be building a bungalow and need a sink faucet or a drainage tee. Thus requirements vary, but never Crane quality. For safety, strength, and economy, specify Crane piping equipment.

CRANE

PIPING MATERIALS TO CONVEY AND CONTROL STEAM, OIL, GAS, AND LIQUID

WRITE CRANE CO., GENERAL OFFICES, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Fifty-five Cities
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal
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In This Wide-Open Field Where You Can Triple Your Income

While Insurance, Real Estate, and everything else you can think of, are swamped with competition, the field of FIRE PROTECTION has remained virtually undiscovered—practically untouched. There are small fortunes in this fast growing business for men who enter now . . . life-time jobs, paying $90, $100 and up to $250 a week, yours, now, almost for the asking.

START AT ONCE
No Experience Required

NOTHING is more widely needed in America than fire-fighting devices. Our national fire loss is $1,000 a minute—think of it—over $550,000,000 a year!

We make the most effective fire-fighting devices ever known. FYR-FYTERS shoot an amazing new chemical . . . harmless and stainless . . . that multiplies itself hundreds of times and snuffs out fire like a gigantic wet blanket. Fyr-Fyters are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. Our business is ten years old . . . the world-leader in this field . . . now growing faster than ever.

Ford, Packard, Firestone, General Motors, Standard Oil and hundreds of similar concerns have already turned to this new way to fight fire. Last year our representatives sold millions of dollars' worth of Fyr-Fyters.

Represent Us—Full or Part Time

The field is wide-open. You have millions of prospects and practically no competition. Only 5% of the market has been supplied. Everybody fears fire. Millions want this protection . . . factories, stores, homes, farms, schools, hotels, etc., etc. . . . countless new buildings, autos, trucks, garages.

Fyr-Fyters make amazing demonstration in 2 minutes and sell fast. Every property owner instantly recognizes the need for Fyr-Fyters. One customer often buys 50 to 100 at one time!

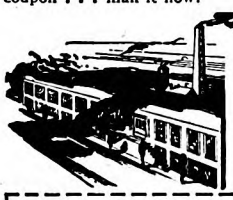
One city block is capable of sales running into thousands of dollars. Viles made a $1,700 sale. Brady took a $4,200 order. Homes or farms, alone, can pay you $4,000 a year.

Anyone can sell Fyr-Fyters. We start you . . . full time or part time. You need no capital for stock. We give you a detailed plan to follow that has doubled and tripled incomes for hundreds of men. DePries took this plan, left a job at $85 a month, and made $7,000 in one year. Payne averaged $20.77 a day profit his first 200 days.

I can't list all of our $10,000 men here. I can't begin to tell you all of the opportunities. But there isn't a single reason why you can't easily make $12 to $15 a day from the start and climb right up to $10,000 a year.

Get This Plan FREE

Let me send you complete details of this work FREE. See how easy it is. Then, with all the facts before you, decide. If you're the kind of man we want, use the coupon . . . mail it now!



R. C. Iddings, Pres.

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City_____ State_____

In an office with large windows, a desk six feet from the window will receive, on a clear day, a light intensity of one hundred and ten foot-candles; twelve feet away this intensity drops to seventy foot-candles, and eighteen feet away to fifty foot-candles. This last figure seems small, compared with the others; but it is more than ten times the intensity of the artificial illumination provided in the same office. Most offices are lighted with an average intensity of less than five foot-candles—which is not enough light.

Indirect, or "shadowless," lighting is undoubtedly best in offices, because there are neither direct nor concentrated rays, and consequently no shadows. It is not much used in homes, because the absence of shadows makes it peculiarly ugly.

TO WORK with comfort and without eye strain, the light on the desk ought always to be from fifteen to twenty foot-candles.

This amount of illumination will be provided by a sixteen-candle-power electric light one foot away from the work, a thirty-two-candle-power light one and one-half feet distant, or a hundred-watt lamp six feet above the desk.

The light should be shaded, so that it will not directly strike the pupil of the eye, and should be set at such an angle that it will not be reflected into the eye from papers on the desk, or the polished surface of the desk itself. The easiest way to tell whether or not light is being reflected into the eye is to lay a mirror on the desk in the place usually occupied by your work. If you see the light in the mirror, then it is set at the wrong angle; and you should either move the light, or the desk, until the light itself is no longer visible. Then you may be sure that your eyes will not suffer from glare.

The amount of light necessary to light a room is determined, of course, by the reflecting ability of the walls. The best reflecting surface is pure magnesia, which returns about ninety-eight per cent of all the light which falls upon it. Any white wall reflects more light than any colored wall. A wall painted dead black would reflect least. A yellow tint seems best, both from the psychological effect on the nerves, and from the amount of light reflected.

LESS light is required at home than in the office. A living-room is most attractively and restfully lighted when just enough illumination is provided to see your way about comfortably, with spots of bright light where they are needed for reading or sewing.

This is accomplished by using heavily shaded wall sconces for general illumination, in combination with reading lamps. The best tint for the shades of lights at home is a light amber. This tint will not "fight" with the decorative scheme of the room, and, for the benefit of the ladies, light of this particular color has the peculiarly valuable characteristic of making the skin look its best.

A reading lamp fitted with three sixteen-candle-power electric lights four feet away from your book or paper will give twelve foot-candles, which is plenty; it is also sufficient for sewing.

All of this, and much more, I heard while on my visit to the research laboratories of the General Electric Company. But why the continued experiments? you ask. Well, there has been constant improvement in artificial lighting, and there is no reason to conclude that there will be no further improvements.

The scientists have discovered what light is. Maybe, some day, they will find how to broadcast it. Who knows? It is a radio wave. Very tiny, it is true, but that does not daunt the scientific mind. Radio would have been considered impossible only a few years ago. Electric lights would have been considered impossible a few generations ago. But radio and electric lights have come. No one knows what the scientists will discover next. But they will discover something. They are sure of that. There always has been progress; and there always will be.

"FOUR Heroes and a Heroine of Whom You Have Never Heard" is the story of a man who has built a fine career on the influence others have had upon him. Two of these heroes of his were preachers, one a village schoolteacher, and one a designer of machinery. The heroine was a widow who fought hard to support her children. Not one of the five ever thought of doing heroic deeds. But influence is a magic thing. Everyone exerts influence of one kind or another, and this article next month reveals clearly the undreamed-of power that you may have on the lives of others.

Things I Wish My Congregation Wouldn't Do

(*Continued from page 59*)

not one of that never-minding class. I always have a severe nervous headache after officiating at a funeral. To go into a house where death has come, to console the stricken family with the right assurances, while all the time my own heart is torn with their sorrow and the mortal doubt that comes to the strongest of us in such hours—no, that's not easy work. It is the sort of experience that puts furrows in a minister's face.

If my congregation could only understand these things, they would not feel that I do not earn my salary; that somehow I am living on their charity. I wish they didn't think that; but I know that sometimes they do. They regard me, half unconsciously, as fortunate to be their pastor; fortunate to have such good furniture in my parsonage; fortunate to get a raise of one hundred dollars last spring.

I want my congregation to know that I am no more living on their charity than

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The Layerbilt patented construction revealed. Each layer makes automatic contact with its neighbors, and fills all available space.

Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, for all loud-speaker sets.

This is the Heavy-Duty Battery in which the new Layerbilt construction provides greater economy

THERE'S an important discovery in radio economy awaiting all users of loud-speaker sets who have been buying the smaller Light-Duty "B" batteries instead of the large Heavy-Duty size required by such sets. Because the Light-Duties cost somewhat less to buy they seem like an economy, but the surprising fact is that the Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 lasts more than twice as long though it does not cost anywhere near twice as much. It is, therefore, much more economical—we believe it to be the most economical "B" battery ever built. Certainly it has proved this by laboratory tests and the service it has given to radio listeners in their own homes during the past eighteen months.

Eveready Layerbilt's remarkable life is due to its unique construction. All other dry cell "B" batteries are assembled of cylindrical cells, with much waste space between them, and many soldered connections bridging the gaps.

Several years ago we struck boldly out, away from this tradition, seeking a better method. We wanted to avoid waste space, minimize soldering, and get more current and longer life from a given quantity of active materials. The Eveready Layerbilt is the result.

This patented, exclusive battery is built in layers of flat current-producing elements, making automatic connection with each other. Every available inch inside the battery is occupied usefully. You get more battery for your money, and that battery is more efficient.

Remember this about "B" batteries: All loud-speaker sets require Heavy-Duty batteries, and the Eveready Layerbilt has proved time and again to be the longest lasting and most economical Heavy-Duty "B" battery.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

WEAF–*New York*
WJAR–*Providence*
WEEI–*Boston*
WTAG–*Worcester*
WFI–*Philadelphia*
WGR–*Buffalo*
WCAE–*Pittsburgh*
WSAI–*Cincinnati*
WTAM–*Cleveland*
WWJ–*Detroit*
WGN–*Chicago*
WOC–*Davenport*
WCCO {*Minneapolis* / *St. Paul*}
KSD–*St. Louis*
WRC–*Washington*
WGY–*Schenectady*

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$7500 —a 900% Increase!

was the experience of C. W. Birmingham of Ohio after reading "Modern Salesmanship." Formerly he earned only $15 a week!

$3000 in 5 mo!

earned by William Shore, former cow-puncher of Neenach, California. Recently he earned $525 in a single week!

$7286 Last Year

which was an increase of over $6000 a year for F. G. Walsh of Massachusetts. He gives N. S. T. A. credit!

~and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now—For a Limited Time Only. This Remarkable Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man. Read It Without Fail!

Where Shall We Send Your Copy FREE?

A Book! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message any ambitious man can ever read! It reveals facts and secrets that have led hundreds of men to success beyond their fondest expectations! No wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed!"

This vital book—"Modern Salesmanship"—contains some surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It blasts dozens of old theories, and explains the science of selling in simple terms. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world-wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading it are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is J. H. Cash of Atlanta. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes and he quickly raised his salary from $75 to $500 a month! W. D. Clenny of Kansas City also commenced making as high as $850 a month. And O. H. Malfroot of Massachusetts became sales manager of his firm at a salary of over $10,000 a year!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience proves that salesmen are *made*—not born, as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying.

Free to Every Man

If we were asking two or three dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship" you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. We can not urge you too strongly to see for yourself what it can do for you too. No matter what your opinion is now, "Modern Salesmanship" will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession. Mail the coupon now!

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

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National Salesmen's Training Assn.,
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Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship."
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Age..... Occupation.....

the school-teacher lives on the charity of the taxpayers. But sometimes the attitude of our church members reminds me of the time our Women's Home Missionary Society sent an orphan girl through college. Every month she was obliged to remit a list of her expenditures, which was read aloud in the meetings. My wife said that it was pathetic—two cents for a pencil, seven cents for a pad, fifty cents for cotton stockings. Once the society made an uproar because the members thought their ward paid too much for stockings. She was using their good money, and she must be careful. To me the whole procedure seemed barbarous. The girl was not allowed any pride.

But fundamentally, in the minds of my parish there is not a long distance between the orphan girl and myself. If I give evidence of having extra money, people criticize me, and say I am overpaid. They do not intend to be cruel; but they cannot help thinking I am living on their subscriptions. Every so often a parishioner takes it upon himself to tell me how well I am paid, considering that I get my house rent, telephone, water, and plumbing free. He will add up the figures, and show me how blessed I am.

"Now, I get a larger salary than you," he will say, with thumbs in his waistcoat, "and you wouldn't believe what I spend!"

I AM more fortunate than the ministers in some country districts, who have to go out and collect their own salaries from door to door, and who receive part of their stipend in vegetables. Every country minister has experienced donation parties, to which the members bring butter and sides of ham, and value each article as part of his pay. I have passed beyond all that; but I still feel the pressure of congregational interference in my daily life, and it is my sixth wish that it were removed.

I own a cheap car, of a well-known make. I can imagine only too well the public disapprobation were I to buy a more expensive machine. I would receive no more raise in salary for the remainder of my stay in my charge. Plenty of parishioners are letting their grocery bills go unpaid, and are buying four-door sedans; but no one dreams of reproving them. If I should do the same—well, I live in a glass house.

The average minister knows the walls of his parsonage are transparent, and if he desires to remain in favor he will show no signs of over-comfort.

A woman member told my wife only the other day, "Ministers' families must make up their minds to be poor." In the opinion of the congregation, there are suitable actions and clothes for ministers' families—plain and dark.

Seventh, I wish that my congregation wouldn't support an overseer Ladies' Aid, which picks out my furniture, my dishes, my pictures—everything. These good people take pleasure in choosing furniture for their own homes. Perhaps they don't realize how much my wife and I would like to select a rug, for instance. We never have selected even a rug in all our married life. We have never gone together to the furniture department of any store. It is hard for us to live with the things others buy; they are often so ugly and so cheap.

On one occasion, a parsonage committee did take my wife with them to buy a dining-room rug; but giving her a say-so was a farce. They took her past all those she liked, and stopped before a dull brown rug, saying, "There, Mrs. ——. Here is something that is inexpensive and that will wear well and won't fade. What do you think?"

We have never known the joy of planning a house, of poring over blue prints, and we never shall. All our lives we spend in houses someone else has built, houses constructed with one idea in mind—economy. Did anyone ever hear of an artistic parsonage? Why, the very name calls up shabby images to anyone's mind!

I WISH parsonage committees could know what it means to go to a new parsonage—to leave the inconveniences of one house for the inconveniences of another. All the way to the new parish we talk hopefully of the expected house. When our cab drives up the street to the new abode, we hardly dare look. We have never stopped believing that things may be better in the new home. Our emotions when we face our future furniture would take a chapter by themselves. If the parsonage committee is not there to welcome us, we let ourselves in with the key from under the mat. We hurry down to a strange grocer for provisions. Timidly, my wife tests the stove.

Eighth, I wish my congregation would not think I like to ask the Ladies' Aid for a new coal scuttle, or a new ice box, or a new screen door. If they could only hear how my wife and I talk to get up our courage.

"I simply can't make that screen door do any longer," my wife will say. "The screen is rotted off. I wanted a new one last summer, but I made it do, and the flies got in by dozens."

"They will believe we are asking just to be pesky," I will answer. "No matter, we must have it."

Then my wife must face the ordeal of sitting in the Ladies' Aid meeting while they argue whether or not they can afford the screen.

Sometimes, when I think of my high calling, my duty to lead my people toward the Light of the World, I wonder with a sort of agony how it happens that I am subject to a Ladies' Aid. It seems like a bad, wild dream. There is no higher calling than mine, and none so subject to humiliations. A street sweeper has greater liberty. The other night, in family prayers, my little son said, "O Lord—deliver us from Mrs. Grump!" My wife and I opened our eyes and looked at each other, because Mrs. Grump was the woman who had objected to my wife's new brown dress with the embroidered panels. She said it was too expensive for a minister's wife.

"I know it was dear," my wife confessed to me; "but I couldn't resist it!"

While I am speaking of ministers' wives, I want to say that I wish my congregation wouldn't think my wife is made of India rubber. That is my ninth and most earnest wish. She simply cannot belong to all the organizations, take the leading part in church work, call on the women members, and at the same time be the good wife and mother they expect her

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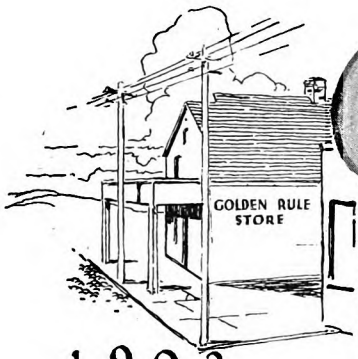
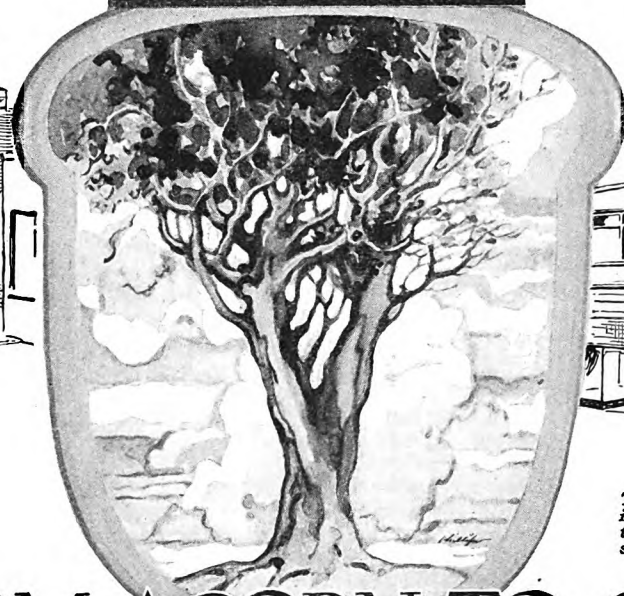
A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION-

J.C. PENNEY CO.



1902

A small dry goods, shoe and clothing store was opened in a small town in the west, serving a few hundred homes.



1927

The one small store has grown into a Nation-Wide Institution of 773 Department Stores serving millions of homes.

FROM ACORN TO OAK

After 25 years of growth now a nation-wide shopping service

WE are celebrating with pride and thankfulness our Twenty-fifth or Silver Anniversary—with pride for the privilege of serving the American public—with thankfulness for the generous response that has come to our effort.

Since the Spring day in April, 1902, when Mr. Penney inaugurated, in a small and inconspicuous manner, a Retail Shopping Service which was destined to become one of Nation-wide Helpfulness, a quarter of a century has passed.

It has been a period of notable growth and expansion, of winning millions of friends, of serving them faithfully, of basing achievement upon the good will of mutual satisfaction.

During all these eventful years, we have been mindful of our responsibilities to the legion of patrons who have contributed and are today contributing, so continuously and so generously, in helping make our Service one not of profit alone but of the confidence that rests on good will.

Never for a moment have we knowingly wavered from the responsibility of this relationship. It has always been to us an inspiration to reach out for greater things, that we might be the better prepared to render a Service which should prove to be more and more beneficial to the increasing numbers who come to us.

Not only is that one little Golden Rule Store of 1902—now itself grown to far larger proportions—still serving the people in and about Kemmerer, Wyoming, but there has sprung from its applied principles and policies, others to a present total of 773 Department Stores, scattered over 46 States.

All these are children of what we now affectionately term, The Mother Store; all happily operate in the Service of the public under the name of the J. C. Penney Company. The Founder of this Organization—Mr. James C. Penney—builded in his pioneering days more enduring and substantially than he knew.

His ideals and practices—square treatment alike to all always—and the extent to which he packed Value into every Dollar of purchase—these constitute the pattern according to which this enormous business has been shaped and which has caused it to grow until it has now become a Nation-wide Institution, serving more than 3,000,000 homes.

The dynamic selective and buying power of the Company created by its tremendous volume of cash sales, which, in 1926, amounted to $115,682,737.86, gives *a saving power to the public* which means much to the thrift and to the economic life of the people of every community where it operates a Store.

At this milepost in our history, we pause only long enough to express our thanks to the great American people for their continued confidence and appreciation of our efforts in their behalf and to offer the assurance that in the future as in the past we shall strive to serve not only well but better and better with each succeeding business day.

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beautifully illustrated by rotogravure, showing you how to save large sums on Dry Goods, Clothing, Furnishings, Shoes and kindred lines—standard quality goods! A post-card will bring it.

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J.C. PENNEY CO.

Executive Offices and Warehouse—330 W. 34th St., N.Y. City

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experienced in our lines, to train for Co-partner Store Managers, providing for the continuous growth of our Company and especially the expansion planned for 1927. Write for particulars.

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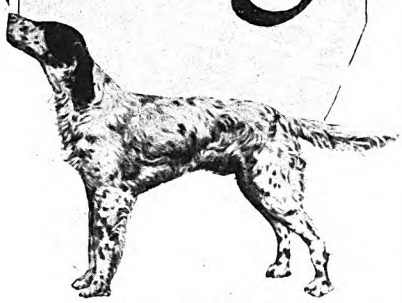
your dog



A Dog that Built a Big Business

THE love of a southern sportsman for his dog gave life to a business that is now nationally successful.

"Sergeant," the favorite hunting dog of the famous dog lover, Polk Miller, was subject to the usual canine ills. Fifty years ago knowledge of dog remedies was meagre. Polk Miller studied the diseases of dogs to find effective remedies. His remarkable success attracted much attention among his numerous friends. He was besieged for advice and medicines.

At this time of year watch closely for signs of distemper, described on page 21 of Polk Miller's Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Distemper Medicine.

From this nucleus grew the great organization that distributes "Sergeant's" Dog Medicines to all the world.

Famous Dog Book Is Free

Polk Miller's notes were compiled into a pamphlet and distributed to dog owners. Each year it has been edited and revised by our skilled veterinarians.

Now this enlarged up-to-date book is a guide for millions of dog owners. It tells of the symptoms and treatment of dog diseases. It explains proper methods of feeding and breeding. It is crowded from cover to cover with useful information. This valuable book will be sent free to dog owners who write for it.

Your dog needs a tonic in the Spring. He should be guarded against sickness and general weakness at this time with Sergeant's Condition Pills. Page 20 in the Dog Book.

Skilled Advice, Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully answered in Sergeant's Dog Book, we urge you to write our Free Advice Department, under the direction of a famous veterinarian and dog specialist and his staff. Personal attention to every inquiry. State breed, age and sex of your dog and all symptoms. Complete instructions for care and treatment will be sent promptly without charge.

All puppies should be wormed regularly to insure good health and even their lives. The reason is given on page 15 of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules.

Sergeant's Dog Medicines are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct. Address: Polk Miller Products Corporation, 1560 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for your free copy of Polk Miller's dog book.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Write us for a FREE sample of Sergeant's No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Use.

to be. Every time the church is open, she must be there. She must be the hardest worker in all the societies, teach a Sunday-school class, have ideas about pageants and socials, and know how to sew costumes at a moment's notice. She must be wise in ways of raising money for the church budget. She must not mind when committees make raids on the parsonage after furniture for the socials.

One year our baby slept for three nights on the lounge, because the Junior League needed a crib for a play. The church people believe we should not mind lending them furniture they have paid for.

Tenth, I wish my congregation wouldn't think my religion is at fault when my boy breaks a parish window with his baseball. My children know well the fierce light of publicity that beats upon them; but being young they are not always reconciled or careful. To my son, I am not "the minister," but only a parent with failings. And I have all the modern parent's problems.

I have one daughter about whom I have always been advised. She is studiously inclined, and has reached a grade in school above that in which most of the children of her age are classed. Her rapid advancement has worried my people in several charges. They tell me melancholy tales of precocious children.

"I wouldn't push the child," they say. "You will ruin her brain."

"I would rather have my child be normal," others declare, "and be with the children of her own age."

"Do you give her cod-liver oil in the winter?" a mother will inquire. "She looks peaked. She must study too hard."

If the truth were known, our Nancy takes her lessons with nonchalance, and has never had a day's sickness in her life.

My eldest daughter has reached the marriageable age, and I wish my parish wouldn't think she is bound to keep company with boys of our denomination only. There was gossip this winter because she was accepting attentions from a member of another church. At dances, she is supposed to favor exclusively the sons of our largest givers. As a matter of fact, I think she will marry a man from out of town; and I am glad of it.

I can appreciate her problem to a small degree, because, to my sorrow, I am expected to patronize only doctors and dentists of our denomination.

MY GOOD congregation does these various things I have mentioned, not from unkindness but just because they do not stop to realize that I am human. They do not sense my humanity, partly because of my sacred calling, which traditionally sets me apart, and partly because of the frock coat I wear, which puts me into a uniform and makes of me a type figure.

I do not want my flock to think of me as "the minister," as a perambulating frock coat, vocal on Sundays. I want them to think of me as a fellow being, with hopes and fears, prides, wounds, loves, temptations, and doubts like their own. I am tempted to sin, even as they, and I have my doubts at times. It is a minister's dark secret that he has his doubts, like the least of his brethren. He would never tell his congregation that, because they would lose confidence in him, as they would lose confidence in a doctor who forgot a prescription. But religion is not a matter of remembering prescriptions, as many think. God's mysterious ways are not always clear to me, even though I know the conventional explanations. Sorrows, too, take me by the throat. Life puzzles me, as it puzzles everyone, and I have nights when I am sure of nothing at all.

But I have no pastor with whom to discuss my puzzlement. I must hold the torch of faith high for others, no matter what my own heart may feel. I am always the comforter, never the comforted—always the healer, never the healed. If I should confess to my parish some of my spiritual struggles I would run the risk of losing my position. It would be the old Crucifixion spirit of: "He saved others, himself he cannot save." But I often long to call out to my flock, and say, "Look! I am not stuffed with sawdust. I can feel those pins you stick in me. I am alive. I am a man."

MY SON says occasionally, "Gee, Dad, if they only knew what larks we have!" If my church members only knew what larks and what griefs, they would not commit any of those transgressions against my liberty which I remember now, late at night, in my study. They wouldn't expect me to be perfect in my sermons, to be responsible for everything that goes wrong, to know by instinct when a member is sick, to enjoy the patronage of the Ladies' Aid. Perhaps some of my congregation who read this will begin to say among themselves how much a minister has to be thankful for, and what his rewards are. They know a minister has his advantages. It is "the pot of salve they keep on the shelf of their consciences." Ministers themselves talk of nothing but the rewards, in the daytime. I, too, know the joy of the fields white with harvest. I have brought in the sheaves.

But the mind stands amazed at what a minister might accomplish if only the hindrances and interferences loaded on him by his congregation were out of the picture. If he were only a freer man, he might have the time to be wiser. If he were a more independent man, he might be a better leader. If he were only not harried and hurried, he might bring riper counsel and a peace unfailing as the widow's cruse. He could do twice as much for his people, if they would only let him.

These are my thoughts in the small hours, when courage is not so high as in the day. I have kept them hidden in my heart, like every other minister, but they are none the less real. My congregation are the salt of the earth; but sometimes the salt can lose its savor. As I write these closing words, I see the night is far spent. Soon it will be morning, and I will pull up the shades.

"MARRIAGE," an article by Booth Tarkington. . . . What more need be said? Such a theme discussed by such a writer has a world of significance. Next month, Mr. Tarkington reveals an amazing knowledge of what goes on inside of human beings. He digs deep into them, and shows you in a clear and definite way what sorts of marriage are happy, and what sorts go to smash.

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Typewriters

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The clerk whose name will live forever

TWO MEN lived in the same town a century ago; they knew the same people and had an equal chance in life.

One spent all his spare hours in idle talk or with the daily paper; he knew nothing beyond the day's news. The other brought to every subject a wealth of sidelight and illustration that kindled the interest of men and women, no matter where he went.

The name of the first man has long since been forgotten; the name of the other, the humble clerk in a country store, will live forever.

He talked like a man who had traveled, though his travels were confined to a few backwoods counties. He knew something of history and biography, of the work of great philosophers, poets and dramatists.

His Secret Given to You

What was the secret of his wide range of knowledge? How can a man who must work every day in a routine job find time to make himself so interesting to other men and women?

The answer is found in every biography, every anecdote of that *greatest* clerk. He owned a few great books and, in the odd moments between customers' calls, he read them systematically. It was the influence of those books that gave his mind its start; then lifted his eyes beyond the horizon of a backwoods town. Before he was fifty, the whole nation knew the name and acknowledged the power of that humble, unschooled man. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

What are the few great mind-building books? There is no more important question for you to ask yourself. It is answered in the free book that tells the scope and plan of Dr. Eliot, from his lifetime of training men for success—forty years as President of Harvard—selected the few great books that contain the essentials of *all* books—the "essentials," as he says, "of a liberal education."

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

(*The Harvard Classics*)

Send for this FREE Booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading.

Your Reading Problem Solved by Dr. Eliot

Discarding all the books that waste your time, he combined these few great volumes together into a rounded library; he arranged them with reading courses and footnotes so that even in 15 minutes of pleasant reading a day a man may master them.

Think of it—the knowledge of literature and life, the broad cultural viewpoint that every university strives to give—these may be yours in the pleasant spare moments of your active days. Make yourself a bigger, more interesting man or woman this year. Send for "Fifteen Minutes a Day."

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My Favorite Character in Fiction

FIRST PRIZE

Huck Finn Did the Things I've Always Wanted to Do

I'LL never forget "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain. I first read about him in the merry days between twelve and fourteen, when I was in revolt against all that was respectable. "Respectable" meant the furious scrubbing of neck and ears, going to Sunday-school, speaking pieces on holidays, dressing up for relatives, and helping with the dishes. I reluctantly accepted these motions with a boy's philosophy. Perhaps my resignation was made easier by Horatio Alger, who had informed me through countless hair-raising romances that boys who minded their parents would some day rescue a train, or save a bank president's life and win bushels of money.

And then one Christmas I found the "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" on the chair beside my Christmas stocking, and that very day I sailed down the Mississippi on a raft with Huck and Nigger Jim. Ever since I have especially admired my parents, because, although they brought me up to be eminently respectable, they introduced me to a gloriously unrespectable Huck. I took to Huck as gladly as he took to the river. He spoke my language; he saw through my eyes, and he *did* things! The whole marvelous panorama—Huck watching the villagers searching the river for his body; Huck dressed like a girl, trying to fool the old woman; Huck among those scoundrels—the Duke of Bridgewater and the "late Dauphin," Huck and Tom rescuing Jim from prison—the book held me in a mighty thraldom.

Since then I have reread "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" several times, and I hope to read it many times more. As I have grown in years, I have also grown to marvel at the artistry of the tale, and the delightful satire it contains. But I shall always return to the boy, Huck himself, and to the memory of my first reading. H. W. B.

SECOND PRIZE

Cyrano de Bergerac Can Make Me Laugh and Cry

WAS there ever a more lovable character in all the book-world than Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac? How well I remember him—his hat with the long plumes, the frills about his neck, his long cape draped over his sword, his high boots. How well I remember, too, the great ugly nose he was so sensitive about. It is Cyrano who makes me laugh with his gay quips, his effrontery; it is Cyrano who brings the ache to my throat and the tears to my eyes, by the tragedy of his life! That he should be so hideous to look upon is perhaps why I feel so much sympathy for him, for I know too well the sting

Apply with the Finger Tips

When Minutes and Comfort Count

WHETHER it is the hurry-up shave of the morning, or the careful take-your-time shave of the evening, MOLLÉ is the greatest aid, today, for easy shaving.

A quick application, with the finger tips, of this delightful, emollient cream over the face; a once-over with the favorite razor and the beard is removed—cleanly, smoothly, comfortably.

It's the quickest, easiest, and best way there is to shave.

Send for a sample, if you wish, but better still get a full size tube at the nearest drug store and enjoy thirty days real shaving ease and comfort.

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This White Paint does not turn dark

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Some houses simply must be painted white. In any other color much of the charm of their style and setting is lost. If you own such a home you know that white—real white—is the most difficult color in the world to get—and the most difficult to keep.

40-40-20 is a paint for just such homes as this. It is brilliantly white to begin with, and it stays brilliantly white throughout its long life. It is made of non-darkening pigments.

40-40-20 is smooth spreading, long wearing—has all the qualities you expect in a high grade paint—and costs no more than other good paint.

Paint with 40-40-20. It will give a new and lasting beauty to your home.

40-40-20

REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE NEW JERSEY ZINC CO

The Permanently White Outside Paint

So well has 40-40-20 proven itself that over 100 paint manufacturers have applied for the right to make it. You or your painter can get genuine 40-40-20 readily from their representatives and dealers. These manufacturers are authorized by The New Jersey Zinc Company to use its registered trade mark, 40-40-20, on paint made from its specified products according to its specially developed formula. They make 40-40-20 in many beautiful tints, as well as in white, and in paste form for the professional painter's use. Booklet giving full information and list of authorized manufacturers sent on request.

New Jersey Zinc

The New Jersey Zinc Company
160 FRONT STREET, NEW YORK CITY

New Jersey Zinc

that physical misfortunes bring. That he should be so brave—one man against a hundred—is perhaps why I admire him so much. A man with such courage, shielding the weak, and challenging the strong, is worthy of my deepest respect. But that he should love as he did, with all his heart and soul, and love in vain, with no reward, no return for it all—that is why I love him. Bold, daring, fearless, gallant, romantic Cyrano, with everything he could desire save a handsome face; with everyone to love him, save the only one he cared for! What a man, and what a hero! Life was a battle to him, and he fought it bravely, fighting even as death claimed him. Can anyone in all the book-world ever equal him? B. P.

THIRD PRIZE

I Want My Son to Know Owen Wister's "Virginian"

IF I were to name as my favorite character in fiction, D'Artagnan, Henry Esmond, or Tom Brown, I am afraid I should hear a voice within me say, "Stand up on your laigs, you pole-cat, and say you're a liar," for Owen Wister's "Virginian" has my real allegiance.

There may be a good deal of melodrama and too fortunate coincidence in the book; but the figure of the drawling Southerner stands out, nevertheless, as a real personality. His humor is racy and genuine, his strategy masterful, and there is a fine idealism and delicacy beneath his reserve.

"A cowboy hero of the movies," you may say; but how could the "Virginian" be put into a movie? Leave out his well-flavored humor, the frog-leg hoax, the midnight conversion, his reflections on Em'ly, the hen—and you leave *him* out.

He represents the best product of democracy, a mind containing native wisdom and fine feeling, which is free to develop itself. He belongs to the pioneering age, yet his serious, rugged, deep nature, and his store of humorous philosophy are typically American, and therefore enduring.

Youth demands such figures, as the Public Library copy of "The Virginian" bears witness. I shall certainly buy the book for my son; and if he fails to enjoy it I shall be almost ready to admit that there *is* a change for the worse in the younger generation. J. S. N.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In this contest—"My Favorite Character in Fiction"—Jean Valjean, the hero of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," was the winner, with Sydney Carton, from Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," second. Among the other characters receiving high votes, were these: Cyrano de Bergerac, Scattergood Baines, Jo March, Pollyanna, Selina, Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, D'Artagnan, Dot and Will (this couple from Fannie Kilbourne's stories were treated as one by most of those making this selection), Anne of Green Gables, Romola, Soames Forsyte, Maggie Tulliver, Ben Hur, Little Eva, David Copperfield, Freckles, Robinson Crusoe, Mr. Pickwick, Alice in Wonderland, Mrs. Wiggs, Kim, Penrod, and Uncle Tom.

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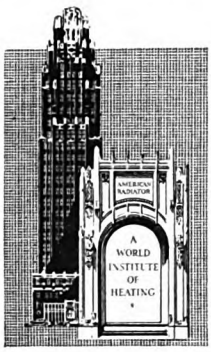
HOUR TO HOUR SERVICE WHICH BLANKETS THE NATION



For Thirty-five years the American Radiator Company has held fast to the conviction that the one and only indestructible market is that which is rooted deep in the instinctive preferences of the people.

This is the unwritten law of business growth which rises above all artificial considerations—to supply a basic human need so completely and so economically that in the mind of the average man there is never even a thought of turning to any other source.

The American Radiator Company saw thirty-five years ago this vision of a service so widespread and painstaking that it would render itself *indispensable* in every building operation from the most modest home to the most ambitious business structure.

That vision has become a physical, practical fact, not only in the economic soundness of the product and an actual hour-to-hour service which practically blankets the nation—but also in that other more important thing, the universal recognition that American Radiator Company and heat are synonymous terms.

Wherever there is growth—wherever there is expansion—the American Radiator Company, by right of the conquest of incomparable service, becomes an immediate and most intimate part of the process.

Clear across the continent, the American Radiator Company marches hand-in-hand with the spirit of development which is the instinct of America—an indispensable factor in the nation's growth because both its product and its service are indispensable.

The American Radiator Company is proud of its privilege and conscious of its responsibilities—more eager and alert to serve today and infinitely better able to do so than at any other time in thirty-five years.

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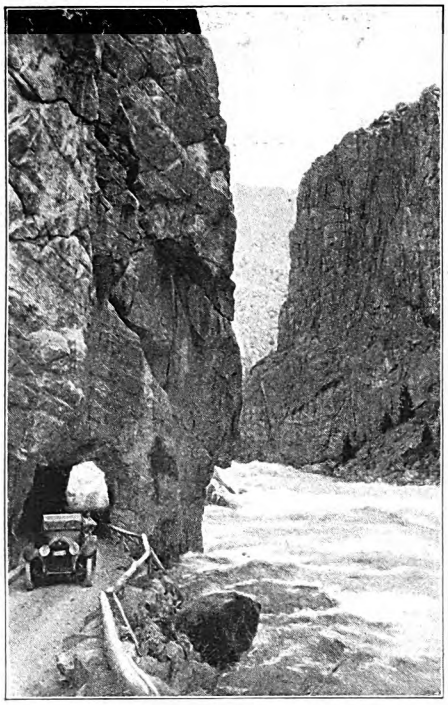

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Bill Green's Preceding Chin

(*Continued from page 31*)

bulged at the sides of his jaw were not of suddenly assembling revolt, but merely caused by a frantic desire to steady a quivering chin against slipping. That the straight shoulders were no more than a habit, and the spraddled stance of Bill Green affected only to steady knees which otherwise might wobble. He knew only what he saw, and decided suddenly to change the subject.

"Just got a telegram," he said roughly. "Those new lions have arrived in New York, and'll be shipped to the show just as soon as they go through quarantine. Probably be held there about three weeks before they start. Want you to be getting ready for 'em. Understand?"

Bill Green closed one eye in a long wink. The great Captain Marvelloso had been called "Cap," and the heavens had not opened. Nor the bolt descended.

"I get you, Cap," he said. Then, while he braced himself to the crossing of another Rubicon, "But, while we're at it, I want a new uniform."

Captain Marvelloso frowned heavily.

"What you want and what you get are two different things!" he snapped.

"All right," said Bill Green, and moved away. His chin had begun to slump, and with every atom of strength that his jaws possessed, he pushed it to new limits of protuberance. His shoulders slackened in disappointment; he might have known that he couldn't get away with it.

But as his shoulders began to cave, he noticed the fact, and through a purely mechanical process yanked them into the stiffness of a washboard. He shook his head, to free it of the discouragement which had settled there. Then he turned at the words of Captain Marvelloso.

"What's eating on you?" came in a voice that even Bill Green could not fail to notice contained an extremely weak note. "Can't you take a little kidding?"

"I'M a sonvagun!" said the menagerie superintendent, three days later, as a resplendent man with a full chest and very erect shoulders, to say nothing of a jaw which seemed even more prognathous than usual, strode down the center of the menagerie tent. "Where'd you get the glad rags?"

Bill Green halted. He glanced down at a grand affair of navy blue, set off on the shoulders with gold epaulets, and at the seams with equally golden braid. He flecked a bit of dust from his coat sleeve and straightened a tiny wrinkle.

"I said I wanted it," he answered. "By the way, tell those menagerie helpers to be here earlier in the mornings. Had to wait for 'em a half-hour yesterday."

"I'm a sonvagun!" said Joe Borden. "You ain't tongue-tied, are you?"

"That's just it," answered Bill Green, and pushed heavily at his lower jaw. "*You* can tell 'em nicely. I'm liable to burn 'em up and fire a couple of 'em." He halted, and tapped indicatively at his chin. "Ever since you reminded me I had this, Joe, my temper's been getting away with me!"

A minute later a very dazed Bill Green ducked under the side-wall, brushed a smudge of dust from his coat sleeve, then stood, merely gawking.

"I got away with it!" he gasped. "I wonder if I amount to something around this outfit?" After that he straightened his shoulders even more than usual. He stepped to his leanto, affixed his two-sided shaving mirror, and looked into it.

"Ain't a bad-looking guy at that!" he announced to himself. "Not with this uniform, fitting like it ought to."

There he halted, with a sudden idea.

"I never used to say 'ain't' and 'guy' till I came on this circus," he mused. At last, he took his hourly exercises, then walked to the rear of the big top. Very alertly he stood at attention as Mademoiselle Petite came from the dressing tent. Then he bowed and put forth the bouquet.

"Your flowers, Miss Poteith," he said.

Mademoiselle Petite looked up in agreeable surprise.

"Oh, thank you," she said and went into the ring. A few minutes later, when the equestrian director happened to pass her way, she asked a quite natural question:

"Who is the young man who hands me my bouquet?"

"Search me? Ain't it the same one?"

"It couldn't be. This one is so polite. And he's very good-looking."

THAT evening she paused for an instant as Bill Green made his usual bow. "I've been thinking of something," she commanded smilingly. "I believe it would be a nice touch if you would walk just behind me into the ring and hand me the flowers there. You know—so that the audience would see me get them. It would impress the fact that they were really flowers, and—"

"That's a good idea," said Bill Green. "If I may say so."

"Why, certainly!" And they went into the ring.

The next night, when Bill Green walked forth into the torch-lit streets on the way to the circus cars, his head whirled slightly and an unbidden gasp found its way now and then between his lips.

That afternoon, while wondering at a transition which had made a public worshiper of him instead of a mere holder of flowers out by the back door, he had happened to think what a terrible thing it was that Mademoiselle Petite, silken and fluffy and beautiful, should go in there to the ring with the spotlight playing upon the daintiness of her, the grace of her, the wondrousness of her, and then be lifted to the tape by a common, ordinary property man, with no collar, no style, no befitting uniform and, what was worse, no interest in the matter whatever.

It had weighed upon him, that thought. So much that he had mentioned it to Mademoiselle Petite. Mademoiselle had arched her brows at first, puckered them a moment later, frowned daintily, and at last nodded in the affirmative. On the morrow, Bill Green would accept an additional task, for which he had politely spurned money. He had not mentioned the fact that the touch of Mademoiselle's

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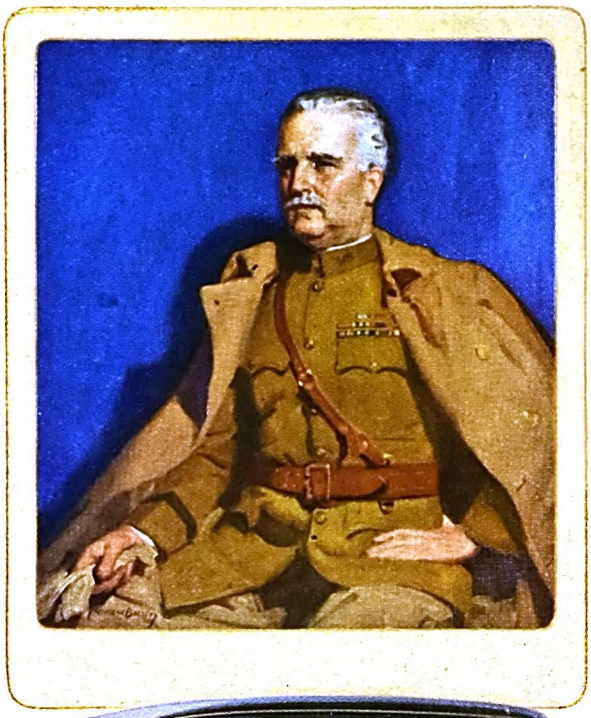

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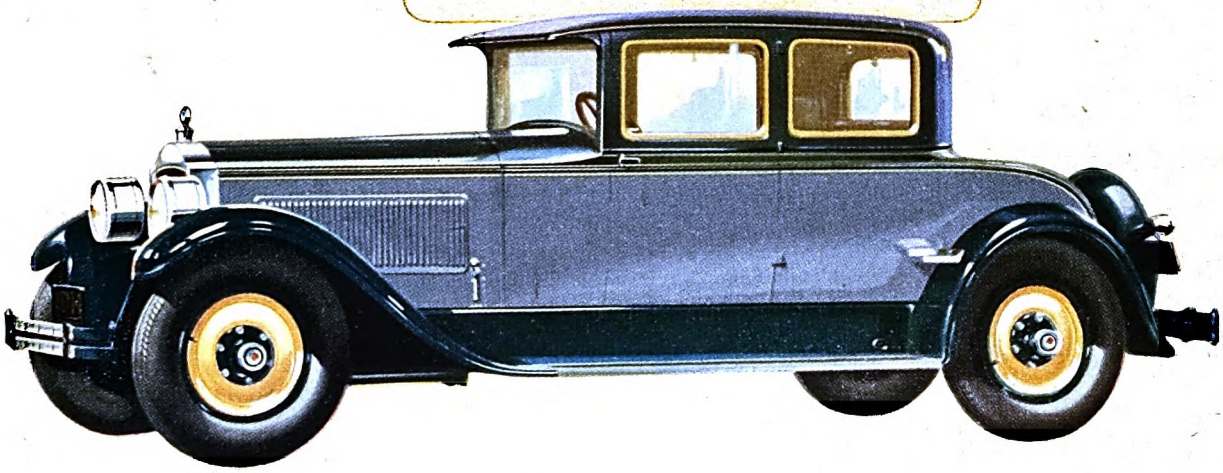

Reputation · Enduring fame is a sufficient reward to many for a lifetime of effort and great accomplishment. Certainly a well deserved and outstanding reputation is even more difficult to achieve than financial success.

Packard has achieved both. But Packard reputation today, after twenty-seven years of service to the public, is an even greater asset than Packard's absolute financial independence.

For Packard is a name which means superlatively fine motor cars in every quarter of the globe. And this reputation, so laboriously and deliberately built up, is more jealously guarded than all the gold in Packard's surplus.

It means more. For it reflects the confidence of the world in Packard vehicles—in Packard engines. Packard power has won international renown on the land, in the air and on the water. A generation of uninterrupted success and constant leadership is the best guarantee that that excellence of reputation will be sustained.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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hand, the soft embrace of her as he lifted her to the tape, would be payment in gross. But there was somebody else who guessed.

"Why don't you ask permission when you take on these new jobs?" snapped Captain Marvelloso the next day.

Green grinned genially: "Oh, I did! I told the manager all about it."

And that worked too. Principally because the captain had another telegram in his pocket. The new lion act, consisting of twelve full-grown Nubians, trained in Germany and shipped to America without their trainer, would, in one short week, be released from quarantine and sent upon their way to the Grand Consolidated Circus.

So far, the Great Captain Marvelloso, spectacular tamer of wild beasts, had never allowed his composure to be disturbed by going first into a den of unfamiliar beasts. Captain Marvelloso, so far, had been nobody's fool. He was a fine worker in an arena before an audience.

When the audience wasn't there, he was much better at staying outside that arena until someone less concerned with conserving his life and limbs had demonstrated the amiable qualities of the beasts within. These new lions might be of a rough and ravenous nature. Far better that they should chew on Bill Green than on Captain Marvelloso. So he ignored the chipper announcement.

Later on, he ignored something else: the fact that he had seen Bill Green walking across the circus lot with a fair-haired young woman, who, now that the work of the afternoon was over and she had exchanged her silk and tulle for a trim little dress of clinging brown, was just Margaret Poteith, and quite interested in the man beside her. Again there was a reason: twelve new lions had that day left New York for the Grand Consolidated Circus.

THERE even came the time when Captain Marvelloso, rushing wildly through the big top, ignored—for the moment at least—the fact that Bill Green was standing quite close to Mademoiselle Petite at the entrance to the dressing tent, and that she was accepting a box of candy.

"Get down to the telegraph office," he commanded. "Shoot Walgren a wire, right away. You know, Walgren—in New York. Agent for the Hamburg Company. Ask him what kind of lions these are."

"Oh, they're here?" asked Green.

"Yes, they're here. Come in as soon as you get back from that office. They're wild as coots. No instructions, no training signals, no nothing. I don't know whether they understand English, or whether I have to give them their commands in German."

"But what's the big rush about it all?" asked Bill Green. "Can't we just cage 'em, and wait until we hear something?"

Captain Marvelloso, his eyes glaring and his mustache out of curl, threw his hands in the air.

"How can we, when the Old Man has wired the press agent to fill every paper in Trenton with half-page advertisements that the biggest new lion act in captivity will have its première there to-morrow afternoon? To-morrow afternoon!" he exclaimed, shaking a finger at the surprised Mademoiselle Petite, as if she could do something about it. "He advertises an act for to-morrow afternoon that we don't even know anything about! Send that telegram!"

Then he rushed on, without noticing that Bill Green's chin had set, entirely of its own accord. Nor that Bill Green, for a time at least, made no move toward a telegraph office, nor anywhere, in fact. Mademoiselle Petite, in blissful ignorance, had asked a very natural question concerning the evident perturbation of the usually suave Captain Marvelloso. In other days and other times, Bill Green would have answered it as naturally.

Now he was a different William, with a preceding chin instead of a receding one, a William Green who had first allowed himself to believe a thing because Joe Borden had told him so; then, in the ordinary course of events, had allowed that belief to build the very conditions in which he had taken faith.

It did not matter, now that the results had been achieved, that the chin itself had played only the part of a prompter in a general awakening. Enough that the desired had happened; enough, too, that Mademoiselle's question had concerned something that had been on Bill Green's mind for some time. And he continued it with his speech. It concerned lions, their care and training—and who did it.

A HALF-HOUR passed in wild menagerie activities. Beside a hastily erected steel arena in the center of the tent, a dozen gawking property men stood awaiting the next order, which was countermanded as soon as it came. Over at the side wall were a dozen narrow wooden shipping cages, each containing a large, black-maned Nubian lion, whose sole ambition, it seemed, was to tear the daylights out of anyone who approached. At the entrance to the tent, stood the Old Man and Joe Borden, in violent argument.

"Don't ask me what's wrong with 'em!" shouted the menagerie superintendent. "You took the handlin' of the cat animals off my hands when Marvelloso came grand-standin' on this show three years ago. I've even forgotten what they eat. Let him handle his blamed lions!"

A statement which Captain Marvelloso, over a badly straying mustache, answered only by a glare, as he hurried to the shipping dens, dodged an outflung paw, then moved hastily away again.

"Where's Bill Green?" he shouted.

Nobody seemed able to answer the question, although there was a great deal of scurrying around and peering under the side-walls.

A distressed Marvelloso turned to the Old Man. "You'll have to call that thing off for to-morrow. I can't have these lions ready—"

"How can I call it off when the advertisement is in every paper?" asked the show owner. "You told me—"

"Yes, but I didn't know they were going to be a bunch of maniacs! Look at 'em! There isn't one of 'em that wouldn't chew your leg off if you went near 'em!"

"But I ain't going near 'em," snapped the owner. "You're paid to do that."

"How can I? When Bill Green's not here?" Then Captain Marvelloso moved swiftly forward. Mademoiselle Petite had strolled in through the front entrance,

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Advertising Experts have told us we shouldn't mention REPAIRS *in an advertisement*

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You're putting chains on your car; out of your pocket comes your $1.50 Ingersoll, bang against the hub. The crystal is broken, the movement is damaged.

What to do? Few jewelers can afford to repair a $1.50 watch, but the Ingersoll Service Department, because it is specially equipped, can do it for merely a nominal charge and do it quickly.

So pack your watch carefully (your dealer will supply you with a mailing box). See that the package is properly addressed, PRINT your own name and address on it, and send parcel post insured to the Ingersoll Service Department. Your watch will be repaired and returned to you promptly.

We tell you this so that you'll know your Ingersoll will never become a tickless, timeless orphan, which is exactly what eventually happens to low-priced watches that don't have service departments back of them.

The price of the Ingersoll Yankee is $1.50. Do you know of any purchase you can make where you get more for your money? There are 15 Ingersolls in addition to the Yankee. In each you get the same generous value, and back of each is the same courteous, efficient Service Department.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
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A *rich, green, glorious*

MELLOW with tradition, rich in beauty and resources, Wisconsin's rolling hills of forest and meadowland form one of the most favored regions in America. Twenty-five hundred lakes sparkle amid its whispering forests. Its sandy shores are washed by the blue waters of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. Its brooks and rivers go laughing down to the blue upper reaches of the Mississippi.

Here was the Indians' happiest hunting ground, the land of richest promise to the French voyageurs. Today it is a northern playground for the entire Nation. It is, besides, one of the richest dairylands on earth. And its cities, the steady growth of generations of social and industrial experience, are powerful world-famed communities. Wisconsin stands first in production of:

MILK: 9,062,000,000 pounds annually; farm value, $187,857,000.

CHEESE: 338,305,000 pounds; value $75,550,000. 70% *national total.*

CONDENSED DAIRY PRODUCTS: Almost one-third America's full output. Value $40,204,000.

MANUFACTURED DAIRY PRODUCTS: Value $244,865,000.

FARMING: First in silage, peas, hemp, clover and pure-bred seed. Only North Central state where farms increased in number between 1920 and 1925. Dairy farms, 178,000; milch cows, 2,050,000. Sixth in total value of agricultural products, though twenty-fifth in area and thirteenth in population. Highest average yield of farm crops. The extraordinary variety of products includes a valuable tobacco crop.

INDUSTRY: World's largest production of aluminum kitchen utensils. Ranks among leading states in production of fiber, wood and metal furniture; farm implements, automobiles, textiles; paper and paper products; paints, varnishes and stains.

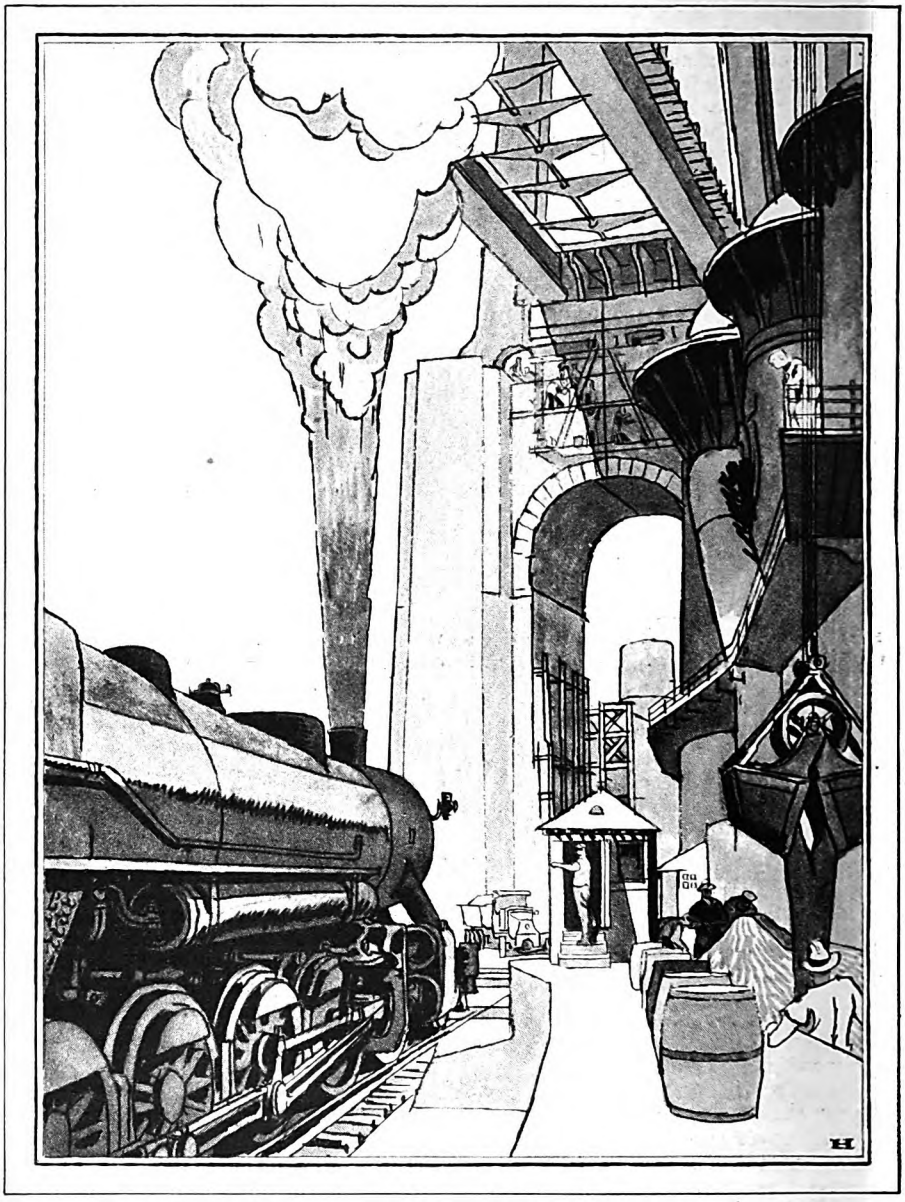
MILWAUKEE: Probably the best balanced industrial city in the world. Population of metropolitan area, 750,000. *Trade depressions and industrial slumps are virtually unknown.* Lowest death rate of any major American city; lowest percentage of crime. One of the greatest construction and repair railroad plants is maintained here by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.

Young in opportunities

Wisconsin is not new country—except in its ever-fresh opportunities.

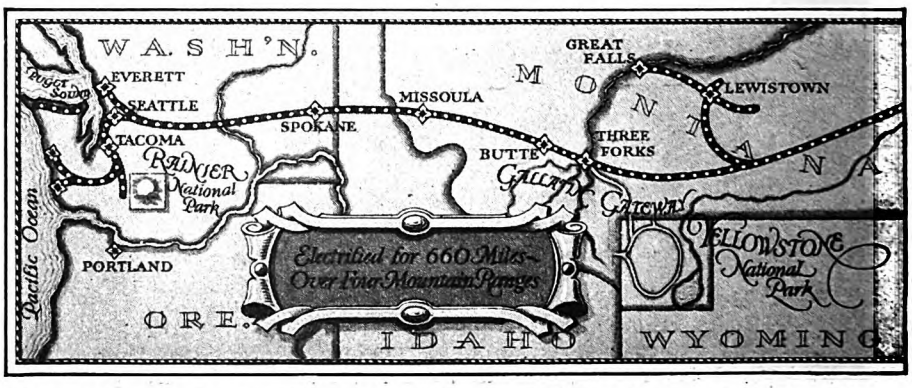
It is one of the most delightful and livable regions. Young forests cover vast areas, affording shelter to a great variety of birds and wild game. The lakes and streams are world-famous as the habitat of trout, bass, and the gamiest of fresh water fish—the tiger muskellunge. It is directly accessible to four major cities—Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee and Chicago; and its smaller cities have a cultural and industrial background that is traditional.

A new rush has commenced into Wisconsin. The nation-wide demand for water-frontage has discovered its extensive sandy shores, its sunny lakes in the depths of glorious forests, its nearness to great cities. All business is prospering mightily as the tide rolls in.



SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

The



The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

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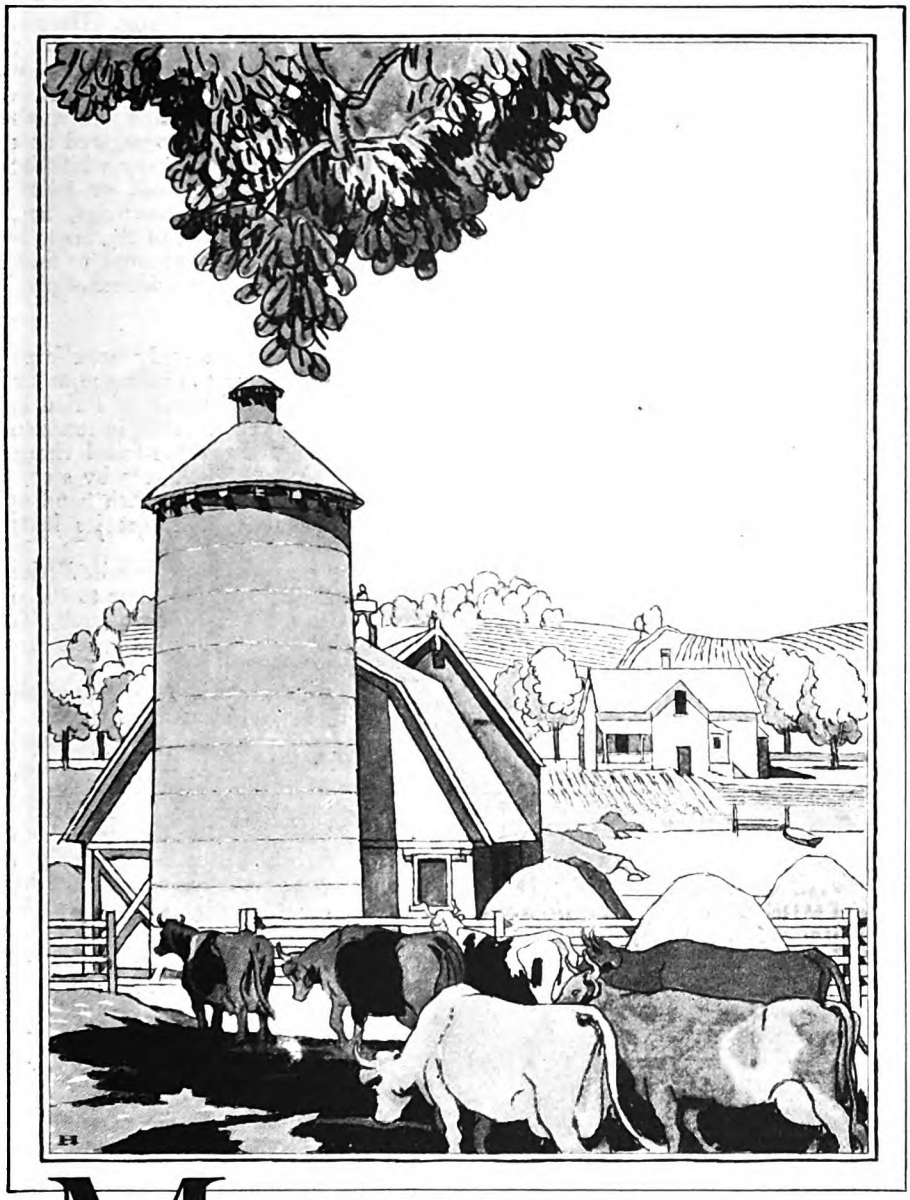
state—Wisconsin



Where the road began

RAILWAY building began in 1851 with 20 miles of track from Milwaukee to Waukesha—extending later to Madison, and then to Prairie du Chien. *This line, linking Lake Michigan with the Mississippi, was the forerunner of the vast Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system.*

The Milwaukee Road is now over 11,000 miles long, employing 60,000 people. It extends a network over all the enormous block that forms the northwestern fourth of the United States—from Chicago to Kansas City, Sioux City and Omaha; to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth; to Milwaukee, the Upper Michigan Peninsula, the Black Hills, all the Northwest, Puget Sound, the Olympic Peninsula and the Pacific.

Growing with the great body that forms the agricultural, industrial and commercial life of the farther Middle States and all the Northwest, the Milwaukee Road has extended its trunk lines, spurs and feeders into the richest and most beautiful regions of this section of the continent. Carrying farm implements, machinery, tools, seeds, pure-bred stock, and people in an endless stream, it brings new life to the Northwest. Across the Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky and Cascade Ranges, to shipside—it is electrified. A new pioneer step is the *equipping of its passenger cars with roller bearings.*

See it on your way to the Coast

When you make your next western trip, take this wonderful route. You will see the most diversified scenery in America—the golden plains—lush dairy country—three of the greatest rivers in the world—four tremendous mountain ranges—the glories of Puget Sound—truly an empire of immeasurable opportunities!

MILWAUKEE ROAD

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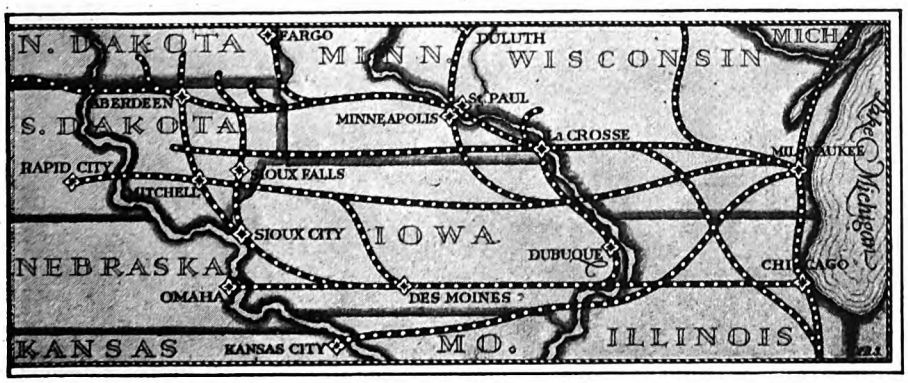

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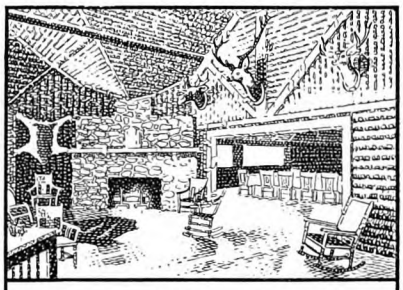

Wild regions in the Rocky Mountains! Jagged peaks — trout streams —Indians—cowboys—moose—bears!

A delightful book! Its pictures and descriptions take you to the *real* West, where life is simple and satisfying—a world of beauty and bigness!

This book contains full information about every type of ranch and resort in the Rocky Mountains. It will help you to choose exactly the right spot for the right vacation.

I'll be glad to send it to you, if you will mail the coupon below, and to help you with your vacation plans. A.B.S.

Northern Pacific Ry.

"First of the Northern Transcontinentals"

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Mail this coupon to A. B. Smith,
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☐ Alaska (Skagway)	190.30
☐ Dude Ranch Vacations	$57.95 to 66.90
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I'll gladly make your Hotel or Pullman reservations.

"Route of the NORTHERN PACIFIC *North Coast Limited"*

and stood in wide-eyed survey of the scene.

"Where's Bill Green?" shouted the excited captain.

Mademoiselle Petite stamped a dainty foot.

"Please don't think I'm one of those animals!" she exclaimed. "I don't know where Mr. Green is. He simply asked me to take his telegram to the office."

"His telegram?" Then Captain Hendrik Leonine Marvelloso asked a number of questions, to which he received some surprising answers. As he stamped and blustered, Joe Borden, over by the door, relieved himself of a remark.

"That guy's lettin' himself in for something, Boss," he said. "This here Bill Green—he's got a chin on him!"

Whereupon he was silent. The side-wall had lifted and Bill Green had walked casually into the menagerie tent.

"Lots of excitement!" he said, and winked toward Mademoiselle Petite. Captain Marvelloso crossed the tent.

"Where have you been?"

"Walking," said Bill Green.

"Walking! Walking! And me waiting here to train these lions. With the whole circus—"

Bill Green shrugged his shoulders. "Why wait for me? I'm not the trainer."

"You're trying to give that impression signing your name to that telegram. But don't stand there and argue. I want those lions put in shape for their act to-morrow!"

For a moment Bill Green merely surveyed him. "Put 'em in shape yourself then," he said quietly. "I've quit as your fall guy."

OVER by the door, Joe Borden poked a thumb into the show owner's ribs.

"Go make out a contract," he whispered. "You're about to get yourself a new lion trainer. Marvelloso ain't never goin' into that arena!"

A moment later Joe Borden was alone at the door, while across the menagerie Bill Green aided Mademoiselle Petite to a seat on a bale of hay, and turned at a shout from Marvelloso.

"Why, certainly," Bill Green agreed. "If that's all you want. Boys!" he commanded, "take a couple of cage scrapers. Sneak up to those dens one at a time on the blind sides. Hook the scrapers into the bars quickly, before the cat can knock 'em away. Then drag the dens up tight to the arena and transfer 'em through the sliding door. Take it easy, now!"

An energetic half hour began, in which Bill Green supervised the handling of the first shifting den, then, as the first lion pranced into the greater freedom of the steel training arena, moved forward in answer to a beckoning signal from Joe Borden.

"The Old Man's out at the wagon, making out a contract for you to sign if Cap shows yellow. Congrats, Kid! What'd I tell you about that chin?"

Bill Green did not answer. All of a sudden, it had struck him that something seemed to be wrong. The second and the third lion had entered the arena, to bound in excitement, to scurry along the bars as if seeking some loophole by which they could escape, to the destruction of the entire menagerie. Then, failing in their search, they turned in wild roarings and hissings at each other, in the apparent beginnings of a free-for-all fight. A fourth and a fifth—a sixth and seventh and eighth.

Bill Green rubbed a hand across his forehead. "They ought to be calming down some by now!"

But there was no calming. The ninth and the tenth were released, and the eleventh and twelfth. The great cage was a maze of tawny, plunging action. A dozen lions leaped and twisted and writhed and bellowed. They congregated at the gate, outside which a very white-faced Captain Marvelloso stood, or followed him with voracious mouthings, as he moved first to one side of the arena and then the other, in an attempt to find in at least one of them an evidence of placidity.

THERE was none—only an effort on the part of each to outdo the other in ferocity, in the viciousness of furled ears and dripping, yellow teeth, in maddened hissings and frantic, bar-foiled charges. At last, forcing himself step by step, he started toward the door, with hand outstretched as if to unfasten its leather lacing.

A gasp escaped Mademoiselle Petite—she arose hurriedly and came to the side of Bill Green. "He'll kill himself, if he does," she said. "They know he's afraid of them!"

"Can't let a lion know you're afraid," gulped Bill, then cleared his throat. He was aware of the fact that he was becoming slightly pasty-faced himself. If Captain Marvelloso should fail!

Closer to the door. Still closer. A shaking hand pulled at the strap, loosening it slightly. But as suddenly the tautness was restored, as Captain Marvelloso, mouth sagging, knees knocking perceptibly, turned his back flat upon the thunderous arena and strode straight for the front exit.

"Keep your old lions!" he quavered.

Bill Green straightened. He tried hard to grin triumphantly—but it was not very successful. Then suddenly, he grasped Mademoiselle Petite by the arm.

"Get out of here," he commanded gruffly. "Joe—take her out of here."

"Wait a minute!" It was the Old Man, hurrying into the tent. "I've kind of changed my mind. I'm afraid—"

"Because that other fellow quit?" asked Green, pushing hard at his prognathous chin. If he should hesitate now, after his boasts, after his very frank denunciations of the man who had preceded him! "I can work 'em. Where's that contract—I guess you've got the usual clause in it to release the show from responsibility if I get hurt. Well, pass it over; I'll sign it!"

There was a crackling of paper. Bill Green raised a very shaky hand and signed his name in equally shaky fashion. Then, before his chin could waver or his knees quake, he rushed toward the steel arena, unstrapped the door and leaped within.

Very faintly, in the next fifteen minutes, he heard now and then a scream in a feminine voice, and glimpsed hazily—through the cloud of twisting forms about him—the frightened features of Mademoiselle Petite, peeking, woman-fashion, under the side-wall.

But those glimpses were flashing

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Climate: Year-round producing climate. *The Californian* can work, grow crops or play every month in the year.

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Wealth: Twice the national average of wealth, twice the average number of savings bank depositors and twice the average deposit. Only three states report more income tax returns; none has so many automobiles per capita.

Health: 6 of the 15 most healthful cities in the United States are in California. U. S. investigations prove California children bigger and taller, than the average.

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Recreation: Four National Parks, a thousand miles of ocean shore, a thousand-mile-long Sierra playground, 30,000 square miles of National Forests, 42,000 miles of improved roads. Year-round motoring, golf, fishing, week-ending out of doors.

Crops: More than $600,000,000 yearly. Six million acres under irrigation with great mountain reservoirs supplying abundant water.

Industry: One of the youngest states, California is eighth in value of manufactured products.

Markets: From San Francisco's great harbor, the largest on the Pacific Coast, the Californian successfully sells his manufactures and crops throughout the Western and Eastern States, and exports enormously.

For every Californian—here or on the way—these advantages spell Opportunity.

Their home is in a San Francisco suburb

R. J.'s office overlooks San Francisco's busy streets

This Family "Discovered" California

—and here is what they told their friends

How does it feel when you move to California? How do you get along? Do you ever want to move away?

These are big questions today in thousands of American families.

And—here is a typical answer—a true answer—an answer thousands of California families might have made. Read for yourself; then write us what you think. And while you are reading, remember that this is a personal, intimate letter, written without any thought of publication and discovered by merest chance. Permission to use it was then obtained by Californians Inc., from the author whose full name and address will be furnished on request. Here's the letter:

"*San Francisco, November 15, 1926.*

"My dear Joe:—

"You ask me how I like California by this time, now that I've been out here a little over a year. It isn't a Utopia, nor an Eden, but I sure do like it.

"As I think I told you, it was not until my third trip out here, in the spring of 1922, that I began to *appreciate* California.

"When I landed in San Francisco early in February of that year, I found the sun shining brilliantly, and the air just snappy enough for a light-weight coat. I did some business, and I began to form a liking for California. From that time on, I came once or twice a year, got to know some people out here, began to understand why people boosted California so enthusiastically, and then I decided this would be a great place to live. It is! You can say what you will it's mighty pleasant to do business out here. People have time to visit with you and to play, and still a lot of business is done.

"After looking around a bit, we decided we'd like to live down the peninsula from San Francisco. We rented a house for a year, to see if we'd like it, after having been 'cooped up' in an apartment back East for so long, and last April, long before our lease was up, we bought a house that was just going up and would be ready in September.

"We've got the place now that we always hoped we could afford some day, but never could have bought back East where land values are so high. Some fellows who have been out here from 'home' have shown me, by actual figures, that my place back East, would cost easily twice what I paid for it. We don't need expensive building protection against extremes of heat and cold, or a big storage basement for fuel.

"There are no two ways about it, Joe, life out here *is* better, and easier. We aren't fighting snow, ice, cold weather, or excessive heat or humidity, at any time of the year. Our 'winter' out here, is a rainy season, from late December into March, but the rest of the year the weather is delightful, and dependable—every day is prettier than the one before.

"I bought a new car just a little over a year ago and the speedometer now reads 21,450 miles. I have a lot of business in Los Angeles and the southern part of the state and go down several times a year. There are 42,000 miles of improved roads in California, and we enjoy them.

"We live outdoors practically the year round. Only last Sunday we had a picnic in the mountains just back of where we live, and I never saw a more perfect day.

"Nearby are Monterey and Carmel, and countless other perfectly beautiful places, all within easy access by car, and open the year round.

"I don't suppose I'll ever get rich—don't think I've got it between my ears—but I'm making a good living and getting a lot more out of life than I ever did before. It certainly is a pleasure to do business out here, with these cordial, courteous people.

"As for Grace, she has served notice on me that if I go back East, I can go alone!

"Does this answer your questions?

"Cordially,—R. J."

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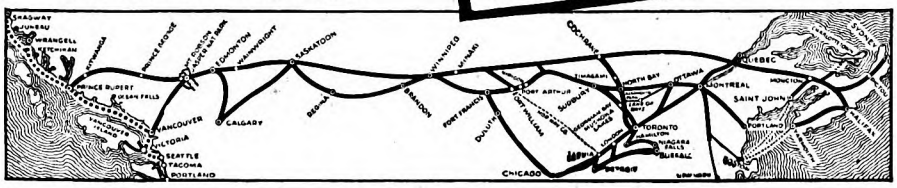

things—there was plenty of other occupation for his eyes. Such as lions which leaped at him from a dozen directions, only to be driven back as Bill Green jumped first to the left and the right, then forward and backward in his attempts to dodge them. Lions which hooked at the prod-rod with wide-spread claws, which hissed and roared and doubled upon his tracks, which came within an inch of him, mouths open, tails twisting in excited writhings above their backs.

Lions which he escaped by miracles that even he could not understand, which came at him in pairs and quartets and sixes and sevens. Which seemed to halt their attacks at the very instant of victory, as if the desperation of the man had held them for an instant from their prey. In vain he shouted the usual signals for them to take to their pedestals and obey his commands. It was as though they never had seen a pedestal.

Backward, forward, dodging and twisting, sending his whip in lashing circles about him, Bill Green covered the arena. Holding a space in the center until they drove him out of it by concerted attacks. Working his way along the steel sides, with his back against the bars, and by shouts and yells and fending weapons of defense, kicking them from him until they could formulate another animal effort at his downfall.

Again and again and again—the trainer rising paramount by that strange form of superhuman control which seems to come to a man in time of danger with caged beasts, turning until he was dizzy, that he might hold a beast from the gathering of muscles necessary to a spring, drawing himself in against the bars, or leaping from an approach with the speed of a boxer.

Minute after minute it continued. His clothes began to cling to him with the dampness of absorbed perspiration. He weaved slightly, and staggered—weakness overcoming him, it seemed, all in an instant. Then, in desperation, he threw away his prod-fork and whip and dived to his pockets for his two blank-cartridged revolvers—the last resort—to fend them off, until he could reach the door.

"Back there!" he shouted, and pulled the trigger, sending a charge of blazing yellow toward the bellowing beasts. "Back there—" He fired again, and a third time.

THE lions milled excitedly. They grunted and swerved. Then suddenly, as the shots barked anew, they seemed to form in a leaping sequence of running forms, scraping against him aimlessly as they passed in a mad race about the ring.

Bill Green looked up. Then Bill Green ducked—three of them were directly above him, where they had plunged upward along the side of the arena, there to hang suspended for an instant, then go plunging madly on again.

He shouted with sudden victory. "I've got 'em—I've got 'em!" he cried. "Back there, you!" And fired again—just as the way cleared for an instant with the ganging of the lions at the other side of the enclosure, and quick hands unstrapped the door for him to stagger through to the menagerie tent, leaving a dozen baffled, roaring brutes behind him.

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Bill Green swallowed, and strove to center his eyes so that the tent would not swim so mightily before him. Vaguely he heard voices and answered them with the same vagueness. He wanted air, did Bill Green, and a chance to think it over. Now that he was out, he rather wished that he hadn't made that triumphant announcement, that he had merely let things go as they stood.

"You had 'em whipped!" came in a voice from his side, and dimly Bill Green realized that it was the Old Man. "Just that much to-morrow, and we'll be all right. After that, you can really start to train 'em. But to-morrow—just do what you did to-day. A knockout—it'll be a knockout! You had 'em licked every minute—every minute, you had 'em!"

"Uh-huh!" said Bill Green, and walked forth into the air of the circus lot. His session of training must have looked entirely different from outside the arena, which helped not at all. In fact, it meant one of two things for the morrow: either that Bill Green could again take his life and juggle it with the aid of twelve man-eaters, or that Bill Green could quit, admitting fear when those about him had seen triumph.

"OH, BILLY!" Out of the fog, someone soft and dainty and feminine had taken his arm. "I was so afraid for a while—until I saw how you just had them where you wanted them." She squeezed his arm. "Oh, you were wonderful!"

"Uh-huh," said Bill Green. "Uh-huh." Then he looked blankly about him. "Who's that calling me?"

"Your name Mr. Green?" said a messenger boy. "Sign on the third line."

"Sign it yourself," said Bill Green, and tugged at the flap of the envelope.

For a moment the words before him would not be still. They jumped and swam and darted and leaped, like fish in a brook—or lions in an arena. Then as suddenly they became sharp and clear—and comforting. Bill Green chuckled softly. Then he read it again.

WILLIAM GREEN,
GRAND CONSOLIDATED CIRCUS.

Answering your telegram regret state wrong lions shipped you. Stop. However, suggest since mistake already made you keep shipment which will quote you same price as other to avoid extra expense return, etc. Stop. Best and tamest twelve lion act we have ever put out. Stop. Trained by Hamburg himself for untamable act depicting constant attempt to kill trainer. Stop. Absolute thriller for any audience and guaranteed safety for trainer as Hamburg worked two years to get act where he wanted it. Stop. Every beast guaranteed to imitate attack to within matter of inches of trainer's body, finishing with grand leaps and circling of den on ground and in air when signal of firing revolver is given. Stop. Wire decision immediately. WALGREN.

Bill Green drew a new, exceedingly luxurious breath, and dived into his pocket for a pencil. He wrote hurriedly upon the back of the telegram.

"Rush it," he told the boy. Then, as the messenger departed, a new Bill Green took Mademoiselle Petite, in quite possessive fashion, by the arm.

"Just a wire about the lions," he said in an offhand manner. "They sent us the wrong bunch. But I telegraphed back that we'd keep 'em!"

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The Longest Days Are Those on Which You Pity Yourself

(*Continued from page 37*)

But after eight years of his direction—during which the company has progressed more rapidly than at any other time in its history—it is clear that Merrill has earned his place.

When Merrill came to the company, it was operating less than five thousand miles of cable, running from Galveston, Texas, to Mexico City, Vera Cruz, and Tampico as the Mexican Telegraph Company, and from that point on as the Central and South American Telegraph Company, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to the Western Coast, and south to Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua and Panama. From Panama it crossed to South America, down the West Coast to Colombia, Equador, Peru, stopping at Lima.

THE new office boy felt a part of a great enterprise as he looked at these names, and it was with a cheerful smile that he met his new boss, Mr. Scrymser.

"I had determined," he said, "to be worth my salt, and to put all the pepper possible into the job. But I received a shock when I was promptly set to work dusting chairs, desks, and books, and filling ink wells.

Young Merrill was hardly reassured in his resolve, never to forget that this was opportunity, by the character of the offices which he dusted. The founder and directors of the new companies had determined to make them pay, and they practiced a rigid economy in office matters. The entire force, a dozen in number counting Merrill, occupied two rooms on the fifth floor of 37 Wall Street. There was no elevator.

Before his first day had passed, Merrill was listening eagerly to what went on. It was a small office, but it was enormously proud of what it was doing. And with reason. The less than five thousand miles of cable running from Galveston to Lima, Peru, represented the first American effort to establish communication between the countries of the Americas by cable. Before these cables had been laid, the only way by which a message could be sent from the United States to Mexico, Central America, Panama, or South America had been via British cables. This meant that a message must go across the Atlantic to London, back to the West Indies, or by way of the Argentine Republic. That was a long and expensive journey. The service of the newly organized American companies had filled a real need. Their route was far shorter than the British route, and thus they were able to cut greatly the time for a message to be sent and delivered. Although even then messages traveled at what would seem a snail's pace in this year of 1926.

"A message sent by us to Lima, Peru," said Mr. Merrill, "which reached its destination and was answered the same day, was so unusual that I remember one recipient sent a special message containing his compliments to the president of our company! To-day messages travel the entire thirty thousand miles of our lines in a few minutes, and the president receives no compliments, only complaints if by any chance it takes longer."

Thrift in management meant economy of time as well as of space. The new cable office was a busy one, and overtime was expected as a matter of course. There was no pay for such extra work. Frequently the whole force stayed until nine or ten at night. The one concession made was a supper allowance.

One night young Merrill turned in a supper voucher to his friend Mr. Blackwell, who read it and shook his head.

"Sixty-five cents," he said. "Suppose you tell me exactly what you had."

"I accounted for every cent," said Mr. Merrill, "including five cents for a cup of coffee and ten for a dish of ice cream." Mr. Blackwell paid the sixty-five cents. But the next night he summoned Merrill.

"We will have to stay late to-night," he said; "and the janitor's wife up-stairs will make you a nice cup of tea and some buttered toast for fifteen cents."

"I can't remember that I *said* anything," Mr. Merrill related; "I just stood there and thought of tea and toast, and I must have looked hungry. Mr. Blackwell was elderly; tea and toast had an appeal for him. I wanted beef. As I stood there, he looked me over, up and down—and I was not small even then. Finally, he sighed, smiled, and told me to take fifty cents. I went out to get a real supper.

"I could always get a real meal after that, thrift notwithstanding, and I needed those meals. A cable office is an all-day, all-night job, and it works seven days in the week. In those early days, we spent almost all of our waking hours on the job. But they were often hours of keen enjoyment. It was impossible to be associated with Mr. Scrymser and not see at least a part of his vision.

"I have always had a strong vein of sentiment, and the office was full of romance for me. Although they were more limited than now, the messages handled covered the whole field of business, of international relationships, and of the news.

"MR. SCRYMSER had never been associated with any business of communication before; he had served as a volunteer during the four years of the Civil War and had received a captaincy. When he came from the war, he conceived the idea of joining the three Americas by cable, and found backers for his plan. He spared no study upon the subject, and in this study I joined.

"The sending of messages from point to point beyond the range of the human voice has always been one of the great problems. The signal fires of Biblical times were used to transmit various meanings throughout Israel. The smoke signals of the North American Indians and their burning arrows marked another effort of man to communicate with his fellows. The early Greeks used beacon

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I got off to a good start

THERE'S a heap of satisfaction in that feeling—good health, a good job, and the best pipe-tobacco in the world! Every time I fill my pipe I feel thankful that I'm alive and well. I like to think of all the years that Prince Albert and I are going to pal around together.

I didn't waste much time prospecting around for the right tobacco. I've smoked P. A. from the beginning — off to a flying start, and out in front all the way. When I have my pipe jammed full of good old Prince Albert, I just naturally take the bit between my teeth!

I can't help being a little enthusiastic about Prince Albert, because it means so much to me. Cool as a cave. Fragrant as heather. Rich and full-bodied, yet so mild that I can smoke it as often as I wish. Which is to say, whenever I'm not eating or sleeping!

If you don't mind taking advice from a young fellow, treat yourself to a tin of Prince Albert *today*. Raise the hinged lid, inhale that wonderful aroma, fill up, light up, and—Ah-h-h! You'll know, just as I knew, that you've found the *one* pipe-tobacco at last!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

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" To Shape and Use "

". . . Not as idle ore, but iron dug from central gloom . . . to shape and use." Tennyson knew that behind the creation of wealth lies the intelligent use of natural resources.

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The natural advantages and the growth of the Alabama steel industry are typical of all Southern industry—the resources of the South are being used to build a great industrial empire.

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fires; the Romans invented an ingenious system of communication by the flashing of the reflected rays of the sun from highly polished metal shields. Then came flags. All nations used them, and dipped and swung in various fashion they carried messages. In the American Revolution, the Colonists adopted many odd signals. Our army used all kinds of shapes hoisted to the tops of poles, baskets of various kinds, casks, barrels and boxes, all of which had a meaning.

"Then the French invented the semaphore. It was a great advance upon anything yet tried, and it seemed so miraculous that it was regarded with suspicion by the people at large. How could a machine with waving arms talk? Many of the early semaphore stations were burned, because of the superstition that they were possessed by the devil. Despite this, the semaphore slowly won its way, and was used widely through France, and later was adopted by England and Russia. It is used in our modern times in various ways; on railroads as a signal that a train is expected, or has just passed, but in these days we back up our semaphores with electric light signals, in dark or bad weather.

"Following the semaphore came modern methods of communication—the telegraph, cable, telephone, wireless, and radio."

"Did you do all your studying while you were an office boy?" I asked.

"Part of it," said Mr. Merrill. "I learned a great deal of geography as well, for, like most Americans, I knew little of other countries in the Western Hemisphere, except the United States.

"MY FIRST promotion was to the financial department, which sounds fine. However, my particular job was pasting vouchers for our payments into great books. It was tedious and monotonous, and I hated it. It was no better when I started to do a little work in computation. I detested figures. In school, I had liked geography and history and I had hated arithmetic, and I was still much of a schoolboy.

"I liked the part of my job that concerned countries and people. But when I started to work with figures it was a very gray day for me. I continued to work with figures for about twenty years, and that work had two results entirely beyond my reckoning: I learned a new part of the company business. Then, I disliked my work so much that I did it as quickly as I could. In the time I saved I looked about for something more interesting.

"In that office, anyone looking for work got it. I continued to run errands to the directors, and I also began to help the president with his personal affairs. Mr. Scrymser was more or less of a public character, a fact which helped the company a great deal. He became a leader in a number of organizations connected with the Civil War veterans, and in these as well as in company matters I managed to be of service. Little by little, I assumed charge of his correspondence. There were a few typewriters in use at that time, but Mr. Scrymser was no more friendly to them than he had been to the telephone. So I opened his mail in the morning, read it, and wrote out in long hand the replies as I thought they should be written.

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"When the president came in, he read my letters. If he liked them he sent them; if not, he tore them up and wrote others. It came to be a matter of pride with me to have no letter torn up.

"I told you how I hated figures. I can conceive of no drudgery worse than the first few years I put in with them. Then I found, to my great surprise, that, although I did not actually like it, it had ceased to be drudgery. In a few more years, I actually liked what I was doing. Then I began to make out reports, and as I was untrained both in bookkeeping and finance I made many blunders.

I REMEMBER once when the financial report delighted me so much that I determined to put it before the directors in graphic fashion. We had put in our first typewriter a short time before, and I had made the discovery that it would carry a two-toned ribbon, red and black. This would help me in making my report spectacular, so I bought one of the ribbons, and as the report was confidential I typed it myself using my two forefingers and the two colors.

"As our profits were my main interest, and red was more vivid than black, I put all the profits in red. The report looked fine—to me. When I distributed it at the directors' meeting, I felt proud. But to my surprise, some of the directors began laughing as they read, and others appeared flustered. Then one of them enlightened me.

"'It is customary,' he said, 'for deficits to be printed in red ink, or with red ribbon; profits are always in black.'

"I felt pretty sheepish; but it was by always trying out something, even though I blundered, that my education in financial matters proceeded. Incredible as it still seems to me, I became in time the company's auditor. And for years I continued as auditor, adding to the work a good many other activities the title does not cover. One of these duties was to take confidential messages to the directors.

"Among the directors were a number of big business men; and while I was in their offices I kept my eyes and ears open. I intended to learn, always; but I must have been cocky at times, for I remember once when I was sent to obtain the signature of J. Pierpont Morgan. There had been a directors' meeting the day before; but it had lacked the necessary quorum, and there was another signature needed to approve the minutes. I was given the gold piece which rewarded every director, and told to get Mr. Morgan's signature. When I entered his office and presented the gold piece I said:

"'Mr. Scrymser says the minutes are all right, and if you will sign them I will go right away and not take up more of your valuable time, sir.'

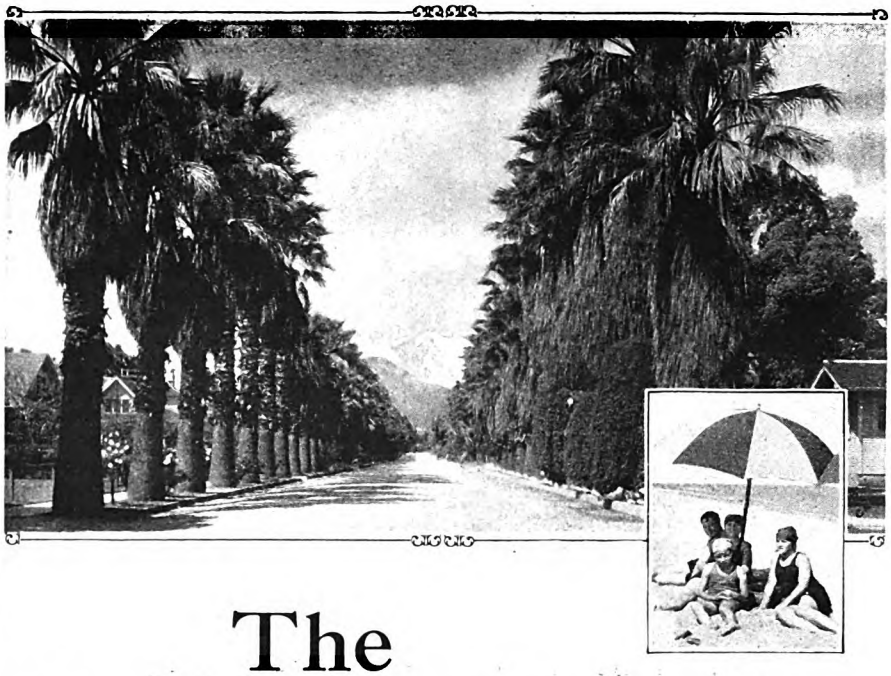
"That sounded like a fine, tactful speech to make to a busy master of finance; but Mr. Morgan looked up at me rather grimly.

"'What is your name?' he asked.

"'John Merrill,' I replied, wondering.

"'Well, Merrill,' he said sternly, 'that signature of mine is worth some dollars to me.' And he took the papers and read them then and there with care, before signing."

Merrill watched him, at first chagrined, and then with admiration. He took the



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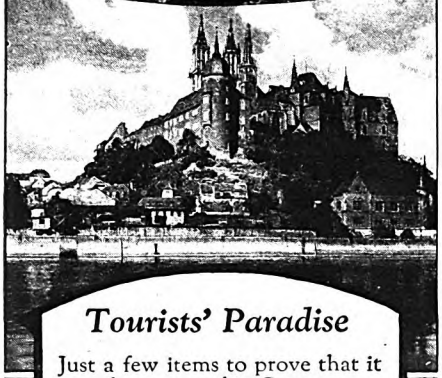
Why it Costs Less to Travel in Germany



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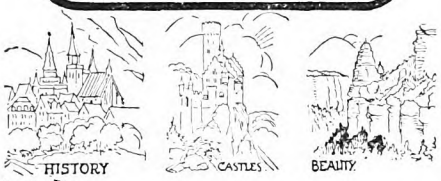

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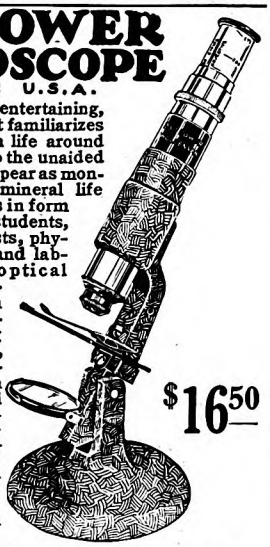

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lesson with him when he went out from that office.

"And I have never stopped repeating it for the benefit of others, to this day," he said to me. "No paper that requires a signature is too long for the signer to read.

"I SAW Mr. Morgan many times; but on one other occasion I paid him what was to me a memorable visit. It was at the time of the 1893 panic. I do not remember my errand, but I found the anteroom crowded with bankers and financiers, all waiting to consult Mr. Morgan. I was a very small potato in that throng. I stood near the door to his office and waited. The door was partly open, and through the crack I could see that Mr. Morgan was being shaved and that the barber was Peter, who shaved me. I had no idea that Peter went about shaving the famous in the district; I had of course always been shaved in his shop. Peter turned as I looked in, saw me, and smiled.

"'Come right in, Mr. Merrill,' he said.

"Mr. Morgan raised his head a little. His face was covered with lather.

"'I cannot see you, Merrill,' he called; 'but if Peter says come in, why, come ahead.'

"So I went in before the bankers and financiers in the anteroom, and finished my business promptly, thanks to Peter.

"I struck up an acquaintance with Grover Cleveland. He had completed one term as President at that time and had opened an office near ours. I admired him tremendously. On my way home I often saw him on his usual route from the Mills Building up Broadway to Rector Street, to take the elevated train up Sixth Avenue. My father had known him, so one day I plucked up courage and spoke to him. I remember well how very kind he was to my boyish opinions, and how his replies were framed to encourage and to help me. After my introduction of myself, I walked to the elevated station with him a number of times and I am proud to remember that little friendship.

"It took some courage to approach Mr. Cleveland; but I have never believed that timidity helped a man any. Timid people are usually absorbed in thinking of themselves, and thinking of yourself usually results in feeling sorry for yourself, which is the most deplorable situation any man can get into. Again and again I see these victims of introspection develop into acute cases of self-pity. Once you get to pitying yourself, you are done for. I can talk upon this subject with some feeling, for I went through a period of self-pity myself. And I might not have come out of it if it had not been for my wife.

"I found time, even with late hours, to marry, and after marriage I continued to work late hours, to my disgust. I had a modest home of my own now, and someone waiting for me, and it did seem hard to have to stay at work so long. I began to tell myself so. Every time I stayed late I worked out a case of injury. I could argue it out all very nicely in my own interest, and I kept at it, piling up instances of fancied injustice until I was convinced that the company was using me badly.

"Once we had spent some weeks in planning what was, for us, an elaborate evening affair. We were to have a few friends to dinner and take them to the theatre. I had only a modest salary, and it necessitated considerable economy upon our part to effect such an entertainment. All the arrangements had been made, the guests invited, and the theatre tickets bought, when on the afternoon of the affair I was summoned, and told to pack a grip and leave for Boston that evening, going on south to Washington before I returned. The business was urgent. I said nothing in reply; but I went home dead tired, sat down, and poured out my story to Mrs. Merrill.

"If she had sympathized with me, I might have left the company then and there. But she laughed at me!

"'Instead of bemoaning your lot,' she said gayly, 'you ought to thank God for your opportunities!' And she showed me clearly that this was an opportunity; that I could go to the theatre at any time. I cheered up, packed my grip, and went, and on that trip I got myself in hand, thanks to my wife. I determined to stop pitying myself, and I haven't wasted much time in that direction since. Some time later I found a card with a 'Recipe for Success' on it. I do not know that it will insure progress, but it will make anyone who tries it more useful and happier. I keep it with me all the time. Here it is:

"Keep your head cool—your feet warm—your mind busy. Don't worry over trifles Plan your work ahead, then stick to it, rain or shine. Don't waste sympathy on yourself. If you are a gem, someone will find you. Don't whine; tell other people you are a failure, and they will believe you. Talk and act like a winner, and in time you will become one.

"This little paragraph became my guide, and I never had a better one. I went on from that day with a new attitude, one that directed itself as my first boyish enthusiasm had done, but that was different, in that it was self-determined and more likely to last. I did more work, and I did it with grace, and, strange to say, it failed to tire me out as it had in my days of thinking that I was abused.

"LIKE a good many Civil War veterans," Merrill went on, "Mr. Scrymser was a great story-teller. In the early days of our association, he began telling me yarns, many of them with a moral intended to point my way, some of them just yarns. I remember one of the famous Custer.

"McClellan and his army were gathered on a hill near a river. General McClellan called a division general named Smith and demanded, 'Is that river fordable?'

"General Smith hesitated, and a young officer stepped forward.

"'I'll see, sir,' he offered.

"Under the fire of the sharpshooters, he wormed his way down the slope to the river, Indian fashion, crossed it, broke off a branch from a tree on the opposite side, and returned in safety, bearing the branch.

"'The river is fordable, sir,' he reported.

"'Who is that young man?' demanded McClellan.

"'Lieutenant Custer, sir,' replied General Smith.

"'*Captain* Custer,' said McClellan, 'report to my tent at seven this evening.'

"After some years of listening to such yarns I realized that probably other people might like to hear them. I began on a new task. I wrote out all I could

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remember, and added to the collection as new stories were told. Later, I persuaded Mr. Scrymser to let me publish them.

"In the meantime, company work increased steadily. In 1884, we had less than five thousand miles of cable. We had no connection with the eastern coast of South America. In 1886, the first direct cable to Havana, Cuba, was put into operation, and in 1892 we purchased a land line which runs from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires, one of the most remarkable telegraph lines in existence, running across the Andes. Add to this height the depth of our cables, and it makes a perpendicular journey of six miles from the lowest to the highest point, from the bottom of the sea to the tops of the mountains! In 1907 we laid our first direct cable from New York to Cuba.

"It was Mr. Scrymser's dream to extend the line to Rio de Janeiro; but because of concessions granted to certain telegraph companies, which did not expire until after his death, he was unable to complete the line. It fell to me to continue the dream, which by this time had become my dream as well. After I became president, we laid our first cable to Rio de Janeiro and Santos, and in 1925 we followed it by a second cable, and a new third cable all down the western coast.

"In 1884 the rate to Buenos Aires was seven dollars and fifty cents a word. Today it is fifty cents. To anyone with imagination, that statement carries far more than the bare fact. It means something to every citizen of the Americas, something in the increase of business, in the interchange of ideas through news, in a closer acquaintance all along the line, between country and country, firm and firm, and individual human beings. I have said that I am a sentimentalist. When I receive a message, I see in it not only the printed words upon the page, but the lines running under the sea and over the mountains, and the friend at the other end who is brought close to me.

"Don't imagine that it was all easy going for me even after my wife suggested that I had better spend my energy in work rather than in self-pity. It was thirty-one years before I became an officer. Mr. Scrymser was ill, an additional executive was needed, and the directors decided to create the office of second vice president. Mr. W. Emlen Roosevelt, vice president of the Central and South American Telegraph Company, directed me to prepare an amendment to the by-laws, creating this office.

"'I'll have it ready,' I promised.

"'You don't seem very curious as to who is going to be second vice president,' he commented.

"'You will tell me when you want me to know,' I said. I had my hopes; but it was no time to speak of them. He seemed amused and told me I was to have the place. As soon as I could, I got to a telephone booth and told Mrs. Merrill."

THREE years later, when Mr. Scrymser realized that he was dying, he wrote two letters, one to each of the two companies, asking that John L. Merrill be made president. So Merrill inherited a dream. Shortly after he became president, the two companies combined under the name, "All America Cables, Inc."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

YOURS . . .

Nothing is too hard to do for them

—surely not this simple thing!

Your boy, your girl—no others like them in all the world! You want to do so much for them . . . big, hard things!

But after all, being a mother means most of all the endless doing of little things; the simple over and over tasks of every day.

It is the vital importance of some of these little things in a child's development that health authorities are making a special effort to urge upon mothers today.

They are urging one thing in particular, which they have found needs new attention from mothers. A proper *school day* breakfast!

Some very striking facts about this subject have been brought to light by school tests and experiments.

It has been proved beyond question that the kind of work a child does in school in the morning is directly affected by the kind of breakfast he eats.

These tests show that only one kind of breakfast gives a child the mental and physical energy he needs to do his best in school. A *hot cereal* breakfast.

The U. S. Bureau of Education speaks for all school authorities when it broadcasts this statement:

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As the Breakfast Rule it is posted on thousands of school room walls:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

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The reasons why so many nutrition authorities advise a Cream of Wheat breakfast for children are very easy to understand.

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It's a little thing—this matter of the right cereal for breakfast—but how much it means! Surely you will not neglect it. Tomorrow morning really *prepare* your children for their school hours—with a steaming bowl of Cream of Wheat. Your grocer will send you a box, if you need it.

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Migration—The Wonder and the Mystery of It

(*Continued from page 41*)

Of flights wholly over land, the nighthawk is said to make the longest migration, passing 7,000 miles from the country of the Yukon to the Argentine. The upland or whistling plover flies from Canada to Patagonia. It is one of the earliest migrants, often beginning its southward journey in July. The scarlet tanager summers as far north as Canada; its winter home is in Peru.

One effect of the annual two migrations is to bring near to us wanderers that otherwise we should never see; and I have had a good many thrills from encountering gorgeous strangers, *en route* for the ends of the earth, casually visiting my very back yard. I have seen the royal tern, and the greater yellow legs, two hundred miles inland; the golden eagle flying low over my tiny apple orchard; the nonpareil nonchalantly sitting on a rail fence more than three thousand miles from his winter home; the horned grebe among my weedy raspberries; the black-crowned night heron in a small pear tree in my yard; the woodcock beside my spring; and the shy upland plover, at home on the pampas of the Argentine, loafing in the shade of my sweet corn patch! Strayed voyagers, romantic travelers, they vividly color familiar places, touching them with the nameless charm of the luring, the distant, the strangely beautiful.

These tarriers from dim glamour-lands speak to my heart of God. They tell me that somewhere infallible wisdom dwells, guiding millions on their way. They speak to my spirit with all the unanswerable eloquence of natural beauty.

THERE seems hardly any doubt that individuals of a species return year after year to the old homes of which they have become fond. I know a sunny, secluded meadow in southern Pennsylvania, where, five years ago, I heard and saw a mocking bird. The behavior of the bird led me to believe that it was nesting there. Again, in another year, I was in the same meadow—at sunrise on a morning of late April. From the top of a huge sycamore I heard a bird caroling deliciously a melody so rich and full and tinted with the bloom of dewy radiance that it was a fit herald for the rising of a springtime sun. The whole earth was emerging roseate from her bath of dew. The meadow was greenly sparkling under the laciest of mist-mantles. My first guess was that the singing bird was a brown thrasher; he nearly always chooses the topmost bough of a tree from which to pour forth his wild, shy rapture. But then I knew it to be a mocking bird. How had it found this meadow? Was it a descendant of a bird seen long before? In human life it is common, almost infallible, for children (and grown-ups too) to inherit a passionate love for a locality. It draws them as no other influence does. Why may not the same thing be true in nature? Marked birds, such as purple martins, have been known to return to their houses year after year. Wild ducks do the same thing. For my part, I believe that most migrants not only know how to return to a given place but also love to return. A singular confirmation of this conviction is found in albinos.

These eerie white birds, which have lost the coloring matter for their plumage, have been known to return for four or five years to the same locality, even to the *same tree*, for a nesting site. I know of a robin that was a regular summer sojourner in a certain Pennsylvania village. My friend Arthur Wayne, the naturalist, who has spent thirty years in the woods and fields and marshes of the coast of Carolina, reports the following interesting case of the return of an albino: "A perfect albino of the red-tailed hawk made its appearance every winter from 1901 to 1905 on Dewees Island; but, despite all my exertions, I was unable to capture it. It arrived each year in November or December and stayed until March."

SOMETIMES a strange occurrence will utterly change the route of migration of a species. As a boy, bareheaded, I used to take a sort of romantic delight in following, in fascination, the huge flocks of long-billed curlews with which, during the migrations, the sandy bars and beaches near my home on the Carolina coast abounded. The whistling of those curlews "haunted me like a passion." Stately birds they were, with long sickle bills; heavy in the body, but possessed of a certain divinity of grace that one can always associate with a game bird.

In all that region now there is not a long-billed curlew to be found. They have been gone for more than thirty years. They were literally crowded from their feeding grounds by the smaller and less attractive species, the Hudsonian curlew.

In general, migration is far more of a drifting process than it is a sustained flight. The hardier species lead the van; the delicate voyagers, like the warblers, come last. Often the males precede the females, and cry and call incessantly until their demure mates arrive. It is often during the migration that the nuptial plumage is donned. It is often during little stopovers on the passage north that mates find each other, and finish the journey as a pair. I have frequently watched mallards and wood ducks pairing during the spring migration.

Even the most practical mind must yield to a certain fascination, a certain mystery, when ushered into the presence of the gigantic fact, the superb achievement of migration; the mighty hegira of the vast bird squadrons, thronging "the long savannas of the blue." The sheer wonder of the thing is enough to fill a man's heart with grace, and send him to his knees before the Lord of Creation.

It is the first of October. As yet there has been no frost. The flowers are bril-

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liant with those poignant colors of farewell that flaunt triumphantly, flouting the dread of winter. Most gaudy are certain gladioli; and about these a single ruby-throated humming bird is, in his dainty fashion, exceedingly busy. He is wholly concerned with the wild honey dew in those gorgeous bells, hanging, to him, like a huge carolin from the swaying spire of the stem. Yet this tiny fairy, as frail as thistledown, is on the eve of a prodigious journey, such a one, indeed, as might appall the oldest traveler. He is starting for Central America to-night. Yet he seems joyously unconcerned, probing with ecstatic bill the iridescent depths of the mighty bells. He does not appear to be buying travelers' checks. He isn't rushing around packing luggage and purchasing tickets. Something in his heart tells him that the time has come; but he knows that all is well. He has something to sustain him besides his wings. Perhaps it is what all of us must have.

Into the air he vanishes. The west is all afire; the sun has foundered, leaving a golden vortex. Up the tall oriel windows of evening the sunset roses climb. A black bat, as if performing mystically some dim religious rite, is careening on velvet wings. But my thoughts are with my tiny wanderer, somewhere out in the vast twilight settling over the world. I cannot be beguiled away from the thought of him, though from a little pine a wood-thrush is softly warbling the angelus.

THE winter is past. Spring is here, bringing me into the garden again. It is a morning in mid-May. There has been a torrential downpour the night before. Perched disconsolately on the dead twig of a dripping lilac bush is my faërie adventurer.

Safely had he come that immense journey. He had had no compass. He had traveled in the darkness, by the air route. Who had taken care of that tiny spark of life? Who had buoyed up those gossamer wings? Who had charted the course for this tiniest of aërial mariners? Who had sustained that palpitant elfin heart? I have but one answer; and the more I study migration, the more I am inclined to give it. God is in the night. And when the time comes for our migration hence to a land unknown, through a misty darkness, He will not desert us. In the huge rainy night, in that cavernous and monstrous dark, the frailest abide secure. In that flight amid other spheres than ours, I believe we shall know what it means to be sustained by Everlasting Arms.

"LIGHT Overhead, Sir!" sang out the watch on a tramp steamer. It was a dark night, and the dim, flashing light he saw could not be from the stars. An officer came up. The light overhead spelled out a message in code. The steamer answered by the winking of her lights, and then followed one of the strangest rescues made at sea: a balloon, dropping from the immensity of dark space, alighted on the deck of the ship. This, and many other adventures are related for you next month in "Riders of the Gale," a fascinating article in which a famous balloonist recounts his experiences.

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Peter's Tower

(*Continued from page 47*)

police dog, which looked up but did not move as the visitors entered and the servant withdrew. Knitting quietly in an old-fashioned rocking chair, Mrs. Renfrew faced her immense son. Upon a lounge and curled almost into a ball was Petrovna, reading a leather-bound book. The family waited for the reading of the will. The Renfrews met everything in life without show of emotion, save when their anger was aroused or, perhaps, in the madness of sport.

Smith laid the brief case upon the great center table, and withdrew somewhat into the background as the family gathered about the old lawyer at the table. He stood beside the lounge, from which Petrovna had uncurled, and noted that her book was a collection of poems by Sidney Lanier.

THERE is always suspense in the reading of a will. It is a last message, and seems like a voice from the dead. Listeners instinctively draw closer together. Petrovna moved her chair a little closer to her brother, but the latter only lighted a cigar and beckoned to the dog, which came and lay at his feet.

"I drew up your father's last will," began Andrews, looking at the brother and sister; "and I saw him sign it just half an hour before his death—in that library."

The lawyer pointed with the document toward a closed door, and the gesture emphasized his words. Mrs. Renfrew, a picture of placidity, did not look up from her knitting, but Peter stolidly blew a puff of smoke in the direction of the library. Petrovna, as though she sensed something, suddenly turned her head toward Smith, who barely had time to drop his eyes upon the book of poetry. She rose and came toward him, moving with the grace and ease of a wild animal.

"You like poetry?" she asked.

"Yes," returned Smith, regarding the smooth skin and deep brown eyes thoughtfully. "I like Lanier's poems. Are you not interested in the will?"

"I know about the will," she returned, tilting her head birdlike, so that she could look into the gray-blue eyes of the tall man. "Are you a policeman?"

"Something like that," said Smith, with no hesitation. "You have superb intuition, and you love romance for itself. My task is easier than I expected. Who told you about the will?"

"Mother," she answered and went back to the table, to which her low tones had not carried.

Andrews began to read the will, speaking very clearly and with legal lack of stress.

"To my beloved wife," he read after the usual preamble, "I leave the income from my entire estate, in trust, until her death, when it shall go to charity as in hereafter described. To my son and daughter I leave nothing."

Mrs. Renfrew scarcely glanced up from her knitting. Petrovna tilted her head toward her brother, as if she would read his thoughts. Peter the Fifth stood up, stretched his great arms outward and snapped a finger at the dog.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Dad's will. I'm satisfied."

As he spoke, the front door opened and a girl entered followed by a man. Smith looked at the new arrivals indifferently, but looked longer at the man than he did at the girl.

"Nina!" exclaimed the great Peter, advancing with forty-inch strides and picking up the girl by the elbows, so that she dangled before him like a doll. "Dad cut Petrovna and me off without a cent. Does it make any difference?"

For answer, the girl wriggled her head forward and kissed him. There was no doubt about that kiss. The giant tossed her in the air and laughed before he set her upon the floor.

"We Renfrews take what we want from the world!" he said, looking at the lawyer.

For a moment Stanley Holts had stood like a man utterly puzzled, but he threw off the embarrassment quickly and approached Petrovna, under the watchful eyes of both Mrs. Renfrew and Smith.

"Money makes no difference to us, dear," said Holts in a low voice, and Smith, unobserved, bent his head slightly to catch the exact intonation. "I have plenty for both of us."

It was at this point that Smith looked directly at the lawyer and raised a hand, indicative of some wish. Andrews immediately laid down the document which he had been reading, and spoke with new emphasis.

"Before proceeding," he said, "I must submit evidence to show that the late Mr. Peter Renfrew was murdered."

Mrs. Renfrew turned very white at the words. Petrovna deliberately rose and stared intensely at Smith. Stanley Holts and Nina looked considerably surprised. Only Peter, turning slowly from Nina toward the lawyer, exhibited no emotion; yet he spoke first: "And this evidence?"

"I have been reading a *copy* of the will," explained the lawyer. "The original was stolen during the time which elapsed before I returned to the library and found your father dead upon the floor."

SMITH'S searching eyes witnessed astonishment upon all faces except that of the visitor from Florida, where something like an expression of relief dwelt for a moment. Peter opened his mouth and dropped his cigar, in unconcealed surprise.

"Unless the stolen will is recovered," continued Andrews, "the former will becomes binding, and the estate is divided equally between Mrs. Renfrew and the two children."

Peter shook his head grimly and kicked the cigar into the fireplace.

"Stolen or not," he rumbled, "Dad's last will stands good with every Renfrew!"

"What about the murderer?" asked Andrews. "I have brought Mr. Aurelius Smith from New York to solve the mystery."

Peter Renfrew slowly turned his attention to the lanky man standing in the

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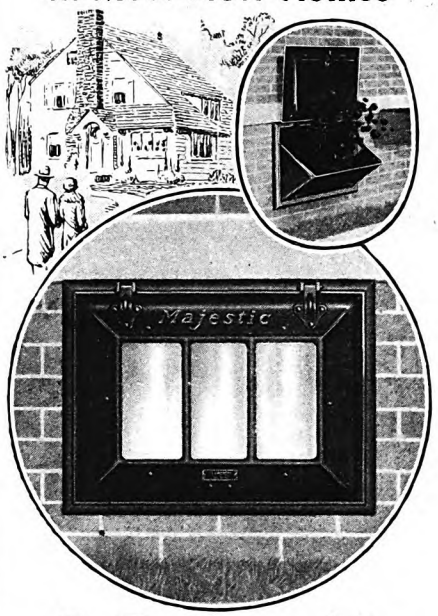

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background. Smith was tall, but he did not appear tall beside Peter. The two men stared at each other for a moment, and there was a trace of insolence in the Renfrew stare.

"We Renfrews manage our own affairs," remarked Peter.

"Quite," said Smith.

"However," added Peter, "you can look around, and much good may it do you!"

With that he stalked out of the front door, taking Nina and the dog with him, as a man takes his belongings.

NATURALLY, Smith commenced his examination in the library. This room possessed two windows and one door—the door which had been under the observation of Petrovna. The lawyer explained that both windows had been found closed after the tragedy, but that the window next to the tower had not been locked. Smith seated himself beside the desk from which the will had vanished. So seated, he found his back close to the window, upon the other side of which, and within only two or three feet, rose the stone tower. Through the upper half of the window the lower portion of the astronomer's dome was visible.

"That window," remarked Smith, "was found to be closed but not locked. The murderer must have struck the fatal blow through it, since there was no other way."

"Then you are certain that it is a case of murder?" asked the lawyer.

"Uh-huh," said Smith. "I think there were *two* murders."

"Two!" exclaimed Andrews.

"Nothing else seems to explain the situation," said Smith with quiet conviction. "It is a very delicate case, and possesses several ramifications which need separate attention if a beneficial conclusion is to be reached. I feel that it will be necessary for me to go back a hundred years and begin at the beginning. I would like to speak to the servant who witnessed the signing of the will."

Smith was still sitting at the desk when the servant entered. He was an old man, and stood respectfully waiting to be addressed. Smith pointed to a slight tear in one of the curtains by the window.

"Who did that?" he asked.

"I am not certain, sir," replied the servant, looking for a moment at the curtain; "but it may have been Jameson, the chauffeur."

It was characteristic of Smith not to ask how Jameson might have torn the curtain. "Please get me a tape measure," he said. And when the servant returned with an old-fashioned yellow tape, he added, "Come with me, please."

The tall man, dangling the yellow measure from one hand, walked silently through the great living-room followed by the old servant. Petrovna, with her book in her hand but not reading, was again curled upon the lounge, and Mrs. Renfrew knitted as placidly as she had been doing before the reading of the will. Stanley Holts was absent. Not once did Petrovna glance at Smith as he passed through the room and out of the front door.

The ancient stone tower was built in two stories. The lower half, dark and shadowy, and lighted only by two small windows, was unfloored and unpaved. In the center of the ground, side by side and covered with one-foot, lateral flagstones, were two graves, each marked by head and foot stones, gray and crumbling with age. Heavy beams supported the high ceiling, and a wooden stairway, pinned to the wall, gave access to the upper portion of the tower.

It was to this crude mausoleum that Smith came, dangling his tape measure and followed by the old servant. Without hesitation he entered, and immediately proceeded to do something which caused his companion to raise a hand and hold it suspended in surprise. He was *measuring* one of the graves, the grave of Peter the First, who had been buried for more than a hundred years.

"Six feet," commented Smith, looking from the tape to the servant, "and yet I am told that the first Mr. Renfrew was *seven* feet tall."

"I know, sir," said the servant hesitatingly. "My—my late master discovered that when he was quite a young boy."

"Well," said Smith, rising from beside the grave, "what did he do about it?"

It was evident that the old man did not want to answer.

"I am working in the interest of the Renfrew family," continued Smith, coming over to the doorway and looking into the old servant's eyes very earnestly. "You and I know that the Renfrews need be ashamed of nothing. It would help me if I knew what your late master did when he discovered that his seven-foot ancestor was buried in a six-foot grave!"

"It's true about the Renfrews, sir," replied the servant. "They have nothing to be ashamed of—a bit wild, perhaps, but grand people, and you can serve them without losing any self-respect. Some people, sir, you can't hand a match to without feeling that you've done something dirty. The Renfrews respect a servant, sir, in their wild way; but God help the servant who doesn't return the respect—like Jameson."

"And what happened to Jameson?"

"He was a new chauffeur, sir," replied the old man. "He really wasn't a servant at all. He just thought he was. He came into the library to get his money, came in smoking a cigarette, sir."

"Yes? And what happened?" asked Smith.

"WELL, sir," answered the servant, "I wasn't in the room and I didn't see anything, but there was considerable noise, and I heard Master tell Jameson to eat the cigarette and then to swallow the money he had given him!"

"Was Jameson bruised or smashed up when he came out into the hall?"

"He didn't come out that way, sir," returned the old man, and there was a trace of family pride in his voice. "I never saw Jameson again; but I believe he went out through the window. That's how the curtain may have been torn, sir."

"And when did this happen?" asked Smith.

"The day before my master died."

Smith turned back to the grave.

"I suppose, sir," said the servant, "you will be asking me again what my master did when he found that the grave was too short for a seven-foot man?"

"No," answered Smith, "not if you do not wish to tell me. Please bring me a spade."

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The servant in the doorway started violently.

"That was it!" he exclaimed. "He dug him up!"

"Tell me what he found," said Smith, looking down at the grave, "or—or bring the spade."

"The original Mr. Peter Renfrew, sir," said the servant, speaking very gravely, after a considerable pause, "was buried standing up!"

Smith gazed silently down at the grave, and there was another pause before the old man continued:

"You never can tell what a Renfrew will do, sir, aside from treating a servant right. I don't know why the first of them was buried standing up; but the arms were circled, as if clutching something, and there was a deposit of English sovereigns in the earth near his chest."

"The bag of gold," commented Smith. "The bag had rotted away. Well, what did your master do?"

"It was Hallowe'en," said the servant, "and, after he had put back the English gold, he filled a pumpkin with his pocket money, jackknives, and boyish treasures, and buried them with the skeleton. Sort of made a gift to the old fellow in the ground, sir."

"I understand that your master made a ritual of the pumpkin ceremony," said Smith. "In later years what did he bury when he brought the pumpkin to the grave?"

"He did it several times a year," explained the servant. "Once a Renfrew does anything he never stops, sir. Only two weeks ago he brought the pumpkin here; but, after the Renfrews grow up, they don't talk, and nobody knows what he buried after the first time—unless it is Mr.—"

"Well?" asked Smith.

"Mr. Holts was up-stairs in the tower, sir, the last time my master came with the pumpkin. I don't know how much he saw, but he is the kind of man who sees everything."

"Please ask Mr. Andrews to come here," said Smith abruptly.

Scarcely had the servant turned his back when Smith knelt by the grave and tested the lateral flagstones which covered it. One seemed fairly loose and he lifted it away, exposing brown earth, which he probed with a pencil. After several probings the pencil struck something hard, and he scooped up a modern ten-dollar gold coin.

"More gifts to his old ancestor," he mused, pressing the coin back and replacing the stone slab.

SMITH had ascended the stairs and was standing in the high, cupola-covered room when the servant returned with Andrews. In the center of the circular room was a large, old-fashioned telescope mounted upon a pedestal. At one side was an iron crank, which revolved the dome upon a circular rail. From floor to apex, one section of the roof was formed by a series of sliding windows, one above the other, for the purpose of viewing the sky through the telescope. Everything in the place was dusty.

"That top window," said Smith, pointing upward. "How is it opened?"

"With a long pole, sir," said the servant. "It used to rest on those pegs, but I

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saw it behind the house yesterday near the old logging trail that runs over the hills to Break Neck Mountain."

"And did it have a spike on the end?" asked Smith. "A spike something like the steel paper knife that is supposed to have killed your master?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the old servant, and began to tremble, so that the lawyer caught his arm to steady him.

But Smith was interested in something else, and turned the iron crank so that the huge dome moved a little with a low, grinding sound.

"The sound which woke the dog," he explained to the lawyer, "and made him give the short bark."

He turned the crank again and caused the cupola to revolve for several feet.

"The dog saw the roof revolving," he continued. "Perhaps the dog had the sensation that the dome was standing still, and that he, himself, was flying through the air. Consequently, the dog was terrified and howled."

"And what drove the dog out of the tower in a panic?" asked Andrews.

Smith's eyes, sweeping the room, steadied upon a small object on the floor. It was an electric torch, and he picked it up carefully for examination.

"I do not think that the answer to your question will ever be known with absolute certainty," he replied; "but notice this flashlight. There is very little dust on it, showing that it has been dropped recently. When the murderer was in this room it was very dark. In his place, I should have put the end of the flashlight in my mouth and turned on the light. Such a trick gives the appearance of a luminous face suspended in air without any body—enough to scare any dog."

Dropping the topic of the dog in his abrupt and characteristic manner, Smith walked to the lowest window. He threw it open and was joined by the lawyer. It was evident that he had turned the crank so that the window in the dome had reached a point directly above the library window below, and through the latter could be seen the chair in which the late Mr. Renfrew had sat just before he died.

"THROUGH the upper half of that library window," said Smith, "I could thrust downward with a twenty-foot pole, tipped with a spike, and stab to death any person seated at that table. The window, if not locked, could be opened or closed with the spike on the end of the pole. My diagnosis is complete, and it only remains for me to administer the medicine."

"But who is the murderer?" asked Andrews.

"The murderer has ceased to be of any consequence, Mr. Andrews," returned Smith; "but the case has complications which require attention. If you will remain at the top of these stairs I shall try to put everything right in your hearing." He turned to the servant: "Let us do some work for the Renfrew family. Please send me, one at a time, Miss Renfrew, Mr. Stanley Holts, and your new master, Peter the Fifth. I shall wait for them down-stairs."

Aurelius Smith, tall and lanky, but with no appearance of indolence, was standing between the two graves when Petrovna appeared in the doorway. She seemed like some elfin creature of sunlight as she

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came into the shadows and stood facing him.

"This is a solemn place," said Smith, "and fit for earnest words."

"'Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare,'" quoted Petrovna seriously, yet with a smile that played about her face.

"A beautiful line," returned Smith. "Only the poet and the philosopher know the beauty of death—but there is something far more beautiful."

"What is that?" asked Petrovna, lifting her head with birdlike quickness.

"Love," said Smith.

The smile vanished from the girl's face.

"I see that you do not love him," said Smith. "Let me help you."

"You can do nothing," answered the girl, looking down. "I thought I loved him. I know now that it was only the moonlight and the poetry of life. But I promised, and a Renfrew promise is never broken. I don't know why I am talking like this, unless it is because you seem to understand things the way I do."

"It was evident to me," said Smith, "that you and your mother knew the nature of the new will, which undoubtedly was designed to shake off any unworthy person who wished to marry into the Renfrew family. That will has disappeared, but I should like to carry out your father's wishes. Will you let me?"

"You seem to know so much," murmured Petrovna, with a faint attempt at smiling. "I must keep my Renfrew promise, if I am held to it, but—I will trust you!"

A FEW minutes later Stanley Holts stood where Petrovna had faced the lanky Smith. It was the same Smith, except that he seemed consumed by supreme indolence and indifference.

"Holts," he drawled, "it was possible for the will to have been stolen by only one of two persons. You and Miss Renfrew were the first persons to enter the room after the tragedy. Which one of you took the will?"

"You are insulting!" exclaimed Holts, with crimson face.

Smith laughed.

"You are not man enough to exonerate your fiancée at your own expense," gibed Smith.

"You will pay dearly for this," retorted Holts angrily.

"At all events, I shall not pay for it with gold stolen from a grave," taunted Smith. "Did you try to buy too much Florida real estate? You seem pretty rotten, financially and otherwise."

At the mention of the gold Holt's face had gone white.

"What will Peter say when I tell him that you have been passing earth-stained gold pieces in the village?" continued Smith. "What will he do when I show him where you stole that gold?"

"He—he would kill me," stammered Holts.

"Exactly," said Smith. "And he will be here in a few minutes. In payment for my silence, will you inform Mr. Andrews that you are a mongrel pup and ask him to withdraw your recent offer of marriage?"

"I—I will," said Holts falteringly.

"You have!" snapped Smith. "And you will tell me what you did with the will which you stole."

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"I destroyed it," answered Holts.

"Well," replied Smith, "that is the only good thing which you appear to have done. I have no further use for you. Get off these premises, bag and baggage, within half an hour, if you want me to keep my part of the bargain."

Peter the Fifth came next, and loomed in the doorway smoking a very large cigar.

"You were the only one who showed no surprise when Mr. Andrews announced that your father had been murdered," said Smith. "You *knew* it. You are not the kind of a man who could know that and remain calm unless— What did you do with Jameson, the chauffeur?"

The huge Peter came forward and sat down upon the grave of his great-great-great-grandfather. He leaned back against the headstone and puffed his cigar before speaking.

"Didn't think you would solve it," he replied finally. "What would *you* do with your father's murderer?"

"You did it in fair fight, I suppose?" countered Smith.

"Had a bit of bad luck," returned Peter, grinning amiably. "Came up from the river after my swim and saw the fellow making off from the tower. Looked in through the library window and saw what had happened. Chased my man over the logging-trail to Break Neck Mountain, where he slipped and fell over—same place old Peter the Second died."

"Uh-huh," said Smith. "I'm going back to New York!"

The Little Hero of Meriden

(*Continued from page 33*)

together if I could manage it—and I thought I could. Whether that would have been possible without help I don't know; for the help was offered me and I accepted it."

This help, to which Joe referred, came in an unusual form. That particular form was an evidence not merely of generosity but also of sound common sense on the part of those who planned it:

Twenty of the leading business men of Meriden took counsel together in regard to this little flock of orphans. They were impressed—as who would not be?—by the courage and sturdy independence of the fifteen-year-old cripple who wanted "to keep his family together." And, with a wisdom not often equaled, they decided, as citizens of Meriden, to *invest* something in that boy and his family.

These twenty far-seeing men agreed that each year for the next three years, they would furnish fifty dollars apiece to help Joe Swedock to make himself, and his brother and sisters, an asset instead of a liability to the town! If it had not been for Joe, I doubt if they would have done this. But he already had shown the ability and courage "to stand on his own feet," and in the face of still greater responsibilities, he still showed himself unafraid.

A boy with that spirit would be a real head of a family: the kind of family which the community would be glad to have. Why not give him a chance to show the stuff that was in him?

He just couldn't sell

· · perhaps it's *comedones**

HE couldn't figure it out. He knew his sales talk was good, for he knew his subject from A to Z. Yet buyers wouldn't let him get started. They put him off as soon as they saw him. There was a reason—though he little suspected it was *comedones.*

It is a misfortune to suffer from comedones — the scientific name for blackheads. What's more, you may not even be conscious of them, though others notice them. Comedones often interfere with business success, for you can't be clean cut and attractive when they are present. Do *you* wonder why you don't get ahead? Perhaps it's *comedones.*

Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome *comedones.* It gets in where comedones form, rolls out all the dirt and oily secretions. It stimulates a healthy circulation, keeps the pores open, and gives you a clean, ruddy complexion.

Try this treatment

After you shave, spread Pompeian Massage Cream generously over your face — and *rub.* Continue to rub until the cream rolls out. Note how dark the cream looks. That's the dirt that was in your pores.

Don't let comedones form. Use Pompeian Massage Cream every day—especially when social or business engagements demand that you look your best. It means a healthy, wholesome skin. It means more joy in living.

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To get full pleasure and benefit, use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home after shaving. Your face will feel and look like a million dollars. 60c jars at all drug stores.

***WHAT ARE COMEDONES?**
(pronounced com'e-dōnes)
Dictionary definition: A small plug or mass occluding the excretory duct of a sebaceous gland, occurring frequently upon the face, especially the nose. It is often called blackhead.

· SEND FOR 10-DAY TRIAL TUBE

For 10c we will send a special trial tube containing sufficient cream for many delightful massages. Positively only one trial tube to a family on this exceptional offer. Use this coupon now.

TEAR OFF NOW! YOU MAY FORGET!

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for a special trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream.

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WHAT'S new in shoe styles? Your Bostonian Dealer's window has the answer. Spring Styles that are off the beaten track—that have an individuality—a style distinction that avoids the commonplace. Go by today. Look over Bostonians. See why over a million men prefer them. *Mostly $7 to $10.*

The Glengarry

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

To have shoes that look well—simply look for this sign on the Bostonian Dealer's Window. It's the right guide to shoe styles.

SHOES that successfully avoid the commonplace are shown in the Bostonian Style Booklet. May we send you a copy?

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

Joe Swedock, who has plenty of pride but no *false* pride, accepted the chance. Back in his mind was a belief which he could not put into words then, and which he could only vaguely express to me; a feeling that he and his "family" were being offered a choice between a higher destiny and a lower one. With help, they could achieve real independence. Without help, they might fail of this.

For the same reason, he was glad to accept eight hundred dollars, which the people of Meriden raised by giving a benefit entertainment. Thomas J. Moroney, circulation manager of the Meriden "Journal," was appointed guardian of the children. The eight hundred dollars was deposited in the bank, where it has remained intact. The six young Swedocks have lived on the annual thousand dollars contributed by the twenty business men, with the addition of Joe's earnings as a newsboy.

The annual payment of a thousand dollars ceased early last summer. Since then, the Swedocks have taken care of themselves.

I ARRIVED in Meriden late on a Saturday afternoon; and when I had eaten my dinner I walked up to Joe's home, at 104 Veteran Street. A Meriden man—one of the twenty who had "invested" fifty dollars a year in the boy—had written me about him, and my visit was a result of that letter. I had not given any notice that I was coming, for I confess that I wanted to take the household off guard.

I succeeded only too well, for no one was at home on the third floor, where the six young folks live. However, a pretty seventeen-year-old girl, who proved to be Helen, quickly appeared and ushered me into the big combination kitchen, dining-room and living-room. Even my covertly critical inspection could find no fault with it. The place was immaculately neat. On the big table was an attractive cover and a shaded lamp.

For almost five years, this young girl was the little mother of the family of which Joe was the head. When their real mother died, the children moved across the street, to the top story of this house. On the ground floor lived, and still lives, a Mrs. Stakowska, who had known the Swedocks a long time. She was one of the kindest of the neighbors who had so often shown their interest.

"Mrs. Stakowska," Joe explained to me, "taught Helen to cook, to keep house, and to take care of the baby. The others went to school; but they had to help her with the work.

"Teddy had to carry the wood and coal up-stairs. He didn't mind that; but he didn't like to wipe the dishes, which he sometimes had to do. As a rule, I didn't interfere with the housekeeping. That was Helen's job, and she managed it all right. But if there was any trouble about discipline I took a hand in enforcing it.

"There has to be a head in every family," he said seriously; "and of course I was the head in ours. They all understood that; and so we got along all right.

"My mother never went out much. She stayed at home. And that's the way we did. I didn't want my sisters and Teddy to be careless about making friends. I wanted them to wait until they were

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older and better able to choose I never have taken a boy home and introduced him to my sisters."

"How did you all spend your evenings?" I asked this wise and efficient young *pater familias*.

"Anna and I sat at the table studying our lessons," he said; "that is, we did it during the school season. Teddy and Bridget," he laughed, "were usually lying on the floor, studying their lessons too. And Stephanie was in bed."

"Where was Helen?" I asked.

"Two nights a week, for several years, she went to business school," he explained. "That was another way in which we were helped. The lady who is the head of the school offered to let her take the course without charge.

"Since Anna, my second sister, finished grammar school last spring, she has kept house for us. Helen, because of her business course, now has a good position in an office. Anna will do the work at home and, I hope, go to business school at night. In the meantime, Bridget will finish the eighth grade, and be ready to take her turn as housekeeper."

"You seem to have planned everything," I said. "What is your own program?"

"Oh," he replied, his face lighting with pleasure, "I am beginning a two-year business course soon! And," he added with satisfaction, "I expect to pay my own way.

"You see, Helen is earning twenty dollars a week now; and she has been promised more later on. With that, and with what I earn from my business, I think we can get along nicely."

"Your business?" I echoed.

"Yes, my paper business," he explained. "I have everything organized and arranged so that I can go right on, and have an income of about twelve dollars a week from it."

"How will you manage?" I asked.

"I have trained Teddy and Bridget so that they can help me. I have another lad trained too. They will relieve me sometimes. I sha'n't have a great many hours for study, but I can mix study and work. I'm used to that. I did it at high school."

"Did you make a good record there?" I asked.

"Not a brilliant one," he said frankly. "I think I could have done better if I hadn't had to run my business at the same time. It didn't leave me enough leisure for study. But," he added, "I finished the four-year course in three years and a half; and there were only twelve of us who did that. But I didn't have as high marks as I should have liked to get."

LATER, when I had a talk with Mr. Moroney, I told him how Joe's story had impressed me.

"But," I said, "I'm only an outsider. Perhaps the inside of the story looks very different. You can give me a 'close-up' of Joe; and I want you to do it."

"Well," he said, "as the boy's guardian, I probably know him better than anybody else does. And as custodian of the funds provided for the children, I have felt responsible not only to Joe and his family but also to the people who gave this money. So I have watched the boy very closely.

"You probably know that many crip-

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ALERT, clear-skinned, dainty, with the ever present necessity for appearing well groomed—who could be a keener judge of toilet requisites than the feminine business executive? And these women—thousands of them—are endorsing Resinol Soap. Why? Because they have discovered what its Resinol ingredients mean to the skin.

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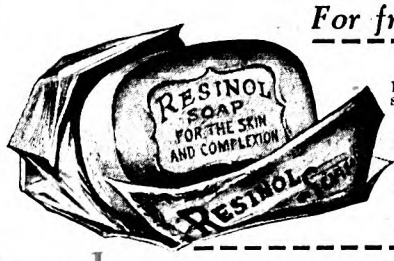

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ples are inclined to be beggars. And you might think that Joe, with the help that was offered him, would have come to *expect* help, and to want all he could get of it.

"He could have had it, too. Everybody was sorry for him, and it would have been easy for him to act as if the world owed him a living. But the best thing about him is that he does *not* act that way. He has worked hard, and has brought up his family with the idea of making them self-supporting.

"I admit frankly that I don't see how they have managed so well. You have seen the children; every one of them neat, well-dressed, and well-mannered. They are *always* like that. Joe has trained them to be that way. If Teddy, when he comes down-town to help with the papers, has on a soiled waist, or hasn't brushed his hair, Joe sends him home to make himself neat and presentable. There aren't any children in Meriden who are better appearing, or better trained, than Joe's are.

"In money matters, too, he has managed better than half the grown people I know. He hasn't touched the eight hundred dollars that was raised for them in 1921; and he has actually saved some of the money he has earned himself.

"A few years ago, when workmen were tearing down a building back of the 'Journal' office, I happened to look out into the alleyway and saw Joe down there collecting wood from the débris."

TO INTERRUPT Mr. Moroney's story for a minute, let me explain that Joe does not wear artificial legs now. He walks on his own abbreviated ones, with the aid of a short, stout stick as a cane. This stick he uses also when he rides in his little cart; he propels it by pushing the stick against the pavement.

"The doctors," he told me, "think I can have a real pair of artificial limbs in a year or two. Then I can walk. . . . At least," he added, "I *hope* I can!"

When Mr. Moroney looked out of his window into the alleyway Joe was busily stumping about, loading the wood into his cart, and several other boys were helping him.

"It's funny about Joe," said Mr. Moroney to me. "I don't think he ever asks anybody to help him. But, just because he is so cheerful and self-reliant, people jump at the chance to do him some little service. If he needs more papers, for instance, I've often seen grown men come hurrying into our office to get the extra copies for him. I know he never asked those boys to help with the wood. They did it of their own accord.

"Well, when I called down and wanted to know what he was doing, he told me he was going to take the pieces home for fuel.

"'They said I could have it!' he explained.

"'How much are you going to take?' I asked.

"'All of it!' he said.

"It was going to be a big job for him, even with the other boys helping. I knew I could persuade some truck owner to take it in one loading, so I told him I'd have it carted home for him.

"'Oh, that's all right!' he said. 'I can do it myself.' . . . And he did do it.

"That was a small thing; but there have been a great many other little incidents of the same sort, and they have proved to me that Joe is not a grafter! He has energy and ambition and self-respect.

"Mr. Whitney, of the 'Journal' organization, happened to be near Joe's stand one day and to overhear a conversation which amused and pleased him. Joe didn't know he was there, so he certainly wasn't talking for effect.

"A man who was a cripple—although not to the extent that Joe is—came up and began talking to the boy.

"'You don't need to do this!' he said. 'Don't you know that you could get four or five times as much money as you earn here? You don't have to do a thing but ask for it, and people will hand it right out to you. Look at me! I ain't as bad a cripple as you are. But do you think I'm goin' to *work* for a livin', when I can travel all over the country and have a good time on what people *give* me?'

"'That's all right,' Joe said. 'I'm doing what I want to do!'

"'But, you poor nut!' the panhandler protested. 'You can get a lot more just for the askin'!'

"Joe said that didn't appeal to him. But the panhandler kept on with his talk until finally Joe got angry.

"'I've heard enough from you!' he said. 'You can just clear out of here!'

"The fellow did clear out; and Mr. Whitney came over to the office, chuckling over what he had heard.

"Another thing I like about Joe is that he is quick to understand the—well, call them the finer shades of feeling. After his mother's death he was eager to do all he could to help support the family. So he occasionally got up an amateur boxing match, sold tickets for it, and made quite a little profit.

"I respected him for wanting to earn something and I told him so. But I could see certain possibilities which I thought would be unfortunate.

"'If you keep this up,' I said to him, 'people may feel as if you are imposing on them. You don't want them to think that every time they see you, you are going to try to *sell* them something! They have already been generous to you, and they may not like it.'

"INSTEAD of resenting what I said, Joe saw it right away. He wanted to give up the benefit matches entirely. But I told him that a good many men would be glad to pay fifty cents to see a boxing match once during the winter. Not as a charity to him; but because they really wanted the match. So, after that, he got up only one a year.

"He sold soda and peanuts at ball games, too. It seemed hardly worth while, I thought; for after he had worked like a Trojan, getting his stuff over there and peddling it all afternoon, his profit was only a few dollars. But I let him do it, because it showed his energy and his effort to be independent. From my point of view, the chance to exercise that spirit was more important than the few dollars he earned.

"He's plucky, all right enough!" declared Mr. Moroney. "For instance, he didn't come to the office one Saturday for his papers. So on Monday, when he showed up as usual, but looking rather pale, I asked him what was the matter. He said he'd been having an abscess on

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the end of one leg. That meant he had been *walking*, whenever he was forced to walk, on this abscess!

"'How long has it been hurting you?' I asked.

"'Well,' he said, 'it hurt all last week, but it wasn't *very* bad until Thursday. I came down-town, though; and Friday, too, I got down for a while in the morning. Then I went to the doctor, and he said I must go to bed and not walk at all for a while. So I didn't come down on Saturday.'

"Imagine it!" exclaimed Mr. Moroney. "I'm willing to admit that I can't see *myself* doing a thing like that."

AFTER our long talk over the breakfast table, Joe went off to see how Teddy and Bridget were getting along with his stock of Sunday papers. On my way to the station I saw the busy trio: Teddy standing at a strategic point, across the street from Joe, to capture any stray purchasers on that side; Bridget running out to hand a paper to the driver of a car which drew up at the curb.

As I waited for my train, I thought of the contrast between this happy, orderly, efficient little family, trained and managed by a mere boy, and the many other families whose grown-up parents complain loudly and perpetually that they "can't do anything" with their children.

I was still thinking of this when I looked up—no! one doesn't look *up* at Joe Swedock. Not in that way! But, at any rate, I saw him as he came into the waiting-room.

"I knew you were going on this train," he said; "so I came over to say good-by to you and to thank you for coming."

Just then we heard the engine whistle and I stooped to pick up my suit case, there being no porters at the Meriden station. At least, I did not see any. Joe made a quick little movement toward the suit case—then looked up at me in silent apology. He had measured its height, compared with his own, and he knew he couldn't carry it for me. Our eyes met; and, as we shook hands, we exchanged understanding smiles. From the car window, I waved to the odd little figure on the platform. There was still something fine and free in the poise of his head and shoulders. And he was still smiling.

THEY are "just folks;" just plain people. To look at them, you would never guess the greatness that is within. The father of this family has never earned more than fifty dollars a month, and for seven years, when his three sons and five daughters were still children, he earned but fifteen dollars a month. Yet this family has made a unique record. Seven of the eight children have been graduated from college, and the eighth would have been graduated but for extraordinary circumstances. Next month, Mary B. Mullett, in another of her "Just Folks" series, tells you the inspiring story of this Pennsylvania family. It is the kind of story that will hold your interest all the way. More than that, it will renew your courage to meet any obstacles that life may place in your way—to meet them with a laugh. For this family has had a grand time while making its great record.

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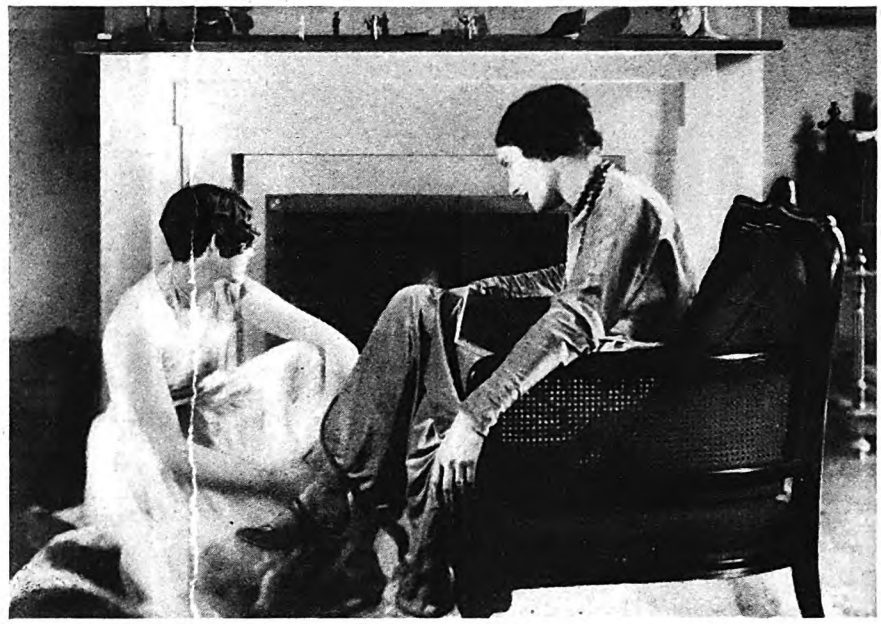

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Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

The Sloane Temper

(*Continued from page 13*)

from town. "There's going to be a concert, and a dance afterward at the Community Club, a week from next Saturday. Can't we go, Art?"

"If you want to."

"I'd love it, if the weather's good." She had become farm woman enough to know that in the country pleasure and profit alike wait on the weather. "What fun it'll be to dance again, and to put on an evening dress. Art, sometime this winter let's give a big party ourselves. We could dance in the parlor."

"Go as far as you like. I sometimes think to myself that I was pretty mean and selfish to take you away from all the fun you were used to, and bring you off to this lonesome place."

"Don't be foolish. I'm crazy about this place. Little did I think last fall that I'd have a husband and a farm and a garden and a lot of chickens—and everything—in another year."

"I'm glad to hear you put your husband first, even if he is thrown in with a farm and a garden and the chickens," he teased.

"Oh, but, Arthur—a farm and chickens are real property; but a husband's only a—a—"

"Only a what? Let me hear the worst."

"A husband— Well, a husband might be an asset and he might be a liability."

"Which am I?"

"I'll make a memo to tell you on our fiftieth wedding anniversary!"

"See here, that reminds me, you've got a birthday approaching. What am I going to give you?"

"Arthur Sloane, I am not going to be one of those wives who have to tell their husbands what to give them for presents. If you haven't sufficient observation and imagination and every other sort of ation and instinct that will let you know the one, the one, one thing I want—then I don't want anything!"

"Don't get on too high a horse, miss. I might buy you a lollipop, and let it go at that!"

They burst out laughing together. Such delicious foolishness. She was so secure in his fondness, his understanding. What price bogy now?

"Did you always get lollipops on your birthdays, Arthur?"

"Did I!" His face darkened. "When I was seven I begged my father for a sled—and I got a bundle of willow switches instead."

THE bogy suddenly rose and eyed her again. His father must have been fast in the clutch of the Sloane temper to do a thing like that to a little, trustful, expectant child. She jumped up and ran around the table and kissed him. "I love you, dear Arthur," she said, and held him tight. It was the only way she could show him how sorry she was, how much she wanted to make up to him for that long-ago hurt.

He understood. "You sweet thing," he said, and put his face against her soft hair. The bogy had disappeared in this burst of pity and affection.

Indeed it seemed as if the bogy was exorcised from that moment. Rhoda ceased to think of him; he did not peep at her from unexpected corners of her mind in her solitary hours. She forgot about him, she had so many jolly things to think of.

That dance! Small parties, club meetings, friendly, informal Sunday suppers and picnics the neighborhood enjoyed in abundance, but big affairs came only once or twice a year. She got out her best evening dress, tried it on, and speculated anxiously as to whether it would seem old-fashioned. She shortened the skirt a trifle, lowered the girdle another trifle, pressed it carefully and hung it away with the highest anticipation.

She pressed Arthur's suit too, and chose his collar and tie with such anxious solicitude that he laughed at her. "Who do you think I am—Romeo or Beau Brummel, or somebody?" he asked her.

"Somebody very nice," she assured him firmly.

EVERYONE was going. Rhoda's telephone rang steadily, and she discovered that it was now her turn to give advice. Her new friends asked her opinion as to dress and behavior with a frankness and freedom that showed how truly they liked her and had made her one of them. And with it all went the last belated getting-ready-for-winter of the farm.

And then she was fired with the desire to make fruit cake and put it away for the Holidays. It was the day before the dance when this ambition seized her, and she neglected everything to seed raisins, chop citron, weigh and measure the currants and spices, the sugar, the flour. It was absorbing work; but it went slowly because she was so eager to have it right that she verified everything twice, and consulted the cook book every two minutes. She was still beating and mixing and measuring when Arthur came running in. "Is dinner ready?" he demanded. "I want to get to town to meet Steele about that hunting dog by half past twelve."

"Oh, Arthur," she said, "I'm so sorry. I've been so busy making this darned old cake I forgot all about having dinner early. You did say something about it at breakfast, didn't you! Never mind. I'll fly round and have you something in half a jiff!"

It was as slight a cause as that. She hadn't even had time to push back the mixing bowl when the thing happened.

"Can't I ever have a meal at the time I want it?" he demanded, and his voice was lightning-flash and thunder-peal in one. "Of all the careless, rotten housekeepers I ever saw in my life, you beat the world. You've never been much good; but to go clear off your head over making some sort of filthy cake nobody'll be able to eat, is the last straw! If dinner was ever ready when I was I'd drop dead of surprise. And when I come in, expecting it, you give me a silly grin and tell me you'll have something ready in half a jiffy! A dozen of your jiffies would make an average man's lifetime!"

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It had come, the Sloane temper. His words struck like stones; he pelted her with accurate malice. "Why are you standing there staring at me like a nitwit? Oh, don't trouble yourself about any dinner for me. I can go without it till I get to town. I wouldn't presume to take up your precious time getting me anything to eat. Keep right on with your messing and puttering."

His black brows were drawn together, his mouth twitched and pulled like a maniac's, he towered over her, threatening, bullying. For one cold moment, she was sure he was going to strike her. She stood still, stunned into speechlessness by his manner, his voice, his foolish, passionate accusation. Somewhere, deep within herself she heard Mrs. Bristol's warning: "The most unlikely little thing will set them off—something you'd never dream of."

HE STARED at her with such fury in his face that she could scarcely command herself to move. At last she managed to come forward. She would build up the fire, start dinner. He would see— But as she moved, so did he, and with a mad gesture of senseless rage he flung the mixing bowl crashing off the table. It broke, and a mess of fruity batter and shattered crockery splashed over half the floor. He stamped out, slamming the door.

Mechanically Rhoda went for a pan, a mop, and knelt to clear up the débris, but she did it with no clear consciousness of her action. She was shaken and confused and helpless. As she worked, fumblingly, stupidly, she was seized by a queer trembling, so that she must steady herself for a moment against the nearest support. Her head felt strangely light, her mouth was dry, and she continually made choking swallows of some obstruction in her throat. Yet she did not cry—she did not even want to. The scene she had just been through was so shocking, so unprovoked, so sudden, that she hardly realized it as an actual experience.

"I wonder if he is crazy," she said to herself. "I wonder if I've gone crazy myself."

When at last the floor was clean it was past the noon hour; but she knew he would not come in, and to eat would have choked her. She did not know what to do. To stay in the house became suddenly impossible, so she flung on her sweater and scarf and ran out into the autumn afternoon, chill, yet golden with sunlight, blue with unclouded sky. She went down the farm lane, past the bare fields, climbed the fence and started through the woods.

Usually, she adored walking there. The wind in the pines was the song of the sea, far away; the bare branches of oak and sweet gum were patterns of delight; there was a little silver stream that ran down to the creek with a chattering, companionable murmur. To-day, all had lost its charm. It was drear, desolate, lonely beyond words.

She stood it as long as she could, and then hurried back to the house in a panic. Perhaps Arthur had come in to find her and tell her he was sorry and ashamed; perhaps . . . perhaps. . . .

But he had not been in. She began to excuse him to herself as she rebuilt the fire and planned her supper. It was her fault—she shouldn't have been so ab-

"The Nujol method is better than laxatives"—*say the Medical Men*

EVERY person who suffers from constipation—either occasionally or all the time—will be vitally interested in the following brief summary of a recent investigation among physicians:

The investigators were impartial—sent out only to find out the truth. They interviewed representative doctors all over the United States—hundreds of them.

Suppose you could have gone with us when we consulted hundreds of reputable physicians about the best treatment for constipation—Suppose you could have listened with us while 8 out of 10 of these advised the Nujol type of treatment—Wouldn't you feel you had advice it would pay you to act on at once?

They questioned them about the best relief for constipation. Of the Nujol type of treatment one doctor said: "It is the most natural aid to normal activity of the bowels." Another said: "In chronic constipation the Nujol type of treatment is especially successful." "Laxatives bring on the laxative habit," said the vast majority of doctors. "A lubricant is better than a laxative in both chronic and temporary cases."

Seven doctors out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating, and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural functions.

Eight doctors out of ten advised the Nujol type of treatment. Why? Because:

1. Nujol is not habit-forming.
2. It's a more natural method.
3. A lubricant is better than a laxative.
4. Nujol does not cause distress.
5. It is non-irritating.
6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. Nujol acts entirely differently. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical.

It merely softens and lubricates the waste matter in the intestines so that elimination is regular, natural and thorough.

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe relief for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it.

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Eau de Quinine

sorbed in making the fruit cake. She should have remembered that he wanted dinner early. It was terribly provoking for him. She would cook a wonderful supper to atone, a really wonderful supper.

When at last the wonderful supper was ready, he did not come, and she sat down at the table and waited. At last she heard him; he came banging in just as he had banged out, flung himself down in his chair and began to eat, without a word to her. So—this was the next step—he had gone into one of the silent spells that always followed the outburst. Mrs. Bristol had warned her of this too. His face was sullen, hard, ugly. It was a stranger who sat there across from her in the soft lamplight, not the Arthur Sloane she loved. She was afraid of him.

He ate only a little, pushed away his chair and stamped out again into the cold night. Presently she heard the sound of the flivver chuffing furiously. He had gone off somewhere, heaven knew where. With a great effort, she set the house in order for the night, and leaving the light turned low crept up-stairs to bed. She was tired to death, and sore as if he had beaten her. Her head, her whole body ached intolerably. She felt bruised and helpless. As long as she could she lay awake and listened for him, but he had not come back when exhausted sleep claimed her for its own.

When she woke in the gray morning it was to hear his footsteps echoing down the stairs. He had risen before she woke. She sprang up and dressed, hurried apprehensively down-stairs, started breakfast. The sleep she had not courted, the homely morning routine, restored something of her confidence. Surely, surely his anger would have spent itself. It was all so senseless, so stupid. It was hard to believe that it had actually happened, save that the big yellow mixing bowl was gone from its place on the lowest shelf. She went on laying the table, stirring her battercakes, with ever-growing calmness. It was a new day.

But all notions of peace were dispelled when Arthur appeared for his breakfast. In he came, his heavy tread shaking the very dishes on the table. He did not speak to her, or notice her in any way. The morning sun, casting a pale level beam through the kitchen windows into his face, made his eyes peculiarly light and hard. They seemed no longer gray, but green, like a vicious beast's. His whole demeanor was brutal, sinister. His face a mask of fury.

HE HAD hardly left the breakfast table when there was a knock at the kitchen door. It was the youngest Bristol, bearing a parcel.

"Mother says she wants you to try her squash pies. She sent you over a couple 'cause she didn't s'pose you'd have time for much baking to-day. She sent you something for your supper, too."

Rhoda asked him in, offered him a fresh battercake with sirup. "What made your mother think I wouldn't have much time for baking to-day?" she asked him, hardly knowing what she was saying.

He looked up in surprise. "Because t'night's the concert and dance and everything. She thought you'd be getting ready."

Rhoda gasped. She had forgotten, absolutely forgotten the concert and the dance in the abstraction of her trouble. "Oh, yes—yes. That was awfully kind of your mother," she said at last. "Thank her for the pies for me, and—and the other present. And tell her I'll be over to see her soon."

"Well, you'll see her t'night too, I guess," said the boy cheerfully. "So long, Mis' Sloane. That battercake was a peach."

After he had gone, she went on again with her morning's work. She wondered what Arthur was doing. Of course there were always chores around the barn; he could tinker there all day if he wished.

And about the dance. She must know about that. To go with him in his present mood would be no pleasure, surely; but it never entered her head that he wouldn't go after all their weeks of planning and anticipation. It occurred to her that if he did go, he would be forced to behave normally among all his friends and acquaintances. It would bring him back to himself. It must. Her courage revived.

After all, she and Arthur were grown up. They weren't children to keep on playing this silly game—for it was as silly for her to be afraid of him as for him to glower and gloom and grouch. She told herself this, over and over again, and nearly convinced herself of it; at least so well that when he came in at dinner time—with no perceptible change in his manner—she spoke to him.

"What time shall we start into town to-night?" she asked, making her voice as casual as she could.

She waited. He did not answer. Did not even seem to hear her. The blood rushed up to her face.

"What time shall we start to the dance to-night?" she asked again loudly, as if he were deaf.

He stared at her with all the insolence of deliberate nonattention. But he did not say one word. Instead, he got up, leaving his dinner half eaten, put on his heaviest coat and walked out of the house. In a few minutes she saw him drive off in the car.

ALL her life long Rhoda Sloane will remember that afternoon. She was so angry at first that she could do nothing but walk up and down, making plans for immediate and dire revenge. The best plan seemed to be to leave him and go back to her sister and stay there. She wished vainly and childishly that she had picked up something, something hard and knobby by preference, and hit him with it—hard—as he went out of the door. She wanted to beat him, to hurt him physically, as much as he had hurt her pride and love.

At last she went up-stairs and began to pack a small bag. She would walk into town and catch the evening train. She would write him a note—no, she wouldn't. Since he had ignored her, she would ignore him. When he came home and found a cold, empty house, no supper, no Rhoda patiently waiting to endure his idiotic behavior, then, then he might come to his senses and comprehend at last what a fool and a brute he was.

She looked about her at the solid old house, its solid old furnishings that had served earlier generations of Sloane men and women—she looked at its order and

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cleanliness, and the touches of grace and beauty that were peculiarly hers; her own, because it was she who had planned them, had set them there. She had made this house into a home.

And she realized that it was not only the house of her husband; it was also her home; that she too was a Sloane, by grace of her marriage vows. She had rooted herself here, she had grown fast here even in these few short months. And as she thought of these things all her latent womanhood stirred within her, held her to the integrity of her character.

A marriage like this, a marriage where man and wife are truly joined in affection, in mutual interests, cannot be lightly put aside, even for a just revenge. She was a wife, not a fair-weather companion, a giddy fly-up-the-creek, to run away at the first sign of storm in the matrimonial sky. No; there was something greater and finer in marriage than that. And there was something greater and finer in herself.

She had married Arthur because she loved him; and she loved him now. She would always love him. She could no more live without him than she could without air to breathe, or the sky, or the sun. She was part of him, and he of her. To leave him would be to shatter herself, as much as, perhaps more than, him.

All the same—the wound of his behavior was deep and sore. All he had done was so peculiarly painful, because of its needlessness, its foolish triviality. "I will not stand it," she said aloud. "I will not stand it."

She thought of the dance, the way they had anticipated it; but that didn't matter. It was not just one disappointment over an evening's fun, this thing she was facing. It was the color and texture of her whole life that would be ruined by it.

WHAT sort of existence would hers be, with a dread like this perpetually in the background? What dignity or sweetness or serenity could life hold if she never knew when her bogy was going to leap at her, if she must be always waiting, fearful! Her bogy! And she had hardly believed in him! He was real enough now.

Suppose her dear hope of children should be realized. They, too, must come under the curse of the Sloane temper. By inheritance. By example. She divined shrewdly that it was almost as much by example as by inheritance that Arthur had let himself drift into the weakness of these furious spasms. A child with such a father would be handicapped forever.

But it would be no use to quarrel with Arthur, to meet his violence with violence, to scold and scream and make a virago of herself. That would only add fuel to his flame, blow up the fires of his senseless rage into a wilder conflagration. Besides, she would be ashamed to have no more self-control, and—she added after further thought—no more resourcefulness.

What about a talk, then, an amiable, reasonable setting forth of how it all seemed to her, this outburst of his, his hours of hateful silence. No telling how long he would be silent. She shivered at the thought of more days like to-day. No; he was far beyond reason—she knew that. He would close his mind to it, no matter what sound argument, how much sense and tolerance she might offer.

If he could only have a mirror held up

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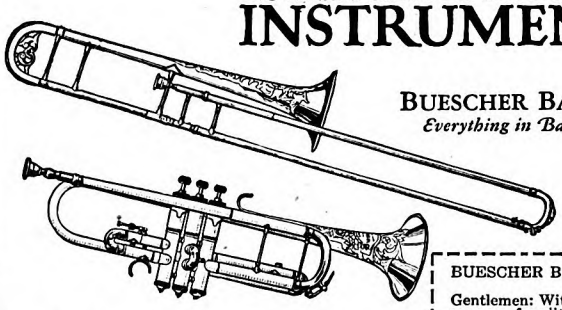

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Three unique features distinguish this brush from any brush you have ever used. First, the curved bristle surface. Second, the large end tuft. Third, the curved handle. The result is thorough cleansing of every tooth surface every time you use the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

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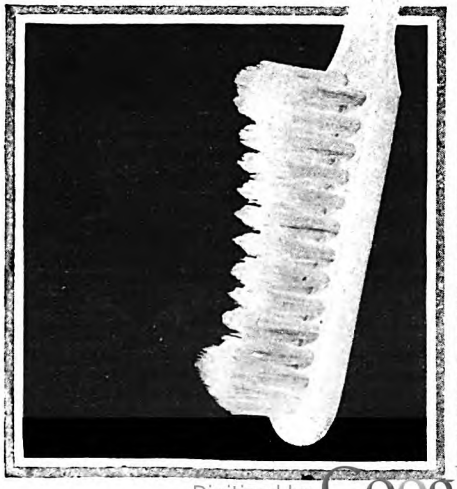

to him, see himself stalking silently about in the grand manner, banging and slamming and stamping! It was funny—it really was. If she could only make him smile, break through the wall of his possessed and beleaguered spirit, and find his comic sense! No one can stay balefully aloof and angry when he laughs—the thing's impossible. Laughter could banish the bogy as could no other force.

She sat wondering, planning, devising, rejecting, her mind a maze of projects which seemed in some way or other impracticable, futile. At last she became aware that the shadows were lengthening, that she must get supper, that last meal of the housekeeper's inevitable, everyday trio of duties.

Dully she went about the kitchen. All the sparkle and shine and coziness of it had left it. Drearily, she took a hand lamp and went out to the entry, where the great food safe held her supplies. There, on the top shelf, was the package sent by Mrs. Bristol—she had not cared to trouble to open it. Well, might as well do it now. She opened the package, set out the two pies carefully, and then unwrapped the other gift—the Bristol boy hadn't said what it was.

AS THE last waxed paper unfolded she saw something at which, for a moment, she glanced indifferently; then—slowly—No, it wouldn't do—and yet—it did suggest— Oh, it might be foolish, trivial, ridiculous, but if she—

Her imagination went forward, groping for a way to utilize this odd weapon of comedy put so unexpectedly into her hands. She wavered—trying to convince herself that it was worth a trial; but doubtful, questioning. Arthur would be angrier than ever if she did it; but no, he could be no worse. And it might, it just *might*, hit him under the fifth rib of risibility and break his morose and deadening mood. Oh, it might! And if it did—

"I'll try it!" she cried aloud. "I'll try it. It's just silly and crazy enough—it's *got* to be silly and crazy enough. Now!"

She rushed back to the kitchen with her prize, and flew at the preparations for supper in a whirlwind of desperate haste. Everything leaped to order and readiness under her swift, deft fingers. There was not a second to lose, for all must be done before Arthur returned—provided he did return. The kitchen took on some of its lost cheer as she scurried back and forth in breathless hopefulness, shot through with panicky tremors. This was a mad thing—absolutely mad—but she was going to try it.

When the supper table was ready she set a great covered dish before Arthur's place, and on it she tied with a splashing bow of scarlet ribbon a big, square card on which she had printed in letters that fairly leaped into the eye:

LOST SOMETHING?
MAYBE YOU CAN USE THIS ONE!

Her hands trembled over the ribbon and her lips were trembling too. It seemed now such a forlorn hope, such a wild, last-chance shot, so flat, so stupid. She almost snatched it away in a panic when she saw him coming; but then she stiffened and left it where it was. When he came in, still grim, forbidding, she was very busy at the stove. He flung himself down into his chair and the message stared him in the face.

He glanced at Rhoda suspiciously, frowning; but she affected not to see. Would he lift the lid—oh, would he? As he hesitated, she could have screamed for sheer nerves.

AT LAST he reached out slowly, put his hand on the cover, set it aside.

There on the plate lay a gigantic beef tongue, boiled and neatly trimmed, garlanded with a rakish wreath of parsley and rosebuds cut from beets. It lolled before him, enormous, pink, provocative.

Arthur looked at it—at the placard—at the tongue again. Rhoda was watching him out of the corners of her eyes. For another heart-wrenching moment he tried to preserve his severe aloofness. But it was no use. His mouth quirked at the corners in spite of himself. His scowling, bristling brows smoothed and straightened and rose. He was smiling—he could not help it—he was almost laughing—almost!

Rhoda precipitated the coffee pot to the stove and flung her arm around his neck. He couldn't go back on that smile, she wasn't going to let him! With that silly great tongue rosily smirking at them through its absurd decoration, the two of them burst into a gale of laughter, half-hysterical, to be sure, but enough of a gale to blow away his dark and ugly mood and the worst of her pain and fear.

"L-lucky for me you've got a sense of humor," she stammered, between the shaking gusts of mirth that were so very near to tears.

He held her tight, drew her closer. "Lucky for me I've got *you*," he said hoarsely. And then, in words torn from the deeps of him, "Oh, Rhoda, I'm so sorry! Forgive me, if you can. I couldn't—I couldn't help it. It's a black thing in my soul, and sometimes it—it pounces—and gets me. I'm so ashamed—I'm so ashamed—dear girl—"

He laid his face on her shoulder like a little boy. She patted him, smoothed his hair. "There, there," she said, a bit shakily, but trying to be calm. "Don't let's have any more emotions! I've felt enough in this last twenty-four hours to last me forever! Eat your supper—you know we've got to dress and get off to that dance."

She began to set the table in order, to bring the food. She was both elated and depressed. She had won, this time. That little sigh outside in the night might be the wind, but she knew it wasn't; it was the bogy, vanquished for the moment, but still very much alive. He would come again and again. Always she would have to fight him. But would she—could she always win? She looked at Arthur, his head on his hands, his face clear of its darkness, at peace. And he looked up at her, and dimly felt her vision, her question.

"I'm not worth it, Rhoda," he said with humility.

She came back to him, put her arms around him again. "Our love and home are worth it," she said. "Our life together is worth it. Help me and love me, and I will love and help you—always."

And in the clasp of his hands she knew his faithful promise.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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Cultivate this good habit

Each day more and more men and women are learning that good health and happiness, beauty and youthfulness are dependent upon the condition of teeth and gums. They practice simple preventive measures. And they never forget to go to their dentist at least twice a year. . . . It is a good habit that always pays rich dividends.

4 *Out of* 5 *Pay Pyorrhea's Price*

ISN'T it foolhardy to risk your health with the odds so great against you? Doesn't it make you wonder when you hear of such a great misfortune coming to a friend or an acquaintance?

Unless a vigilant guard is kept against it, Pyorrhea, the foe of beauty and health, steals into the mouth and starts its deadly work. Its poison creeps through the system. In its wake may follow rheumatism, anemia, stomach troubles and embarrassing facial disfigurement.

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As health insurance and protection against Pyorrhea, use Forhan's. Teach your children this good habit. Get your first tube, today. At all druggists—35c and 60c.

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MORE THAN A TOOTH-PASTE
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Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, odorless, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it.

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In contrast with the Broadmoor Hotel at Colorado Springs (below) the storied Belfry of Ghent (at left) was 156 years in building, 1183-1339. The Broadmoor is of reinforced concrete, finished in stucco made with Atlas White. Warren & Wetmore, New York, were the architects; James Stewart & Co., Inc., New York, were the general contractors

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CONCRETE makes safe construction possible on a gigantic scale, while its economy spares money for adornment. In perfecting the manufacture of this great building material to meet the needs and visions of an expanding age, the *Atlas Portland Cement Company* has pioneered:

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Second, by so increasing mill and storage capacities that 8,250,000 barrels of *Atlas* used in the Panama Canal were shipped without disturbing regular deliveries.

Third, by creating in *Atlas White* a true Portland cement, pure white, with all the strength of *Atlas* gray. *Atlas White* gives architects and builders a medium through which an endless range of interesting colors and textures can be secured.

Thus *Atlas* service is rounded out and architectural and structural requirements are both fulfilled by *Atlas* products. Huge masses or delicate details can be shaped with equal ease in *Atlas Portland Cement.*

These advantages appear in the contrast pictured above. The historic old Belfry at Ghent, 156 years in building, would cost heavily in time, labor and money, if erected today by ancient methods. In the famous Broadmoor Hotel at Colorado Springs, speed and economy were secured with modern materials; beauty was added with stucco made with *Atlas White.*

Thus *Atlas*, the most adaptable of building materials, strikes a practical balance between beauty and economic value.

The Atlas plan of distribution is worked out to bring Atlas to consumers in the most economical manner—through the building material dealer, the sole distributor between Atlas plants and users. He adds economy in distribution, acts as purchasing agent for your community's needs, and deserves your recognition and support. Write to the Atlas Portland Cement Company, 25 Broadway, New York, for information on any type of concrete work.

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"Think It'll Rain?"

(*Continued from page 15*)

of different air currents which are responsible for the dancing of the stars. Consequently, there is an element of scientific truth in the proverb, "When stars flicker in a dark background, rain or snow follows soon."

Another proverb which has not been officially ruled out is, "A red sun has water in his eye."

It is a curious fact that, in order to have rain, we must have dust. Rain drops are formed by water vapor in the air condensing on minute particles of dust. When the air contains a large supply of dust and of moisture, the conditions are favorable to rain. This combination of dust and humidity also affects rays of light. It permits the red rays to pass most freely, so that we see the sun as a red disk. Put two and two together, and you can understand why a red sun has water in his eye and is likely soon to shed tears of rain.

FOG is a weather sign that seems to contradict itself. Sometimes it turns to rain, but sometimes it clears away—"burns off" as they say on the New England coast—and the day turns bright and sunny. Here is a proverb which will help you to know which it is going to do:

When fog goes up, the rain is o'er.
When fog comes down, 'twill rain some more.

How many times a year do you repeat the old saying, "Rain before seven, fine before eleven"? Many and many a morning, like a boy whistling to keep his courage up, I have pronounced that cheerful prognostication; but I did not know, until recently, that anything except my wish was father to the thought.

Most rains last only a few hours. You may be inclined to doubt this; but it happens to be true. And since it *is* true, the chances are that if a rain starts before seven it is likely to stop before eleven.

This is especially probable if the rain began in the late hours of the night. Those are the coolest hours; and this night cooling may condense the moisture in the air, forming clouds and rain. But under these circumstances the warmth of the morning sunlight will evaporate the clouds and stop the rain. The chief exceptions are in actually stormy conditions, with northeast winds or boisterous southerly ones.

There are many weather proverbs dealing with clouds; and they are, on the whole, pretty reliable ones. As, for example:

Mackerel scales and mare's tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails.

Trace in the sky the painter's brush,
The winds around you soon will rush.

The clouds referred to in these proverbs are of the cirrus variety. They are very high and are the forerunners of a storm. Then there is another type, the beautiful "woolpack," or cumulus clouds. A very large one is often called a "thunderhead," and rightly too, for it frequently develops into a thunderstorm. But the smaller ones, looking like balls of cotton or wool, indicate fair weather. Notice their height above the earth; for in regard to all cumulus clouds it is a true saying that "the higher the clouds, the finer the weather."

If clouds have been gathering for a day or two, slowly spreading and becoming thicker, the rain that follows will last longer than if the clouds came up quickly. This is embodied in the proverb:

Rain long foretold, long last;
Short notice, soon past.

According to one writer, "Soft and delicate clouds indicate fine weather with moderate or light breezes; hard-edged, oily-looking clouds indicate wind. A dark, gloomy sky is windy; a light, bright, blue sky promises fair weather. Small inky clouds portend rain. High upper clouds, moving in a different direction to that of lower clouds, or to that of the wind at the surface, indicate a change of wind."

According to Bacon, "Every wind has its weather;" and we might add that every wind has its weather proverb. Perhaps the most familiar sayings of the kind are the four couplets by Izaak Walton:

When the wind is in the north,
The skillful fisher goes not forth.
When the wind is in the east,
'Tis good for neither man nor beast.
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the flies in the fish's mouth.
When the wind is in the west,
There it is the very best.

One of my pet notions about the weather is in regard to "the sun drawing water." I like to cling to the old tradition that when we see those shafts of sunlight falling, fan-shaped, through openings between the clouds, we are going to get rain.

The scientists admit that there is some truth in this popular idea. For there must be clouds and considerable moisture in the atmosphere; otherwise, we would not have those shafts of light. And this condition is one that is likely to result in rain.

SCIENCE reserves its deepest scorn for what I might call long-range weather proverbs; those which undertake to predict the weather for weeks, and even months, in advance.

For instance, prepare to be scientifically sat upon if you indulge in the old wheeze about the ground hog. It declares that if the sun shines on February second, so that the ground hog can see his shadow, he returns to his hole for another six weeks. If he can't see his shadow, he knows spring is coming early, so he stays out to be ready for it.

This, say all the Wise Men of the Weather, is pure nonsense! The conditions on one day do not and cannot indicate what they will be for weeks to come. Even our official observers, with a mass of information about the weather of the whole world, do not attempt these long-range prophecies.

The tradition about St. Swithin's Day is another which ought to go into the discard. According to it, if rain falls on that day (July 15th), it will fall on each of the

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forty following days. The chances are that this never has happened; but that makes no difference to the Swithinites.

This particular tradition is a thousand years old. At the time of his death, St. Swithin was Bishop of Winchester; and he was buried close to the walls of the church, because he had expressed a wish to lie where the water from the eaves would fall on his grave. When he was canonized, a hundred years later, it seemed more fitting that the bones of a saint should repose within the church. Preparations were made to remove them, but the transfer was delayed by a rain which lasted forty days. This was popularly believed to be St. Swithin's protest against being moved; and out of this legend has grown the prediction that rain on July 15th will be followed by forty days of rain.

The ground hog is by no means the only animal that is credited with knowing, far in advance, what the weather will be. In a book published more than twenty years ago, Professor Edward B. Garriott collected scores of these popularly accepted traditions which have no scientific value.

A good sample of these sayings is this one about the beaver: "If the winter is to be a long one, the beaver cuts his supply of wood and prepares his house one month earlier than in late, mild winters."

Among the dozens of others, which continue to be repeated with childlike faith, are these:

When bears lay up food in the fall, it is going to be a cold winter.

If bear tracks are seen after the first fall of snow, the winter will be mild.

When birds of passage fly south early, severe weather will come soon.

The swan builds its nest high before heavy rains, but low when the season will be dry.

If the November goose bone be thick,
So will the winter weather be;
If the November goose bone be thin,
So will the winter weather be.

There are scores of similar sayings, based on the actions of birds and animals, their fatness or leanness, and so on.

But, as Professor Garriott explains, their physical condition—fat or lean, thick fur or thin—depends on what the weather *has* been, and how it has affected their food supply and their general health. They are not omniscient as to the future, but are often caught unprepared.

IT IS conceded that birds, animals, and insects do sometimes show a keener faculty than human beings possess for "sensing" an approaching change of weather; but this applies only to short periods, rarely exceeding a few hours in length.

It is an old saying, for instance, that a bee is never caught in a shower. This may be true, for insects seem conscious of atmospheric conditions which precede rain.

"Ants are busy," says one old proverb, "gnats bite, crickets are lively, spiders come out of their nests, and flies gather in houses, just before rain."

It is said that if sea birds fly out early, and go far, moderate wind and fine weather may be expected. If they hang around near shore, or fly inland, a storm is close at hand. If swallows stay at home and fly up and down, or very low, expect rain or wind. Pigeons return early to their cotes when it is going to rain. Guinea fowls and peacocks "squall;" chickens oil their feathers or roll in the dust; robins perch on high branches and "whistle for rain."

Cats are supposed to be especially weather-wise. It is commonly believed that if a cat washes herself in the usual fashion, the weather is going to be fair; but it will be the reverse if she licks her fur the wrong way, or washes above her ears, or sits with her tail to the fire.

More worthy of belief is the assertion that sheep are unusually frisky before a storm. All animals, in fact, seem to be restless when a storm is approaching. Horses stretch out their necks and sniff the air. Pigs run up and down; and, so country people declare, pick up straw in their mouths and carry it into their sties. Cows huddle together at the end of a field and stand with their tails to windward.

THESE, and other actions of animals, birds, and insects, may be accepted as weather signs, indicating some change that is close at hand. But we cannot depend on them when it comes to long-range predictions.

Many of us carry a pretty good weather indicator of our own. Humidity is one of the conditions that precede rain; and humidity also has an effect on hair. Moisture causes naturally curly hair to twist tighter, but it straightens the artificial curl.

Curls that kink, and cords that bind,
Signs of rain and heavy wind.

There are many other substances which, because they absorb moisture, indicate the amount of humidity in the air. Of course it doesn't always rain when the air has an unusual amount of humidity; but that is a condition which at least favors rain. So there is a sound reason for observing signs like damp salt, windows and doors that stick, moist tobacco, limp seaweed or forest moss, and ropes that are hard to untwist.

Some people claim that they can smell the coming of rain—and they probably can. That is to say, they perceive odors which are not so noticeable at other times, and which they therefore associate with rain. Humphreys gives a simple explanation of this:

Decaying matter in stagnant ponds and ditches produces foul gas that accumulates in bubbles under the mud. A storm is preceded by a decrease in atmospheric pressure. This lessens the pressure on the mud-imprisoned bubbles, allows them to expand, come to the surface and break, releasing the ill-odored gas they hold. This is one of the ways in which people do "smell" an approaching rain.

All odors are more apparent when the air is moist. Hence, the scent of flowers seems heavier just before a shower.

Many flowers close when the air is moist, and various trees and plants fold, or hang their leaves.

When leaves show their under sides,
Be very sure that rain betides.

The explanation of this changed position of leaves is that the leaf stalk absorbs moisture. Difference in temperature, humidity and light cause the opening and closing of certain flowers. There is some relation, therefore, between these things

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and the weather, but it is not a very reliable one.

A better guide is the movement of smoke. If the air is full of moisture—a condition favorable to rain—this moisture condenses upon the fine particles of which smoke is composed. They become heavy, and the smoke trails low. But if the air is dry—as it is in fine weather—the particles remain light and soon become so scattered that they are invisible.

MANY of our weather signs are due to these changes in the pressure of the atmosphere. For instance, people who have rheumatism, dyspepsia, or "nerves," assert that they can foretell a change in weather by their aches and pains.

It is an accepted fact that some human bodies are peculiarly sensitive to changes in atmospheric pressure. The normal pressure, or weight, of the atmosphere is about one ton to every square foot of surface at sea level; and a change of one inch in the barometer, which records air pressure, causes a change of about *half a ton* in the weight of atmosphere sustained by the human body! It is not surprising that the nerves, if they are especially sensitive, register their complaint against this change.

Birds are likely to fly high in clear, sunny weather because of the presence of rising air currents, which tend to lift both the birds themselves and the insects they feed on. Fine weather also favors high flying, especially during migration, because it is attended by good "visibility."

Sound traveling far and wide
A stormy day will betide.

Probably most of us have noticed that when we hear distant sounds with unusual distinctness it is often followed by a change of weather from fair to foul. The same thing applies to vision. Distant objects appear remarkably sharp in outline and seem much nearer than usual.

It doesn't seem reasonable to expect that a storm will follow this condition; yet we know that it often does. Professor Brooks explains it in this way: A storm is usually preceded by a warm southerly wind at a moderate height; and during this wind a cloud layer is likely to shut off the sunlight from the ground. This prevents irregularities in heating. The result is that this lower atmosphere, being even in density and temperature, does not break up the waves of sound and of light passing through it. In that case, they reach, literally, "in better shape" than when the air is irregular in temperature—as it is on bright sunshiny days.

There is a particularly large grist of proverbs about holidays and saints' days; as for example: "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard," and "If it rains on the first Sunday of the month, it will rain on every Sunday of that month." All these sayings are dismissed as worthless by men of science. Weather is no respecter of persons or of days. It comes as a result of the interplay of enormously complex conditions; and it is only by accurately observing these conditions that the weather in any locality can be predicted, even twenty-four hours in advance. The proverbs described as fairly accurate in this article are based on this careful observation.

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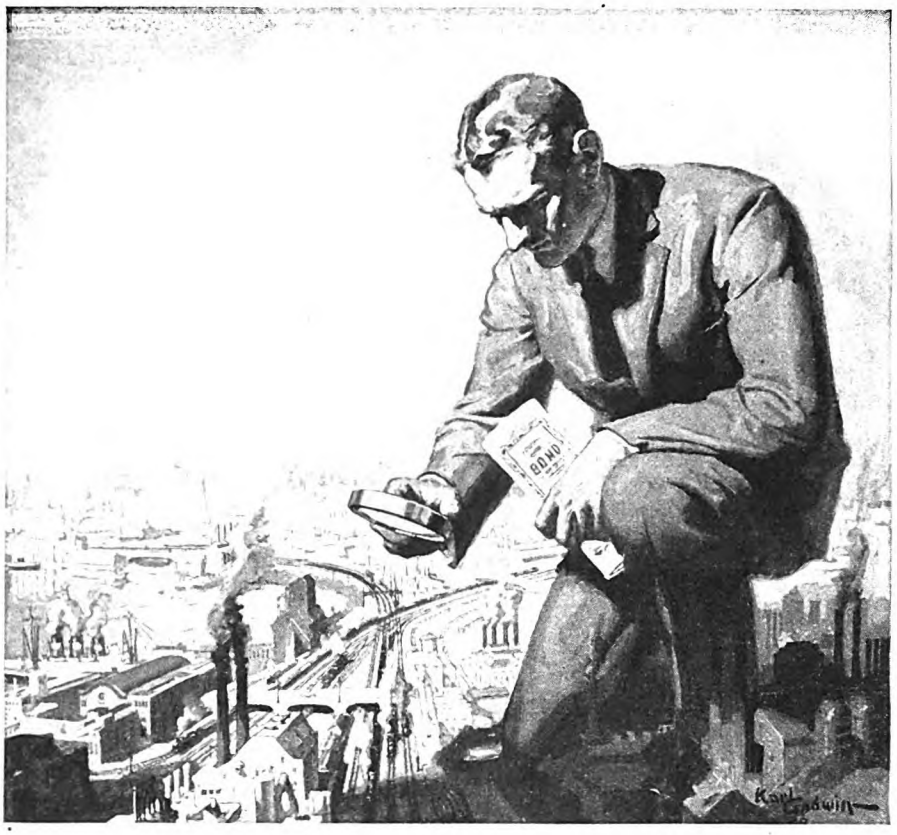

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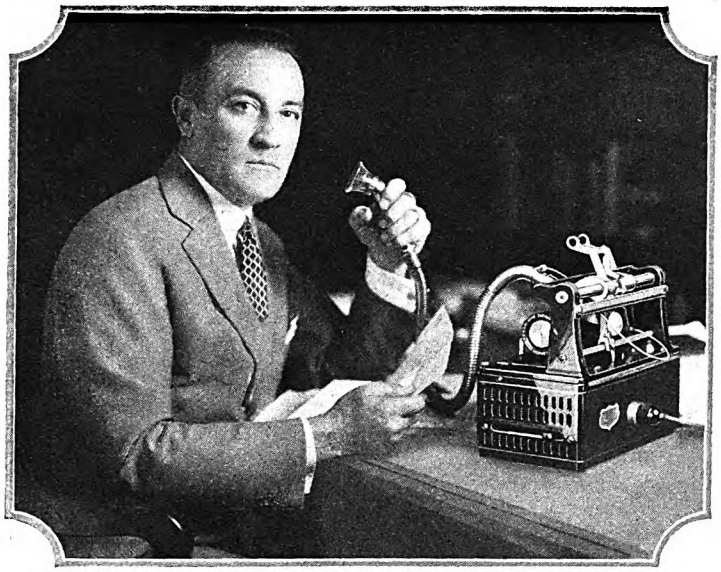

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Somewhere There's Always Someone Listening In

(*Continued from page 34*)

'jazz' or classical; but it must be instrumental. The time for much song singing, unless it is incidental to an instrumental number, has gone by. After midnight, 'jazz' has the boards to itself.

"In a general way, then, I would say there are, among others not so easily classified, five main radio audiences. The local time element enters in here; for instance, we get many Eastern sporting event stories by one P. M. But the five great radio audiences can be divided roughly as follows:

"First, the 'bright and early' group: This audience gets up early in the morning. There are many hobbyists in it. They will listen to physical culture talks, reducing instructions, morning devotional services, talks on gardening, dietetics, housekeeping, or domestic science.

"Second is the noon crowd. Any program addressed to this group must have considerable 'snap' and speed to it. They like music with their meals, but they also want to hear the latest news flashes. A good time *not* to try to put over a lecture is between twelve and one o'clock, midday.

"Third, the sports audience, principally men and boys interested in great sporting events. (On this coast, because of the difference in time here and the East, we get our main sports audiences in the early afternoon.) The sports audience is one of the most thoroughly defined groups in radio-land. They are steady fans. When the time comes to announce results of sporting events, they want nothing but sports.

"Fourth in our list is the greatest group of all. Unless some national news event or some local happening of more than usual interest has the attention of the public earlier in the day, by far the greatest number of listeners-in take to the air in the evening after six o'clock. From that time on, for several hours, they tune in by the thousands.

"BY eight-thirty o'clock—the hour we naturally think of as the meeting time for evening audiences—'attendance' is at its peak in radio-land. You have out before you and all around you, on ships at sea, in mountain cabins, in valley farmhouses and city mansions, rich and poor, old and young, *the* great American radio audience. For two hours, all special interests and hobbies are submerged; only the things common to the interest and pleasure of all will hold this vast crowd.

"They want songs, old and new. They want to hear jokes. They want to hear a verse or two from the Scriptures. They want to hear a little boy or a little girl speak a piece. They want to hear the studio canaries chiming in while somebody sings a solo. During the fall, this biggest of all radio audiences will stand for a few brief reports on the day's football or baseball games. Or they will listen with the greatest of interest to a talk by someone in the public eye, or someone noted as an au-

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thority on a subject, say, an explorer, a physician, an Indian chief singing the songs of his tribe, a missionary from India, a famous motion picture star, or a writer.

"Nine tenths of the radio fans of the country are members of this great group. We know this because the majority of our telephone calls and letters and notes relate to programs given at the hours this audience is tuned in. About nine-thirty, they start dropping out, and by eleven-thirty there is left the next great group of major radio audiences that have distinct preferences.

"This fifth division is made up chiefly of dancing radio fans, mostly young men and women. They want instrumental music—orchestras and bands; and usually the call is for something 'snappy.' If a news event of tremendous importance breaks, you can cut in on the dance music to make an announcement about it, but, once having had your say—on with the dance!

"BUT, as I've said, the real audience, the one that shapes up the program policies of the broadcasting stations of the country, is the one that tunes in around eight-thirty in the evening. That's the audience the broadcasters try hardest to capture, for if you please this group your station is really effective.

"In the public's choice of songs, we have noticed some significant things: The songs that have the greatest grip on the hearts of the people are those that express some common human experience, usually associated with love for mother, home, wife, or sweetheart. I believe the most enduring of all songs is 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.'

"To most people it is something of a shock to discover that time is really fleeting, and that it's taking us right along with it. This discovery, once made, lodges deep in the consciousness. It is something to think about, to wonder about. And how naturally and wholesomely are the emotions it brings forth described in the song:

> "*But*, my darling, you *will* be
> Always young and fair to me!

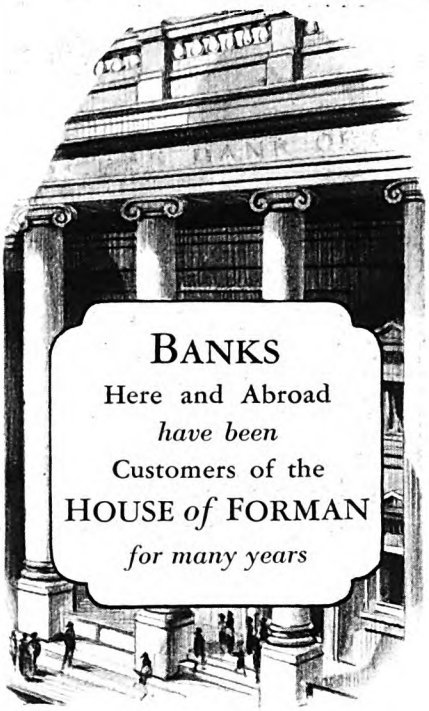
"I have no doubt that when those words go out over the radio they strike responsive chords in many, many hearts.

"In almost the same class is another lasting favorite, 'Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.' And, among songs that touch on personal experience, we must surely include 'The Rosary.' Add to these three Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond's 'End of a Perfect Day,' and you have four songs that are consistently high in public favor. And they will probably continue to be so, because their themes are based on experiences common to us all.

"People like the same qualities in their poetry that they like in songs, only here more latitude in theme is permissible. Our audiences have shown a definite preference for two poets—Edgar A. Guest and J. W. Foley. Mr. Foley lives in Pasadena, and has a large local following.

"The particular quality of both of these writers that seems to appeal to the public is their ability to express in simple, forceful language the things we know in our inner hearts, but which we can't say very clearly for ourselves.

"By far the favorite Scripture reading is the Twenty-third Psalm. One thing



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radio is doing is to get a lot of people better acquainted with the Bible. Not long ago, a man asked us to have someone read the Twenty-third Psalm. 'Heard a lot about it,' he wrote; 'but have never actually heard or read the Psalm itself.'

"That evening we had the Psalm read, and almost before the reader had concluded, the fan who had made the request called in. 'I'm the guy that asked to have the Twenty-third Psalm read,' he said. 'Say, I wonder if it'd be asking too much to ask you to have it read again? I think it's the prettiest thing I ever heard in my life!'

"There is much sneering and joking about old jokes; but we find that the good old stories that have been told time and again, like the good old songs, are the most popular! Of course a brand-new joke that sparkles with good wit will always get over; but nothing falls flatter than the brand-new supposed joke that doesn't sparkle.

"You realize you've accomplished something when you put over a laugh through the microphone—one that brings in notes of comment and appreciation. Jokes that are 'sure fire' in vaudeville, where ninety per cent of the effect is often due to the costume or the antics of the teller, will often land on the ether with something almost akin to a dull thud.

"Perhaps, then, the reason old jokes that have stood the test of time are still so popular in radio-land is that the listeners have *seen* the joke told somewhere, at a banquet, or from the stage, or around a camp fire. And when they hear it over the air, they give it a mental setting similar to the one in which they first heard it.

"THE voices and laughter of children always make a hit with the early evening audiences. Children have naturally the three traits necessary to getting the interest and confidence of the public: genuineness, naturalness, and sincerity. Left to themselves, and not coached to say things they don't understand, you can usually depend upon children to get across.

"At six-thirty, we have our Children's Hour, in which small children take part with me and studio characters known as 'Uncle Remus,' the 'Sandman,' the 'Court Musician,' and so forth. These programs often border on fantasy; but the children enter into them with such enthusiasm and such sincerity that they seem almost real.

"We have found that these children's programs are popular not only with the children but with very old people as well. Fully half of our Children's Hour audience is made up of grandpas and grandmas! Perhaps they hear again, in fancy and in dreams, as they listen, the voices of their own little ones, now grown and gone into the world.

"We never coach the little ones on what to do or say; they sing the songs they like and speak the pieces they have memorized —but it is the little asides, the spontaneous, unexpected remarks they make that give their programs charm.

"During our Children's Hour one evening, a little girl and I were carrying on an informal conversation in our usual style. 'And what did my little girl do to-day?' I asked her.

"'Went to the beach, Uncle John,' she

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said. 'And'—brightening up—'what do you suppose I found there, Uncle John? Guess.'

"Of course I couldn't guess.

"'A set of false teeth!' she said triumphantly.

"Inside of three minutes, the grandmother who had lost the teeth called in, and we had them taken to her by a messenger boy.

"NEXT to children, the early evening audiences like to hear the voices, squeaks, barks, calls and sounds of birds, animals, and insects.

"Animal sounds are best over radio when they give atmosphere to a program. One of our best stunts of this type was a county fair program, during which we had in the studio a calf, some pigs, a crate of chickens, and a crate of ducks.

"Our studio canaries, Kindness, Happiness, and Joy—an acrostic, you can see, on our station initials—are wonderfully popular. They are continually being showered with gifts—birdseed, handmade cages, and the like. I always bring them out to 'accompany' vocalists who sing light numbers, or love songs; and they've been brought to the center of the room so often they seem actually to know what's expected of them.

"Very often, and usually every night, when a few minutes of talking follows several vocal numbers, Radio Joy will interrupt the program with his loud singing. I always let him have his little nightly solo. The fans expect it. Sometimes he sings early, and sometimes later, and his eccentricities and temperamental inspirations have made him a well-known character.

"One night he nearly went wild when a woman who imitates birds came to the studio. He interrupted her whistling numbers, chimed in on the main notes, and then rudely ran scales that threw the whole thing into discord. In short, he tried in every way to outsing her. She began to whistle some very intricate notes. He followed right after her, and finished each time with some curlicues of his own.

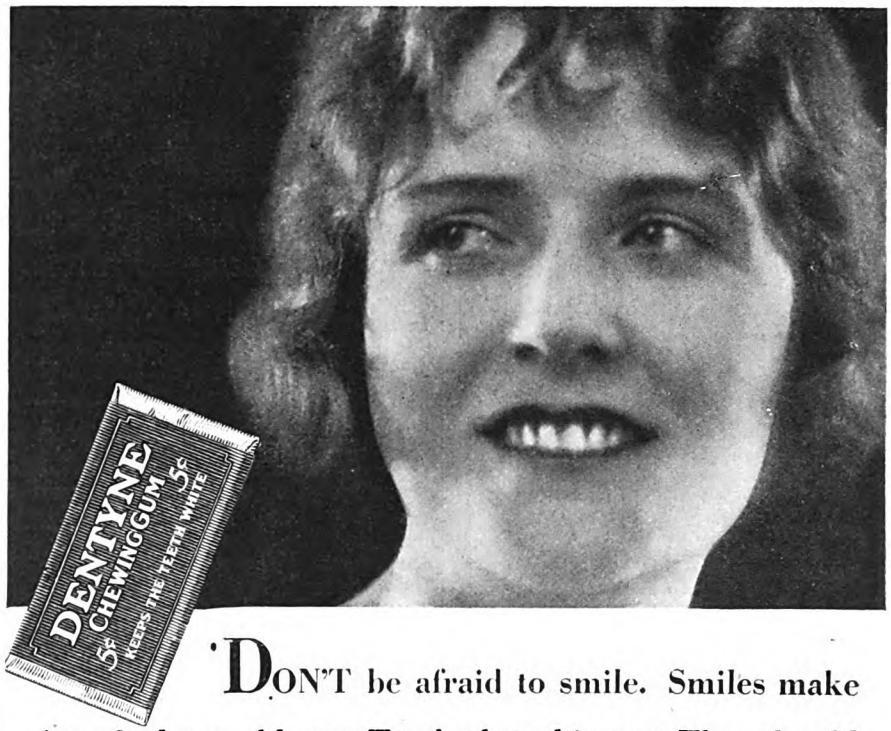
"Finally, it became a real whistling duel, with the woman leading. He clung to the side of his cage, with his feathers all ruffled. After a bit, he took the lead. He'd whistle a few measures, then listen for her echo. Each time he made his notes more complicated. When he saw that she followed him almost perfectly, he burst into a perfect rage of notes; he sang high and low, up and down, trilled—did everything he knew how to do, then listened. When the mocking-bird woman's memory failed on one of the phrasings, Radio Joy cut in with a series of notes that were positively jeering!

"He sang his own measures over, and, as if to josh the mocking-bird woman, broke down where she had and began to sing a series of twitters that were absolutely silly.

"The judgment of the radio fans was that it was a tie. Hundreds of them wrote in to say they couldn't tell which was the bird singing, and which was the woman whistling.

"Ordinarily, however, the ears of the people of radio-land are very sharp. A radio audience offers one of the best tests known for a singer or a musician. Radio fans are quick to appreciate, and quick to help with suggestions. 'Tell that man who

Chew DENTYNE *.. and smile!*



'DON'T be afraid to smile. Smiles make friends the world over. Teeth play a big part. They should be snowy white when red lips part in a smile. Dentyne is a delicious gum that is more than a confection. It keeps breath sweet, teeth clean and white as pearls.

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BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

just sang the baritone solo that he breathes at the wrong places,' some telephone critic will say; or, 'A minute ago, when that soprano sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" she said "through the perilous fight—" That's wrong; it's "*perilous night*".'

"There are many singers and musicians who sound to the untrained ear as good as many other singers and musicians who are famous for their talent and ability. The radio, however, shows up the real difference between the unfinished performer and the artist. It's largely a matter of pitch—I mean when all other qualities are equal.

"Not long ago, for instance, a sharp-eared critic called up while an orchestra was playing, and said, 'For goodness' sake, tell that first fiddler to give the peg of his D-string about a 64th of a turn. He's drivin' me crazy!'

"The violinist gave the peg a little twist, and the 'fiddle' did sound better. In the deadened interior of the studio, no one had noticed that the string had slipped a trifle. We were hearing the music unamplified, and the variation from absolute pitch wasn't noticeable.

"You see, a sound sent out over the radio is amplified, or, as so many erroneously say, magnified. If the sound is perfect to begin with, it remains perfect when broadcast, for perfection, like zero, remains the same, no matter how many times it is multiplied. But if the sound is 'off' a trifle, the very 'offness' of it when it is shot into the ether amplified many times is accentuated.

"Several musicians and singers who have been here at KHJ have been able to correct pitch defects in their executions after reading suggestions sent in by critics in our audiences. Incidentally, there are many very sweet and beautiful voices that are rarely heard, because they lack volume. Radio is going to make it possible to save many of these voices to our enjoyment; for if the other desirable qualities are there, radio can very easily supply the necessary volume.

"BUT, speaking of accuracy, the public's love of it doesn't stop at the pitch of an instrument or a voice; it extends to everything. Mispronounce a word or misquote something, and you are in for it.

"I get up to read a news item describing, say, a happening in Terre Haute, Indiana. If I forget and call it Terre *Haught*—to rhyme with naught—within a few seconds nearly everyone within the range of my voice who has ever been in Indiana will be calling up to tell me that It's not Haught, but Hote—rhyming with note.

"Probably the kind of inaccuracy most often resented by radio fans is misquotation of the Bible. Unless a radio speaker knows he is absolutely right, when he quotes from the Bible he'd better explain that he is quoting from memory. Whenever I hear a speaker, quoting from Genesis, say, 'earn your bread by the sweat of your brow,' for instance, I get ready to greet him, when he sits down, with a lot of notes explaining that the passage reads, 'In the sweat of thy *face* shalt thou *eat* bread.'

"And who, having mentioned Jonah over the radio, hasn't learned that the creature that swallowed him was not a whale, but that for Jonah's reception when he was thrown overboard 'the Lord prepared a great *fish*'?

"The particular slip that all loyal Californians listen for and land on is that of the speaker, usually an Easterner, who says, 'As you sit by your *firesides* this evening.' You know, in California—Our Climate— But I guess that doesn't go in this story, though.

"MANY people do not realize the vastness of the radio audience; some of the requests that we get prove this. Almost every week we are asked to play some certain piece—sometimes a wedding march—at a certain moment, to help the person asking it put over some effect that's especially desired. Sometimes we can grant such a request.

"Usually a request for a song or a musical number can be granted, because there's a probability that the number will be appreciated by all our audience; but we have to turn down many requests for special stunts and announcements because they are not appropriate for an audience of mixed ages and preferences.

"A difficult situation for us is when some broken-hearted mother asks us to broadcast information that may bring home a son or daughter who has run away. We used to make announcements of this kind; but now we do it only on request of the police department, for so many of one sort or another came in that they threatened to crowd everything else off the programs. Of course, if a little child has wandered away and got lost, we try to help find it.

"One of the most dramatic cases of finding a lost person happened several years ago when it was still our practice to broadcast descriptions. A mother came to the studio and begged me to help her find her boy.

"'He's a great radio fan,' she pleaded, 'and he likes you, and I'm sure that if you'll just say something to-night he will hear you, and come home.'

"That evening, after explaining the situation to my listeners, I described the boy, told how his mother had asked me to help find him, and closed with the words, 'John Anderson' (that wasn't his name, of course), 'come home to that poor, broken-hearted mother of yours!'

"Those words were all the boy heard; but they were enough. He and another boy had just driven up to a filling station in a small car. They were about a hundred miles from home. In the door of the station was a loud speaker. Imagine the boy's surprise when he drove up, shut off his engine and, out of the clear night air, booming right at him, heard the words, 'John Anderson, come home to that poor, broken-hearted mother of yours!' . . . He was home for breakfast!

"Because so very, very many people will hear a radio program, we never know just what new and surprising result is going to follow an evening of broadcasting. About three years ago, we had an interesting case of what can happen when one 'breathes a song into the air.'

"A young woman who had been in France as a war nurse took part in an evening program. She sang several songs—rather wistful bits, they were.

"While she was singing, a battleship was on its way to the Pacific Coast, via the Panama Canal. On board were sev-

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eral of the last of the soldiers to come home after the war. They were listening to a radio. One of the soldiers became very nervous when he heard the girl's voice.

"He kept asking the others to be quiet. When I announced the name of the singer, the soldier shouted, 'That's her! That's her!' And it was.

"We sent him her address—he had got in touch with us immediately—and ten days later when he arrived at the port of Los Angeles, he was met at the dock by the girl he had loved—and lost—in France. In the general confusion following demobilization they had lost track of each other. They are happily married to-day.

"Nearly every day we hear of queer reactions to radio sounds. Dogs jump out from under library tables and attack the family radio when, for instance, a 'bear' growls during one of our Children's Hour programs; house cats search in vain for the canaries whose voices are so plain, but whose bodies seem not to exist. We get many accounts of such happenings.

"BUT perhaps the most dramatic outcome of a chance overhearing of something on the radio was that of an incident that took place within a few months after KHJ was established.

"We got a frantic long-distance call one night from a man out in the Nevada desert. He had ridden from a desert camp to the nearest ranch where there was a telephone, to ask us if we wouldn't try to find a doctor for him. A friend of his had been bitten by a rattlesnake. They had been able to hold off the spread of the poison by means of a tourniquet; but there wasn't much chance that they could hold it in check much longer. Moving the man would have increased his circulation, making the danger even greater. So he was left alone in camp while his friend went after help.

"The friend gave us an exact description of the place where their camp was, and how to get there. We immediately sent out a distress call; but with little hope that anyone could reach the man in time. It was miles to a town of any size, and even if we were heard in the nearest town there was little chance that a doctor could reach the camp in time.

"The man who had telephoned us went on back to camp to wait with his friend. When he rode up on his horse, he saw that someone had preceded him.

"'Was it you that telephoned "The Times" this afternoon?' the stranger asked, coming out of the tent.

"'Yes,' said the man on horseback.

"'Well,' said the other man, 'I'm an old desert rat. I'm camped over here about a mile an' a half from you. I heard about the fix you was in, an' come right over. I've got a anti-snake-bite outfit, an' I brought that too. Your pardner is all fixed up, an' is goin' to be all right. Them radios is a great thing, ain't they?'"

"WHAT People Want to Know About Etiquette" is an interview with the author of a famous book on manners. Countless thousands of inquiring letters have come to her from all walks of life. In this interview, next month, she gives you seven rules that will help you in any social situation.

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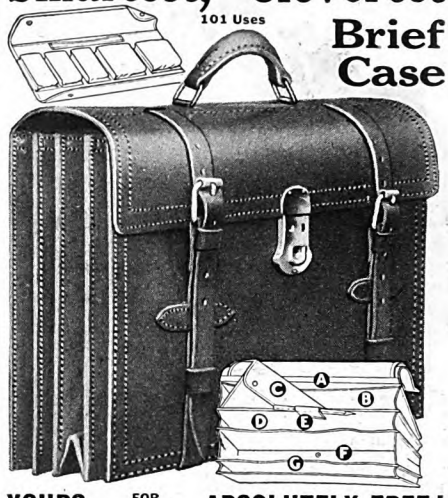

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"Don't Worry—Thompson Will Handle the Job!"

(*Continued from page 16*)

Erie Railroad shops at Meadville. This proud old town is an odd combination of atmospheres. The shops comprise one of its great interests; another is Allegheny College, founded in 1815. It was an atmosphere, in boyhood, that was to mold Thompson. His mother, with foresight, saw to it that it did.

She glorified mental attainment, held up to him old Noah Webster, his scholarly ancestor, who for thirty-six years had labored to produce that masterpiece, the dictionary which bears his name. Every week, sacrificing to do so, she put aside in the bank a little sum of money against the day when Arthur should enter Allegheny College.

An anecdote will give you, at a glance, the kind of boy he was. The class was studying zoölogy. It was early spring, when the frost had not yet left the ground. The teacher was on the subject of frogs.

"If I had some live frogs," she said, "I could demonstrate for you just what I mean. But it's too early for frogs now. We'll have to wait until the frost goes."

Next morning, however, to the teacher's amazement, young Thompson toted into school a pailful of frogs. He knew of a spot near a spring where the ground didn't freeze, and that frogs were to be had there by digging. Not another boy in the class possessed that secret.

ABOUT two miles from the Thompson home was a lumber mill. The lure of moving machines and of men at work drew the boy to it, like steel to a magnet. He watched the logs come in from the woods, rough trimmed and armored with bark. The huge saws ripped them into boards, which were placed into piles for seasoning.

"What do you do with this pile?" he asked the boss, pointing to the slabs of bark cast aside as waste.

"Oh, that stuff's no good," said the boss. "If you want any of it, take it."

A day or two later Thompson was back with a wagon. He sorted the best slabs into equal-sized heaps, tied the heaps into bundles, loaded his wagon and started back to town.

"What are you going to do with 'em?" asked the boss.

"Sell 'em for firewood," said Thompson. "I'll get five cents a bundle. Lots of folks will buy."

They did. Thompson developed a regular business of supplying firewood to Meadville patrons.

There was an old surveyor in town who had the title of borough engineer. He laid out the new streets, planned grade improvements, sewers, and the like. He began to notice that wherever he went in the course of his work, even in the bitterest winter weather, a silent and wide-eyed boy dogged his steps.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Nothin'," said the boy. "Just want to watch."

His teeth chattered. His nose was blue with the cold. Yet he stuck on, hour after hour, a lone spectator.

"Sonny," said the old surveyor at last, "you ought to be home where it's warm; but since you will hang around, you might as well do some work. You carry the chain."

The boy was Thompson; and that moment, he told me, was one of the proudest of his life. He got no pay for carrying the surveyor's chain. He did it for the pure love of it.

I'VE never talked with a man more thoroughly, joyously in love with life than he is. With most of us the enthusiasm and fervor of youth wear off with experience and age. They haven't with Thompson. Sit opposite him five minutes, even in the prosaic atmosphere of a business office, and you literally feel his vitality. His laughter makes you feel that life is good, boundlessly good, and worth living. Yet he has had to fight.

He was seventeen when the bank into which his mother for years had been placing her savings closed its doors. The savings account, amounting to sixteen hundred dollars, was wiped out; but this money loss was the smaller one—with it went a mother's dream.

"There is nothing in this world," she told her son, "I wanted so much as to be able to send you to college."

"Don't you worry, Mother," he said. "I *am* going to college."

He knew of a little steamboat which could be bought for one hundred and sixty dollars. It wasn't much of a boat, a fact to which the price bore witness. The length of it was only twenty-four feet; the old four-horse-power engine wheezed and choked like an asthmatic. But young Thompson had a big idea.

Five or six miles from Meadville was Bemistown, a popular resort for city folks in summer, for fishermen in spring, and hunters in the autumn. The road to Bemistown was rough and tortuous. To get out there by wagon, the only way, was almost a half-day trip. However, there was a stream, a feeder of the Erie Canal, connecting the two localities. Thompson purposed to buy the old steamboat and utilize that stream!

He owned sixty dollars, earned from his firewood business and other odd jobs he had done. His father agreed to endorse his note for the balance of the boat price. Thompson bought the boat, renovated it with paint and scrub brush, took the wheeze out of its engines, and inaugurated a Meadville-Bemistown all-water transportation service. The boat could make the trip in an hour, in comfort, against a half-day by the wagon road in discomfort. It was an immediate success.

During his four years at Allegheny College Thompson ran his steamboat. The old surveyor gave him work, now that money was a need, and paid him for it. Also, Thompson obtained work in the railroad shops, as an apprentice, at nine and one-fourth cents an hour. But, actually, none of these tasks was as work to him! Had the bank not failed, he prob-

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ably would have done all of them for nothing, *anyway!* You've got to understand this phase of him to grasp the man.

"I've always liked work," Mr. Thompson told me in all earnestness. "To me, man's greatest blessing, his greatest source of happiness, has always been in the fact that he is endowed with the brain and skill to do, to build, to accomplish.

"If you possess a wonderful race horse, you thrill to see it run and win. If you own a wonderful motor, you thrill at its purr as it climbs the steepest hill. Yet your brain, which is a part and parcel of *you*, is a far more wonderful creation han the finest horse, or motor, or any material thing you can own or desire. Why, then, should not your biggest thrill be in watching your brain work? And if it doesn't work to your satisfaction, why hesitate to spend some money and some time on it, in order to *make* it work? You would do as much for your horse; you would do as much for your motor."

Thompson wanted the thrill of seeing his brain climb "on high." He wanted it in shape to win races, ready to go at the crack of the starter's gun. Therefore his college days became days of intense preparation. He was a student of books; a student of men, of machines, of methods. In off hours, when other boys played on the vacant lot, Thompson played in the machine shop, in the drafting-room, or out on some construction job.

Tractors were coming into use about that time. They were big, heavy machines that the operators moved from farm to farm, and the old wooden bridges of the county were too flimsy to support them. In consequence, all bridges had to be strengthened or rebuilt with steel. Much of the work was of an emergency nature.

Thompson, the student, went out with the engineers and the bridge gangs. He made surveys and drawings. He used a pick and shovel. He met men, and gained first-hand knowledge of practical engineering in the field. Sometimes he was paid, and sometimes he wasn't; but that, after all, was not what mattered.

IN THE summer following his second college year he found work with the engineering corps that was laying out the Pittsburgh, Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad. After work each night, the other youngsters of the corps loafed about town; but not Thompson. At the risk of being considered a nuisance, he hung around headquarters and listened to the talk of the chiefs. One night a drawing was needed in a hurry to accompany a report. The regular draftsman had gone.

"I'll make it," Thompson volunteered eagerly.

"All right, kid," said the chief. "Get busy. It's a rush job." Aside he shrugged at his associates. It was time this bothersome youngster was taught a lesson.

Thompson made the drawing. He made it in a hurry. And he made it so well that thereafter he was invited to stay around the office as a draftsman. When the corps was disbanded, he was the only one of the younger men to be retained. He remained with the company until he was forced to resign in order to be graduated with his class.

On the very day of his graduation Thompson left Meadville for Pittsburgh. He had worked for this day, and he was

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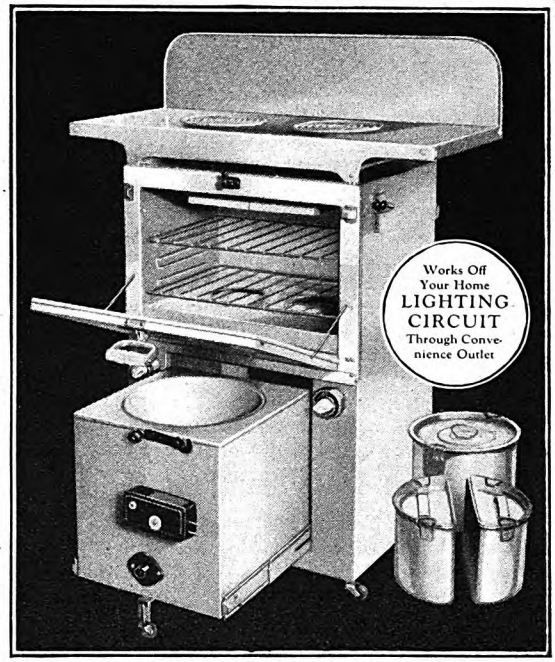

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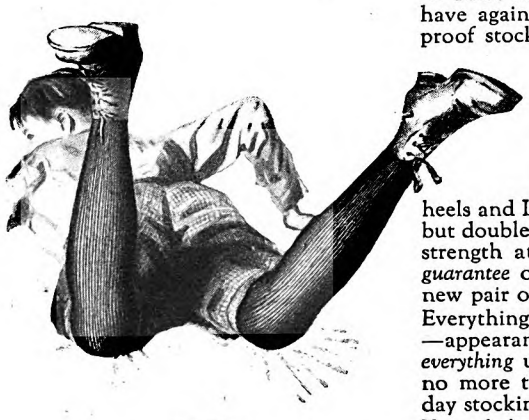

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ready for it. The starting pistol had cracked!

I spent two hours with Thompson one morning, and during our whole talk, which was one of the jolliest kind, he let slip some valuable bits of advice.

"When you've spent years preparing for a job," he said, "know the work and know that you can do it, there is only one thing that can stop you—the lack of a chance. But you're bound to find the chance if you go where chances are to be found!

"That may seem obvious. Yet it's a fact that for every one man who sees it, there are nine who don't. The nine fiddle away the time given them for preparation, and then expect the job itself to prepare them for doing it; or they expect the job to grow legs and walk to them."

Those first few years out of college Thompson burned up no roads. Pittsburgh offices weren't overly eager to hire him. He was glad enough to become a draftsman with an engineering firm for forty dollars a month. Then he went to one of the smaller railroads as an instrument man on construction work. Finally, at twenty-four, he succeeded in placing himself with the Baltimore and Ohio as chief of a party on surveys. The B. & O. was coming into a period of reconstruction. It was on the eve of a one-hundred-million-dollar expansion program.

A YEAR passed. Quite uneventfully, Thompson was given his first promotion, to the position of assistant to the division engineer at Pittsburgh. A year later he was moved in a similar capacity to Cumberland, Maryland. So far he had not distinguished himself. He was known in a limited railroad circle simply as "a promising young chap." And, by the way, he was still studying. He was still spending his evenings at the office.

Then, without warning, the division engineer was taken ill. There was a gap in the line, a flurry at headquarters.

"Can Thompson handle the work?" was the question.

One of the chiefs hurried out to Cumberland to see. He found Thompson already at the task. The work was going ahead. There was even a new zip and push behind it.

Before the year was out Thompson was made division engineer—the youngest man in that post on the road. He was gaining a reputation for knowing his business. He was getting things done just a little faster than they had been done. The men out on the line were working for him.

Suddenly another emergency arose. To handle growing freight traffic, a stretch of new track, five miles long, had to be constructed at Martinsburg, West Virginia, to connect the B. & O. lines with the Cumberland Valley. It was Thompson's job, and he wasn't yet twenty-seven years old. The folks at headquarters grew a little worried. They got Martinsburg on the long-distance 'phone.

"How's that new work coming along?" they demanded.

"It's done," said Thompson. "The last tie went down this morning."

Headquarters gasped, and gave Thompson a bigger job—division engineer at Pittsburgh!

That was in 1901. Between then and 1912 he received seven promotions. He

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was taken from the engineering force and made a superintendent. Two shifts as superintendent, and he was chief engineer of maintenance of way. In April of 1910, he became chief engineer of the railroad, and in December of the same year its general manager.

Prosaic enough that rise appears on paper; but a world's record or two was broken in the making of it. In 1904, at Glen Easton, there was a twenty-eight-foot single-span bridge which had to be replaced as a matter of safety. The B. & O. line at the point was a single track only. The problem was to dismantle the old bridge and replace it with a new one without delay to traffic.

Leaving the old bridge unmolested, Thompson constructed the new bridge alongside of it, on trestles. Then each man was assigned to a specific task. Over and over Thompson had that task rehearsed until his force moved like clockwork.

A SIGNAL was given. As if by magic, the old bridge came down, men swarming at their tasks like ants, machinery groaning. At a second signal, the new bridge was moved into place, the tracks connected, the securing bolts driven. Thompson, holding his watch, noted the time for the completed job—twelve minutes! Not a train had suffered delay!

That stood as a record, I believe, for four years. Then Thompson was sent to the Philadelphia Division to replace another bridge, a one-hundred-and-fifty-foot-long span over Chester Creek. The new bridge, of steel, weighed three hundred tons. It was double-tracked. Trains were scheduled to pass spaced only by minutes.

Months in advance, Thompson and his men made ready. It was this old school-day mania of his for preparation over again. There dared not be even the slightest slip in the execution of the plan. Nor was there. This time, Thompson had his new bridge in place in three and a half minutes!

That same year, late in September, the great bridge over the mouth of the Susquehanna River, a link in the main line of the B. &. O. Railroad connecting Washington and New York, was dynamited by a half-crazed man. Twelve cars of the freight train which was passing were plunged into the river. Fortunately, the crew escaped death. But the main line was severed.

Arrangements were at once made to detour B. &. O. trains between Wilmington, Delaware, and Swan Creek, Maryland, over the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a distance of thirty-six miles. But the Pennsylvania tracks were already heavy with freight. The arrangement could not be more than temporary.

A worried officer of the Pennsylvania got the B. &. O. president on the long-distance telephone.

"Is the bridge hopelessly gone?" he demanded.

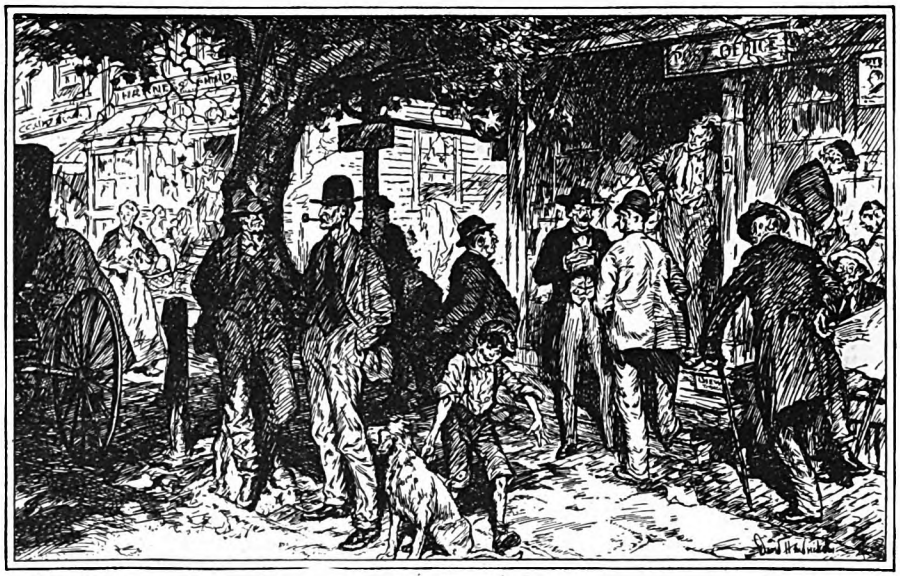
"Hopelessly," was the answer. "It will take at least a year to rebuild it."

"What have you done?"

"Sent for Arthur Thompson to build a detour."

"Who's Thompson?" the director insisted.

"You'll know in good time," replied the president coolly. "Don't worry. Thompson will handle the job."



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The bridge had been wrecked at six-thirty A.M. By nightfall that day Thompson had not only completed preliminary surveys and bought right-of-way for the detour, to give relief to the Pennsylvania's already overcrowded lines, but he had established a camp, with beds and kitchens and food supplies, and had assembled tools and materials. Before noon of the next day he had six hundred men at work.

The location was difficult. It was covered with trees and thick underbrush, and a heavy stratum of rock that could be dynamited only with difficulty. Moreover, for forty-eight hours it rained in torrents until the ground was a quagmire, and for two days men could not strike a pick nor tamp a tie. On the third day, Thompson, in hip boots and rubber coat, flung them at the job, day and night. But the men, divided into shifts, had a chance to sleep. Thompson hadn't. He ate his meals on the run. He was everywhere, urging, encouraging.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the sixth day the detour was finished and trains were in regular operation again.

Came 1910. Daniel Willard recently had been made president of the Baltimore and Ohio, and he was facing a serious problem: Out in West Virginia, in the great Clarksburg-Fairmont coal field, the coal tonnage had been increasing at such a pace that every railroad facility was already overtaxed. This coal represented the winter fuel supply of the rapidly growing Northwest. It had to be moved northward to the Great Lakes for trans-shipment in boats, and this movement had to be complete to the last carload before December 1st, when winter closes the Great Lakes' upper ports.

Checking his railroad facilities, President Willard discovered that the Northwest was demanding more coal than he could haul, unless new trackage was built. And without new trackage the Northwest would be short of coal the next winter!

Willard sent for his chief engineer. He also summoned Thompson, who was being invited to such consultations now, though, officially, he was charged simply with maintenance of way.

"We need a double-track line," Willard said; "but double-tracking through mountainous country costs money and takes time. This problem is one that must be solved this summer. What can we do?"

THE men got their heads together over the railroad map. They saw two separate single track lines running between the coal fields and the Ohio River, almost parallel and not many miles apart. On the map, it made a pretty picture.

"There's the solution;" said Mr. Willard; "but it has a vital flaw." His finger touched a spot on the map. "We've no cross-over here at Lumberport, unless we bridge the West Fork River. Can it be done?"

"Yes, it could be bridged," said the chief engineer thoughtfully. "It would be a big job, though, and take time."

"When could you start building the bridge?"

Thompson, leaning over the chief engineer's shoulder, whispered into his ear, "Tell the Old Man we can start in the morning!"

"It would take three months to take soundings," the chief engineer replied, "another three months to gain the consent of the Federal authorities, for the river is listed as navigable. It would be absolutely impossible to have the bridge ready in time for next winter's movement of coal."

Impatiently, Willard broke up the conference. He didn't want a bridge a year hence. He needed it at once! The emergency was only three or four months off.

SEVERAL days later President Willard again summoned Thompson. He retold the urgency of the situation.

"Young man," he added, "*you* are now the chief engineer of this railroad. I may be the 'Old Man,' but I've still got good ears. Start to work on that bridge in the morning!"

The next morning Thompson was at Lumberport. For three months he stayed there, night and day. He saw the side tracks go down, the soundings begun, the draftsmen on the spot making the drawings of the bridge. Simultaneously he opened negotiations with Washington; and as soundings gave way to pier foundations, Washington gave its consent.

The backbone of the 1909-1910 winter broke earlier than usual. The river began to rise. The foundations rose ahead of it. For a few brief, heartrending days it was an exciting and dangerous race between man's dexterity and courage and the rising sway of the icy waters. The concrete had to be kept ahead of the advancing water line, far enough ahead to permit it to harden. And all the time Thompson stayed on the job, patting his men on the back, urging them on to swifter exertion. In thigh boots and an old slicker, as wet as they were, he stood by them, and did not leave until the waters distinctly began to recede, and the bridge piers were high and dry above them. He had dreamed of such work as a boy.

Then, from out along the lines of the system, he began to bring in unused bridge spans, noted in past days for just such an emergency. He obtained spare steel from Pittsburgh. Much of it had never been intended for bridge work. Some of it originally had been destined for a skyscraper in New York; but it was steel, good steel. And the bridge began to rise, a capable, almost a handsome structure.

By the night of June 13th, the bridge of five spans, some four hundred and sixty feet in length all told, and high above the water, was nearly done. Thompson took train for Deer Park, not far distant from Lumberport, where Mr. Willard was to meet next day with his engineering force. Early next morning he fairly danced up the steps of the hotel where Willard was staying.

"I'm sure glad to see you here, Thompson," Willard said, grinning. "Your presence means the bridge is done."

"Not yet," said Thompson; "but it will be this morning."

The first session of the conference was set at nine-thirty. When the men filed into the meeting hall, Thompson uneasily took a seat near the door. He wondered why no word had come from Lumberport. Had anything gone wrong at the last moment? When he had left there still had been some track work to be done.

For thirty minutes he sat by that door, a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach, his eyes on the door through which the

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expected messenger would come. Finally, the suspense became too great. He ran to the telegraph office to prepare a message of inquiry.

"Telegram for you, Mr. Thompson," informed the operator.

Thompson's hand shook as he read it, and then he let out a joyous whoop. "Bridge finished this morning," read the message. "First regular train passed over at 9:23 A.M."

That bridge and the additional trackage in Ohio doubled the Baltimore and Ohio tonnage capacity out of the West Virginia coal fields. It solved the problem. Six months later, Thompson was made general manager of the railroad. Two years later he became a vice president, and by 1918 he was first vice president.

There was a year or two, represented by the war, when Arthur Thompson was the regional director, at Pittsburgh, of a group of railroads which included the B. & O. At the conclusion of this work, he was admittedly one of the country's outstanding transportation men. He was being mentioned for the presidency of one of the nation's greatest roads.

THEN deliberately he turned his back on a certain future in railroading, to tackle a most uncertain and unpromising future in the public utility field in Pittsburgh. He consented to assume the presidency of the Philadelphia Company, which, despite its name, is a wholly Pittsburgh corporation that owns the city's gas, electric, and traction facilities. This company's affairs were in a terrible snarl, the worst knot of which was the street railway situation.

One of Thompson's first moves—typical of a hundred such moves that he made in Pittsburgh—was characteristic. He discovered that the officers and executives of the traction system, like those of most other large street railway systems, did not ride in the street cars, but in company-owned automobiles. He called a meeting of them.

"Gentlemen," he began, "we'll never know what's wrong with this car system unless we ride on it ourselves. Therefore, the use of company automobiles will be limited in the future to emergencies. We will use trolley-cars whenever and wherever possible, which should be most of the time."

"But we can't cover our work," it was objected. "The automobiles save time."

"Then we'll provide assistants to help you cover the work," Thompson returned. "We want you to ride in the cars."

Thompson in the meantime had been in conference with the bankers. He convinced them that he knew what he was about. The overstrained credit of the company was reestablished. He went to the city authorities, had taxes reduced, excessive paving charges pared down, and new automobile parking regulations that would help him speed up the car service made effective.

Gradually new cars began to appear on Pittsburgh's streets. Obsolete car routings were revised, fares reduced in many instances by shorter hauls. The system began to tick on time. It began to pay its way, and then to earn a profit.

Again, Thompson had handled the job!

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Multiply Your Beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I multiplied my beauty, as a girl, by ways I found in France. The helps she gave me made me famous, gave me a glorious career.

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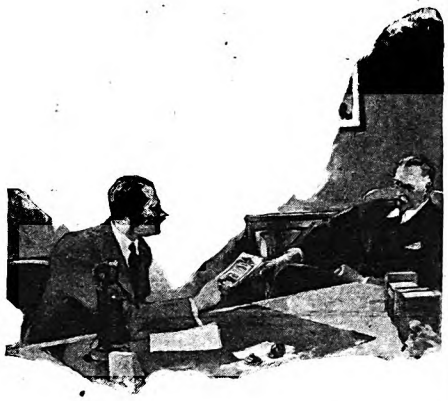

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Making One Hour Do the Work of Two

(*Continued from page 43*)

writing a letter of inquiry, looking up a word in the dictionary. But do it. Get started.

"In our own household these two rules had quite an important result too. We found that at mealtimes the questions asked by the children, or subjects that we raised, usually resulted in the need for more information. To save time we moved the household information bureau right into the dining-room.

"We started with the rule that every question which became a subject of argument should be looked up at once. Another rule was that any book needed for reference in connection with our table conversations should go into this general household information bureau. In the end, among other things, it came to include the English dictionary, dictionary of synonyms, the atlas, encyclopedia, a book of quotations, children's book of knowledge, anthologies, Who's Who, Lieber's cable code, foreign dictionaries and all the children's own reference books.

"'When in doubt about facts,' Frank used to say to the children, 'look them up at once. That's the way to *save* time. Arguing about them is the way to *waste* it.'

"There's one question which people interested in this subject ask more frequently than any other. It has to do with concentration. They want to know how they can hit their stride and get into the swing of their jobs as soon as possible.

"Of course there's a great difference among people as to the things that interfere with their concentration. Some are disturbed most by what they see, others by what they hear. In cases of this kind it is often a simple matter, on finding out the thing that interferes with one's best work, to remove it. Changing the position of one's desk may be all that is necessary.

THERE'S one simple rule that we have known to be very effective as an aid in the knack of concentration. Time yourself, to find out how long your various jobs actually take. The next occasion on which you do that job, set a limit on yourself. Give yourself a fair chance. Take time enough, especially at the start. Gradually shorten the time limit, and always aim to complete the job within that limit. Eventually, you may find yourself speeding up, just for the fun of it.

"As you know, it was Frank's idea that some of the most important principles we had worked out for saving time in industry could be applied by each of us in everyday life. 'The time will come,' he would say, 'when we're all going to look at life as a glorious adventure in getting things done.' He meant that by engineering our time we can all get done not only the things we *have* to do, but many of the things which, above all else, we would *like* to do—the things which so often we don't do, because, as we say, we haven't the time.

"Let me illustrate this in the way that Frank might have done. I know of a man who operates a small fishery in Connecticut. In his gasolene-propelled scow he goes out on the lake, catches his breeders, raises and ships the young—small-mouthed black bass—all the way from Maine to West Virginia. This little industry he has put on just as efficient a basis as he can; he manages to get along with very little help, and the enterprise is a complete success.

"Yet this man does not consider himself primarily a breeder of fish. There is something else he wants to do, and he has planned his business, scheduled his time, arranged everything to this end.

"The thing he wants to do above all else is to make fiddles. This is the calling which he feels brings out the best that is in him. His fiddles are good ones. He sells some. Though he can't make a business of fiddles as he would like to do, he makes it an avocation, a hobby.

"Now, this man is what Frank and I would call a time-user, a time-creator. Where another man might have dreamed of making fiddles, and let the dream go because of other exactions on his time, the fish breeder made a plan which includes both what he must do and what he wants to do. A definite plan of that kind means happiness as well as efficiency.

"PERHAPS I can show you by an experience of my own the importance of charting one's time by a definite schedule. This happened in the days when Frank had just begun my business training. I had spent a year in travel and study, getting together the material for my first book, 'The Psychology of Management.' During this time my duties in the home had greatly increased. There were four children. It seemed that I could never find an opportunity to write. Several months went by, and I had done nothing on the manuscript.

"One day Frank said, 'Why don't you go ahead and write your book?' And I answered that I was awfully busy, and had too many other things to do. 'But just think a minute,' was his response, 'and give me the three or four main reasons why you don't go ahead. What's the first one?'

"'It'll take forever to write it out,' I answered. 'It's a big job.'

"Frank reflected a minute, and said, 'Maybe there's something in that; but we'll get around it. I'll get you a dictating machine and you can talk into it.'

"'I haven't any way of getting the records transcribed,' I said.

"'Reason number two,' he laughed. 'I'll take the records into town and have them transcribed for you.'

"I couldn't think of any more reasons, except the one I had given first about being too busy. Frank asked me how much time during the past month I might have been able to spend at the dictating machine, and I figured that an hour a day would have been the limit.

"'We'll make it two hours,' he said; and together we drew up a schedule of my duties and the time required for them. By this plan I had to get up half an hour earlier in the morning, and I was relieved

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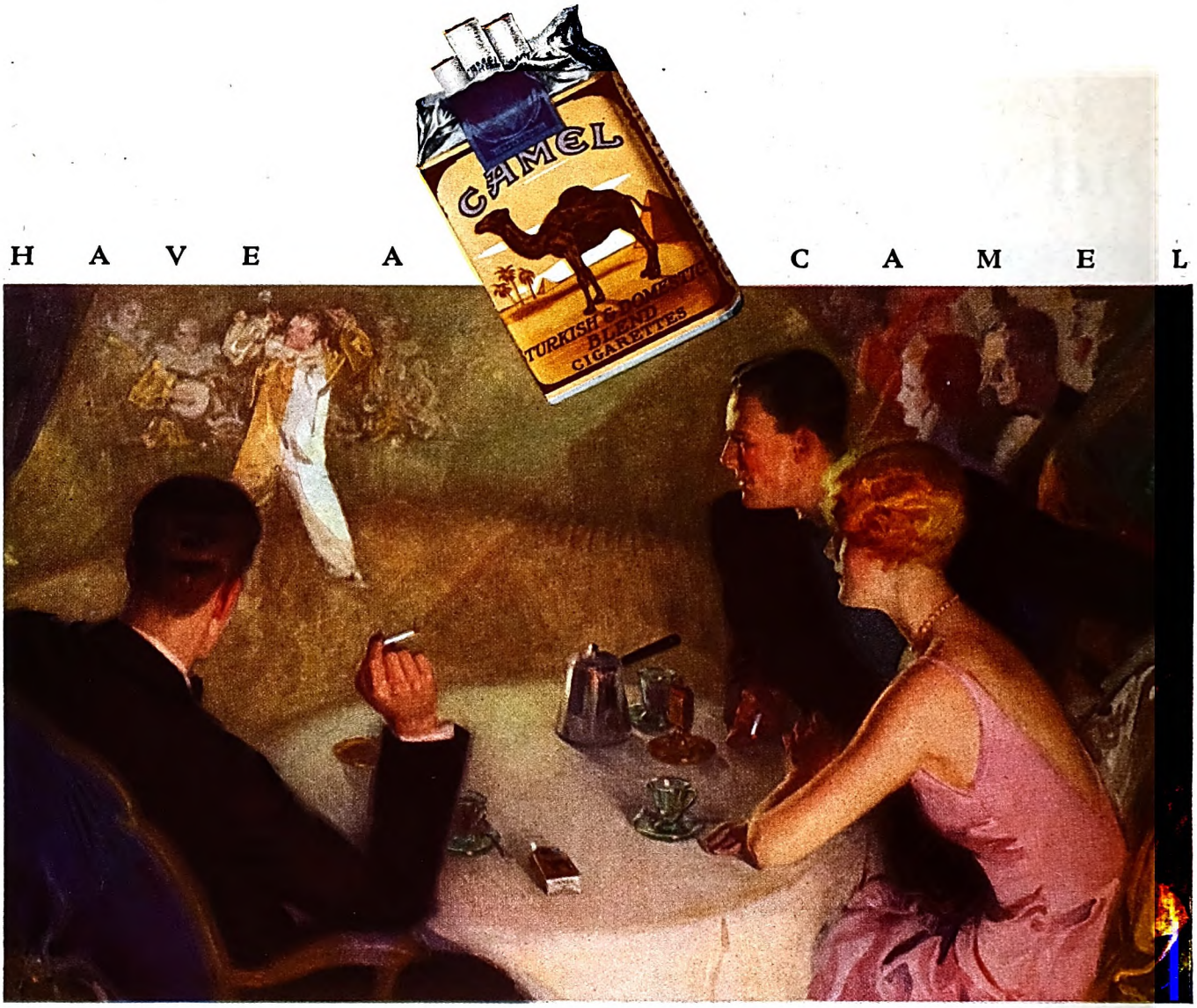

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of some household tasks, Frank himself and the help taking them over. After the schedule was made out, he wanted to see the outline of the book. I hadn't got that far. All I had was some rough notes.

"'Let's do it now,' said Frank, and before we went to bed the outline was complete.

"A week or two later I was surprised at the amount I had been able to get done in two hours a day. In three months I had the book finished in practically the form in which it was published.

"THAT was a great lesson for me. It was the first time that I fully realized what he meant when he said that a written plan was necessary for doing any kind of work efficiently, whether the work is in factory, store, household, or office. The lack of a definite schedule is, in fact, the one greatest cause of time-wasting in our everyday life. Of course, when we get up in the morning we all *think* we have a pretty good idea about how we are going to spend the day. But the fact is that most of us plan the day as we go along. The *time-saving* method is to plan everything as far as possible in advance.

"Let me take as an illustration the most complicated business of all—the business of running a household. Remember, I am illustrating the *method* of saving time by the use of a definite schedule. The same method applies to your business as to your home affairs.

"The first step toward organizing a household is to write down the way that things are done now. Make a list of the duties of each member of the family, all the things that each is accustomed to do in the morning, and include all the things that *should* be done in the morning: getting up, bathing, the care of the teeth, and all the other duties that may be classed as household chores.

"In assigning duties to individuals, this point should be kept in mind: the busy, salary-earning person should be relieved of everything possible. Make a note of the time at which the head of the family has to leave for work and the hour at which the children go to school. This, together with the duties each has to perform, will determine the rising hour.

"Each member of the family should have a chart that shows what his duties are and when they are to be performed. In our own family these charts were made on graph paper. The list of duties is written down at the left. In the squares at the right each keeps a record as to whether the plan is carried out. If the thing specified is done on time and when specified, the square opposite that item is filled in with blue crayon. If it is done, but *not* on time and when specified, the square is filled with yellow. If it was omitted altogether, the square is filled with red. At the end of a month, looking over such a chart, you can see by the color scheme how near you have come to adhering to your schedule.

"Remember that a plan, to amount to anything, *must be written down*. In actual practice, we have found that a plan not recorded never amounts to much. Hence, one of the most important items on your chart will be the time provided for going over the schedule and indicating just how far you have kept to the plan, and wherein you failed.

"Take the chart of one of the girls in our family. That will show you what the scheme looks like on paper. At the left of her schedule, one item to a line, appear these duties, in the sequence in which each is to be performed:

"Open bed; dress as far as wash; wash or bath; brush teeth; clean nails; complete dressing; hang up night clothes; practice (in this case the violin); take wraps down-stairs; breakfast; take school money; school; hang up wraps (on returning from school); recreation; practice; wash; supper; typewriter practice; cash account; recreation; languages; study; check up on chart for the current date; undress; wash or bath; brush teeth; lay out clothing for morning; prayers; bed.

"Anyone who is going to try planning his day in this way should bear in mind one point in particular: Everything possible to get ready for the following day should be done *the night before*. If a journey is to be taken, the traveling bag should be packed. The things you will want to take to the office should be got ready and be in their proper place. This rule of doing everything possible the night before saves time, fatigue, and haste at the *start* of the working day, when the saving is most important.

"Someone once criticized our family schedules by saying that it was impossible to decide the night before what one was going to wear the following day. Let me tell you about that. At the start we relied on the weather prediction in the newspapers, and for a while the children were very severe critics of the weather man. The sun would be shining in the morning, and they would say, 'What if the newspaper did say it was going to rain today? The sun's out. Why should I take a rain coat?' So, for a while, we tried dressing according to what the weather looked like in the morning. Then we found that if the weather prediction was for rain the sun might shine early in the day, but later the rain would come. In the end, we found that the weather forecast was right about eighty-five times out of a hundred, and it was definitely settled that we should all plan to dress in accord with what the weather man said.

"WHAT I have said so far has to do with arranging your day *as a whole*. It is the first big step in learning to make the most of your time. But your schedule, of course, will provide for the time which you give to your regular job. There's a great deal to be said about saving time on the job.

"To start with, I want you to get the idea that anything you do is a job by itself, whether it's something you do around the house, or whether it's your recreation, or has to do with earning your living. The next thing to bear in mind is that every job has these three elements: 1. Get ready; 2. Do it; 3. Clean up.

"*Getting ready* means that you should have the best possible tools arranged in the best possible way. And by tools I mean anything you use, whether it's a pencil, pen, penknife, comb, automobile jack, saw, or hammer. Having these convenient gives you a chance to make a prompt start.

"*Cleaning up* after you've done a job shortens the time it will take when you come to get ready to do that job again, or to use those tools for another job. Clean-

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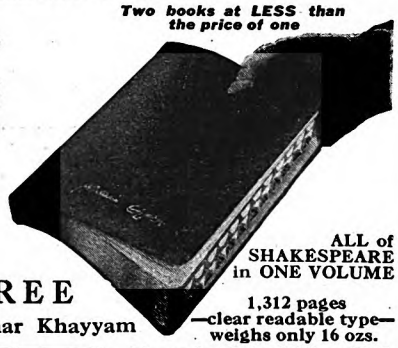

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ing up thoroughly, rearranging your tools, papers, chairs, or what not, is really a part of the job already done, *not* of to-morrow's job.

"Of course the important thing is No. 2—the job itself and the way you do it. Now, as engineers, when we say 'do it' we mean a certain thing—not getting through the task in any old way, but in the quickest possible time and with the least waste of energy. That is what Frank meant by 'the one best way.' More than anything else, he preached this one thing: 'Practice! Experiment! Find out what is for you the one best way of doing all your various jobs. School yourself in the habit of doing them that way. Eventually, whether or not you've found the very best way, you may become a champion doing it the way you've become accustomed to.'

"I once heard Frank talk on this very point to a large group of engineers, managers, salesmen, and professional men. This is what he said:

"'WHY is a champion? The answer is *habit!* The golf champion is a man who has done the same thing in the same way for so long that he is really a creature of super-habit. His swing and drive are automatic, with even acceleration and no jerks. We can prove that in the laboratory, for we've made motion picture studies of some of the greatest golfers.

"'What is true of golfers is true of champions of any kind—dancers, jugglers, typists, cranberry pickers and the fast-trotting horse. You might think that the horse bred for trotting knows more about how to trot than anybody can teach him. But that isn't so. He has to be *trained* and practiced, in order to get the most out of himself. It's the same with all of us—the champion lawyer, banker, doctor, or merchant. It's an essential thing in all we do to look after the skill of the performance. And we'll increase our skill by keeping an eye on our comfort and convenience and our output.

"'Some years ago a company manufacturing typewriters consulted me about the possibility of producing a champion typist. They hadn't had one in some time, and felt the need of showing that their machines were as good as those on which records had recently been made.

"'The first thing we did was to make a study of all the speed experts this company had practicing on their machine. One of these was very far in advance of the others; but there were indications that she had reached her limit. We made motion pictures of her at work. These slowed-down pictures showed that in order to strike the keys at the top and then at the bottom of the keyboard, or vice versa, she *moved her elbows*. A very slight motion! Yet it kept her elbows going continually from back to front. The unnecessary motion caused fatigue. That was what had slowed her up. She had reached her limit.

"'We put in training another operator who was just beginning to develop speed. She had not yet developed any bad habits of this kind. At one time she practiced with her elbows fastened, so she couldn't move them. We taught her to hold her hands in one position over the keyboard, using her fingers alone, her elbows not at all. In the course of time she got the habit. And that year she *won!*

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"'In a certain organization, a girl was employed putting caps on typewriter keys. She used a little hammer weighing several ounces, and tapped on thousands of caps every day. We constructed a little platform on her table, and after she had tapped a key with the hammer we had her lay the hammer on this platform instead of on the table. The result? In the course of the day she lifted that hammer *one mile less!* The job was more comfortable and her capacity was increased immensely.

"'One day I was talking with a skilled mechanic, who showed me a tool that was about worn out. The tool had a wooden handle, and it was worn down into grooves that just fitted his thumb and fingers. We figured out that he had used this tool in connection with a riveting operation 22,000,000 times. It made him sad to think of parting with that tool and of breaking in a new one.

"'The grooves in that hammer handle were grooves of habit. The new tool would have to be worn down in the same way. Of course it was a simple matter to have the handle of his new tool carved into *exactly the same shape as the worn handle*. We made him a handle that had all the grooves of his old, time-worn habits. He was a happy man. Some day tools will be made in that way. The grooves of habit worn into tool handles by the best and most experienced men, champions of their kind, will be taken as models. Apprentices will be given these new tools with old habits already formed, and they'll learn a great deal about their trades simply from these grooves.'"

FOR a moment, as we sat there on the porch of the engineer's home, there was silence. It seemed that she had finished.

"I remember Mr. Gilbreth's telling me once," I said, "that we were all like tools. I've often wondered what he meant by that."

"Yes," was the answer, "that was Frank's way of putting it. 'We're all like tools,' he would say. 'Not only *like* tools, we *are* tools, tools of Time. We're worn into grooves by Time—by our habits. In the end, these grooves are going to show whether we've been second-rate or champions, each in his way, in dispatching the affairs of every day. By choosing our habits, we determine the grooves into which Time will wear us; and there are grooves that enrich our lives and make for ease of mind, peace, happiness—achievement. 'Spend and be spent,' Frank would say, 'we're in a race with Time!' But that doesn't mean hurry. It means forethought and plan; slow, steady patience in practicing this difficult business of living day by day. 'In the great *speed* contest with Time,' Frank would say, 'we're all going to come out second; but much that we want to do we may get done by *skill!*'

"'But just what do you want to save all this time *for?*' a man once asked Frank, and Frank's answer was: 'For work, if you love that best; for beauty, art, culture, education, or mumblety-peg, if you love that. We save time, so as to be able to add to the number of happiness minutes that we get out of this life. It's by work that we increase the number of these minutes, and we make the work itself interesting by skill!'"

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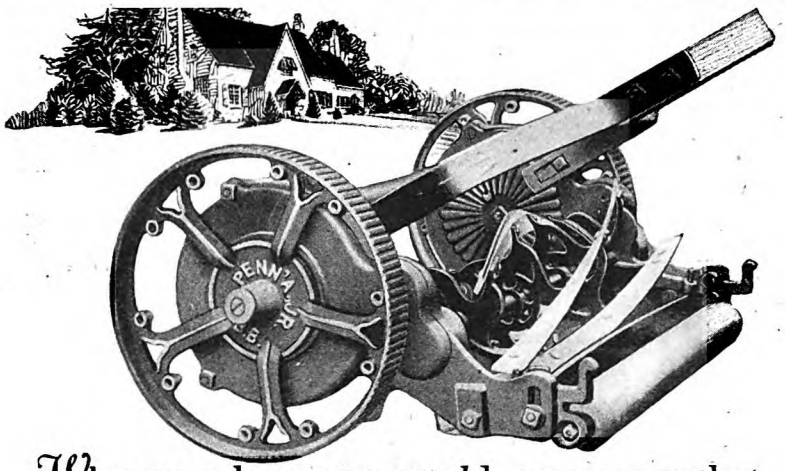

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Around the World Alone Sailed This Iowa Farmer

(*Continued from page 19*)

told me about his life. Yet, I give you my word, if he had been telling of his experiences as a corn farmer, he could not have been more quiet, more matter-of-fact. Before our conversation ended I decided that, in temperament, he is a farmer—an Iowa corn farmer.

I decided too, that Harry Pidgeon is the kind of man you meet in every town. He has no fear, none of the particular kind of foresight that causes most of us to cross bridges before we come to them, or even before they are built, and none of the foolish self-consciousness that holds us back, lest we make ourselves ridiculous by failure. We all have dreams, wild dreams at times. But most of us take it out in dreaming. Harry Pidgeon didn't know any better than to go ahead and do what he wanted to do!

You have seen the kind of man I am speaking of. When a circus comes to town, and the ring master offers five dollars to anyone in the audience who can ride the trick mule, this man comes forth, a smile on his face. If he rides the mule, he accepts the five dollars as you might accept a trophy in golf, or bridge, or some other game. It is a sporting proposition with him, not a money-making effort. And if he doesn't ride the mule, he falls off, and comes out of the ring laughing, not one bit abashed. In either event, the crowd likes him.

I do not know whether Harry Pidgeon ever rode a trick mule in a circus, but I am sure he would have been game to try. That's the motive power in his life—he's game to try!

But if a psychologist should look into his early life he would probably find no direct experience to foreshadow such an adventurous career. Nobody ever showed Harry Pidgeon a sailboat when he was a boy!

But it happens that Iowa has some cold winters, and on bitter nights young Pidgeon liked to read. There was nothing else for him to do. The books he read were of many kinds. Perhaps because his own life seemed so closely tied to the soil, he liked the travel books best. They kindled in him the small flame that later was to flare into a grand adventure; they gave him his cue, so to speak, for becoming world-renowned.

"WHEN I was eighteen," he related, "I left Iowa and went to California, where for nine years I worked on a fruit ranch. Then I got to reading about Alaska, and so, at the age of twenty-seven, I decided to pull up stakes and see that country. I went up there and made pictures, which were easily sold. I hunted some for museums. Once I built a small boat and floated the length of the Yukon in it. I did a little exploring, just for my own pleasure, and not with any idea of writing or telling about what I saw. I have always got along well when by myself.

"I went back and forth to Alaska several times, and back and forth from California to my old home in Iowa. For years I made my living, off and on, as a photographer in the Big Tree section of California, and in the Sierras. I made some money too. But I wasn't making the money for its own sake. I never do. When you see me working, you may know there's something I want to do with the money I am making. I wasn't sure just what I was going to do next; but finally I decided on the trip down the Mississippi.

"When I got down below New Orleans to the place where the river pilots have their headquarters, I pulled up for some months, and came near to getting married. Down there on the Delta at that time there were mighty few single men, and a whole lot of single women. No place for a wanderer who, by then, had decided to keep on wandering! Yes, sir, my ideal of life had a narrow escape, for if I'd married one of the girls, I'd probably be a Delta farmer to-day.

"Later on, my ideal had another narrow escape. I bought a farm in California. All that was needed was the wife. But before I found her I sold the farm! Now I haven't got anything except this yawl. But it's enough. People who don't know anything about sailing ask me, just as you did, what on earth do I find to occupy my time. People who do know about sailing ask me how in the world I manage to do all the things necessary on a sailboat."

"But tell me about the sail around the world," I urged. "How did you happen to make such a trip?"

"THE truth is," Pidgeon answered, "I never intended to do it! I had read about Captain Slocum and the trip he made around by himself; but I didn't have any definite plan for doing the same thing. I just wanted to see some of the islands in the South Pacific. So one year I stopped off in Los Angeles with my brother, and decided to build a boat by myself. I got some plans, ordered the lumber, and set up a camp on the beach, where I did my work. It cost me one thousand dollars in money, and eighteen months in labor to build the 'Islander' just as you see her now. She's a good boat."

The "Islander" is thirty-four feet long, ten feet nine inches wide, and she draws five feet of water. She has two masts, and is so constructed that when the companionway is closed, she is a tight shell. Her keel is sufficiently heavy to prevent her turning bottom up, even in the heaviest seas. She has no auxiliary power.

Inside the cabin are two bunks, one on each side. There is a small cook stove, and space for water casks, provisions, and firewood for the stove. A chest of drawers with a small mirror, and a great many charts, maps, and instruments make up the rest of the equipment, except for spare sails, a sea anchor, ropes, and all sorts of material that might be necessary in making repairs.

"After I had launched the 'Islander'," Pidgeon went on, "I decided to try her out—and to try myself out, for I had never done any long-distance sailing. So

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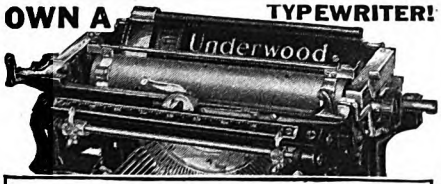

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I put off for Hawaii. I ran into bad weather on that trip, but landed at Honolulu after twenty-six days. I think that trip was the roughest one I ever made; but maybe that is because I hadn't been to sea before. On the return trip to Los Angeles, I brought a young man who wanted to get back to the States. He is the only companion I ever had on one of my long trips."

"Did you get scared on that first voyage?" I asked.

"No. There wasn't anything to be scared of," Pidgeon answered. "Any man would sail ten miles out in a stout yawl like this. There isn't much more water in the second ten miles than in the first. And the third ten miles is as easy as the second. You just start, and keep on going. That's all there is to it. Of course you've got to have plenty of food and water; but that's a matter of common sense. Naturally, I never set out until I had enough provisions on board to last me a lot longer than it would take me to reach the next land."

"WHAT do you take along for food? And how much water?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't eat much. Hardly any canned food at all. I stock up with dried fruit, potatoes, onions, and other stuff that won't spoil. I carry wheat and corn in the grain, and make my own flour and meal with a hand mill. I don't drink tea, coffee, or milk. Water is all I need, and half a gallon of that each day is enough. I generally carry a hundred gallons. Even if my supply of water 'went bad,' I could catch rain water. But water that has gone bad will come back pure again, if you leave it long enough. Here," he said, "try this. I've had it on board for more than a year."

He looked under his bunk and brought out a quart bottle of water. "I always hide a few of these around, in case all the rest goes," he explained.

I took a drink of this water, and it was good, though I confess to some qualms about it.

"If I put that bottle of water out in the sun," my host explained, "it would grow up with green stuff. But then, if I put it back in the dark and kept it long enough, it would become pure again."

"What about bathing?" I asked.

"Baths are not one of the main problems of a man sailing alone," Pidgeon replied; "but, anyway, I managed to get plenty of them. Sometimes I'd catch rain water, and bathe in that. Or take off my clothes and go on deck in a hard rain. A natural shower bath is just as good as an artificial one! And when there wasn't any rain, I could jump overboard and swim around. But you bet I didn't do that except in a calm. If I'd tried it when a breeze was up, my boat would have sailed right away and left me to swim a thousand or more miles to shore! When I wanted to take a real dip, I'd wait until the wind died down, then tie the tiller hard over, so the boat would sail, if she sailed at all, in a circle. I could then swim around inside her course until I was ready to climb aboard. The ocean—any ocean except maybe the Arctic or Antarctic—makes a pretty good bathtub if you are careful.

"Once when I was taking a swim I had a curious experience: a sort of premonition that something was about to go wrong. I swam back to my boat in a hurry and climbed aboard. Looking back into the

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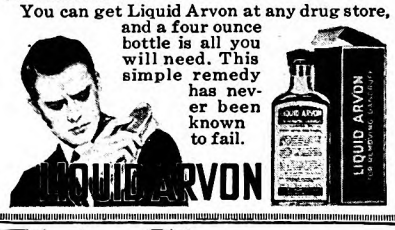

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It amazed and delighted me. Then I had my office submit it to some hundreds of women. From everywhere there came demands for more.

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water, I saw some sharks. One big fellow kept bumping into the side of the boat until I jabbed him with a hook. I don't know whether sharks would be very dangerous if a man kept moving about in lively fashion; but they would kill him in a hurry if he just floated lazily on the surface. These sharks that got after me seemed to be hungry. I have never figured out what made me feel that I'd better get back on the boat.

"Do you know the most dangerous thing a man sailing alone has to face?" Pidgeon asked, as if he had suddenly thought of something extraordinary. And he had, as I soon found out.

"Storms and rocks is my guess."

"You're wrong," he went on. "I keep out of storms."

"How?" I asked.

"By studying my charts," he answered. "The storms that have taken place are noted, and their paths charted. The time they came, the time they lasted, and the courses they followed are generally known. Well, before I'd leave one place I would study all the storm reports, and see whether I was likely to run into one in that section. If it happened to be the season for storms where I was, I'd wait until a time when they were rare, and then set out. I never had any schedule to follow, so could stay in a place any length of time. In my trip around the world I kept within twenty degrees of the equator, and there are not many storms, anyway, in that belt. The trade winds blew me on a good part of the time.

"No," he went on; "it isn't storms that I was afraid of. It was clear, calm weather when a good breeze was blowing."

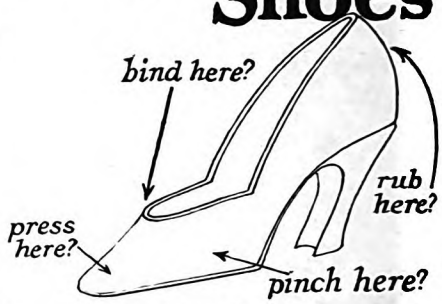
He saw my amazement, and explained: "In bad weather, when a man goes on deck he holds fast to something, for he knows he might fall overboard. But in fair weather, he might become careless and walk around the deck without thinking. Then a little roll of the boat could throw him over the side; and there he would be in the water, and his boat sailing away from him a lot faster than he could swim. That's the greatest danger in sailing alone—your boat may run off and leave you."

"Now tell me about your long sail," I suggested, and Harry Pidgeon told me about it in three or four minutes!

"I SET out from Los Angeles," he related, "and went to the Marquesas Islands in the South Sea, where I stopped for several months, making repairs, stocking up, and seeing how people lived down there. I had always wanted to see those islands. But Samoa was my goal when I set out. I went on from the Marquesas to the Tuamotu Islands. Then to the Society Islands; to Samoa, the New Hebrides, and New Guinea. I thought to myself that I might as well keep on, as it was as easy to return one way as the other after I got half way 'round. I went to Thursday Island, just north of Australia, and stayed there a month.

"It was while at Thursday Island that I decided definitely to keep on 'round. The winds favored my keeping on rather than turning back. Then to Timor in the Indian Ocean, and on to Christmas Island, Keeling, Rodriguez, Mauritius, past Madagascar to Durban, South Africa, to Cape Town around the Cape of Good Hope. I was eighteen days making eight hundred

Do your New Shoes



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miles around the Cape, because of head winds. Next I came to St. Helena, and then to Ascension Island, where I put in for thirty-five days. Then to Trinidad in the West Indies, by Cristobal, and through the Panama Canal to Los Angeles.

"My actual sailing time was a little less than one year, but I was gone from November 18th, 1921, to October 31st, 1925, three years eleven months and thirteen days."

This he related to me as if he had been talking about plowing a field of corn in the morning, going to the county seat in the afternoon, attending a picture show, getting supper in a restaurant, and driving back by a neighbor's home! Again I give you my word that Harry Pidgeon doesn't seem the least bit thrilled over anything he has done. He has the temperament of a steady, hard-working farmer, the disposition of a super-tramp, and the nerve of an adventurer. The most unusual person I had met in a month of Sundays. Every time I think of him, I have an impression of a man who is, aside from the ordinary run of mortals, superior to the ordinary fears of life, indifferent to the ordinary desires and motives that send us pleddingly about our daily tasks. But he denies this.

"You get up in the morning," he said, "and go about whatever you have to do. The same with me. When I am out on the ocean, I get up at daylight and look out to see how the weather is. If it's good, I set a little more sail, then go down in the cabin to cook breakfast. That never takes long, for I eat nothing for breakfast except some heated-up dried fruit, or fresh fruit, if I'm lately from land. After breakfast, I go out on deck and set more sail, take the tiller and sail as fast as the wind will take me for a while. At noon, I take my sextant out and get my position by the sun. I study my charts to see if I'm on the course I want, and if not I proceed to get on it.

"Then comes dinner time, and I do a little more cooking. After dinner, there is always a lot to attend to, what with holding the tiller, mending sails, putting in new ropes, tightening bolts, cleaning up, painting, and all that. Something is always chafing about a boat, and if I didn't keep a good lookout, a rope would part some day and leave me in a mess. If I ever do find any leisure, I can use it by taking a nap, for on all of my trip around the world, I ran about two days behind in sleep."

"HOW did you manage to sleep?" I asked.

"In good weather," he replied, "I'd set a little sail, tie the tiller, and go to bed. In bad weather, I'd shorten sail, or use none, depending on whether I wanted to run before the wind, or whether there was a head wind. But, good or bad weather, I'd get up every few hours and look out to see if everything was all right. I carried lights most of the time, especially if I was in a steamship lane.

"One night off the coast of Africa, the wind changed while I was asleep, and blew the 'Islander' on a sand beach. The people from the nearest town helped me to make repairs and set off again.

"Oh, I had plenty to keep me interested," he insisted. "Work! Always there was work to do. But it was routine

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sort of work. Like yours. Like anybody's. Nothing more to it than a land job. For recreation, I got to studying the colors in the water, and the skies. I'd sit at the tiller and say to myself, 'Along about two hours from now, there ought to be a cloud off yonder on the horizon,' and generally the cloud would come. I studied the charts of all the seas I was sailing in; learned where the typhoons came in the Indian Ocean, and when. I dodged them, as I've told you. And I maneuvered to get through or around the doldrums, too. These are great spaces in the oceans where there isn't any consistent wind. Once I got too far inside the Great Doldrum in the Pacific, and it gave me the longest time out I ever had. For eighty-five days I didn't touch land.

"That was when I came through the Canal and up to Los Angeles. I tried to cut off some of the distance by sticking a little too close to the shore, and the lack of winds delayed me. This doldrum is in a sort of wedge shape, wide close to shore and getting narrower out to sea. But I didn't worry. I had plenty of water and I fished over the side for albacore. I speared a dolphin, and ate some of that. But it wasn't necessary to do this; I just wanted something fresh. On that trip, I cooked my last potato the day before I landed. There was still plenty of grain, dried fruit and onions on board, and I could have caught a boatful of fish. My supply of water wasn't even half gone.

"I HAD a mighty fine time on that cruise around the world. Everywhere, the people were good to me. I didn't carry any ship's papers, but just sailed into a harbor and told them I was there. When they found out I was in a thirty-four-foot boat, and going around the world, everybody would want to do something for me. When I was in a harbor I always had plenty of invitations out to meals. If I needed money, I gave lectures in the towns. I expect I had more social life on that voyage than most people have. People seemed interested in what I was doing.

"My expenses were not much, maybe not more than two thousand dollars for the whole trip. I didn't keep any account, so I'm just guessing.

"I had an interesting experience in the New Hebrides. There were some tribes there said to be cannibals; they were blacker than any other people I had ever seen. But the islands were beautiful, so I often went inland looking around, comparing their birds with the birds of other places, and their customs with ours. I always do that. People, animals, birds, rocks, trees, and customs interest me.

"Well, one day I was walking along the shore, and out of the woods there came a tremendous black man. Almost naked, he was, except for some ornaments. He was a lot bigger than I am; but I wasn't scared much, though I did wonder if he were a cannibal. He came up to me and said something that I couldn't understand. I shook my head. He began to make signs, and finally I understood that he wanted me to go back into the forest with him. It struck me that I might find something interesting back there, for I knew the people farmed inland. So I decided to go with him, and find out whether he was after a square meal or not. I knew I wouldn't make very good eat-

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ing, for I'm thin and tough! Anyway, I went.

"But when we got a good piece into the woods, we came to a stream. I had my clothes on, and decided this was a good excuse for me to turn back. I made signs accordingly. My black host wouldn't agree to any such move on my part. He understood why I wouldn't go farther, so he came and picked me up, had me sit on his shoulders, and blamed if he didn't tote me across that stream! He was smiling and making peace signs all the time, so I kept on going.

"Then we came out into one of the prettiest clearings I ever saw. It was his farm. He called to his wives and children, and they got busy in a hurry, bringing out some bags, and then going to the fields. There they filled a big sack with yams and gave them to me!

"That's why that fellow had taken me back there. He had heard of me, as I had been on his island for some time, and he wanted to show his hospitality. I was glad to get the potatoes.

"THE liveliest five minutes I had in the entire trip came off the coast of South America. I was a hundred miles or so from land, but in a steamship lane. I carried lights at night, so no vessel would run me down. Then there came on a storm, one of the few I ever got into. The waves were running high when darkness came, so I set my lights, closed all the hatches and went below for some sleep. I had been asleep an hour or more—the rolling of the boat didn't bother me, so long as she stayed right side up—when all of a sudden I was jolted out of my bunk by the biggest bump I ever felt. I thought I had hit a rock.

"My mind wasn't clear when I jumped to my feet and scrambled out on deck. But once in the open, with the wind and rain on me, my senses returned in a hurry. Then I saw what the trouble was. Right alongside was a tank steamer, her side towering and rocking over me.

"Somebody on board threw me a line, and the officer on the bridge called down, 'Here's a line for you!'

"'Pull off!' I shouted. 'I don't want any line!'

"'Don't you want to be rescued?' asked the officer.

"'Blankety blank, no!' I answered. 'You woke me up. Get out of here!'

"I heard some more talk on the bridge, and then the steamer started to move off. But before she got away, a big wave came and picked up the 'Islander,' raising her even with the tanker's rail. She hit the rail, and for a second or two I thought she would fall onto its deck. But she rode back with the wave, and we were clear. I went over the deck to see what damage had been done. My bowsprit was broken, and the side of the yawl scarred, but that was all.

"Later on, I met the crew of that tanker in a harbor, and they told me about the 'rescue.' The lookout had sighted my light, and mistook me for a ship's boat. Naturally, the officer on the bridge thought I wanted to be rescued, so he came down to windward, and let my boat bump into his side."

Upon his return to Los Angeles, Harry Pidgeon was invited by the Cruising Club of America to come to New York. They

The few who think ahead

One who travels much cannot fail to be struck by the inconsistency of many of the towns he visits—the very latest thing in electric lights, perhaps, and a water supply that would have been considered primitive in ancient Chaldea.

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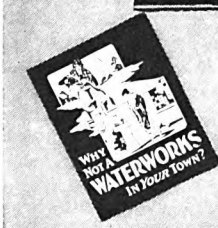

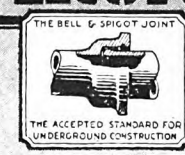

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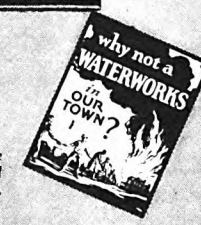

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loaded the "Islander" on board a steamship, and with Pidgeon as a passenger came around through the Panama Canal and up to New York, where he was presented with a medal.

I asked Pidgeon where he would go next, or what he would do.

"I'm to lecture some," he said, "and after that I'll sail back to Los Angeles."

"You'll find the lecture platform very different from a boat's deck," I suggested.

"Yes," he answered. "I don't mind the lecturing part; but it'll be mighty hard traveling around on trains and living in hotels. The trouble with these land jobs is that they tie a fellow to a schedule, and I like to feel free."

The Thing I'd Like Best of All to Do

Prize Contest Announcement

HARRY PIDGEON used to dream of sailing away in a little boat to the islands in the South Seas. Perhaps you have had similar dreams; certainly, you have had dreams of some sort. There are many things you have wanted to do; many things you still want to do. And among these dreams of yours is one that is stronger than any of the others. This is the thing that you want most of all to do.

When Harry Pidgeon became a mature man, he did sail away in a little boat. Harry Pidgeon didn't know any better than to do what he had always wanted to do! But he did not have a family; he was freer than most of us. It may be impossible for you to do the thing you have most wanted to do—except in imagination! In this contest, you have a chance to turn your imagination loose. You do not have to consider money, time, obligations to others. You do not have to consider anything, except your greatest or wildest dream. What is it? What do you most long to do? Do you want to travel? Do you want to live in some particular place? Do you want to write, paint, make a great medical discovery, or invent something of note? Do you want to deliver an epoch-making speech? Do you want to be a great athlete? Whatever your one biggest desire, state it. Write about it definitely. Tell when this dream first came to you, why it came, and how long it has persisted. Sit before your fire (or your radiator), and enjoy an imagination party. Then tell us about it!

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes March 20th. Winning letters will appear in the June issue.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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The Wilds Gave Back to Marzolo the Faith He Had Lost

(*Continued from page 57*)

can't read the signs—can't make head or tail of things. Then I believe it is best for him to let himself go, resigning himself into the hands of the greater Power that directs us, convinced that inevitably things will work out as they should."

Marzolo found adventure in the wilds. He rode far into the interior, beyond the last points where the maps give the names of towns, into a region marked simply, "Indians." On his tour he came to the native city of Huanuco. Here he met an Italian who owned a grist mill, and ground grain for natives for a share of the product. Having little or no money left, Marzolo went to work in the mill. He spent a few months at it, then found himself beginning to long for home and his real work. Bidding his employer good-by, he set out for the coast with a guide and two other travelers bound in the same direction. It turned out to be a far longer journey than he anticipated.

"ONE day," he said, "we were riding a trail that led along a precipice. It was just wide enough for two animals to meet and pass. On one side the mountain wall rose straight up, on the other it dropped straight down; a winding stream at the bottom looked a mile away.

"At this point my horse began to act up.

"I must dismount. But could I? If I tried it on the precipice side, which was the right way to get off, he might push me over. If I tried it on the other side, he might crowd me against the mountain.

"I thought fast. An opportunity came, and I tried to slip out of the saddle on the mountain side. The horse did what I had feared—started to crowd me. I was awkward about dismounting, since it was the wrong side. My foot caught in the stirrup. The horse, now thoroughly frightened, began to run with me, dragging me at his side. Again and again I was struck by his hoofs, knocked against the mountain, pounded on rocks. I don't know how far we went before my foot was wrenched loose and I lay more dead than alive.

"Some natives had been following us on the trail. They knew of an Indian village located near by, and my guide sent them ahead to carry me there, paying them well for the job. At the first turn in the trail, however, seeing that I was as good as dead already, they laid me in a little niche among the rocks and took to their heels.

"The guide came along soon afterward, and by good luck found me. He chased the natives, gave them a terrible whipping, then made them come back and get me, and march in his sight to the village. Here for ten days I lay on the floor of a native hut, unable to help myself, and without medical attention.

"The guide went on his way with the other travelers, but information passed by word of mouth from native to native, and the news of my accident reached Cerro de Pasco, a mining city some seventy-five miles away. My name was carried along too, and fell on the ears of a certain man living there.

"'Marzolo!' he said; 'why, I must know that man. His family and mine are related.'

"I consider what followed one of the strangest experiences of my life. It is one of the incidents that has deeply impressed me with the belief that a divine hand guides our affairs. This stranger of Cerro de Pasco, a man of whom I had never heard, was apparently well-to-do, and immediately dispatched an expedition into the mountains to look for me. In due time they arrived at the hut where I lay—four men with a stretcher. They carried me to Cerro de Pasco.

"There, in a remote little mining city seventeen thousand five hundred feet above the sea, was a splendidly equipped hospital, with four skilled doctors. I was given over to the doctors, and they found many things wrong with me—a fractured skull, a broken arm, a broken leg, broken ribs, and internal injuries besides.

"Since I had no money, or only a little, and it was seen that my injuries would take a long, long time to heal, my Good Samaritan established a small fund sufficient to care for me, and appointed trustees to administer it. Soon after he had done so, a strange series of events began.

"My benefactor, whom I had scarcely had an opportunity to see, went away on a hunting trip. He contracted pneumonia and died. I never learned his name.

"This was event number one.

"Among other kindnesses, my benefactor had arranged with a tailor to make me a suit of clothes. The tailor delivered it to me one day, together with a handsome blue hat with a little red feather in it.

"Well, to go on: The tailor delivered my suit and hat, and on the way back to his shop ran into one of those little revolutions that occur with monotonous frequency in South American countries. He was struck on the back of the head, and died instantly.

"This was event number two.

"I was in care of the hospital a full year before I was pronounced well. During that time I struck up a great friendship with one of the doctors, a Japanese. We exchanged thoughts on many subjects, and he helped me to recover more than my physical health. When I was discharged from the hospital and bade him good by, he seemed perfectly well. I set out for Lima on my way to Callao and thence home. In Lima, two weeks later, I received word that my Japanese friend had contracted typhoid fever and died.

"This was event number three. A strange series!

"'HERE I am,' I said to myself as I meditated on these deaths, 'a poor soup bone saved from death! There must be a reason for it. There must be some work in the world for me to do.'

"Providence had done so much to aid me, it seemed only fair I should do what

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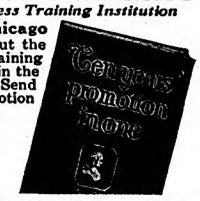

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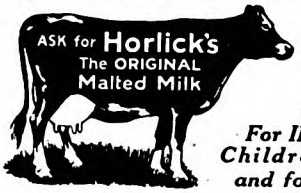

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I could thenceforward to help myself."

Callao of the old West Coast is a port of call for the ships of seven seas. Here Marzolo, still broke, and eager to go home, tended bar until he picked up the bare price of his passage.

"I sailed in the steerage," he said; "and I mean *steerage*—the steers were there! One old fellow in a stall next to the place where we unrolled our mattresses and slept, used to reach his head over and rub his horns against the post.

"We called at one or two ports up the coast. At the last port before Panama, native bumboatmen came out with fruit. They had apples for sale, and I bought a large sack. A *peso* was the price I paid, and very nearly my last dollar it was, too.

"When we reached Panama, I went ashore. For some reason, apples were exceedingly scarce there, and my bagful proved to be a fortune. I went about the streets hawking them off at two for a quarter.

"In Panama I contracted malarial fever. When my boat was ready to sail for the States, two or three weeks later, it was all I could do to drag myself aboard; but I managed to do it."

AFTER a brief stay at home, Marzolo went to Salt Lake City. He was still going, still vagabonding; but his purpose to make something of himself and of his art had firmly returned. At Salt Lake City he worked in a picture store for more than a year, then went to Los Angeles, in the hope of getting a place in a big picture store he knew of there.

"I discovered they had no place for me at the time," he continued; "but they told me of a merchant in Phoenix, Arizona, who had written them he needed somebody like me. Arrangements for me to take the job were completed with him by telegraph, and I spent most of my money for a ticket. When I arrived in Phoenix and called on the merchant, he calmly informed me he had hired somebody else. I was dumfounded.

"'You'll have to give me the price of my fare back to Los Angeles,' I told him.

"I had five dollars in my pocket. It was the extent of my worldly wealth. He said that he would not give me a cent.

"I was staying at the Commercial Hotel and paying a dollar a day for a room. I knew that could not continue. So I walked down the street thinking I would find a place to board, and came to a house that looked good to me. I rang the doorbell and explained my predicament frankly to the landlady.

"'Young man,' she said, 'your face looks honest.'

"'I try to *be* honest,' I assured her.

"I hope I meet that good lady again before I die. She trusted me for my room and board. Moreover, partly out of self-interest, no doubt, but also largely out of the goodness of her heart, she tried to get a job for me.

"One man I called on was a merchant with nearly everything in stock. I told him I painted, and he said:

"'Why not try painting pictures for sale? Tourists go through here and ought to buy. I have paints and brushes I'll let you have, and if you can paint at all a picture or two should pay for them.'

"This sounded fine. He let me have a complete outfit, and even directed me to a stable where I could borrow a horse. It still surprises me that, without knowing me at all, they let me have that horse.

"That day I rode across country to Mount Camelback, ten or a dozen miles away, and made a quick sketch. A merchant gave me permission to exhibit my canvas in his window. It was sold before night, with the paint still wet. I believe I got ten dollars for it.

"I did a lot more painting, and had a run of luck. I made one trip to the Superstition Mountains, and others elsewhere to interesting points near by. Mr. Dono Frio, the merchant who let me exhibit in his window, bought a number of my canvases himself, while tourists and others bought still more. I remained in Phoenix three or four months, and when I left had enough money to pay my landlady in full, settle all my other bills, and buy a ticket —first class!—to Chicago. I even had fifty cents left as the train pulled into the train shed at Chicago. The porter and I split it!"

IT WAS fifteen years ago that Leo Marzolo arrived thus in Chicago, unheralded, unknown, twenty-four years old, some strange, soul-searching experiences behind him, a lone quarter in his pocket, but in his heart the profound conviction that there was a job in the world for him to do.

"I found another pleasant boarding-house," he said, "and another kindly landlady who was willing to trust me.

"I got a job in the art department of Marshall Field and Company. They tucked me away in a cubbyhole near the eaves, and soon, finding that I had some experience and knowledge, began sending me all the miscellaneous paintings they received, to be restored. In my leisure I kept on with my own painting, and sold the canvases. I studied at art school at night.

"Soon after arriving in Chicago, I started going to the Fourth Presbyterian Church. On certain nights they had a class in salesmanship, conducted by a young man named Merril Coit. One evening our class work consisted of each student telling his occupation and explaining how he thought his product should be sold. In my turn I said I was a picture restorer. Mr. Coit was interested.

"After the class he remained and we talked further. The upshot of it was that he entrusted to me a painting by the Spanish artist, Francisco Goya. A famous expert, with whom Mr. Coit consulted before and after giving me the job, found the work good, and told me, if I wished, he could turn many assignments my way. Accordingly, I quit my job and went in for myself."

In the years between then and now, Leo Marzolo has studied and labored with a passionate earnestness born of the conviction that he is doing the work he was put in the world to do. Gradually he has added to his store of knowledge; day by day he has experimented, asked questions, gleaned facts not assembled in any school course. And, gradually, knowledge of him has spread. Work comes to him daily from people he never heard of—from Europe, Mexico, and the four corners of the United States. Paintings literally priceless have been entrusted to him. And he has shared in adventures of art as

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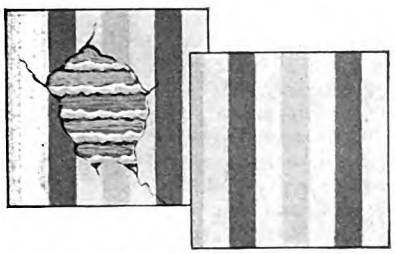

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fascinating as the adventures of his own life.

"Many things can happen to a picture," he explains, "but a successful restorer does *the least* he can to it. If there is a tear in the canvas, the hole must be patched and paint put on which exactly matches the rest, not merely in color, but also in chemical quality. If the paint is falling off in large pieces, something else may have to be done. I never put on new paint if I can help it. I do only what *must* be done to preserve the integrity of the original.

"Most oil paintings grow darker with age. The darkening is in the varnish, as a rule, and the original colors can often be restored by removing the old varnish. But it must be done with patience and skill, or the painting may be ruined.

"I KNOW of a portrait in oils worth, perhaps, ten thousand dollars, which was darkened by age, and was taken to an artist who knew little about chemistry. He applied a solvent to the varnish which was entirely too strong. Not only the varnish came off, but also the face of the subject! The artist painted a new face the best he could, and returned the picture to the owner, but its value was gone. An expert would perhaps value it now at two hundred dollars.

"Possibly the hardest job ever entrusted to me," Marzolo continued, "was a canvas six by eight feet in size, painted by one of the great old masters. In good condition, it would have been worth a large sum of money; but when it came to me it was in very bad condition. The paint was scaling off. Great pieces hung loose.

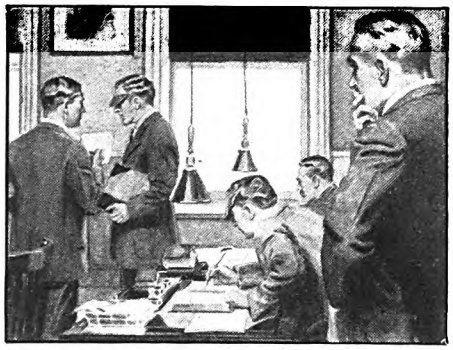
"It was impracticable in this case to do what is sometimes done; namely, put a new canvas behind the old. This had already been done three times in the past by earlier restorers. I found four canvases on the one frame, one under the other. What I decided to do, therefore, was *to take the paint off the canvas entirely* and put it on a wholly new canvas. I had done this with smaller canvases, but never with one so large and valuable.

"The process is complicated, but briefly what I did was to cover the picture carefully with several layers of tissue paper stretched tight. Then I applied chemicals to the back of the canvas. After repeated treatments, calling for plenty of patience, gradually the paint loosened to such an extent that it was possible to lift the canvas and leave the paint on the paper.

"The paint was then treated and transferred to a new canvas. When finished, the paint was as firmly attached to the new canvas as it had been when freshly applied to the original canvas. The value and beauty of the picture are preserved, and dozens, perhaps hundreds of years, are added to its life.

"Shellac is sometimes put on a picture needed in a hurry, because it dries quickly; but if put on in a draft it may whiten and become semi-opaque. I have seen a picture almost completely hidden by cloudy shellac; but with a solvent it was possible to remove it in a few minutes, making the picture as good as ever.

"Pictures go through curious adventures. New Orleans was a city of much wealth in early days, and a great center



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He's willing and anxious to pay you more money the minute you prove that you are worth more money. But he can't take chances. When he promotes a man, he wants to be sure he will make good.

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for picture lovers. Many fine collections made there were scattered in later days, during and after the Civil War, when the South was poor and planters lost their wealth. Pictures from fine homes often found their way into the hands of people who knew little of their value and history, and perhaps cared less. Consequently, New Orleans has been a favorite hunting ground of late years for collectors in search of forgotten masterpieces.

"A New York collector not long ago picked up quite a number of such paintings in a New Orleans antique shop. He took them as a job lot, not knowing whether he would find anything of much value. The pictures were in bad shape, and I was called on to fix them up.

"In the lot was a portrait of a Colonial merchant. A good deal of retouching was visible around the hair, and the canvas was dirty. When it was cleaned and the retouching removed, we found an excellent portrait painted by Gilbert Stuart, the American artist who painted portraits of all the early American Presidents, including the best-known portrait we have of George Washington. Any portrait by Gilbert Stuart in good condition is worth a deal of money. This one was bought in the lot for around two hundred dollars, and if sold would certainly bring a good many thousands.

"A FRIEND of mine, who is an artist, an art expert, and a collector on his own account, had an interesting experience a number of years ago. Religious authorities were dismantling an ancient convent in Budapest, and were disposing of a large number of altar pieces and other religious paintings, many of which were hundreds of years old. Nearly all were to be shipped across the Atlantic to a new home in Quebec; but a few, considered not worth the cost of crating and sending, were offered for sale.

"Among the latter was a small-sized picture so darkened by age that it was nearly impossible to distinguish any of its details. It was painted on a wooden panel. In places the wood was worm-eaten, and gave evidence of being several centuries old. The paint was intact and without cracks; but the panel had bulged out of shape in places. Altogether, it was an unattractive, unpromising picture, which nobody, it seemed, would be likely to want.

"My friend noticed a glow of red pigment beneath the grime, and made an examination with his pocket microscope. He discovered *encaustic*, a wax process once used by painters, principally during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. Knowing that he might find something very poor or very good, he decided to take a chance, and bought the picture. He gave the priests the price they asked, which was the Bohemian equivalent of about five dollars.

"He brought the relic to the United States and cleaned it up. The solvent loosened the dirt and grime of the varnish, and there was revealed a disappointing and commonplace picture of the Virgin and Child, painted in tempera, another process much used by medieval painters. Except for its age, the restored picture was of little interest or value.

"My friend was not satisfied. He thought the wood in the panel was far older than the picture painted on it. So he kept on.

"Another delicate process removed the painting in tempera. Underneath, nearly as clear and beautiful as it must have been the day it was painted, hundreds of years ago, was revealed a rare picture by an artist named Ricco de Candia, a master whose paintings have nearly all disappeared. Probably some nun or monk, disliking Ricco's portrayal of the Virgin, and not guessing that some day the picture would be priceless, had been responsible for covering it with commonplace paint.

"Collectors place a high value on Ricco's work. The little picture bought in Budapest for a five-dollar bill was completely restored, and resold to a railroad president who makes art a hobby. He paid a good many thousand dollars to add this picture to his collection.

"NOT all old pictures, however, are valuable; and sometimes rich 'finds' turn out to be not what they seem. Quite recently a Mexican came to me with an old picture in very bad shape. Somebody had told him it was a Rembrandt, whose originals are valued at whatever the richest collectors care to pay.

"It was certainly *not* a Rembrandt, and, no matter who painted it, in its dilapidated condition it was worth very little. I told the Mexican my reasons for thinking so, and pointed out why it would hardly pay to have it restored.

"The way hands are painted is often an indication of authenticity. Nearly every master treats them in his own way, and it is difficult for anybody less skilled to imitate his method and technique successfully. There are other tests. The weave of the canvas is one; anybody who knows can tell pretty nearly the date of manufacture of any piece of canvas shown him in a picture.

"A curious thing is sometimes done in Italy. Many fine old masters are owned there, and the Government does not like to have them leave. Every important picture is registered, and it is against the law to sell it out of the country without governmental permission. The Government agrees to buy such pictures, if necessary, to keep them at home. But many pictures leave the country secretly, and perhaps a majority come to the United States. But they must pass the custom authorities.

"The owner simply employs a clever artist to paint over the original, copying detail for detail with fresh paint. Anybody looking at it then, if he knows anything about painting, knows it is a copy of an old master. As such, it goes through as merchandise. Upon reaching New York, or whatever port it is bound for, somebody can be employed to remove the fresh, soft paint, and the hard original paint of the old master is undisturbed."

"What is the most valuable painting you ever worked on?" I asked.

Marzolo smiled.

"It was a painting of the Christ Child, done by Murillo, the great Spanish painter of the seventeenth century. Its owner valued it at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I worked on it at home, and at night slept with it in my bedroom, within reach of my hand!"

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A Girl Who Didn't Know What She Wanted

(*Continued from page 54*)

eyes grew less stormy. "Oh, hello, Arthur. . . . Yes, I'd love to. . . . What? . . . To-morrow?" Sudden dismay was in her voice. "I thought you were going to stay over till next week. I'm so sorry. But. . . . Oh, of course—business is business, isn't it? Shall I drive over and meet you, or will you stop for me? . . . All right. Good-by."

"The Blakes are going down to-morrow," she told her mother stonily. "Arthur's been called back to town."

She didn't tell Arthur what had happened, although she'd meant to. She couldn't. He'd have been furious and red-blooded about the lineman's insolence, of course, and he'd have wanted to knock him down; but he'd have told her too, in his tactful, lawyer-like fashion, about the telephone company's rights. And she couldn't have stood that. Not that day.

She had other things to worry about. Some day Arthur was going to ask her to marry him. And, when he did, what was she going to say? She didn't know. He'd ask her to-day, if she wanted him to. She knew that he'd made up his mind, his nice, excellent, deliberate mind. But how about her mind—that was as stable as a bit of quicksilver? She wasn't sure; she did not know what she wanted.

He didn't, as a matter of record, ask her. She wouldn't let him.

She was sorry, within the week, that she hadn't, as she had known all the time, really, that she would be.

She was sorry, as she stood, buffeted by the first of the autumn gales, her slicker wrapped about her by the wind, the rain blinding her. The wind was stripping the trees; every gust brought a shower of leaves. Some storms, she thought, inspired one. But not this one, with its dank melancholy.

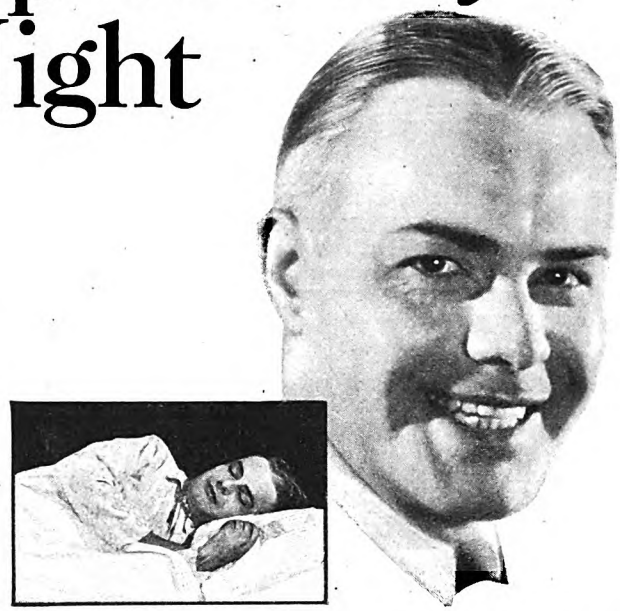
Arthur Blake's wife would have a steam-heated apartment in New York. She would have cars that would climb any hill in high. She would have any book she wanted, the very day it was published. She would go to first nights, and concerts, and have seats at the opera.

THE last of the summer homes was closed. Storm doors and windows were in place. Dahlia bulbs had been dug up and put away in sand; mulch was where it should be in the garden. Anne's life had fallen again into its winter rut.

She read the paper every day—except when it didn't come, as sometimes happened, until the next day. Sometimes she had a letter—from Arthur, usually; though, from time to time, one came from some girl she had known in college. And those were pretty hard to read, because most of them urged her to come to New York and begin to live.

Twice a week she took charge of the library in the village. Occasionally, when a teacher was ill, she served as substitute. On Sundays she went to church with her mother.

Sleep *like a baby at* Night



Now from Switzerland—a new food-drink that brings quick, Restful Sleep . . . and All-day Energy. Let us send you a 3-day test

Yes, you can sleep like a baby at *night*. You can sink into deep, luxurious sleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. You can sleep soundly and peacefully the whole night through.

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to give you sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

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FIRST—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

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This is why, when taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound restoring sleep in a *natural* way. And as you sleep the quick assimilation of nourishment is also restoring to the entire body. Thus you gather new strength and energy for the next day.

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Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. In use in Switzerland for thirty years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for malnutrition, nerve-strain, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

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The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.

What else was there for her to do? Nothing, literally nothing! Not here. In New York—but she didn't want to think about New York and the opportunities it held. If only her mother had been willing to go with her! She might have been a reader for a magazine, and Agnes Lane had arranged once for the advertising agency she was with to give her a chance. But she hadn't been able to go and leave her mother—of course! Yet, if she married—but that would be different. You couldn't help getting married. It was something that happened to a girl.

There was one thing about this particular winter—the roads stayed open most of the time, so that Anne could get out in the car. And that saved her reason, she sometimes thought. Anne loved to drive; loved it, even in her old car, that, really, was wearing out, day by day. She never could be quite sure, indeed, when she set out, that she would get back. But she was pretty lucky.

One day, however, her luck deserted her. She was stranded on a lonely road, miles from anywhere, with a car that simply wouldn't move. And it was just her luck, she felt, that the first thing to come along should be the telephone truck, with Jimmy at the wheel. She'd seen him often enough, since that day he'd come to cut the branches, but she'd never acknowledged his existence. And now!

"Hello!" he said. "In trouble?"

The truck stopped and he was out and coming toward her as he spoke.

"I'm afraid I am," she said.

"It's your gas line," he said, after examining the car. "It's clogged—or broken. Let's see."

HE WENT to work with pliers and wrench, disconnecting the slender pipe that carried the fuel; gave a little tug, and whistled as it came away in his hand.

"Clean break!" he said. "That's bad! Lucky this truck's a sort of traveling machine shop. I guess I can fix it."

He did too, and Anne, who was a pretty good mechanic herself, admired his skill.

"I'm awfully grateful to you," she said, when her engine was running again.

"That's all right," he said. "Glad I happened along. Stay up here all winter, do you? I had an idea you were summer people."

She flushed bright scarlet, and hated herself.

"Yes," she said, stiffly. "We live here."

"It's great country," he said. "I'll be sorry to move on."

This simply wouldn't do! He had no business to be more self-possessed than she. After all, he was the one who had behaved outrageously, not she.

"Oh!" she said. "Then you're not going to stay?"

"Oh, I never meant to!" he said. "I'm being put through the whole organization, you see. I'll get conduits and underground wiring, city stuff, next, I guess. And some work on special office building lay-outs probably. There's a sort of training school for executive jobs, and if you're in that you do everything before you're really placed in a job of your own."

"What will that be?"

"Oh, I'll get a district, probably; might be anywhere, wherever there happens to be a vacancy."

"When you're graduated, you mean? I had no idea—it really is a school, isn't it? But the work's harder than in a regular school, I should think."

She had herself well in hand now. She could keep this up indefinitely.

"Harder?" he echoed, with a laugh. "Why, when I was at Yale—"

He stopped, as if he hadn't meant to say that. And she didn't mean to exclaim as she did, either, but her surprise betrayed her.

"Oh!" she said. "I knew I'd seen your face somewhere! It was your picture. You're the Crewe who ran ninety yards against Harvard?"

"I had a bit of luck that day," he said. "Race your engine a second—there—she's all right. I've got to get along; there's trouble, back the way you came. Good day, Miss Warren."

"Good-by!" she said, faintly, and drove on.

WINTER: December—January—February. And just the old rut for Anne to travel in. Letters from Arthur. The paper. Nice letters, Arthur's—like himself. Just chronicles of what he'd done and was going to do. Not love letters—not from Arthur! He'd never write a love letter unless they were engaged. But—he was going to have a little time, over Washington's Birthday, and he wondered if Anne and her mother would have room for him if he came up. She knew what that meant. If she let him come— Well, he'd say what he wanted to say, and this time she wouldn't be able to stop him.

It was Anne, as it chanced, who brought up the mail of the second of February, which old-fashioned folk still think of as Candlemas Day. There was another letter from Arthur, though Anne hadn't answered his last one yet; but she had it, unopened, in her sweater pocket, and read the paper as she walked up the hill. There was a story about the ground hog, of course, and speculation as to whether or not he'd be able to see his shadow.

Well, Anne thought, he could, all right! It was warm; only in places that the sun didn't reach were there still traces of the last snowstorm. Six weeks more of winter! She shuddered. Anne didn't think she could live through them.

"Six more weeks of winter!" said Mrs. Warren, looking at the sun, and the shadows that it cast. She sniffed the air. "It's going to snow."

"Mother! As if that old story meant anything!"

But it did snow. It grew colder after lunch, and the haze there had been all morning thickened; the sun became a dimly seen yellow ball; and by mid-afternoon it was snowing. Thick, wet flakes came down; they covered the ground swiftly; the whole world was white by dusk, when, for a little time it grew warmer and the snow turned to rain. But after supper, when Anne went out to call Bob, it was sleet that stung her cheeks, and the air was full of the ominous crackling of an ice storm.

Bob wouldn't come, and Anne couldn't see him, though she had a flashlight. For some reason, known perhaps to other long-haired dogs, Bob adored such weather, and it was always hard to get him in during such a storm. Anne called and called;

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she could hear him, but she never saw him. She could see, though, by the way twigs and branches shone as her light fell upon them, that in the morning the sun would reveal a world turned into a fairyland. The beauty of an ice storm was almost the only compensation winter brought her here.

"Oh, let him stay out!" she said. "He'll come scratching at the door pretty soon."

BUT it wasn't his scratching paw at the kitchen door that Anne and her mother heard, half an hour later; it was, instead, a furious barking. Puzzled, Anne put on coat and goloshes, and went out. She saw the lights of a car at the top of the hill and, just as she started across, a great spotlight swung across the corner of the woods. She wasn't a bit surprised, therefore, to recognize Jimmy Crewe, standing by his truck, getting out of a mackinaw.

"For heaven's sake!" she said. "What are you doing out on a night like this?"

"Wires are down," he said shortly. "Must be about twenty lines dead—the cable goes through over there. There's not a 'phone working between here and the village. Got to get them going; there are some people sick along here."

He turned the truck and began working at his ladders.

"But—how do you know it's just here?"

"Look!" he said. And as she followed the beam of light, she saw the way the ice-coated wires were sagging. "I knew it, anyway," he said. "But you can see."

"I—I'm sorry," said Anne. "I really am."

"Are you? Well—you ought to be."

She stood perfectly still. And she wasn't angry at all. That wasn't why she bit her lip.

"I—I think you needn't have said that."

"You're quite right." He turned toward her for a moment. "I'm sorry. It was a mean thing to say. Forgive me!"

"Of—of course," she said. It was the queerest thing that had ever happened to Anne. She wasn't angry; she was just hurt and troubled.

He had his ladders free now, ice-coated though they were.

"But you can't climb ladders to-night, in this storm," she said. "It's dangerous."

"Got to," he said. "I'll be all right. Don't you worry about me. Go back inside; you'll catch cold."

He didn't know that she followed him and was standing below, watching him as he placed his ladder and went up. She had never seen, she thought, a man with such powers of concentration; such an ability to shut out from his mind everything except the imperative business of the moment.

She was in an agony of nervous apprehension as he climbed and got to work. His ladder was placed against her maple, the best loved of all her trees, because, perhaps, it had been maimed. He wasted no time; she watched him, fascinated, as he spliced the wires and cut away the branches that had broken them. Hours, it seemed to her, were passing, but they were only minutes of course. Then he was done; he let his tools fall—hatchet, pliers, all that he had used. And then, stiffly, he began to descend.

Just what happened Anne couldn't see. But the ladder must have slipped. There was a sickening crash; the next moment he was lying in a heap, almost at her feet. She screamed; then in an instant she was on her knees beside him. A dark stain appeared on the frozen snow; she touched his side and her hand came away wet and warm. Blood! He must have cut an artery. She struggled against an overwhelming faintness. Then she stood up and began to scream.

But it was not in panic that she screamed now, but to bring her mother. And in a moment she saw a light coming.

"Mother!" she cried. "Hurry—he's hurt—he's bleeding to death!"

Mrs. Warren bent low. In a moment she was at work.

"Take off your scarf!" she ordered. "Find me a stick, we've got to make a tourniquet. Here. We can't wait to get him to the house. Then—run and get the brandy. But the stick first!"

Anne lived through those next few minutes as through a nightmare. There was one ghastly moment when she saw blood spurting out in great dark jets from his thigh; then her mother's sure hands were busy, and Anne was helping, lifting, pulling, tugging at the stick, while her mother made pressure at the wound; and there was an end, at last, of that terrible spurting of blood. She fetched the brandy, and her mother forced it between his clenched teeth. But it was Anne who thought of her old sleigh, used now to carry logs to the house.

Somehow they got him laid upon it and dragged it to the house. And there Mrs. Warren still worked, while Anne telephoned, frantically—thank God the line was open!—for Doctor Grant, and had the luck to catch him not half a mile away. And just about then she fainted.

It had been touch and go for Crewe. Doctor Grant told him so, and also what Anne and her mother had done. So he had things to say to Anne when he was able to talk to her again.

"You saved my life," he said. "If you hadn't been there—"

"Oh, *don't!*" said Anne, choking. "Do you think I'm ever going to forgive myself, as it is? And if—if—oh, I can't bear to think about it, even—"

"Good lord! I'm all right! Won't even be stiff, Grant says. I'm pretty lucky, seems to me. Looked after like a baby."

"Mother—" Anne began.

"You, too," Crewe said, comfortably. He reached for her hand, and she let him have it. That had become a sort of custom, somehow. There'd been times when letting him hold her hand had been the only way to keep him quiet. Now—well, now she just let him, anyway.

HE MIGHT have been moved, after the first ten days, but Mrs. Warren wouldn't hear of it. He was her patient; he'd go when he was well, and not a day sooner. And Anne didn't want him to go, either.

For Anne knew. Knew, at last, why she'd been so slow and so stupid about Arthur. Poor Arthur! She couldn't even visualize him any more; he'd just faded out of her very memories. She'd had to write to him not to come, of course; she hoped she'd have done that, anyway, even if she hadn't come to know. Know—what? There wasn't anything to know,

What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

They may offend others as much as these offend you

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To *you* they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think. So you really have no way of telling when your English offends others.

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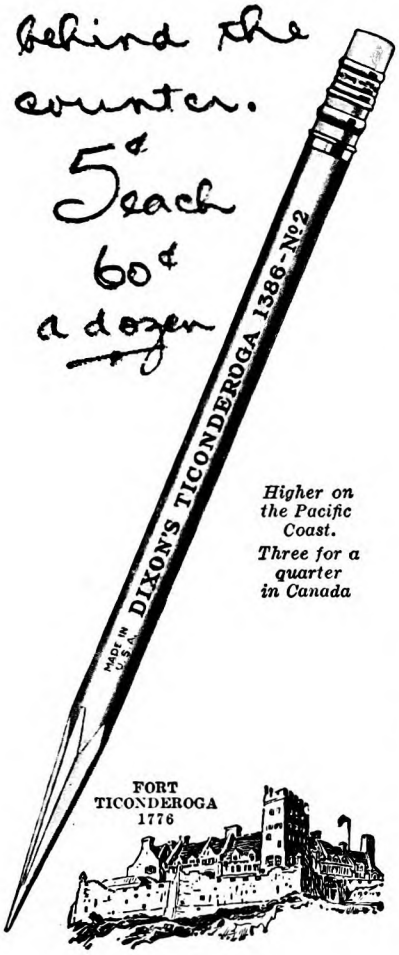

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really, and there was everything. Jimmy hadn't said a word. But he cared; she knew he cared. She couldn't be wrong about that. And he'd tell her when it was time. That—having him tell her, in words—didn't seem to matter.

They talked a lot, of course. Mostly it was she who talked, while he listened, partly because he was still pretty weak, and partly because that was the way it was bound to be with them. He didn't seem to need to use so many words as she, to get things clear. She knew all about him, anyway: his life, his plans, his ambitions. She heard about something he called Communications; it seemed to be, for him, the biggest thing in the world, and she began to see why, and why, too, he'd been so angry that day when she had stood between him and his line.

"Communications!" he said. "In ten years there'll be a Ministry of Communications in every country that hasn't one already—tying everything up—radio, telephones, telegraphs, railways, roads. Communications! Why, they mean progress, civilization."

SHE loved to hear him. And she understood him, too. But, after all, what counted most was the picture she got of him, setting his goal for himself when he was just a little boy, and sticking to it, in spite of everything, making every sort of sacrifice. And she said, once, rather wistfully, that men of course could do that.

"Girls too!" he insisted. "Oh, sex hasn't got much to do with it, Anne! Some men are soft, too—and all women aren't. And not being soft doesn't make them unfeminine. You'd have done anything you really wanted to do."

He knew all about her ambitions, and her plans, and her frustrations. He even knew about Arthur, and how nearly she'd married him.

"But, Mother—" said Anne, defensively.

"Yes, but she's just what I mean!" he said. "She's not soft, the way you've always been. She sees things the way they are. Do you suppose it was easy for her to break away—before she was your age, even!—and make a trained nurse of herself? Girls didn't do things like that then, the way they do now. But she did. And if you'd ever really wanted to do any of the things you talked so much about doing, she wouldn't just have let you, she'd have made you!"

She didn't argue with him. He was wrong; but what was the use of telling him so?

"You'd have married," he said. "You'd have married Blake like a shot if you'd cared just a little more for him. And—"

She was flushed when he said that.

"That would have been altogether different!" she said.

"Of course it would!" And he was angry again, very much as he had been that first day. "Think about that!" he said, viciously. "See where that gets you!"

"Jimmy!" she said, recoiling a little, in her amazement.

"I'm sorry," he said, and laughed at his own vehemence. "But think about it, just the same."

She did think about it, and she saw perfectly well what he meant. But it is, after all, one thing to see something, and quite another to admit it. And she wasn't quite sure he was right, anyway. She was, indeed, sure of only one thing, about that time.

And it was that, the one thing she was sure about, that turned into action a vague impulse she had had for a long time. Spring had really come by then. Jimmy was just waiting for Doctor Grant to pronounce him officially cured and send him back to work. The grass was growing greener every day; the first crocuses were out; the maples in the woods were glowing in the flush of their budding.

That was, for Anne, the final touch—the sight of the young maple that had come so near to killing Jimmy, red with buds. She stood and looked up at it; then she went to the woodshed and got the light ax, and began, doggedly, to chop her maple down.

Perhaps he saw her; perhaps it was the sound of the ax that guided him. At any rate, he went to her from the house, taking great strides across the grass, and the first thing Anne knew, his arms were about her, and he was forcing the ax from her grip, and his lips were on hers.

She was panting as he held her, as he asked her, "Why? Why?"

"Because I hate it!" she said. "I can't bear to see it—to remember how—"

"Oh, Anne!" he said. "I love you so! Don't you know I can't ever be thankful enough to that tree and the ice—and—oh, everything?"

He laughed, ruefully, mocking himself, a little later.

"I was going to wait!" he said. "I was going to be so—oh, so darned noble! Anne darling, you understand, don't you? You know it'll be a year, longer maybe, before we can be married?"

"I know," she said. "Of course I know!"

"Yes—but it's so—oh, it's so unfair—when you hate it so here—making you wait."

"I won't be here," she said. "Don't you suppose I thought over what you said the other day? It got me, all right! I saw that I couldn't go on waiting for something to happen to me—marriage or anything else. I saw that if I was ever to amount to anything I had to do something about it. So, I got a job—at least I'm pretty sure I've got it. I've written to a girl who's always been after me to come to New York. And—and—oh, Jimmy, I don't think I'm much good now; but maybe, when you're ready—"

JIMMY was her patient still, after all, which was why, perhaps, Mrs. Warren went out after a while to find him. And she didn't seem to be either shocked or surprised when she did.

"She's going to marry me!" Jimmy cried, when he saw her.

"I told you she would," said Mrs. Warren.

"But not for—oh, ages yet, Mother!" said Anne, as she went to her and kissed her. "And, Mother, I'm going to New York; I've got to, Mother. I'm going to have a job, till he's ready."

"I told you she'd do that, too," said Mrs. Warren to Jimmy, over Anne's shoulder. "She's going to be your wife—but she's always been my daughter."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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"Marse Robert"

THE personal recollections of General Robert E. Lee by his personal slave and body servant—the man who was Lee's shadow before, during and after the Civil War. Read his stirring account of the surrender at Appomattox. "I saw Marse Robert draw his sword, kind of slow, click his heels together and hand it to Grant . . ." This intensely human article will give you a new picture of the leader of the Confederate Army. Starts in March 12 issue.

CASTE

By COSMO HAMILTON

WHEN Jean, petted child of society, decided to paddle her own canoe, she remarked that "Parents were a bore..." From that point on she began a voyage of discovery that led her into a romantic tangle that shattered social barriers of years' standing. *"Caste"* begins in the issue of March 12—the novel that will be most talked of this winter.

[*Other Features*]

"Babe Ruth's Comeback" His gym teacher lets you in on how the *"Sultan of Swat"* came back and how you can too.

"The Ghost Catchers"—a revealing article on the methods used by scientists to expose fake spirit mediums—intriguing and almost unbelievable.

E. Phillips Oppenheim continues his thrilling, amusing and mysterious adventures of the English nobleman who turned detective. ELSIE SINGMASTER, DANA BURNETT, GEORGE WESTON, WILL PAYNE and a host of others will supply a treasury of short stories to make your winter evenings shorter.

The Collier's Famous Short Features "The Gentleman at the Keyhole", with his low-downs on the high-ups in Washington political life; *"Uncle Henry"* with his views on modern life and manners, JACK BINNS' slants on Radio and TOM MASSON'S darts of humor—and in addition many important articles on topics of the day.

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Why I Live in a Suburb

(*Continued from page 51*)

small-town youths and maidens think, that all the worth-while people lived in big cities. Then, too, I had a rather vague idea that I would be better off if I lived where I could see an editor every few minutes.

Most of my early writing was done for the humorous weeklies and had to be topical, and, as one of the New York editors explained to me, Iowa was too remote to permit an editor to use an author who was several days distant.

And that is why great cities grow constantly greater; we all feel we can do better if we are on the spot where our sort of business is being done. The gentleman who could live in a wilderness if he made the best mouse trap might indeed make his mouse traps in the wilderness, but the path to his door would be made by the feet of his agents going from his factory to the places where the most mouse traps were sold. He would have a New York agency in the Mouse-trap Building, located in the house-furnishings district.

This is all very fine too; but the result is that some six million people are trying to live in what is, after all, only a big shop. It is not unlike the life of the little immigrant shoemaker who mends shoes in the front part of a store while his family lives in the rear. Superb apartment buildings are erected on Manhattan Island, and so are palatial hotels; but those who live in them are still living "in the shop."

On the other hand, there are some millions of us who like to be near the shop, but who would rather look out of the window and see a maple tree than a tall, skinned pole upholding ten or twelve clothes-lines. We are the suburbanites. We are the people who have discovered an ideal mode of life; we are close to the undisputed advantages of a great city, and yet we are living as sane families live in pleasant towns and villages.

MOST of us living in the suburbs are commuters. It should be remembered that we could live in the city itself if we wished; usually, we could live in the city more cheaply than in a suburb; we are none of us the weaklings who have been crowded out of the cities—as jovial fiction likes to pretend—but almost to a man we are those who like something better than being cramped up in city flats; we have won the right to light and air and space, and we go into the suburbs and get them.

"But I don't see how in the world you stand the commuting," says the city fellow.

Oh well, commuting isn't so bad. It's not exactly convenient; but wherever you live there is likely to be some drawback. We suburbanites think the advantages of living outside the centers of population outweigh the disadvantage of riding on a train twice a day. I know one man who lived in the country and worked in New York. He did everything but swim and fly to reach his office each day. First, he took a four-mile motor drive to the railway station; then a thirty-mile ride on a fast train; next, a ferry ride across the river, and, following that, a walk to the subway. Leaving the subway, he had another walk to his office, and then up in an elevator to the thirteenth floor. That man did more work in getting to work than many men do after they get there.

"But I prefer living where I do to living in the city," he said. "The commuting is rotten; but it doesn't last all day and all night, like living in a city does."

Another thing: The commuter experiences the joy of returning home once each day—returning home after a trip. His wife and his children kiss him when he comes in. They are a lot gladder to see him than they would be if he had merely been on a job near where he lives. Did you ever see the warm welcomes at a commuting station? That's something, isn't it, to take the sharp edge off the inconvenience of a railway ride?

There are more than just a few of us who feel this way about it. The records show that nearly 370,000 commuters come into New York City daily. Most of these leave several members of the family at home. So, you see, the total number of persons who live in the suburbs is big enough to command respect. When you find a million or more substantial citizens doing something, you can be sure there's a good reason for it.

MANY of us in the suburbs have children. It seems to me that one of the most convincing proofs that the suburb is the ideal home is the fact that when the first child arrives at the door-knob-reaching age Pa and Ma begin looking for a house in the suburbs. For spinsters and bachelors and childless couples, the city apartments may be well enough, but folks with children need out-of-town living. It is a child's right to be able to open the door and be in a grassy yard; opening a door, and being in an apartment hallway, is not the same thing.

I happen to have work that now would let me live almost anywhere. I could live in a shack in the Sahara Desert, and if there was a camel post once a month or so I could do business with my editors and publishers quite as well. I would have just as many manuscripts accepted, and I would not have any greater number sent back for repairs. Yet, with all this freedom of selection, I have lived in a suburb for twenty-one years; I have lived in the same house in the same suburb for eighteen years—just seventeen years longer than Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden.

I don't know that this proves so much as it may seem to prove. When a man has lived in any one place for twenty-one years at a stretch, he acquires a certain inertia or dislike for moving that may have something to do with his remaining there still longer. He has gathered a lot of furniture and books and things that are hard to move around and he becomes a reluctant mover. Even when a man's children have grown up and no longer need green play spaces, the suburbanite is loath to depart; by that time he has his close friends, and he does not like to leave them.

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It is equally true that men and women make close friendships in the city; everyone knows that. The thing the city dweller is likely to doubt is that such friendships are possible in the suburbs. The city dweller too often thinks of the suburb as a place where no one has time to meet anyone else; the thought seems to be that the suburbanite hops out of bed in the morning at the ringing of an alarm clock, bolts a hasty breakfast, rushes for the train, rushes home again at night, eats a dinner, yawns, and goes to bed! He does this, it is supposed, so the children may have an outdoors to play in.

Well, all the golf courses are in the suburbs. The suburban men and women in these United States who meet regularly on the golf courses week after week must run into millions. The card parties taking place in the suburbs per annum must run into the billions. I don't know how many meetings concerning hospitals, civic matters, charities and so on are held in the suburbs annually, but, judging by the number I attend, they must run into the trillions. At each meeting, friendships are being made or strengthened. The suburbanite is not likely to be idle. In every suburb there are many interesting local activities that the city dweller knows nothing of, and, in addition, all the activities in the city itself are open to the suburbanite.

THE only good thing I can see in a great city is that it does become a center for the arts, sciences, culture, and allied gentilities that help make life worth living. Theatres, museums, clubs, societies are at their best in big cities, because large population guarantees patronage sufficient to make them possible. Music is at its best; lectures are more numerous and diverse; art exhibitions are frequent; the shops carry goods that smaller places cannot buy sufficiently to make stock profitable. The city has the best schools for teaching a number of things. Its hotels and restaurants are better. Because of the vast population, the city can supply these things; but often the real patrons are the out-of-towners.

Many of us who might, if we chose, live in an Arizona desert, live in the suburbs of a great city, because we can thus enjoy the best the city can give without suffering the worst it can do to us. We are members of the city clubs that appeal to us; we go to the city theatres; we visit the museums; we attend the lectures.

More than this, we are often the officers of the clubs and the actors in the theatres; we are most of the producers and dramatists; some of us go to the city to deliver the lectures that others of us go in to hear. When we do not own the great shops we are the heads of departments. As a matter of fact, I verily believe—there is no easy way of knowing, but I judge from the men I know—that the suburbanites furnish fully half, and perhaps more, of the important heads and subheads in business, large and small, in the city. And each year more of these vitally important men and women are moving to one suburb or another. New York—I mention it because it is the city I know best—is not only a shop but also a vast university-lyceum-museum-amusement-place, and it is as convenient to us who live in the suburbs as to those who live in the city itself.

When I went to New York I went to a boarding-house, and I lived there about a year, and no one could have wanted a better boarding-house. That gave me city boarding-house experience. Presently I married, and my wife and I almost immediately left the boarding-house; a boarding-house life is no sort of life for any healthy married couple. We took an apartment. For several years then—perhaps five or six—we had apartment-life experience. We moved every year, nearly everyone in New York moves every year. In part, this constant moving is caused by the gradual improvement in circumstances of the individual, but even more it is caused by an innate feeling that life is not being lived in the best way. The apartment dweller senses that something is wrong but he does not know just what it is, so he moves to another apartment. Then he moves again. And again.

In our case, our eldest baby reached the age when she should be playing outdoors alone, and that suggested quite vividly what was wrong; apartment life is at best a makeshift substitute for real life. So we moved to a suburb. At that time, I was part owning, and editing, a publication, and I had to be in the city each work day, and a nearby suburb was the only life possible for us.

It was more or less chance that brought us to Flushing. One day, some business connected with the magazine took me to New Rochelle, which is a large-town suburb of New York and a charming one. In coming from the house of the man I had just seen, I passed the high school. It was shortly after noon, and the boys and girls were going to school. They were in groups of twos and threes, chattering, laughing, flirting a little as high school students do. There were leafy boughs of trees overhead, shrubbery on the green lawns, sunshine everywhere. It was early fall—September—and the girls were hatless, in light dresses. It was as unlike children going to school between brick walls on city streets as anything could well be. It was a beautiful picture—and it made me homesick. It was a picture of young people living as they had a right to live. So, a few days later, we rented a house in New Rochelle.

Unfortunately, it was a new house, not yet completed, and in a day or two we learned that it would not be completed for occupancy by October first. So a friend, to whom I mentioned this disappointment at my club, told me I was on the wrong track entirely; I should go to Flushing, where he lived. It was *the* only place to live, according to him. Suburbanites, I learned later, are like that, they become fanatically fond of their own suburbs. My wife and I went to Flushing the next day to look around.

SINCE that September day, twenty-one years ago, Flushing has changed considerably and it is going to change even more in the next few years. It was a village suburb then. It had, as it has now, beautiful trees. We thought, as we were driven to look at houses behind the horse of a real-estate agent, that it was the most beautiful place we had ever seen, and I think it was. It looked like a home town; it was neither a suburb of million-dollar residences nor a made-to-order suburb of five thousand houses exactly alike, with

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A life of ease and luxury is not the life for healthy gums!

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JUST glance at the menu! From soup to soufflé modern food is soft, creamy, over-refined—entirely lacking in the roughage and fibre that once kept gums and teeth as they were meant to be—firm, healthy and sound.

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* * *

YOU could hardly find a better case in point for the maxim above than the difficulties so many people are having with their gums today.

For gums are seldom in perfect health. Pyorrhea, thank goodness, is quite often more of a fear than a reality—but there can be no doubt whatever that troubles of the gums are both prevalent and stubborn.

Our diet undermines the health of our gums

Lack of stimulation from the food we eat—lack of "exercise," the dentists will tell you—is the source of many of these modern gum disorders. Think for a moment how we refine, how we "denature" our food, before we eat it.

We peel our fruits, and stew them till they almost fall apart. We husk our grains, and mill all the roughage out of them. We cook our vegetables to a soft consistency and cover them with creamy sauces. We delight in tender, flaky desserts, pies and pastries. So, made up to a great extent of delectable dainties, our diet is too soft, too easy on our teeth and gums. It denies them work—with the attendant stimulation and massage that a coarser fare would give.

That is why gums soften, weaken and lose their tone. The blood within their walls does not circulate freely, new fresh blood does not refresh the depleted tissues as it should. "Pink tooth brush," the earliest sign of impairment of the health of gums, is a complaint of neglect and often a warning of troubles to come.

How Ipana and massage defeat "Pink tooth brush"

Common sense alone would dictate that the way to correct such troubles is to supply to the tissues the stimulation of which they are abnormally deprived. And your dentist, if you ask him, will confirm this reasoning.

Your dentist will explain the simple technique of this gentle frictionizing of the gums, done with the brush or with the fingers. He will tell you that the daily practice of gum stimulation is a splendid health habit to form. And very likely he will suggest that you perform both the gum massage and the regular brushing of your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste.

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The coupon, of course, will bring you the ten-day tube, and that is enough to acquaint you with Ipana's delicious taste and its power to keep your teeth clean, white and brilliant.

But the better plan is to buy a full-size tube at the next drug store you pass. That is enough for more than one hundred and fifty brushings—a much fairer test of all Ipana can do to keep your teeth and gums in the sound and sturdy health nature intended.

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brand-new trees stuck in rows. There were new houses, but there were also very old houses—some built as long ago as 1662.

Luck was with us. We found a small house that we thought was so pretty that we could not believe anyone would be foolish enough to rent it to us, and certainly not at the sum asked. We thought it was the prettiest house in the world. It was in what might be called a suburb of a suburb, a section of Flushing called Browne Park, only a short distance from a railway station.

I hardly dare mention the landlord. When we rented the house, painters were at work on the exterior; we meekly suggested that there ought to be some papering done inside, and the landlord immediately had every room repapered. We never had to ask for anything else; every now and then, he would come and inquire what we needed done, and when we could think of nothing, he would have something done anyway. Workmen were constantly appearing to make this or that improvement so that the house would be pleasanter for us. He was a wonderful landlord—but he is dead now.

WE HAD no sooner moved into the house than we had our first example of real suburbanism. It was a rainy night, and I was laying rugs when the bell rang. I went to the door and found two men standing there in the shelter of the porch. One of them had a lantern.

"We noticed you had moved in," one of them said, "and we are glad to welcome you to Browne Park. This is not a formal call—our wives will call later, when you get settled—but we wanted you to come across the street. We are having a meeting to organize an association, the Browne Park Improvement Association, to try to get sewers and street improvements and so on. Come over with us."

"I thank you," I said; "but, you see, I don't own this house. I'm only renting it."

"That doesn't matter at all," one of the men said. "Come over anyway; we'll be mighty glad to have you."

So I asked my wife what she thought about it and she said I might as well go. So I got my hat and an umbrella and went across with the two men. After I had been introduced to everyone, the meeting was called to order and got down to business. It was, as most prearranged meetings are, rather cut and dried. Someone had a resolution which he read, creating the Browne Park Improvement Association, and that was adopted. Someone had a Constitution and set of By-Laws, and they were adopted. Then the officers were elected. I think I was elected to office at that meeting, but it may have been later. At any rate, I knew all my neighbors immediately. I know most of those men still, and they are my very good friends. A few have moved away, one or two have died; but the majority still live in Flushing and they are fine fellows.

Before long, my wife and I knew most of the wives and children, and we began to be invited to play euchre, which was the auction bridge of that era; but as I was trying to be an author and editor at the same time, and was doing my writing at night, I had to say I did not play cards. Otherwise, I never would have had a free night. Within a day or two, our little daughter had playmates of her own age, and presently we had a dog, and the next spring we had a vegetable garden and a few flowers.

THAT first winter I learned quite a little about sewer systems and streets, and why some streets could be "dedicated" to the city, while others had to go through the lengthy process of being "condemned." We had maps of Flushing and of the Borough, and we had letters to and from the officials, and we had discussions, and it was all very interesting, and then, in February, we received a circular letter from the president of the Flushing Hospital Aid Association. This announced that there was to be a grand circus and carnival for the benefit of the Flushing Hospital in June, and asked the Browne Park Improvement Association to appoint a committee and take part in the affair. We were only a handful of men, but we gravely decided that the hospital was a worthy institution and appointed a committee to find out what it was all about and report back to us. I was one of the committeemen.

Our committee thereupon walked down to the main part of Flushing and attended the meetings of the Hospital Aid Association, and after due consideration our association decided that we might take charge of one of the booths in the carnival part of the affair, when June came. We chose the Information Booth, probably because it looked like the ultimate minimum of labor.

The Flushing Carnival and Circus of those days was quite an affair. It was given every two years, and lasted four or five days and nights, and everything was on such an enormous scale that preparations began in midwinter. The profits ran to many thousands of dollars, and there was a vast amount of work and fun. The backbone of the affair was a complete three-ring circus in the largest tent to be had in America, regular Barnum and Bailey size. The three rings were filled with acts; some of these were amateur or semi-amateur but many were professional. We had such a thing as a herd of real elephants, twelve performing stallions, a troupe of trained donkeys, aërial artists and equestrians. We had also half a hundred amateur clowns trained by professionals.

In addition to the circus, which gave four evening and three afternoon performances, there was a Wild West show occupying some four city blocks. There was a genuine Wild West coach. To dress up this part of the show there was a chariot race, and also a squadron of genuine cavalry in games and evolutions and sports.

Then, for a distance of some thousand feet or so, sometimes more, we had a Carnival Street with booths on either side, and tents for lesser shows—movies, black art, minstrels, vaudeville. The show thing was huge. Into this our Browne Park committee came and took one booth, the smallest in the show. Our duty was to have someone in the booth to give information—to tell where this tent or that person could be found, and to receive lost articles. We made hundreds of acquaintances in the dull hours of the afternoon, and had a tremendously good time.

So, two years later, when the next circus and carnival was being organized, our little association sent a committee to the organization meeting again, and once more I happened to be on that committee. I remember we were a little late getting there. Most of the officers had been elected and chairmen for the various booths and committees were being selected. Almost as soon as I entered someone arose.

"I nominate Butler," he said, and the nomination was seconded, and everyone seemed pleased.

"What's this I'm being nominated for?" I asked.

"Chairman of the Entertainment Committee," someone said.

"All right," I said, and I sat down.

I never knew a heartier vote than I received for the job of Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. The unanimity was almost touching, it was so complete. I was proud, too, to be elected. . . . I felt it was a fine recognition of my growing fame as a young author. I felt that I was becoming known as a genial man, and one able to greet strangers in a gracious and genteel manner. So I made a speech of about twenty words, saying I would do my best, and accepted.

Almost immediately the meeting ended, and everyone crowded around me and told me I must not worry, that they would help me out. It was then I discovered that the committee that handed out cigars to notable visitors was the Reception Committee; the Entertainment Committee's job was merely that of supplying *all* the entertainment features of the affair.

Now, I claim I might have lived in an apartment in New York all my life and no one would ever have thought of giving me that job. That is what a suburb does for a man. Of course, if he wants to keep to himself, he can do so; but if he liked to find good friends and mix in affairs that are important to the suburb, he can do it. Napoleon never felt finer while he was pulling the French Revolution out of the mud and making France an Empire than we suburbanites did while we saved that hospital and built a big addition to it, and put through one thing after another to make our suburb better.

THESE same men, always adding to their number and always on the lookout for more men, have enjoyed life in the past twenty-one years in the fullest possible way. If I am now, as nearly everyone knows, a vice president of a bank, that is because these same suburbanites took the bank when it was not feeling very well, and made a success of it. I might have remained on Manhattan forever without being more than the frightened individual at whose check the bank teller looks with a suspicious eye.

Sitting here at my desk I looked out of the window a moment ago, and saw a squirrel hurrying along a telephone cable wire from one tree to another. The cable makes a fine bridge for him. The trees make him a proper home. He has the true suburban spirit, that squirrel has; he lives where the beauty of the country and the convenience of the city meet.

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The Concrete Street *is Safe*

Over 2,000 miles of concrete streets were laid last year in American cities. We have prepared a booklet telling about the experiences of these communities with concrete pavements. If you would like a copy write Portland Cement Association, Chicago.

RAIN, of course, increases the hazard of motor travel. But as a motorist you will remember that concrete is the safest highway wet or dry. Then why not insure the same feeling of security in crowded city traffic?

Concrete streets are safest. They are the engineer's answer to the challenge of rubber tires. Rigid and enduring under heaviest loads, concrete is also the most lasting of street surfaces. Economical to build and requiring little maintenance, the concrete street gives uninterrupted service.

When you pave, pave with concrete. Its attractive appearance and other exclusive advantages make it appropriate for business streets, boulevards, parkways, and residential districts alike.

CONCRETE
for permanence

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There's Not Much Use to Grind Unless You Advertise Your Grist

(*Continued from page 27*)

in a fever heat to get one job done, so that he could move on to the next thing."

It was this quality that caught the eye of the vice president of the N. K. Fairbanks Company, whose advertisement for a clerical helper Adams had answered. This executive passed Adams along to the advertising agent of the firm, a brilliant young man named John Lee Mahin, who had already built a large and nation-wide advertising business of his own.

Mahin took a real interest in his new assistant, whom he started off at a salary of six dollars a week. Probably the greatest service he did Adams lay in his generous willingness to let the young man move from one department to another. In consequence, Adams soon knew most phases of the particular forms of advertising done in his company, and at the end of two years he became a department head.

His next move was to the publishing house of John G. Woolley. Here he got a new slant on the business of catching and winning people's attention—an occupation that in a different form was to occupy the major portion of his life. Thence, he shifted to a firm of investment bankers.

FINALLY, Adams landed with Swift and Company. There he made his first big killing, not financially, but in the creation of an idea that went around the world. It happened this way: With his alert manner and highly energized mind, young Adams soon impressed Arthur D. White, the advertising manager of the immense packing plant. One morning the latter sent for Adams. "Son," he said, "we've got one hundred thousand dollars to spend in Chicago to advertise our chickens. We want to cop the market for this fowl. Now, trot out and bring me back a hundred-thousand-dollar idea."

Adams grinned his famous grin, and "trotted out." He hunted up the head of the chicken department. It was characteristic that he had already made friends with the man. "Why should people prefer our chickens to those of any other packer?" he asked.

The department head thought hard. "Don't know, George. They're all about alike. Maybe you could use the fact that our birds sometimes have milk with their grain."

Instantly the right idea flashed into the quick brain of the listening young man. He rushed back to his desk. In one wild hour he turned out a rough draft of a whole campaign—one hundred thousand dollars' worth of advertising.

Thus was born the famous "Swift's Milk-Fed Chicken" idea.

But fate wasn't ready to let her man go ahead quite yet. Adams's good friend, Mahin, turned up and announced that he had scared up a wonderful job with a breakfast food company, then in a state of high prosperity. "More money, and big prospects, George," Mahin urged him. "Take it."

Adams did. He was now six years out of college. He had married and had two babies. It was high time that he settled down to something definite and something promising. With a light heart he entered into his new duties.

Then, as I have related, the crash came. The company, like many others, failed. Adams went with it. But in his abyss of despair he found himself. Had it not been for the panic of 1907, the George Matthew Adams Syndicate might never have been founded.

"FIRST, let me explain just what my new business was like," Adams said to me. "I had formed a newspaper syndicate. This does not mean that I controlled a string of papers. It simply means that I supplied a good many papers with interesting and entertaining bits of reading material, or pictures, distinct from the ordinary telegraphic copy which made up the news.

"As a sample of what I mean, take the death of a great man. The first account of his death is news which is distributed over the wires to all the papers in the country. But when someone writes that man's biography, no single paper can afford to pay the biographer enough to make the job worth while. Moreover, many people cannot afford to buy the book itself.

"This is where the newspaper syndicate comes in. For the syndicate can act as a central distributing agency, sending out portions of the biography by mail to a large number of papers at small price, until the entire story has appeared simultaneously in the national press. In this way, the syndicate makes it possible for readers to enjoy art and literature through the medium of the daily paper, at a cost of but a few cents.

"Some people think that building a business is just a long, hard grind, and nothing else," Mr. Adams said in reply to my question about the next ten years of his life. "Well, I can tell you that you've got to do something more than grind; you've got to gain the attention of other people—especially the people who make up your market.

"As I have already said, I had early developed my system of teaching people how to write want-ads, and had sold it to scattered papers. I had one or two other small features, such as a series of short talks to women by a woman writer. But I had no standing in my line of business.

"I went home late one night after a hard day of nearly sixteen hours in my office. I knew I was making progress; but at the rate my office was growing, I figured I'd be about seventy before I did anything really big. It was long after midnight when I began despondently looking over some of my college mementos, and wondering whether the struggle was worth while, after all.

"Suddenly I recalled a Kansan I had met in Ottawa who had made a great impression on me. His name, I remembered, was White—William Allen White. Then an inspiration flashed over me. This was 1908. Why not get White to cover, from a human interest point of view, the coming national conventions in Chicago and in Denver? I knew there was a mass of human stuff to be had. Tired as I was, I was too excited to sleep. I stayed up another hour and drafted a wire to Mr. White.

"Next day came the answer accepting my suggestion; but stipulating a charge of twenty-five cents a word, or sixteen hundred dollars for each convention. This was a staggering sum for such a job at that time. However, though I hadn't a dollar I could call my own, Mr. White's reply thrilled me immeasurably, and I promptly wired, closing the bargain. But to be on the safe side, Mr. White sent a friend up to see me.

"Before the friend could arrive, however, I hurried over and sold the series to Mr. Frank B. Noyes, publisher of the Chicago 'Record Herald,' now president of the Associated Press. The idea looked so good to him that he signed up for two hundred and fifty dollars. With this order in my pocket, I raced back across town to a broker whom I knew and persuaded him to lend me the money necessary to send White West. So, by the time White's scout found me, I was all set with the money. The whole thing finally went through in grand style."

MENTION of William Allen White, who still edits the Emporia "Gazette," naturally turned the conversation to another dramatic episode in the life of George Matthew Adams.

"Wasn't Walt Mason from Emporia?" I asked.

"Yes; I was going to tell you about that. Chauncey Williams was Mr. White's first publisher. In a way, he was responsible for my discovering Walt Mason. I had been clipping some little squibs from 'Life' for months. I happened to show a few of these to Chauncey Williams.

"'Sure, I've seen them,' he said. 'Uncle Walt writes them. Ask White to send you a bundle of 'Gazettes,' and look over his stuff.'

"I asked Mr. White to do this. A week later, a batch of 'Gazettes' reached me. I began to read Mason's little paragraphs and verses, which were then unsigned. The first thing I knew, I was dancing up and down in glee. I realized that I had found a genius!

"On the way back from the Denver Convention, I made a dicker with William Allen White for the services of his talented writer.

"'We call him Uncle Walt,' said Mr. White. 'He is past forty years of age. I think he would be glad to turn out a poem a day for you.'

"That was close to twenty years ago. Walt Mason's prose poems are now famous all over the United States and a good part of the world. Out on his California estate,

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As the hurricane-proof house would look in wood siding.

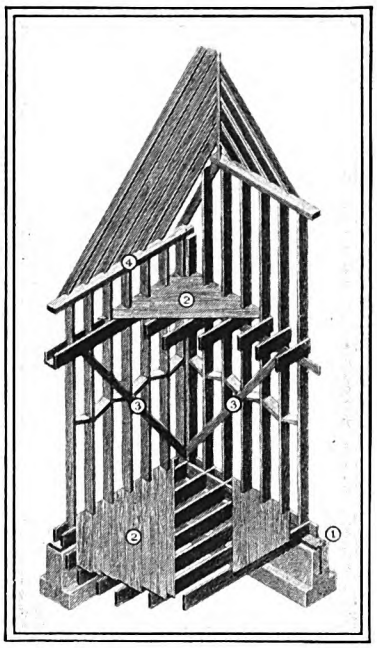
Build to Withstand Hurricane Winds

The Miami house is stuccoed to conform to the style there.

TWO rules only need you observe to make your home proof against the sustained fury of a hurricane. Frame your house of Southern Pine—the supreme structural wood of the world. Follow the long recognized Fifteen Points of good construction. Then let winds blow!

These Fifteen Points are incorporated in a house now being erected by the Southern Pine Association in Miami, Florida, with the co-operation of the Miami Lumbermen's Credit Bureau, the Associated General Contractors and The Architectural League of Greater Miami.

Several of the all important Fifteen Points are shown in this engineer's drawing of one corner of the frame of the Miami house. Notice (1) how the sill is anchored, bolted, to the foundation. The sub-floors (2) run diagonally and at right angles to each other. There is corner bracing (3) and the braces are cut into the studs. The rafters (4) are anchored to the main frame. Consult your architect. He will endorse this common sense construction which characterizes structures that have stood the storms of many decades.



* These letters at the right of "SPA" identify the grade. The designation here is one of 18 grade-marks appearing on lumber from Southern Pine Association mills.

Any home, whether in storm swept areas or not, deserves good construction of this character. You can finish your home as you wish—wood siding, stucco or brick veneer—but do not slight its frame. In one laboratory alone—the Forest Products Laboratory under government direction at Madison, Wisconsin—130,000 tests prove the structural strength of Southern Pine.

At any lumber yard east of the Rocky Mountains you can buy Southern Pine and you can buy today with greater confidence than ever before. *You can tell it by its trade-mark. You can judge it by its grade-mark—the grades being in accord with American Lumber Standards.

The Fifteen Points of Hurricane-proof Construction are in book form. The book is free. Write for it today. If you plan, build or intend to own a home, get this booklet—Fifteen Points—now.

As the hurricane-proof house would look in brick veneer.

Arrangements have been made to furnish plans and specifications of the hurricane-proof house for the nominal sum of Ten Dollars.

Southern Pine Association
151 Interstate Building
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

SOUTHERN PINE—*THE SUPREME STRUCTURAL WOOD* OF THE WORLD

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where he now rides around in his limousine, Uncle Walt devotes most of his time to writing."

The same sort of thing happened when Adams decided on another stunt to boost the reputation of his syndicate. Let one of his newspaper friends tell the story:

"Folks say that Adams is a genius at picking winners. But why talk abstractions like 'genius.' To me, he's a good example of a man who uses his brain—something most of us don't use enough."

When plans for the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno, Nevada, were announced, Adams figured out that the event would be one of the most dramatic athletic struggles ever staged: an old warrior heeding the call of racial pride to uphold the white's physical supremacy over the black.

"Like all newspaper men, Adams knew the immense value of spot news on the fight. But he reasoned that the average journalist was not proficient enough to get the full dramatic essence of the story. So he looked around, not for a reporter, but for a super-reporter, a man who knew how to put terrific emotion into plain language. He picked a young novelist named Rex Beach, and put him on the job. A few weeks later, people read the succinct news dispatches to find out who had won. But they devoured Rex Beach's superb and thrilling narrative splashed out in full-page big-type form to find out *how* and *why* Jack Johnson had done the winning."

Once more George Matthew Adams had rung the bell.

BUT prominence has its penalties. By 1910, Adams had over one hundred and fifty newspapers depending on him for feature material. It got noised about that he could sell the work of any writer. In fact, certain journalists declared that it wasn't Adams's features that succeeded, but the hypnotic influence of Adams himself over unsuspecting editors.

As a result of this theory, writers began bombarding him with manuscripts. The little two-desk firm was swamped. One thing Adams prided himself on was his fairness to beginners; but he found it increasingly hard to give his personal consideration to the hundreds of manuscripts that came in almost daily.

Most embarrassing were the moments when he had sold an editor a feature service, only to have the editor lower his voice after the deal and say confidentially, "Now, Adams, I want you to do something for me. A friend of mine writes the most beautiful poems you ever read. People here in town are mad about her work."

Whereupon, a sheaf of manuscript would be thrust upon the unhappy young syndicate man, and promises exacted that he would go through every bit of it, and write exactly what he thought about the work.

"On one trip," said Adams, "I remember meeting my old friend, Arthur Vandenberg, of the Grand Rapids 'Herald.' He was a good customer of mine too.

"'Just read this stuff over, George,' he pleaded. 'This guy is a regular poet; only no one realizes it yet.'

"How many times I had heard those words before! However, in this case it happened that I had been casually following the poet's work for some time. Occasional glimpses of it had whetted my appetite. But somehow or other, I had never got enough of his verses together at one time really to study them.

"I stuffed the samples Vandenberg gave me into my bag, which was already bulging with manuscripts from novelists, artists, and poets.

"On the train I got to work. I began to read the poems Vandenberg had given me. I liked them. Suddenly I laughed aloud in the train. The fellow had a sense of humor. Then, just as suddenly, I found my eyes filled with tears. This was interesting. I read more. For an hour I was thrilled, touched, entertained, inspired. Once more, as when I read Uncle Walt's stuff, I knew I had found a genius.

"At Louisville, I hopped off the train and rushed to the telegraph office. I asked the poet for an appointment. As quickly as I could, I hurried back to New York. I reached there just in time. Three other syndicates had 'discovered' my genius. But I approached him on the basis of really understanding his work. I won out. I closed a long-time contract at an opening salary of thirty dollars a week for a daily poem.

"That's how I happened to get Eddie Guest, 'the People's Poet,' as he is called now. Since that time over 1,000,000 copies of his books of poems have been sold. Close to 250 American papers run his poems every day. On a recent birthday, over 10,000 letters and telegrams of congratulations reached him from people he had never seen. And he is still the same simple, lovable Eddie Guest that he was in the beginning."

George Matthew Adams has helped start in their careers many of the greatest feature producers in the country. Among this number are: Dr. Frank Crane, Gene Byrnes, Thornton Burgess, Elsie Robinson, Lee Pape, Robert Ripley, H. T. Webster, Kin Hubbard, Edgar Guest, Ed Wheelan, and Walt Mason.

His idea in starting the Frank Crane daily talks was that every newspaper should have a distinct inspirational note somewhere on its pages. When Doctor Crane went over to another organization, Adams began writing little daily essays himself. Now the George Matthew Adams "To-day's Talk" is familiar all over the country.

ADAMS has had more than twenty years' experience in finding out what people want to read in their newspapers. He has learned what will most quickly "crack a laugh," or cause a "heart-throb."

"One of the greatest things that I have found out," he told me, "is this: there is far less of what is called *class distinction* among general readers than is ordinarily supposed. I mean that true humor makes practically everyone laugh. Conversely, true pathos, put across with proper simplicity, rarely fails to arouse real sympathy, even among the would-be hard-boiled. Take that little poem of Eddie Guest's about Mothers that begins:

Never a sigh for the cares that she bore for me,
Never a thought of the joys that flew by;
Her one regret that she couldn't do more for me,
Thoughtless and selfish, her Master was I.

Oh, the long nights that she came at my call to me!
Oh, the soft touch of her hands on my brow!
Oh, the long years that she gave up her all to me!
Oh, how I yearn for her gentleness now!"

This went into book form as well as into the papers. The response was instantaneous.

Among other features, the Adams Service supplies newspapers with daily articles teaching health, beauty, cooking, sewing, and so forth. And in addition to the daily lesson, or lecture on some allied topic, readers are offered a mail response to queries sent in to the author of the feature.

"THIS constitutes one of our most difficult problems," said Adams. "Take our health service, now appearing daily all over the country. I suppose nothing we send out is followed so closely as this series of articles on how to stay well. Self-preservation is one of the strongest human instincts. Keeping well is better than having a doctor make you well. Therefore, I feel a great good is done by propaganda urging health. The trouble is to strike a safe medium between urging a proper régime of self-care, and exciting people to the point of damaging themselves by over-zeal.

"I remember one earnest woman reader who must have weighed over three hundred pounds. She was tremendously struck by the logic of our reducing course, which goes to newspapers as a part of our health service. She worked so hard over her diet and exercises in her efforts to reduce that she took off something like one hundred pounds. As a result, she made herself ill, and her friends blamed the newspaper articles she had been reading.

"The same sort of difficulty, only in another form, goes hand in hand with presentation of news in graphic form; that is to say, in cartoons. Not long ago, prohibition hearings were held in Washington. In an effort to depict the close division in people's views, one of my artists drew a cartoon in which public opinion was balancing on a tight rope. apparently about to fall in one direction or the other.

"We got some red-hot responses on that cartoon. People with wet leanings felt sure we had put out dry propaganda; and some of the Drys accused us of being in league with bootleggers. Of course our cartoon service must be absolutely non-partisan, to survive. But it is a hard job not to tread on someone's toes once in a while."

To bring my main point into focus, I asked Mr. Adams what sort of printed matter he thought would win the widest and most enthusiastic number of followers over a long period. His reply surprised me by its promptness:

"Leaving out straight news, which I do not handle, I think pictures come first, inspirational matter second, humor third. You will note that more and more are the active newspapers beginning to use pictures in connection with their news and their features. Good humor will always have a strong grip on readers. But it is the tonic effect of brief, forceful editorials that in the long run catches and holds the average American hurrying through his favorite daily newspaper."

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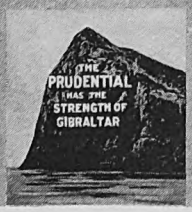
His Father Let His Life Insurance Lapse

©



THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY
of AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

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The Business of Investment

MEN succeed in business by following simple rules—rules which have proven themselves through the ages—rules which are as valid today as they were a thousand years ago.

Men succeed in the business of investing money by following almost equally simple rules—of investing steadily and systematically in safe securities bearing safe rates of interest, and reinvesting that interest promptly, keeping the money at work every day in the year.

We, who have been in the business of providing safe investments for 45 years, would like to discuss the matter with you. Call at our nearest office and consult one of our officers, or merely drop us a letter or postcard and ask for

BOOKLET C-1721

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

INVESTMENT BONDS

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565 *Fifth Avenue*
at 46th St.
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79 *Post Street*, SAN FRANCISCO

The Straus Hallmark on a bond stamps it at once as the *premier real estate security*

THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

It's Not "Can We Afford It?" But, "Will We Get Our Money's Worth?"

FORTUNATELY—as I *now* see it—I was brought up in a home where every dollar had to be spread over about one hundred and ten cents' worth of territory. My folks would not go in debt, and there wasn't much money; so we just didn't spend much.

As luck would have it, my jobs were never cinches, so I early learned that considerable sweat goes into the minting of every cart wheel. To-day, when dimes and dollars come a little easier, I find it difficult to forget the experiences of my boyhood and young manhood.

Now, being tied to a budget is my idea of slavery. I know, for I have tried it. And I can tell you that in all my life I never did anything more irksome than setting down each night the money I had spent that day. Not that the figuring made me ashamed of my expenditures; the chore itself simply took all the joy out of life for me. This is why I worked out another scheme.

In our family there are seven persons, four of them being children. By experiment, my wife has learned that she can feed this mob, pay her laundry bill, and buy supplies that come from the dairyman for about twenty-one dollars a week. So, every Saturday night, I hand her twenty-one dollars. I have found that an average of fourteen dollars a week will buy my lunches, gasolene for the flivver, shoe-shines, and an occasional movie ticket. Therefore, I count out fourteen dollars to go into my own pocket. The rest of my weekly pay goes into the bank.

If my wife runs short on her share of the family's funds, we eat old-fashioned porridge for breakfast for a few mornings. If I run short, we find the porch cooler than the car for a few evenings.

WHEN a proposed expenditure comes up, we seldom ask ourselves, "Can we afford it?" Instead, we ask, "Is it worth it?" I do not smoke, or go to every ball game within flivver distance, for the simple reason that I do not derive the maximum of pleasure for my money out of these pursuits. And my wife does not select her hats by the size of the price tag, because she does not get any kick out of knowing that an article worth five dollars cost her twenty-five.

In short, when we pay out a dollar, we insist upon getting a return of one hundred cents in some form. That rule practically eliminates the spending of money foolishly, and it enables us to save quite a bit without being tied to any budget.

Here is the rest of our system:

For the past ten years, on each New Year's Day, I have made a careful balance sheet of our assets. I make it a rule never to have any liabilities. I divide our possessions into two lists: Productive, such as bonds and other interest-earning securities; and non-productive, such as the house, car, and the like. I then carefully figure out what we have gained during the year. Next, I balance the result against our income from all sources. Thus, I find out whether or not a gentle application of the brakes is desirable. If such is the case, I tot up the checks, and see how much went for clothing, how much for this and that, and presently I strike the leak, and we govern our expenditures for the coming year accordingly.

Finally, I figure out what my estate would liquidate in cash in case of my death, take seven per cent of that, and compare it with what we spent during the past year. If there isn't pretty close harmony between the two sets of figures, I take out more life insurance. W. E. M.

Our Youngsters Help Us Handle the Family Purse

I'VE always felt that ignorance about money matters has been the cause of more endless quarrels, misunderstandings, and general unhappiness in families than any other one thing. In an effort to save our children future trouble, we evolved a plan that has worked most successfully in our family.

As each of our three youngsters reached the age of sixteen, we turned over the family money to him, or her; and for one year that child had to keep the budget, pay all bills, and make all adjustments where there were overcharges, or errors in the accounts. At the beginning of each month, I would go over the books and the check stubs with whoever was in charge, to see that everything was going right. If all was satisfactory, the child received three dollars for the month's work. If there were any errors, neglected bills, or other unsatisfactory matters pertaining to the family money, he forfeited twenty-five cents per error or "neglect."

Every cent that was spent by the family had to be O. K.'d by the boy or girl in charge. If we wanted to go to the theatre, we consulted him, and he looked up how much we had spent for pleasure during that month, and decided whether we could afford a show and, if so, what price seats we could have, and so forth.

AFTER the children had graduated from this year of training, they knew exactly what our running expenses were, per capita, and where the money went, and how much clothing and incidentals cost. So, following their training in handling the family purse, each was given a check every six months for clothing and individual needs, barbers, car fare, and so forth. This allowance was spent as they chose; but if they overstepped in one line they had to skimp in another. Of course, doctors' bills or unavoidable incidentals were carried by the family.

Now our children are all married, and they are making successful men and women, unhampered by ignorance of money matters. J. S.

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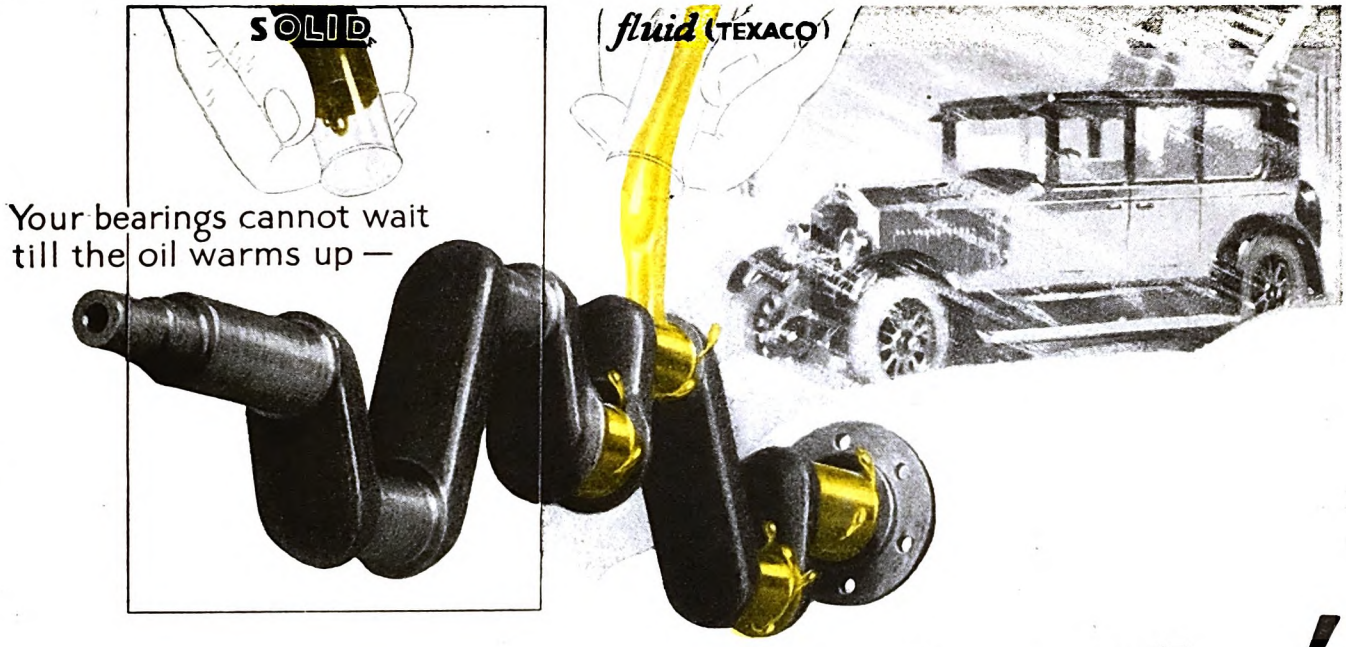

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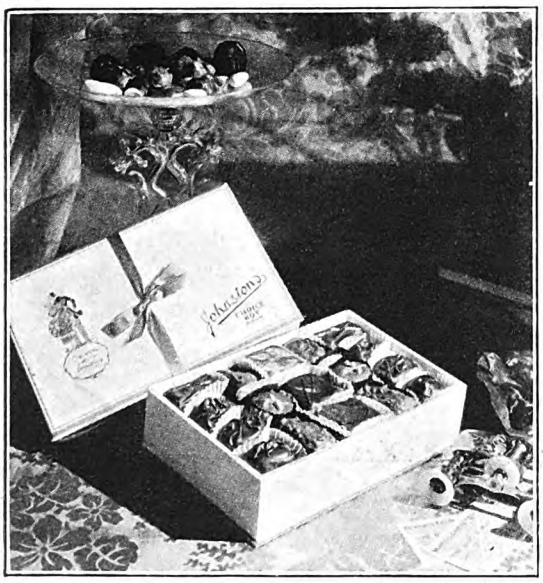

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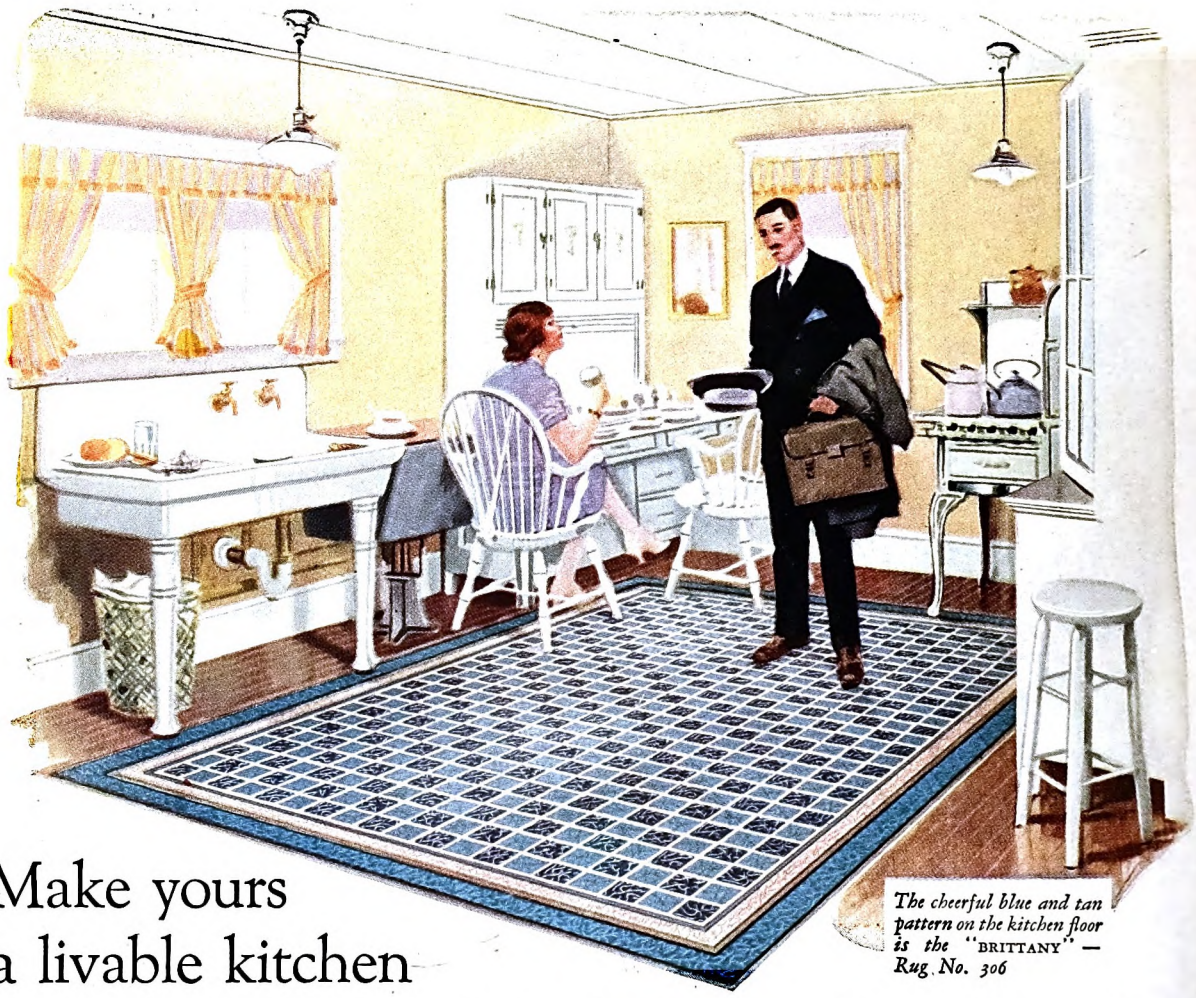

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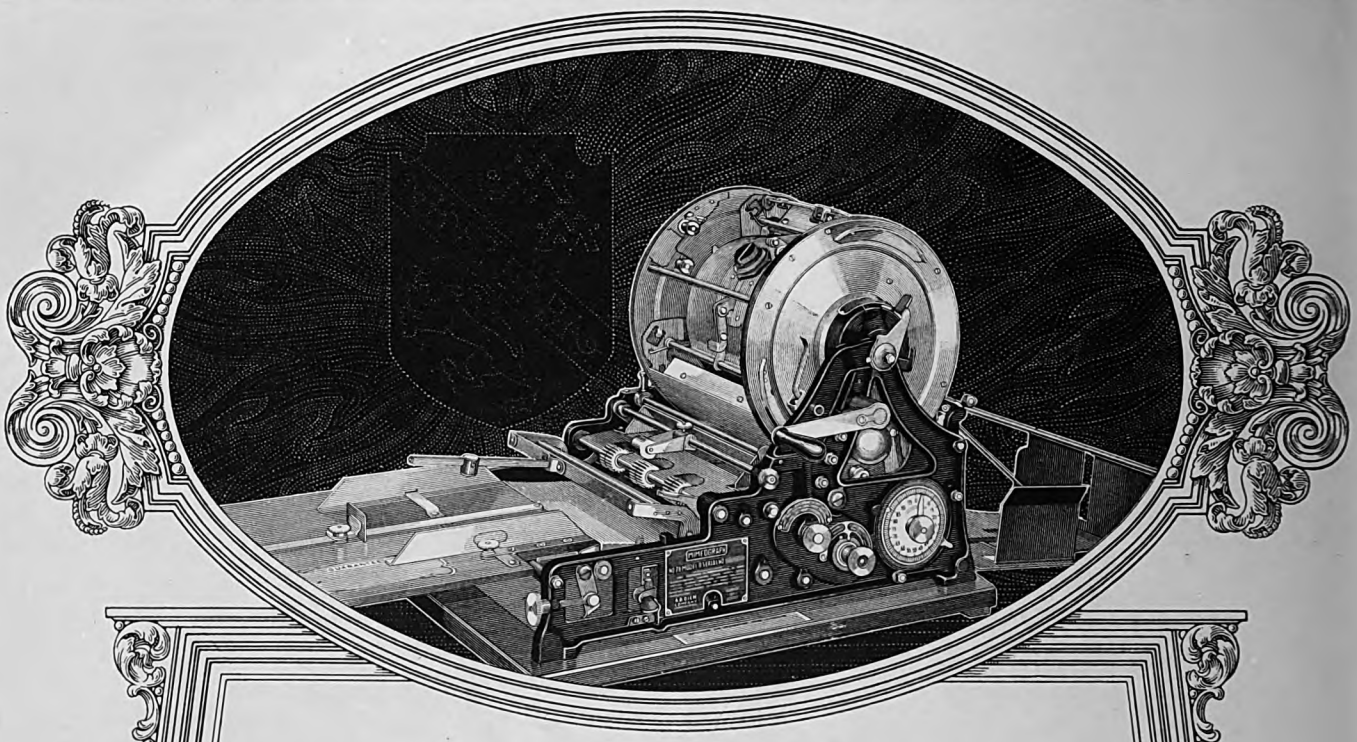

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The American Magazine

April, 1927

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Vol. CIII

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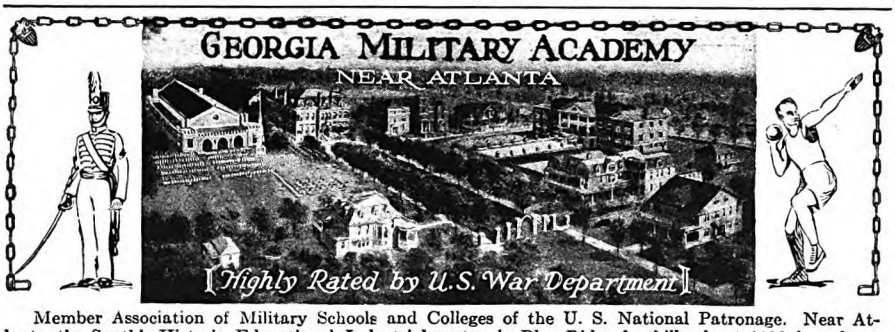
The American Magazine's Directory of Schools

Schools and Colleges for Boys



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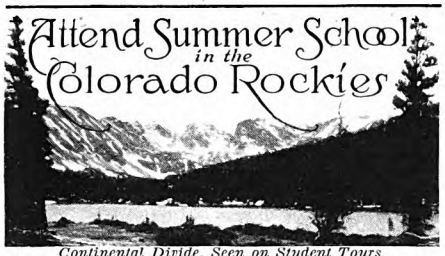

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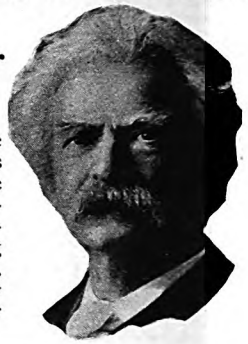

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* * * * * * *

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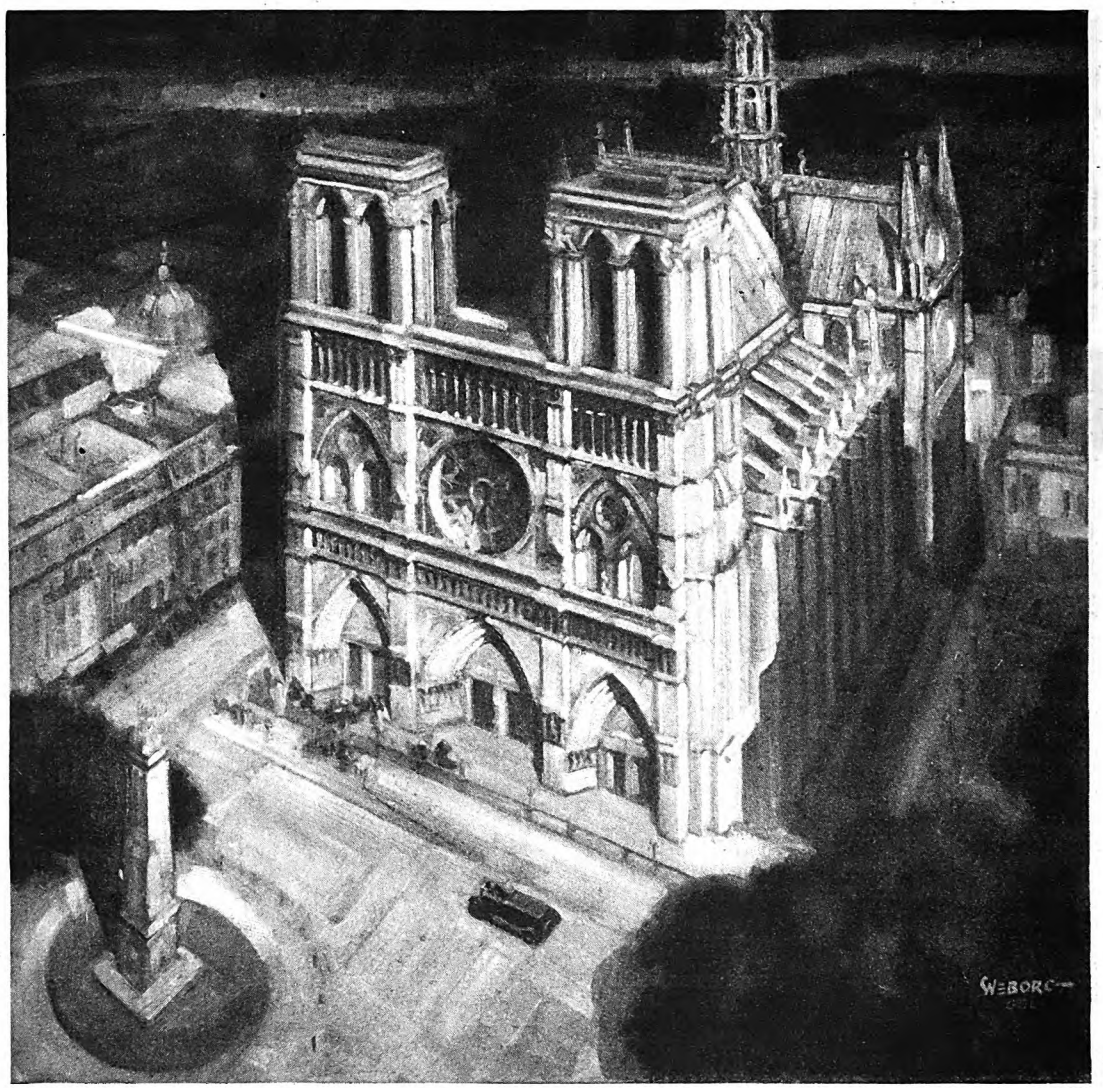

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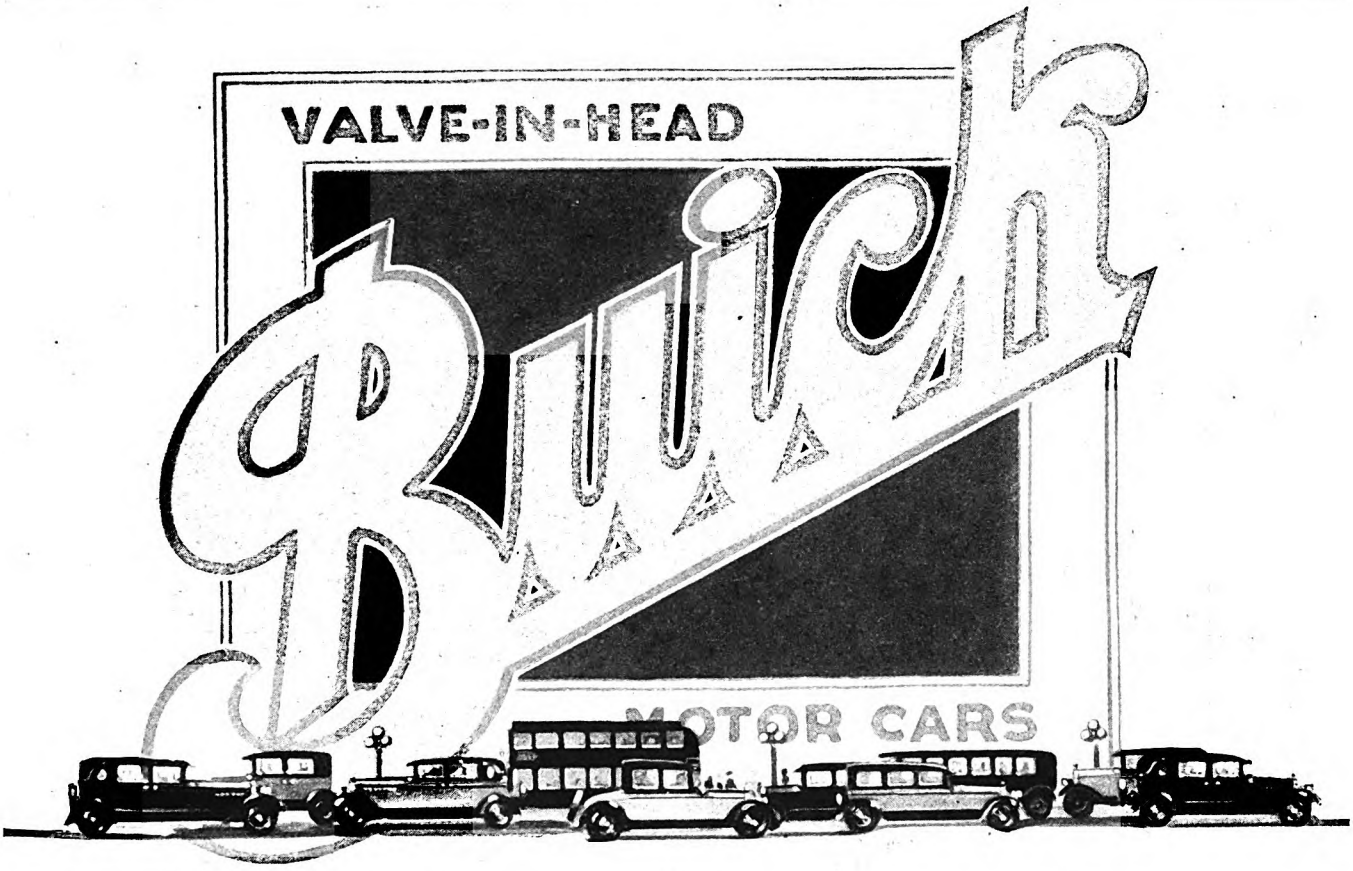

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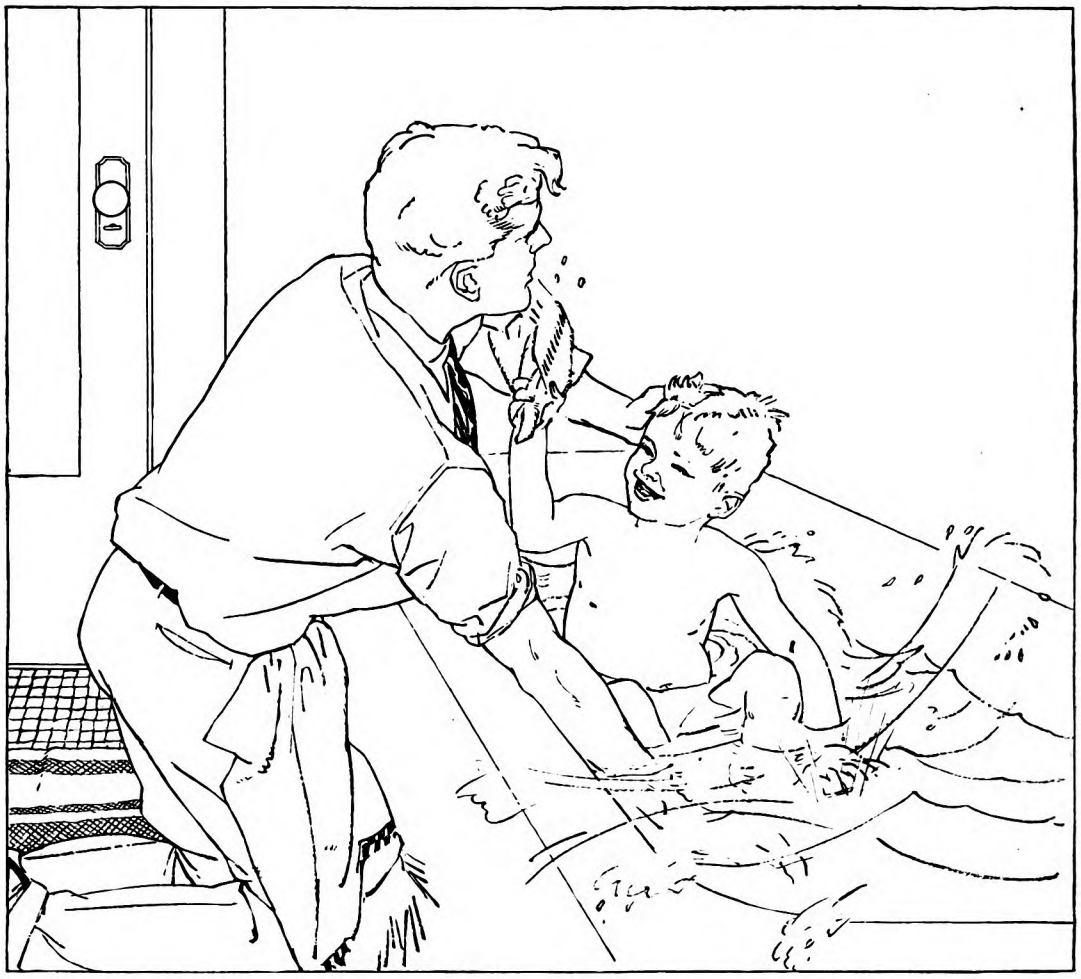

To fathers who bathe 3-year-old sons

IF you haven't bathed that young heir of yours yet, you will. You may think it will be easy. All fathers do—*once!*

But that slip of a body stays in one place like a drop of water on a red-hot stove. You think you have firm hold of an arm; but by the time you've picked a heel out of your left ear, the arm's gone. You grasp one leg—the other shoots a gallon of water into your trousers pocket.

In desperation you cry, "For Pete's sake, keep quiet!" And in reply you get the most devastatingly angelic smile that ever denatured a temper, immediately followed by a swimming exhibition —"See, daddy? Look how I c'n swim! Lookee!"

Then, when only one grubby knee is left to be scrubbed, and you find that the sinker-soap has once more scuttled into some uncharted cove of the tub-bottom *and* paternal patience is pushed to the last thin boundary of endurance—a stabbing voice from below-stairs brings salt to your wounds:

"Henry! I will not have my child spoken to that way! That darling! To hear such language——"

Well, sir, the joke is on you—you should have *known* about that sinker-soap.

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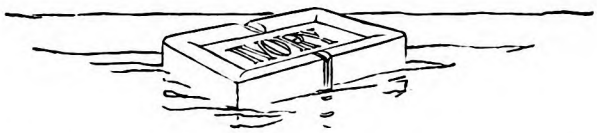

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
April, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

Marriage

By Booth Tarkington

NOT long ago an old bachelor friend of mine paused in a motor journey to spend a few days with me on the New England coast, and somewhat puzzled me by his unusual demeanor. Ordinarily, he was cheerfully talkative; but now he had nothing to say, and most of the time appeared to be lost in an inward ironic contemplation—at least, that seemed to be indicated by the mirthless chuckle he sometimes emitted during silences between us. In fact, he was so unlike himself that finally I said, "What in the world is the matter with you?"

"Matter?" He shook his head and laughed ruefully. "I suppose I do seem queer. The truth is that just before dropping in here to see you I had what you might call a considerable shock. Something upset me quite a little."

"Something you don't care to talk about?"

"No; I'd like to," he said. "I don't suppose any human experience whatever is unique, precisely, and being disillusioned about a lifelong ideal must be one of the commonest; but as it never happened to me before it's been rather disturbing. I told you I'd been motoring through the White Mountains, and I have; but what took me in that direction was a wish to go back once more to an old town in New Hampshire where I lived for a few years, long ago."

"Long ago?" I asked. "It seems to me I remember you were to go into a New Hampshire mill of your uncle's just after you were graduated from 'Prep' school."

"Yes," he said. "That was the place, and it was that long ago. My uncle's partner had a house there, and his family were very kind to me, especially his daughter, Emily. I've been to see Emily again for the first time in twenty-six years, and that's what upset me."

"Finding her a middle-aged woman, you mean?"

"Not at all," he said. "She was much more youthful looking than I expected. Her looks never had much to do with my feeling for her, not even when I was eighteen. You see, I was eighteen when I went there, and Emily was eighteen, too; but I thought she was infinitely more than just a pretty girl. Everything she said seemed to me to be of an exquisite nobleness. I saw her as a golden young saint straight out of heaven, and at the same time she seemed to me a woman of the world of great experience and illimitable wisdom. She knew from the first what was the matter with me, and while it probably flattered her to have so humbly worshipful an adorer, she never for a moment thought of marrying me.

"It lasted four years, and then, one summer night, when I'd become a little hopeful, she told me she was to be married to a second cousin of hers in September. Strangely enough I didn't feel 'crushed' at all, though it's true I knew I couldn't stay there and look on without being pretty unhappy, and I got my uncle to put me on a job out in Minnesota. But I bore it well enough, because I found a kind of happiness in thinking that, although I could never 'call her mine' I could at least call myself hers. I was that romantic, you see. This perfect thing had come into my life, and at least I could always be true to it; I could keep the blessing of it still with me if I lived up to it. I could never have the same feeling about anybody else, since of course there was only one Emily; but I could find 'life worth living,' because I knew that her ineffable perfection was in the world. I suppose you don't understand?"

"I'm not sure," I said. "I take it that you're telling me why you've never married."

"Yes. I suppose I might say that spiritually I *was* married. My 'inner life' has been spent with my ideal of Emily; I found that enough at least to prevent me from thinking of marrying anybody else, and, besides, I've always been a pretty busy man. Then, after so many years, I went back there last week, and saw Emily herself."

"What did you find?"

HE LAUGHED, and waved a languid hand to express his despair of making me comprehend what he had found. "Why, she's nothing! I mean she's nothing to *me*—except a warning. My golden saint of an Emily is only a commonplace little woman with a streak of meanness in her, and no mind at all. She doesn't know anything—except what goes on in her little town—and she doesn't think anything. She's wholly without charm; she isn't fine; she isn't anything!"

"You mentioned a 'streak of meanness'?"

"Yes," he said. "What came near sickening me, she showed a disposition to be sentimental over my return. Her husband's a good, dry, pathetic old soul; he's half an invalid, but works like a horse to keep her comfortable and their two boys in college; for he hasn't been very successful in business.

"When I was alone with her, Emily looked conscious, almost flirtatious; and she began to talk of the night when I told her good-by. She put her head on one side, and cast her eyes down. 'If I could

A Cynic's Idea of Marriage

IN THIS extremely interesting article, Booth Tarkington quotes the opinion of marriage held by a soured old bachelor friend of his:

"To be in love is to be the victim of glamour. Glamour isn't only a false glow; it's an intoxication. And there you have a typical condition out of which a youthful marriage is made: two dazed, immature and little more than childish minds, really unacquainted with each other, almost completely misunderstanding each other, and blinded by a temporary intoxication, enter into a contract of a kind to which neither the dullest nor the most crazily reckless business man would dream of binding himself. And the bride's own parents, instead of calling in an alienist, set up bowers of white roses and lilies for the two poor hypnotized ninnies to swear away their liberty in, while all their relatives and best friends stand around beaming, and expecting only the good and beautiful to come of an act of temporary insanity!"

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only have seen into the future;' she said, 'I might have been happier now.' What she really meant was she might have been 'better off'—'better off,' if she'd taken me! At all events, she certainly intended me to understand that she wished she had. I didn't tell her she made me glad I'd never married her—or anybody else! You see, until I saw her again, I'd so idealized not only Emily but, on her account, the institution of marriage itself, that I couldn't marry. Now, when I've seen her as she actually is, I can never marry because seeing her has given me a *horror* of marriage."

"Why? I don't understand."

"Don't you? Suppose she'd liked me instead of her cousin, and I'd married her. I've told you how she appeared to me in our youth—a 'golden saint.' *That* Emily was all in my own head; I wouldn't have been marrying the actual person, Emily; I'd have been marrying a glamour, a false glow I put about her; for to be in love is to be the victim of glamour. Glamour isn't only a false glow; it's an intoxication.

"If Emily 'd been in love with me, she'd have been beglamoured, too; and there you have a typical condition out of which a youthful marriage is made; two dazed, immature and little more than childish minds, really unacquainted with each other, almost completely misunderstanding each other and blinded by a temporary intoxication, enter into a contract of a kind to which neither the dullest nor the most crazily reckless business man would dream of binding himself. And the bride's own parents, instead of calling in an alienist, set up bowers of white roses and lilies for the two poor hypnotized ninnies to swear away their liberty in, while all their relatives and best friends stand around beaming, and expecting only the good and the beautiful to come of an act of temporary insanity! That would have been my marriage to Emily, and as most marriages are made between people who are youthful and in love, I believe it would have been fairly typical of marriage in general. And yet you ask me why I have a horror of it!"

NOW, I thought that he had a horror of marriage not only for the reasons he had been setting forth, but for another that he didn't quite realize: middle-aged single gentlemen, out of habit, are liable to that general fear most of us have of changing our condition—a fear that worse may befall us—and they have a deeper fear for what they think of as their liberty. And so I felt that we should not expect an exact justice for the institution of marriage from the conclusions of any old bachelor. Nevertheless, when this one had gone on upon his lonely and disillusioned way, I began to mull over what he had said, and to discover some excuses for his pessimism.

Nowadays, we appear to found all our human institutions upon what we believe will be future "collective good." We build for "the improvement of the race;" we live for the greater happiness and enlightenment of posterity. Thus far, "monogamous marriage" has seemed to be the best institution for producing, nourishing, and cherishing posterity; it is the institution that has survived the other institutions for this purpose; and if we accept the theory of "survival of the fittest" our institution of marriage is proven the fittest.

Others were tried in earlier stages of our development, and were discarded, though traces of them do still exist among Oriental peoples, and among certain barbaric groups and savage tribes. Also, other institutions to take the place of marriage are sometimes proposed by theorists; but so far none has been successfully put into general practice, and the efforts to practice, like the theories, are nebulous and sporadic.

We live for the good of posterity; we perceive no better available means than the institution of marriage to produce that good, and thus it is evident that so far as these present generations are concerned, marriage is permanent.

In other words, marriage is going to be fundamental with us so long as we believe it is best for the children, no matter what it may do to the parents. And if there is some warrant for my bachelor friend's pessimism, and the benefit to the wedded is a matter of doubt, our energy might be directed more profitably to their alleviation than to assailing the institution itself on their behalf.

Man has not yet made anything perfect; indeed, he hasn't yet been able to make anything important that is perfectly harmless; he can do only his human best; and when his best is dangerous and hurtful to individuals as well as beneficial to the race, he must try to make it as little dangerous and hurtful as possible to the affected individuals.

If my disillusioned friend is anywhere near correct in thinking that marriage is typically a contract between dazed, immature, beglamoured, and intoxicated minds engaged in a complete misunderstanding—a contract such as not even the "dullest and most crazily reckless business man" would sign—then of course we already have some illumination upon a cause of danger and hurt to the contracting individuals. But just as we cannot expect, during these present generations, to alter the institution of marriage itself, so we can see little prospect of changing the circumstances under which marriages are usually contracted.

True, we are beginning to prescribe qualifications looking to the good of the race; but the question raised by my gloomy friend has nothing directly to do with eugenics; and, no matter how far that science may advance, it is probable that for some centuries to come young people will go on contracting with one another under influence of the glamour he deplores. Thus it appears that we must accept these processes, with marriage for their result, as established necessary dangers to the individual, much as in the past we have accepted the institution of war. However, it seems not unreasonable to hope that we may discover greater alleviations for marriage than we ever did for war.

EXACTLY to what degree my friend's "horror of marriage" is warranted, no one can say. We can obtain statistics upon divorce, and probably could compile, more or less accurately, figures estimating the number of suicides due to marriage; nevertheless, it is plain that these would little aid us in ascertaining the true proportion of "unhappy marriages."

And still more difficult would it be for us to set forth the true proportion of those unions spoken of enthusiastically as "perfect," the really happy marriages that are enduringly happy through the years. We know only that, no matter how crazy the contract, most husbands and wives do "get along with each other somehow," not always happily, but "well enough," with more or less harmony, more or less conflict, and a great deal of the deepest devotion; but what is surprising in an advanced civilization, they "get along" with only an antiquated tradition, or set of rules, to guide them. That is to say, in this most difficult of human relations they have to find their own way. "Child raising" has become almost an "exact science;" business partnerships are everywhere led by the safeguarding hand of the law; but the wedded must still grope for an individual salvation.

BY a coincidence, when the old bachelor had gone, my next visitor was a man who had just been divorced; and it was he who spoke of this groping. He and his wife had not even known *how* to grope for an individual salvation, he told me.

"At our wedding the clergyman mumbled over for us the old, old promises we were to make each other," he said. "We mumbled them over after him, not feeling that they mean very much nowadays. I was to endow her—with my salary, I suppose—and not to let my relatives have any influence with me compared to hers; she was to obey me, and we were to be 'true' to each other and nurse each other if we were sick. Of course it's a beautiful ceremony; but I don't think either of us got a great deal out of it, which isn't the ceremony's or the clergyman's fault, of course. We were in love with each other; we didn't think or care about anything else, and we thought life would be paradise because the ceremony permitted us to live with each other. Unfortunately, we got over being in love; we both got over it, almost as if it had been an hallucination or even a disease.

"She got over it before I did; but she didn't tell me until later, and I didn't realize that *I* was over it until she told me she was. So, there we were; the hallucination that had brought us together was gone, and we'd no education fitting us to turn it into a reality. There isn't anywhere to learn such things; that's the trouble, and that was *our* trouble. Well, looking back on it now, I've been trying to understand what made us stop loving each other, and I think it was marriage itself."

"That seems a little preposterous," I said.

"Maybe it does; but it also seems to be the truth, because I'm sure that if something had prevented our marrying, I'd still be in love with her, and I think she would be with me. We certainly were honestly and deeply in love until after we were married. Of course it didn't stop short with the honeymoon; it lasted about three years, but kept growing paler all the time."

"What made it begin to grow paler?"

"I don't know what made it begin," he said. "Probably not a downright quarrel, though it wasn't long until we began to have differences. She had one or two girl friends who bored me so terribly that I'd get a kind of vertigo if I had to be with

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them for any length of time. When we were engaged, we used to joke about it; but after we were married and she asked one of them to visit us in our apartment, it wasn't a joke. When she told me that girl was coming I couldn't believe she'd been inconsiderate enough of me to ask her; and she said rather bitterly that she hadn't thought marriage meant that she was to slight her old friends. Yet she made me slight one of mine, a woman who needed my advice, but unfortunately was very pretty—wouldn't let me go near her!

"I don't claim that I was always generous-minded with my wife, however; she was emotional in her religion and erratic, I thought. She wanted to join one of these foolish sects that spring up around queer 'prophets,' and we argued about it at first, then wrangled, and I made fun of her and hurt her feelings. After that she went to the meetings surreptitiously, and I found it out and told her I absolutely wouldn't stand for it; she'd got to give it up. She said I'd better do a little giving up myself, and wanted to know when I was going to cut down my smoking and stop playing cards with some men whom I liked and she didn't.

"It was all as petty as that, you see; but our differences got to be almost continuous, and the climax wasn't dramatic; it was ridiculous. We were going to a dance one evening, and she appeared in a new dress that I thought much too skimpy. I asked her to change it, and she said she wouldn't. When I asked her why she wouldn't, she said that she was sure, herself, that the dress was all right, and therefore her reason for changing it would be because I unreasonably asked her to; but the only people she cared to please, when they asked unreasonable things, were people she loved.

"'YOU mean you don't love me any more?' I asked her.

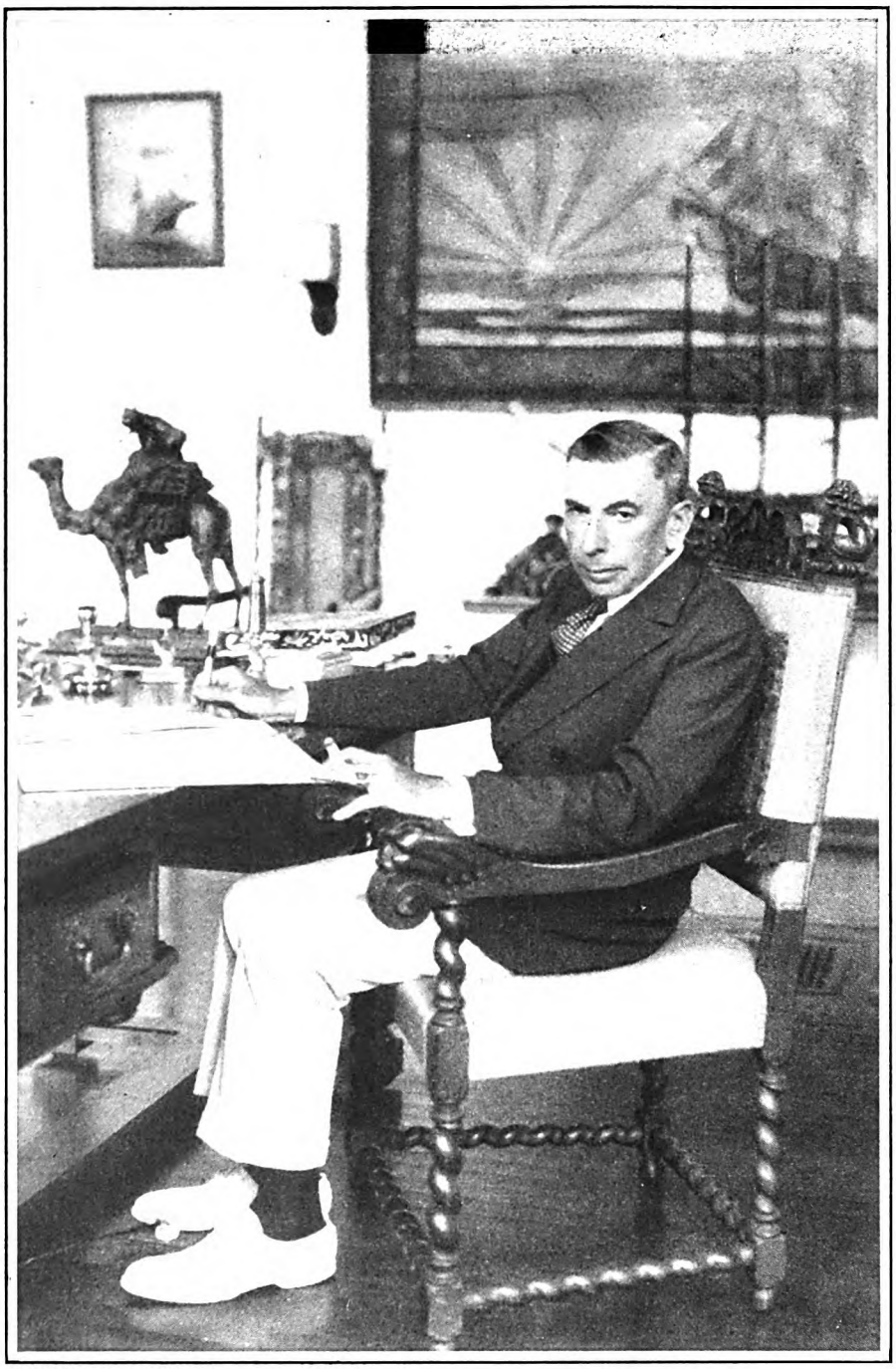
"'Why should I?' she said, and she spoke as coolly and thoughtfully as if we were talking about the cat. 'No,' she said. 'I don't believe I do. I think I've been over all *that* for quite some time.'

"Well, we didn't go to the party. We sat down and talked about what had happened to us. 'We're not in love with each other,' she said. 'You really don't care for me any more than I do for you.' Then I realized that what she said was true, and that if the thing had been to do over I'd never have dreamed of marrying that woman sitting there with me.

"'So you'd like to have your freedom?' I asked her finally.

"'Yes,' she said. 'And so would you—if it could be arranged without attracting any attention.'

"I couldn't deny it. The truth is that when we came to the show-down of this interview, all that remained to either of us of our marriage was a slight prejudice against divorce! Yet I don't yet know how we could have avoided coming to that; I don't know how either of us could have done better than we did do. It wasn't our fault that we fell in love, it just inevitably happened to us—and since we were in love, it was certainly natural for us to get married. Well, being married, each of us found the other irksome; and then we discovered that the marriage itself was irksome. It's been a hard experience for us both; but can you tell me how we could have avoided it, or how we could have done any better?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSIE TARBOX BEALS

Booth Tarkington in his summer home at Kennebunkport, Maine

I said I didn't suppose I could; and to obtain more light I asked him a few questions:

"You were both happy when you were engaged, were you?"

"Celestially!"

"What was your condition then? Were you in a condition of freedom?"

"We were free, except that, being engaged, we were obligated to marry each other. Of course we *wanted* to—then. Yes, I suppose we were free, since we did only what we wanted to."

"Well, having done it, what was it you both wanted a divorce for."

"For our freedom, of course."

"Are you both happier, now that you've got it?"

"Of course we are," he said. "I think we might even be able to like and respect each other again, so long as we don't remarry and lose our freedom again."

LATER, when I was able to think over the meaning of all he had said, it began to seem to me that his unfortunate experience had one possibly important significance, a significance fairly common in troubled marriages.

Before marriage he and the lady were happy. They were then in a condition defined as freedom. During marriage they were not happy. They were then not in a condition they thought of as freedom. Then they separated, in order to restore to themselves their previous condition of freedom, and, having restored it, they became happier.

Now, in seeking to know more about marriage, I was (*Continued on page 78*)

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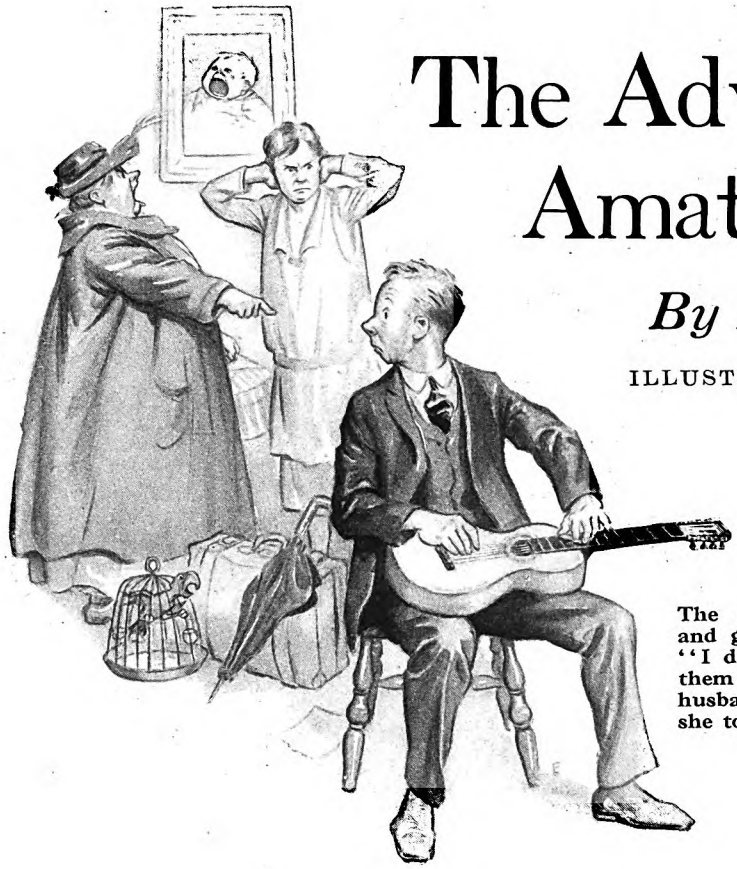
The Adventures Of An Amateur Musician

By Fitzhugh Green

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWINA DUMM



The cook came and gave notice. "I don't like them noises your husband makes," she told my wife

"OH, *do play!*"

A hush steals over the room. Conversation pauses. Eyes all about the room shift my way. The hostess rises and comes over to where I sit.

"Just a piece or two. Won't you?"

From here and there: "Yes, old fellow." . . . "We're all dying to hear you." . . . "Yes, *do!*"

A warm glow of gratification envelops me. It isn't conceit. It is pure, clean content in knowing I can thrill my fellow humans.

Presently I surrender to irresistible public demand. I rise and cross to the shaded yellow lamp beyond the table. My footstep on the heavy rug is the only sound, save excited whispers.

For a moment or two my fingers toy lightly with odd notes. A trilling run. A pause. Then, like a slender-jetted fountain, melody springs from the magic of my touch. My audience sits enthralled.

What do I play?"

Anything! Piano, harp, violin, cornet, xylophone, organ, clarionet, flute, saxophone, jew's-harp, guitar, ukulele, zither, piccolo, banjo, mouth-organ, or oboe.

But get me straight. I can't play any of those instruments. No, not a dog-goned one of them. But all my life I've wanted to. That scene of triumph I described above is only a pretty daydream I've had since boyhood.

I don't hanker after fame. I can get along with a minimum of adulation. I don't want to be a hired musician. No; it is a deeper yearning, a finer inspiration, than all of these.

Down inside of me is a soul. I guess you'd call it a soul. Anyway, it's a deep, gnawing pain. Any other pain I'd take a physic for, or get a doctor to hone up his tray of scalpels, and investigate. But this one is different. In fact, it's very different.

I think this pain is what some people call a "hunger for expression." It's a sort of toothache in my heart. Speaking figuratively, I want to take my soul out and lay it on the table and sob over it. I want others to sob with me. It isn't always a doleful feeling, either. Sometimes I am on the crest of the wave. I long to radiate my joy in gladsome song. And sometimes, when I'm angry, I burn to thunder my fury in raw bass chords, or what have you.

But since childhood I have been thwarted. I can't even carry a tune. I've honestly tried to learn on dozens of musical instruments. With one notable exception, I have dismally failed.

LIKE all boys, I started with a mouth organ. From time to time I go back to that melodious instrument. But the mouth organ is not for me; at least, never for any sustained period.

A mouth organ always gives me fever blisters.

Strange to say, my lips were not too tender for other forms of wind instruments. While a member of a military organization, I once learned to blow a bugle. A bugle has its fine points. It stirs everybody up —wakes everybody up, at least. One even has to stand stiffly erect properly to play it.

But a bugle has its limitations. You don't play a whole tune on a bugle. The thing to do, if you like a bugle, is to go in for a cornet. A cornet has keys that permit many variations. It permits you to do things that are much more suitable to airing out your soul.

For these reasons, I decided to get a cornet. But while I was casting about for one, a fellow came along and offered me a trombone for eleven dollars. He said he'd throw in a patent black enameled steel music stand and two folios of sheet music, if I'd buy before the following Saturday, the day he was due to be married.

This was a pretty good bargain. And it was helping a friend at the most serious time in his life. But I think what really impressed me at the time was the movable arm in the instrument. I shut my eyes and pictured myself swooping that long trom-*bone*, or whatever you call it, around in the air while I made fine roaring crescendos up and down the scale.

IT SO happened that just then I had a chance to go off camping on Lake George in a motor-boat. This clinched my resolve. I realized that I could do my early trombone practicing while far from the haunts of men and landlords.

My companions thought it very amusing to take a trombone on a camping trip. But I endured their wise cracks with good grace, and happily looked forward to getting up among the pines and islets alone with my pipe.

As luck would have it, a northerly gale blew up the first night, with rain and heavy seas. We were tied up to a dock. The boat pounded so against the piling that we decided to let the engineer and one of the party take her out and anchor. The rest of us dragged our duffel ashore, getting soaked as we did so.

A small road-house let us in. Checking over my sodden belongings, I found that in my haste I had brought the trombone, but the "bone," or long tubular loop, was missing.

If I felt dreary before, I now felt utterly bereft. There was only one plausible explanation. I must have dropped the precious part overboard.

Near noon the next day the motor-boat limped back. Grasping at a straw, I hurried aboard and searched the craft fore and aft. There was just a chance I still might find the missing part of my trombone. Finally, I asked the engineer. He scratched his head.

"A long brass tube bent double," he repeated. "H-umm."

Suddenly he gave vent to ribald laughter.

"I know where it is, buddy!"

He took my arm and piloted me aft to the engine-room. With an oily finger he pointed to the feed pump. From it led a long brass tube that had once been bent double, unmistakably my missing trombone part.

"Your horn saved the boat, buddy!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

I am very temperamental. I could never bring myself to buy another trombone. Perhaps it was just as well.

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Once I almost learned to play a zither. You know them—they look like the inside of a piano on a small scale. Mine had a lot of soprano strings on one end and groups of four strings each down the other end for chords. It had a low, pervasive tone to it.

I learned to pick out a few simple tunes. And since I had no real ear for music, the chords sounded pretty well, no matter which ones I used.

I was getting along famously until my father told me that a zither was an effeminate sort of instrument. He suggested that we try turning the instrument into a radio antenna, connecting all the wires across the pegs. The plan wasn't a success; but it wrecked the zither, which seemed to satisfy the family.

LOOKING back, I see that the fates of several other instruments I tried to play were very like that of the zither. About the time I would get started, I would find some way to turn the instrument into some other object of more or less value, depending on the soundness of my scheme.

For instance, an aunt once gave me a mandolin for Christmas. It wasn't a difficult instrument to play. I joined the glee club orchestra on the strength of it. The orchestra we had made so much noise that my errors were of small consequence.

But there was one piece we played that required the three mandolins in the soprano group to come out in solo. This was bad for me. The first time we played the solo, the leader wasn't quite sure who was out of step; but the eagerness of the other two players to prove that I was the goat gave me away.

Finally, the two mandolin players had to fight me

I won't go into the ensuing complications. Hard words passed. Finally the two other mandolin players had to fight me. I was assisted by the flute player, a big, sturdy chap quite out of keeping with the instrument he used. When we finished my mandolin and one other were done in, and the flute sounded like a sick cat.

The next day I built a fine wren house out of the body of the mandolin.

When I was fifteen I sang in the choir. The organ fascinated me. I had never seen so much machinery devoted entirely to entertainment, with the possible exception of a merry-go-round.

I made friends with the organist. He had a stock of funny stories he used to tell. By laughing at them, I gained his confidence.

THE organ was pumped by hand. I arranged with the organist to do some pumping free of charge if he would let me learn a few tunes on the organ. He gladly agreed, because the pay of the pumper had to come out of his own salary.

The first Sunday I got along pretty well. But I found I had to stand up on a chair to get full power into the stroke. The chair was right behind a screen, which kept me out of sight of the congregation.

During the sermon, while I dozed, the choir sang the offertory. I was still a little groggy from my nap. The first thing I knew, I lost my balance and knocked over the screen, falling doubled on the handle. The noise and commotion I caused were horrifying.

About two hundred solid Christian citizens suddenly looked up and saw me hanging by my stomach over the long handle beside the organ.

Temperamental as I am, I have never been able to approach an organ since that day without again feeling some of the humiliation I then felt.

(*Cont'd on page 213*)

My conservatory is the rear attic, and the main audience my four children

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What A Whale Of A Difference An Incentive Makes!

When Bill Todd was growing up, his parents had to work hard; so hard that he worried about it, and set out to put them on Easy Street—This was his first big incentive—His next was to pay for a $7,000,000 shipyard which he and his fellow laborers, without financial backing, had arranged to buy—The story of how he reached these and other goals

By Mary Derieux

I MIGHT as well confess at the outset that I did not achieve the job of interviewing "Bill" Todd: I inherited it. For seven years, Bill Todd's name has been on the magazine's list of possible stories.

I had three predecessors, strong and able-bodied men, who at one time or another set out on the well-worn trail of the Todd interview. As a matter of fact, I feel a bit guilty about finally bagging the game, for I'm certain that I succeeded only because by the time I came along Mr. Todd was just naturally tired of saying, "No."

It was on board his yacht, the "Saelmo," that Bill Todd at last settled down to tell me the story which I am going to tell you.

From the din of the boiler shops in which he started his career to the quiet remoteness of that trim craft lying in New York Harbor is a long jump. But Bill Todd has had plenty of practice in making long jumps. And he is just as much at home at one end of the leap as at the other.

We talked about everything except Bill Todd, at first—and then a chance remark of mine struck fire.

"One of the first-hand things *I've* found out from living," he said, "is that you may have to take a lot of beatings along the way; but you *never* have to take a licking!"

And those words symbolize the whole amazing drama of Bill Todd's life. From the day when he brought home one dollar and a half for his first week's work, and gave all but ten cents of it to his mother, to that other day when he bought the seven-million-dollar shipbuilding plant of which he had at one time been foreman at sixty dollars a week, Bill Todd has refused to take a licking from man or fate!

He is William H. Todd, now head of the great Todd Shipyards Corporation which, besides the famous Robins, Tebo and Clinton Plants in Brooklyn, includes plants in Hoboken, Mobile, New Orleans, and Seattle. These yards employ a small army of workmen, and are valued at many millions of dollars.

But to his friends—thousands of them, old and new—the president of the Todd company is still "Bill" Todd. And to every man in every one of his plants, from the humblest laborer to the chief executive, he is proudly and lovingly "the Boss." Especially in the Robins yard. There they turn to watch him as he goes through, a spring in his step, his hat on one side of his head, an eye that overlooks nothing, and a man-to-man word for every worker whom he encounters.

A light kindles in each face as he passes. Then the men turn back to you:

"It's only the other day," they say, "that he was going through that gate when the whistle blew, just like the rest of us!"

But there is no envy in voice or word, only a vast pride in "the Boss."

BUT to return to the yacht "Saelmo," and Bill Todd's story.

"Did you always dream about owning a big shipyard some day?" I asked him.

"Good lord, no!" he laughed. "What *started* me was wanting to make things a bit easier for my parents. Look here," he interrupted himself grimly, "did you ever see a club-footed man working in the dead of winter in his bare feet—bare because the crippled feet were so inflamed from long hours of standing on them that they couldn't bear the touch of leather?

"Well, that's the picture that will stay with me as long as I live. It's the picture of my father when I was a boy. Many's the time I've carried him a bucket of snow to stand in while he worked. And it was the sight of him, toiling day after day in the boiler shop of the old Pusey and Jones Company, down in Wilmington, Delaware, to take care of my mother and their six children, that made me leave school and go to work to help him. I was fourteen then, hadn't quite finished my first year in high school. My father didn't want me to stop; but I did it anyhow.

"I wasn't one of these 'model boys' you hear about. I had some great pals, and we got mixed up in plenty of deviltry—nothing vicious, but the kind of things all real boys get into. I guess I was about as wild as any of the crowd; in fact, it has been said that I was the worst of the lot!

"On a recent trip to Wilmington to take part in a big dedication, with most of the notables in the state present, I met an old teacher of mine. She had a picture of the class, and she insisted that I was among those present; but I couldn't recognize a single one of the young hoodlums.

"Finally she said, 'Well, just you pick out the toughest-looking boy in the whole picture!'—and I did—and it was me!

"But no amount of high spirits and boyish deviltry could overcome the influence of a mother and father like mine. There was a little church near us, the Scott Methodist Church, and the pain in my father's feet, inflamed by standing on them all week, didn't keep him away from that church when Sunday came.

"I don't know how young I was when I started going with him, but I remember clearly, when I was about eight, how he would take me by the hand and start out over the road to church. And I'll never forget his efforts to keep me from seeing him wince at the pain in his feet when we came to a rough place in the path—nor my childish efforts to help him.

"I have recently been down to Wilmington, and with my sisters and friends dedicated a community house I've given to that church, as a memorial to my father and mother. I did this, not because I think it was necessary to honor them publicly, but because I hope that there, where their lives were so richly lived, their spirit may dwell in the hearts of other parents; and because I hope that the community house may be able to do something in the way of passing that spirit on to the children who are so unfortunate as to have the wrong sort of parents.

"But let me tell you what I mean by the *right* sort.

"IN ALL those early days we didn't have any too much to eat at our house. Sometimes there was only bread and 'kettle tea' for supper. But, mind you, when the young folks had only kettle tea to drink that's what the old folks drank too. And I doubt if there were many people anywhere who were happier than we were. To begin with, my mother and father loved each other.

"They say that my mother was one of the prettiest girls that ever grew up in Delaware, and half the likely lads of the neighborhood were in love with her. But one day she looked out of the window, and saw a club-footed boy playing jigs on his fiddle—and she never saw another man as long as she lived!

"I think that was one thing that made it easy for me and my brothers and sisters to love them, and to get along among ourselves. The neighbors thought the Todd family were (*Continued on page 72*)

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WILLIAM Henry Todd, much better known as Bill Todd, is head of the biggest ship repair organization in the world. As a young man he was a riveter, and while still employed as a laborer he arranged for the purchase of a $7,000,000 shipyard. He had no capital at the time, and borrowed none. But, with the coöperation of scores of his fellow workers, he bought the yard and paid for it out of its earnings. This was the first unit in his tremendous enterprise, which now has plants in Brooklyn, New Orleans, Mobile, Seattle and Tacoma. Mr. Todd was born fifty-nine years ago in Wilmington, Delaware. (Below, left to right) Charles Piez, Chairman of Board of the Link-Belt Company, "Bill" Todd and Charles M. Schwab, Chairman of the Board of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

L. A. Dix Company, Tacoma, Wash.

BILL TODD (right) showing a friend how to handle a rivet gun. Todd is the man with his back toward you.

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Mildred Cram and Her Husband, Captain McDowell

ALTHOUGH Mildred Cram did not begin writing until 1914, she has made herself a widely known author of fiction. Her books include "Lotus Salad," "Stranger Things," "The Tide," and "Old Seaport Towns of the South." She has written several successful moving picture scenarios, and the list of magazines in which her short stories have appeared includes most of the widely-read publications in this country. She was born in Washington, D. C., in 1889. Though educated in the United States, she spent eight years in study abroad. She is shown here with her husband, Captain C. S. McDowell, U. S. N. Their home is at the Mare Island Navy Yard, California.

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I Cultivated A Sense Of Humor

By Mildred Cram

WHEN I was very young (notice the very) I was a snob.

The dictionary says: "Snob: a vulgar pretender to gentility or superior position; one who regards wealth and position rather than character."

Wealth and position meant nothing to me. Position, I felt, was mine. I was born with a pleasant conviction of equality. This is an American heritage. Wealth, the lack of it or the want of it, never entered my head. I belonged to the "poor" generation: the substantial fortunes of my grandparents, both paternal and maternal, had dwindled away; had been lost; divided; had ceased, at last, to be.

I inherited nothing save an absolute need for the good things of life. It was in my blood to love order, elegance, fineness, to be extravagant, lazy, fastidious, and a little intolerant. Whereas, I stepped into life and into shabby gentility. It was in my blood to like pretty clothes, and I couldn't have them. I was born to be generous, to give with both hands, to fling money away. I hadn't any to fling. This lack did not cause me to envy those who had wealth. On the contrary, I had no regard at all for wealth. I behaved as if I had all the money in the world. Whenever my family had anything to spend, we spent it—on extravagant, beautiful things, things we felt were necessary. When we were broke, we lived in a proud dream-world of our own. We built dream-houses, rode in dream-carriages, wore dream-clothes, and moved, in dreams, in the shining courts of the world.

But if wealth and position meant nothing to me, neither did character. I was a snob in the worst sense. When I was about fifteen years old, I came to the conclusion that humanity was disgusting. This idea persisted much longer than is usual, and it caused me great unhappiness. I simply could not accept the world of reality. The dream-world, that world of imagination, was so much more satisfactory. Books were better than facts. Fictional heroes were superior to living men. Palaces and rose-covered cottages were better than six-room flats in New York. I shut my eyes to truths, and deliberately cultivated myopia. What I did not want to see, I did not see. It was a marvelous game, but a dangerous one. For, all the time, I knew that it could not last. The day would come when I would have to open my eyes and take a good long look at facts.

Naturally, I postponed the evil hour of reckoning as long as I could. I grew up as slowly as possible, staving off maturity with as much energy as most children put into imitating their elders.

Outwardly, I imagine, I was shy and chilly. High-hat. Nose in the air and a cool stare. Who are you? And why? Inwardly, I was convinced of my mental superiority, yet desperately aware of my physical defects. I was not pretty. This was a personal tragedy, for I had great and glorious plans for romances in which, some day, I was to figure. So I fixed this by convincing myself that some day, somehow, I would be as fair as Helen, as graceful as Salome, and as popular as Ninon de Lenclos.

Because I was healthy, and never knew fatigue or admitted weakness, weakness in others aroused my contempt. People were sick, I argued, because they were foolish. They died because they didn't know any better. I would never die. Not I! I was too wise! By the time I grew up, and grew old and finally approached the remote, unimaginable hour of death, I would have thought of some way to circumvent the inevitable. In the meantime, life lay ahead like an infinite ocean. The dreams of youth were long, long dreams.

STUDY was hard for me. Is it for all youngsters? Lacking a retentive memory, and having absolutely no talent for mathematics, I bluffed my way through high school. My father was a Latin and Greek scholar; he spoke both French and German. He read Virgil to me and the letters of Pliny. Unknowing, he was all the teacher I ever had, since he put into my hands the great books of the world, stimulated my interest in them, molded my taste for them, and set me wandering down the path that has no turning, in search of beauty. This I had, but no education. Being clever—I had a mind like lightning for knowledge that was to my taste—I soaked up a lot of culture, becoming, in my teens, that awful phenomenon, a sponge full of unrelated ideas. I really believed that I knew everything. As a result, other people annoyed me; they knew so little! If, indeed, they knew anything at all!

In other words, I grew up to be intolerant, self-absorbed, and, as the dictionary puts it, with "no regard for character." I measured human beings with the wrong yardstick. If they were illiterate, if they had no manners, if they were poor or dirty or ignorant—they were not worth (*Continued on page 116*)

"Scotch Valley"

MILDRED CRAM says that she grew up "measuring people with the wrong yardstick," that life has had to teach her, through suffering, the lessons of tolerance and understanding, sympathy and humor. That she has been an apt pupil in this school of life is proved in the remarkable romance, "Scotch Valley," which will start in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE next month.

"AND the Sons of Mary smile and are blessèd—they know the angels are on their side.
They know in them is the Grace confessèd and for them are the Mercies multiplied.
They sit at the Feet—they hear the Word—they see how truly the Promise runs;
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—the Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons!

THESE lines of Kipling's furnish the theme for the story. James Gladden, romantic, idealistic, sensitive, an engineer by training but an artist at heart, comes home from the war pledged to find and care for the children of the man who had lost his life in saving Gladden's. It means the sacrifice of his own immediate prospects—but James Gladden is one of "Martha's Sons," and he cannot shirk the responsibility thrust upon him. What he does with the five destitute youngsters—and what they do to him—makes a tale that is as real as life itself. Laughter and tears, drudgery and romance, sordidness and beauty—all of these threads are held together by a story of absorbing interest, told with the simplicity and feeling that makes fiction literature. You should not miss a single instalment of "Scotch Valley," by Mildred Cram.

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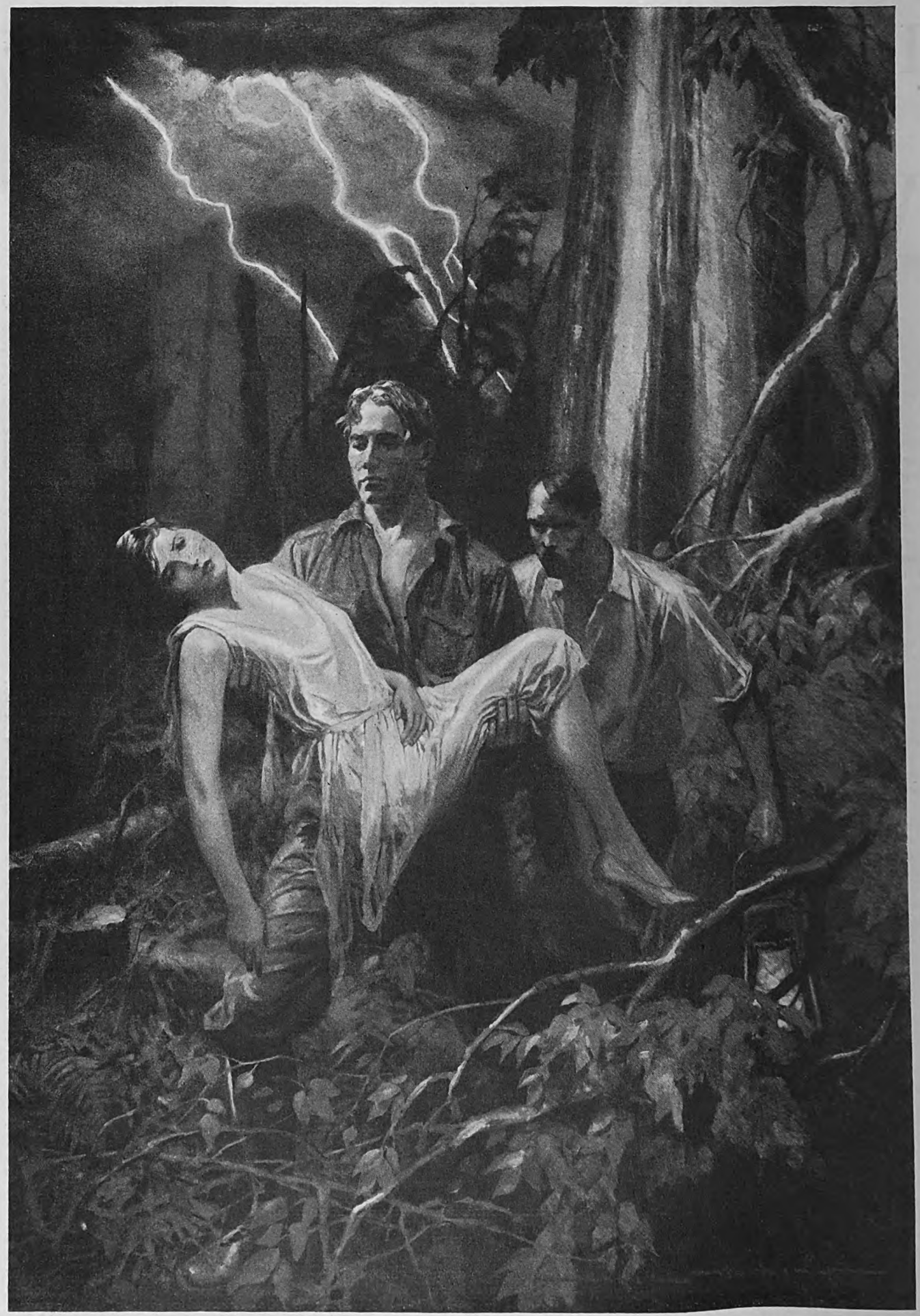

Mart slipped strong arms beneath the girl and carried her back to the cabin

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Martin's Tree

A love story

By William Dudley Pelley

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE C. HOSKINS

THE man's name was Brewster—Martin Brewster. Vermont first heard of him the spring evening our smudgy country-town daily reported that Jake Bossey had been discharged as superintendent of the Vermont Hardwood Corporation's lumbering operations, up around Camp Eleven.

Martin Brewster was succeeding Bossey. Our item further announced that the newcomer had received his lumbering experience in northern Michigan; that he would make our town his headquarters; that he was young, unmarried, and—

But we did not add "handsome." We left that for the local girls when they beheld him striding about his business in brown corduroy clothes, wide-brimmed felt hat, and shiny new puttees. And smoking a pipe. Always a pipe and always a briar.

Between twenty-five and thirty years we thought him. Rather young to hold such a job, until we looked in his face. It was a Lincolnesque type of face. It held so much strength and melancholy. Capable enough he proved, but grave. Grave and introspective. He carried an air of forest silence about with him always.

"I've learned his secret," declared my editor-partner one night to a group of cronies in our office. "Back West where he comes from, he's had a love affair. Guess it took hold of his gizzard. Funny about these big, silent kind o' fellows. Always pick the wrong females." The editor laughed sadly. "This Brewster picked his, so Jack Davison told me. Claims he knew Brewster as a kid in Grand Rapids."

Anyhow, here he was in Vermont, wandering aimlessly around town between contracts, taking his men up into the timber for weeks at a time, and living in a mountain Eden strictly without an Eve.

My partner spoke more truthfully than he realized, anent Brewster's type instinctively courting the wrong kind of woman. Therein was a mystery . . . for during that subsequent year among us he found himself hopelessly in love again—with saucy, snub-nosed, flighty little Ellen Bell, "Gumdrops" to all the valley.

As incongruous a pair as ever attended a Saturday-night picture show, the town beheld them—the man big, silent, somber, preoccupied; the girl short, pert, blonded via peroxide.

Ellen was dance-crazy; Martin couldn't walk across a floor without giving a startling impression of a Percheron mare coming through a covered bridge. Ellen wanted to be on the "go" every minute; Mart was the pipe-smoking, chimney-corner kind, with a brown-eyed dog and a book in the picture. People tried to explain it that the girl's amazing vitality supplied exactly the antidote for the man's moroseness. But we of the "Telegraph" nursed our misgivings. No profit could come from such a union. Even if he married her, which most of us prayed he wouldn't, the years must only aggravate that misalliance.

"Ellen hooked him because she throwed herself at his head," Uncle Joe Fodder, town philosopher, contended. "Him boardin' to her ma's place when he's down from the timber, natcherly give Gumdrops more opportunity to snarl him all up in her dinky little sex net. Bet ten to one, Mart tried at first to dodge her!"

Be that as it may, wherever Ellen went that year, Martin Brewster was at her fluffy little shoulder. How she managed it was a mystery. She tormented him and bossed him. She humiliated him and deceived him. She made him fetch and carry. Any other type of male would early have told her to go to thunder. But Mart took it all solemnly, mechanically, with a "You know how women are" stoicism that made us want to kick him. Only the impulse had vague analogy to kicking a mountain. About as absurd. Certainly as futile.

She tired of him at length. The valley saw it weeks before the break. He had only given her a temporary thrill, letting her possess him. A window trimmer named Hoxey arrived to work in Ben Williams's clothing store, and boarded at Mrs. Bell's. Soon Ellen was traveling brazenly with him while Martin was "up on the job."

AND that's where the Tree came in—at the time of the break—the cause of it. Ellen wanted an excuse to get out of marrying, anyway. When the matter of the Tree arose, she seized upon it.

Mart's men had pushed operations on the north side of Haystack Mountain till they'd reached Blind Brook, the spot that's now the clearing around Camp Eleven. The big woodsman and Gumdrops had quarreled the previous Saturday night.

Pale-lipped, white-faced, he had suffered her to pour cheap spleen like acid on his bewildered heart. He had finally arisen, sighed raggedly, gone from the room and the house, and walked all that night to get back on the tract by Sunday noon.

He was scarcely in receptive mood, therefore, for Tom Shaster's cussedness Monday when the company's treasurer arrived in the clearing on what he called a "tour of inspection." He really had nothing to inspect. He wanted to find fault generally, as proof of his value to the corporation.

"What the thunder you leaving that big tree standing for?" he snarled, pressing a handkerchief against a beefy jowl where a blackberry cane had laced him. And he indicated a stupendous forest monarch a little way west of the sprawly log shack in which the lumberjacks were living.

"Sort o' like myself, that tree," returned Mart dully. "Big and clumsy and out o' place, Mr. Shaster—"

"Who ever heard of a tree being clumsy?"

"Well, not matching the rest of the woods around it, I mean. Standing alone in life, so to speak, wondering why it'd lasted so long or what use it was to grow so tall when the world all around it was filled with brush."

"Apple sauce, Brewster! *Cut it!*"

"No, Mr. Shaster; I'm leaving that tree stand where it is. Biggest one I've met in years—so old it seems a crime to drop it. Maybe I'm sentimental, sort of. All the same—"

"All the same, there's three hundred dollars' worth of timber in that elm, and I'm this company's treasurer. I own that tree, not you!"

"But one tree won't be missed in your profits, Mr. Shaster. You're making plenty o' money. And it's so big and—and *fine*, that when the boys reached it last Friday morning I couldn't let them sink in their axes. This business is bad enough, anyhow, going through a forest, knocking down handiwork it's taken the Almighty generations to create."

"Henessey," snapped Shaster to the nearby boss of the chopping crew, "call up your men. Start in on that elm. I want to watch it fall while I'm here. I want to hear it crash!"

Martin Brewster's gray eyes narrowed. "I'm in authority here, Mr. Shaster. You've no right to give orders directly to my men."

"I'll give orders to anybody I please. I'm not such a drooling fool as to pass up three hundred dollars of profits for a piece of poetry."

MARTIN turned and looked up at the monarch. Its symmetry was arboreal perfection. Thirty or forty feet up the trunk its boughs spread out in a titanic balloon of vivid greenness, a forest of limbs, branches and leaves in itself. So thick was its foliage that diminutive mortals on the ground quickly lost sight of that trunk completely. As Martin dropped his glance, Shaster should have taken warning from the expression on his face.

"No," said the foreman, in grim decision; "I've taken a fancy to that special tree. It's a king without a country. I

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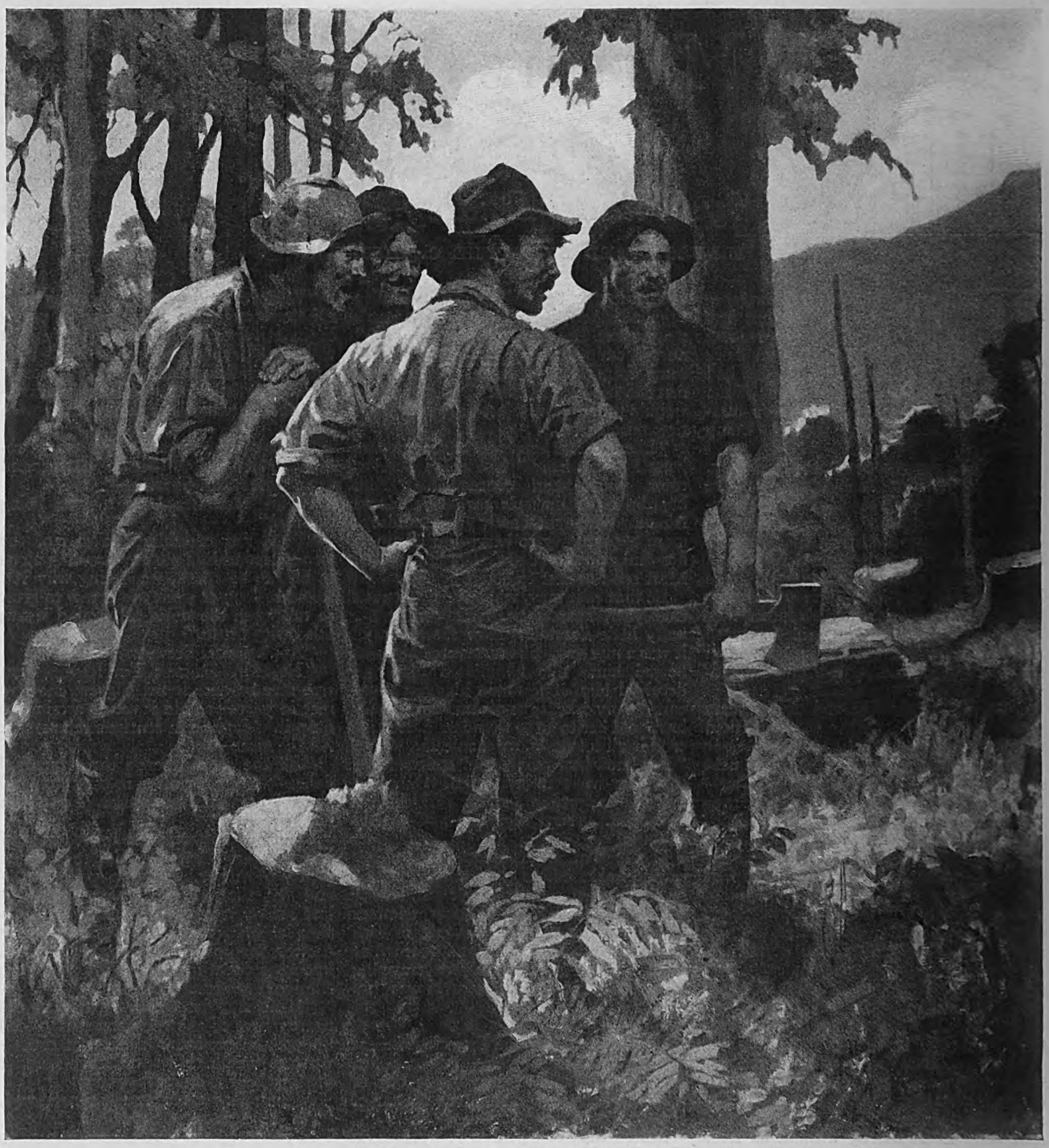

Shaster's arms were revolving like windmills as he charged the big blond giant;

don't mean a country exactly. There's plenty of that hereabouts. I mean courtiers—things like itself to keep it company. I'd like to buy it, if you'll give me the chance. You know as well as I do that there isn't twenty-five dollars' worth of timber in it, but I'll pay your three hundred dollars to the company to let it stay. And I'll buy the clearing and cabins with it, when our job up here is finished."

The treasurer disliked young Brewster personally. Besides, a group of men were listening, watching. He had his authority to maintain, ruthlessly if necessary. So doggedly he answered:

"That tree's not for sale, nor the clearing either. That elm's coming down. I want to hear the noise."

"Then, Mr. Shaster, I'm going to throw you off this tract!"

"*What's that?* Lay a finger on me, and it'll cost you your job."

"Reckon I don't want the job so much. There's other jobs that are pleasanter than murdering trees. Sort o' feel I'd like to have a place to come to . . . up in these big, quiet mountains."

"We'll see who's boss here. Henessey, you call your ax men, or I'll fire you too."

"Shaster," drawled Martin, low-voiced, deadly, "get off this tract!"

Shaster was no coward. "Make me!" he challenged.

The men reported that Brewster did. A most entertaining fracas the treasurer and foreman enjoyed up there in that mountain-locked clearing. Shaster's arms were revolving like windmills as he charged the big blond giant, but an instant later the giant's large fist had connected with the point of his jaw, and something of more consequence than a blackberry cane again and again persisted in lacing him. He arose and sat down with several more grunts. It was a badly discredited treasurer who finally reached his saddle down the mountain log road.

Martin wetted badly barked knuckles. "Guess I'll have to go to town, boys," said he. "Got to finish this business with Brainerd, the president. Meanwhile, about the elm, I ask you as a favor . . . don't touch it."

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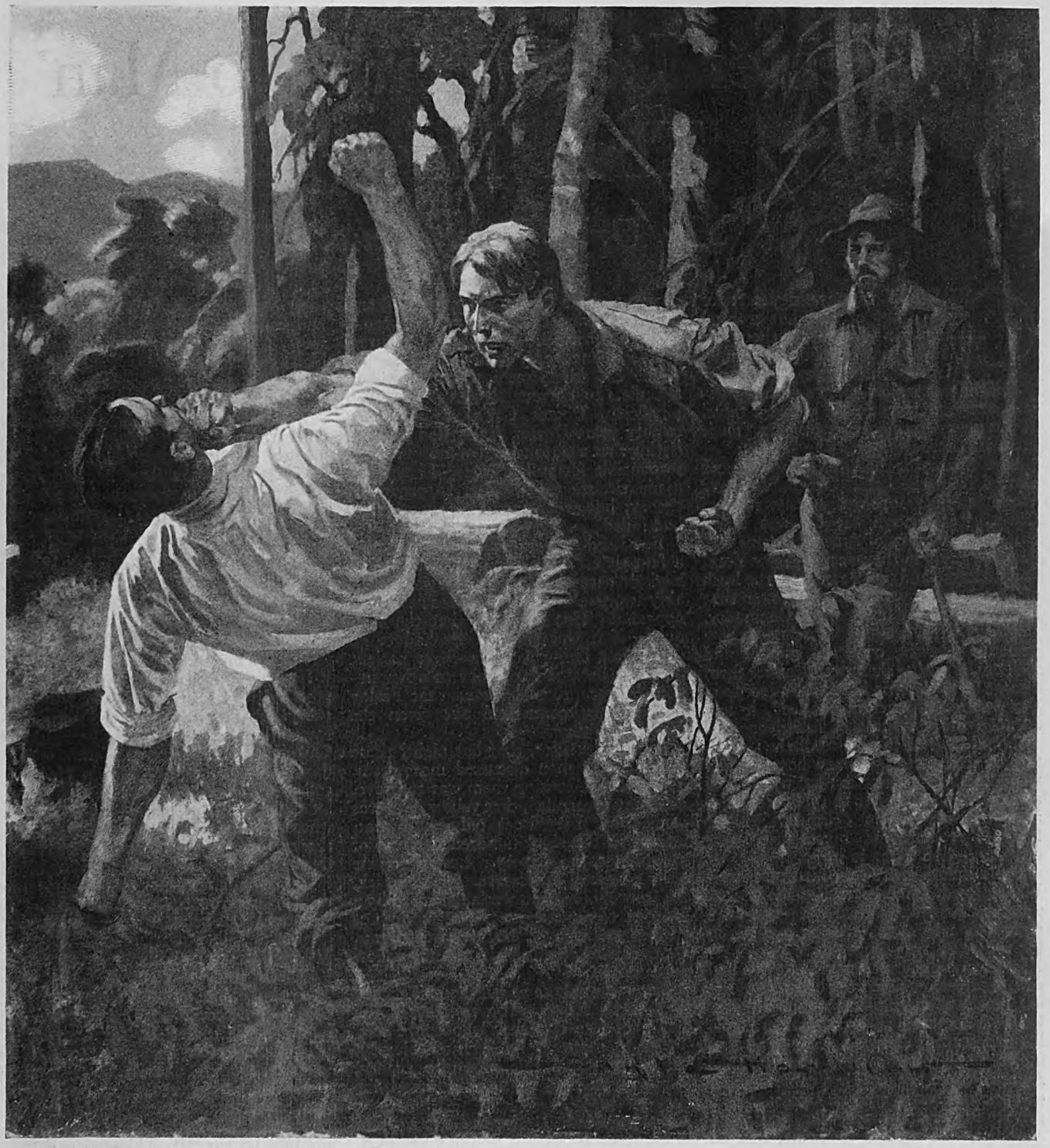

but an instant later the giant's large fist had connected with the point of his jaw

"We won't," promised Henessey. For Henessey too was a woodsman.

Martin reached town and interviewed Jethro Brainerd. He acquired clearing, tree, cabin, and solitude for six hundred and fifty dollars. Then he went to tell Ellen. Maybe she wouldn't blister him now that he had really bought it—not as when he had suggested it. So he went and found her. In a hammock on a darkened veranda. In the Hoxey fellow's arms.

A vein in Mart's forehead swelled badly. He whispered knottily, "So that's how it is," scarcely able to credit his senses. He turned on the steps and went out of the gate. He caught the eight-fifty train down the valley that evening, not even stopping to pack up his clothing. Ellen's mother expressed it to him later.

Local folk, hearing about his break with Gumdrops, and also his queer forest purchase, wondered why he hadn't gone back to the cabin to live under his elm like a hermit. But that remained for another time and experience. Brewster had gone out to the world, knowing that the clearing and the elm would wait.

And they did wait. Over Camp Eleven tract the forest gradually cleared of timber. Logs went down the river to the mills. The clearing became deserted, the cabin was boarded up. Ax wounds on stumps turned slowly to brown and as slowly to black. Undergrowth sprang up as though to hide all this cruel devastation from avenging divinity. Winter came, and spring, and another summer. Many summers.

Mists hung above the clearing in the mornings, which the sun burned off as the hours advanced. Droning day succeeded droning day. In long, dreamy afternoons, while bears wrecked ant hills or dug logs for honey, the only sounds breaking the quiet of that mountain world were the screeches of jays, tappings of woodpeckers, the fretful song of a great bluebottle winging from leaf to leaf, the bumble of gigantic bees in the cat briar or faint ripple of golden-brown trout brook over mossy stones beyond the willows.

At night the forest gave off queer noises: owls hooted, hedgehogs whimpered, foxes barked, (*Continued on page 160*)

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"Greater Love Hath No Man Than This—"

By Dr. Wilmer Krusen

GO BACK twenty-six years, for the story of that hot tropical night in Quemados, though it has been told a thousand times, is worth the telling again.

Four men, medical officers of the American army, were gathered about a table. It was a grim business they were on. Their browned faces were grave and set.

The Spaniards had been routed and cleared from the land. General Leonard Wood and his troops were in possession of Cuba. But though the banners which hailed this victory of American arms still flaunted gayly in the streets of New York, and Chicago, and San Francisco, the hush of Death was over Cuba, and over that little group in the hot room at Quemados.

This Death was an invisible yellow assassin. Passing over the squalor and filth of the native slums and leaving them almost unscathed, it had descended upon the American quarters. Indeed, it had invaded the very seat of American control, and had taken a third of the Governor General's staff. Every hospital bed was filled by an American lad whose face and chest had turned to the yellow of gold, and who writhed in delirium. Yellow fever—that unsolved mystery of four centuries—had Cuba in its grip!

For a month these four medical men—Walter Reed, James Carroll, Jesse W. Lazear, and Aristides Agramonte—had been at it day and night, seeking a chink in the armor of the yellow curse.

Reed was the directing genius. He had spent fourteen years at the bedsides of the sick on the Western plains and mountains. He had doctored in New York's slums. He had studied disease at first hand and under some of the best masters that America could boast. Then came Carroll, ex-backwoodsman, who had enlisted as a private in the army, and who, while still a soldier, had studied medicine, to gain his diploma at the age of thirty-seven. He was forty-six, a man with a wife and five children, and with no means other than his pay.

Third was Jesse Lazear—carefully schooled, brilliant, a graduate of famous universities, and a student of the great Pasteur in Paris. He was thirty-four, and a wife and two babies awaited him back in the States. Agramonte, who was the fourth member of this Yellow Fever Commission, was a Cuban surgeon of distinction. He alone of the four previously had suffered yellow fever, and was therefore immune to it. Yellow Jack rarely struck at the same man twice.

Thus far, failure had stalked the commission in its efforts to determine the cause of the disease. Meanwhile, Havana had been scoured and cleaned; its houses had been disinfected, its streets washed down, and its alleys fumigated. Seemingly the more cleanly the city became, the more virulent became the scourge.

One chance only was left, a chance which the whole medical world held in ridicule. In Havana there was a Cuban physician, Doctor Carlos Finlay. For twenty years Doctor Finlay had been insisting that a certain kind of mosquito was responsible for yellow fever. Finlay had made tireless experiments to prove his theory; but every one of his experiments had failed.

But Reed, in his study, had discovered a fact that Finlay had overlooked. Following a case of yellow fever, it was invariably two weeks or longer before new cases appeared. This indicated that the mosquito—if it was the carrier—had to go days after biting a yellow-fever patient before it became dangerous to other human beings. Reed believed that Finlay in his experiments had not given the mosquitoes time.

So in Quemados, that hot night, those four medical men discussed mosquitoes. The task confronting them was to prove, as Finlay contended, that yellow fever was carried by mosquitoes only, and that, among all the eight hundred varieties of mosquitoes, the *stegomyia* mosquito alone was a carrier of the disease. And this task, as fate would have it, was augmented by a hideous circumstance: Animals do not "take" yellow fever. So far as was known, the one living creature who suffered yellow fever was man!

Reed was pale as he outlined his theory of Finlay's failure. It was Carroll, the father of five children, who spoke out.

"That means," he queried bluntly, "that, to prove this mosquito theory, somebody, a *man*, has to offer himself for experiment?"

Reed nodded. Lazear nodded, a gleam in his eyes. If healthy, non-immune men, would let themselves be bitten by *stegomyia* mosquitoes which two weeks or more before had bitten yellow-fever sufferers, the Finlay-Reed theory would be proved or disproved by the result. To make the experiment without flaw, at least a dozen men would have to be bitten!

"You can count on me for one," said Carroll.

"And on me," said Lazear.

Agramonte was immune and therefore useless. Reed was under orders to return immediately to Washington.

THE meeting broke up. In a day or two Reed left, and Carroll and Lazear began their experiments, of which all medical history contains no more heroic record.

Lazear had studied mosquitoes in Italy. He obtained eggs of the *stegomyia* and hatched them. He nurtured them under glass with sugar and water to feed upon, and then into the yellow-fever wards he went, to let the winged devils suck the blood of fever patients. Then back into their glass cages went the insects to await the grim test.

But Lazear, only thirty-four, was impatient. Those mosquitoes, he argued, must be deadly by now. Not waiting the two or three weeks Reed had stipulated, he obtained seven volunteers among the soldiers. Together with the seven, nameless in the records, he let the mosquitoes suck the blood of his arms. The days passed. Strangely enough, nothing developed. The doctor and his seven men remained in health. After all, was Reed mistaken?

"You tried too soon," Carroll argued. "Now it's my turn."

He waited until almost three weeks had gone by. By this time, if Reed was right, the yellow-fever blood in the imprisoned insects had ripened to deadly virulence. Carroll then had Lazear select the most dangerous-looking mosquito in his whole collection. This huge insect brave Carroll let alight on his wrist, on the under part where the skin was thin and the veins near the surface, and he watched without a tremor as it drank its fill of his blood.

"If there is anything in this mosquito theory," he wrote back to Reed that night, "I should get a good dose of yellow fever."

IN THREE days the fever was upon him. Lazear and Agramonte stood by. "Friends," said Carroll, and smiled, "this is the proudest moment of my life. I may prove something for humanity."

To make certain that it wasn't malaria he had, Doctor Carroll himself went to the laboratory, took a sample of his own blood, and examined it under the microscope. No malaria was there. Next morning, Lazear carried him to the yellow-fever ward and there, near to death, Carroll lay for days. Once Lazear thought his heart had stopped; but Carroll's fine constitution rallied. Eventually, he recovered, but a serious heart trouble followed as a direct result of the fever. He died of this seven years later.

Following Carroll, Private William Dean, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, let himself be bitten by four mosquitoes, including the one that had downed Carroll. Soon he, too, was tossing in delirium. But Lazear, as he fought for the lives of his charges, wasn't sure as yet. There was a possibility, he reasoned, that Carroll and Dean might have exposed themselves to infection in other ways. As he pondered over this a mosquito of the deadly species alighted on his wrist. He was about to brush off the insect, when deliberately he restrained his hand. All about him were

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yellow-fever patients. This mosquito was living among them. Lazear let the insect drink its fill.

Four days later, toward evening, he had his first chill. A languor came over him, but he fought it back. All that night and on to dawn he sat at his desk, that he might give to the world a written record of his investigations. Steadily he noted his symptoms. The task done, at last he staggered weakly with the manuscript to Carroll, placed the paper in his hands, and took to his bed. He died at the end of the sixth day.

In all the chronicles of war, since the first war, in all the pages of literature, I believe there is no more inspiring example of sacrifice and courage than this tale of Lazear and Carroll, and of Dean, Kissenger, Moran, Cook and those others, who led the way to man's victory over yellow fever.

SCIENCE must be exact. The heroism of Lazear, Carroll, and of Dean, the soldier, was not enough. There was still a possibility of error. The earth was not yet dry over the grave of Lazear before Private John R. Kissenger and Civilian Clerk John J. Moran offered themselves to Reed for experiment.

"But surely you can't realize the danger," Reed protested. "In some epidemics, eighty-five men out of a hundred have died of this fever; in others, fifty out of a hundred; seldom less than twenty out of a hundred die!"

"We know," answered Kissenger and Moran. "We are ready."

Reed spoke of a reward for their services. General Wood already had authorized it.

"Forget that, sir," said the two. "We offer ourselves for science and humanity. Our one condition is that we will get no reward for what we do."

Reed, a major, rose to his feet, stood at attention. His hand went to the peak of his cap. "Gentlemen," he said humbly, to this private and to this civilian clerk, "I am honored to salute you!"

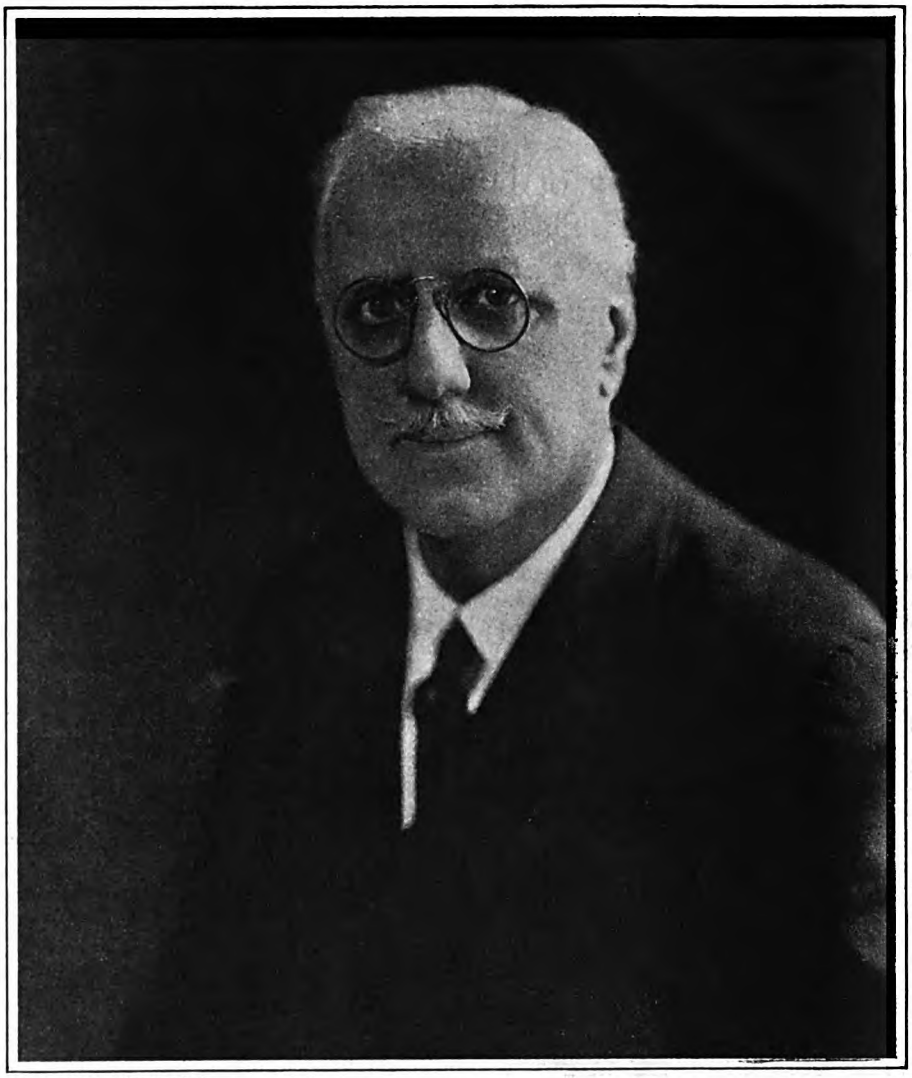

PHOTO CRAFTERS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dr. Wilmer Krusen, head of the Department of Public Health of Philadelphia. Doctor Krusen has served on the staffs of several Philadelphia hospitals, and is widely known in medical circles. He was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1869. His present home is in Philadelphia, where, in addition to his public health work, he is gynecologist for the Samaritan Hospital, and a leader in philanthropic work for poor children

Others came forward. Others went down on their backs in the fever wards, volunteers who knew the frightful price. The mosquito was almost convicted; but still a terrible test or two remained. For a century, men had believed the disease contagious. The clothing of the sick, the linens and blankets of their beds—these things, the doctors believed, spread yellow fever from the sick to the well.

So a little house was built, and called "House No. 1." It was only fourteen by twenty feet. The two doors were so arranged, one back of the other, that no mosquitoes possibly could get in. A stove was placed in the building to keep the temperature steadily above ninety, and tubs of water were put inside, that the atmosphere would be as soggy as that of a well. Then into this house were taken the cots and mattresses and bedding of men who had died of yellow fever. And into that foul trap, worse than any Dark Age dungeon, walked of their own free will three men—Dr. R. P. Cook, Private Levi E. Folk, and Private Warren G. Jernegan. They ate there, lived there, slept in those beds for twenty days and twenty nights!

Not one of the three developed yellow fever. More tests were made in the house; but to the astonishment of every man who professed to know medicine, no fever patients came from it. "But how do you know," the skeptics demanded of Reed, "that these men, Folk, Jernegan, and the others, are not *immune* to yellow fever?"

Silence.

REED had asked the maximum. He could ask no more. But Folk and Jernegan—what soldiers of America for whom monuments have been built have done more? They stepped forward, eyes front, heels together. "We are willing to be inoculated," they said. "Let's make the test beyond question!"

Yellow-fever blood was injected directly into Jernegan's arm, and mosquitoes deadly with the disease were permitted to bite Folk. Shortly came the dread signs, the yellowing of the face, the hiccoughs, the nausea. Reed went down on his knees and thanked God when they recovered!

The theory proved? You would think so. But, "Not yet!" cried the skeptics. They still argued that sanitation was the thing, not mosquitoes, that cleanliness would stamp out yellow fever. So, near by House No. 1 was built House No. 2. It had two rooms. Each of the rooms was as clean as Spotless Town. The sheets and coverlets of the beds were like snow. Pure air and sunlight poured in through the wide windows.

"Try me again," begged John J. Moran, who miraculously had escaped yellow fever in his first test.

So into one room of House No. 2, carefully screened against the entrance of a single mosquito, were shut two American boys. Into the other room was shut Moran, and in there with him were released a dozen mosquitoes from the hospital wards of the sick. This time, though the boys in the screened room remained in perfect health, Moran, in the adjoining room, did not escape. The spotless walls, the sunshine, the clean air did not save him. However, again Reed and his men worked wonders, and Moran's life was saved. The skeptics, hearing, said no more. The way was open to wipe yellow fever from Cuba, and from the whole of the two American continents! The building of the Panama Canal in what was a hotbed of fever was made possible!

For the yellow-fever-bearing mosquito, it was found, had a peculiar trait: it would breed only in clean, fresh water in and about the homes (*Continued on page 95*)

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This Earth We Live On

The amazing story of how a scientist, working underground, is computing its weight—What the center of the earth is probably like; why you would be heavier at the North or South Pole than at the equator, and other remarkable facts about our planet

By George W. Gray

IN a concrete room thirty-five feet below the street, a man sat and looked through a small telescope. He was watching for the reflected light from the swing of a delicate pendulum. The instant it appeared, he pressed an electric switch. There was a sharp click, and a pen made a mark on a moving tape.

All day he watched, pressed the switch, waited for the next appearance, and repeated this routine over and over. Outside, the Saturday traffic of the National Capital went on as usual. A medley of noises—automobiles, street cars, a clanging fire engine. The whir of a nearby power-house sounded its weird, ceaseless monotone.

But the man at the telescope saw none of these things, heard nothing of them, felt nothing. His locked door shut the world out of his underground chamber, and the earth itself insulated him against disturbances. He was safe from interruption and alone with his job—the unique job that has claimed his attention for the past three years, and that, at the time this is written, promises to keep him busy for half a year more.

For it takes many months of observing, and even more months of computing, to weigh the earth. That is what Dr. Paul R. Heyl, of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, in Washington, has been doing these three years. He has been putting Mother Earth on the scales, as it were, and getting her avoirdupois.

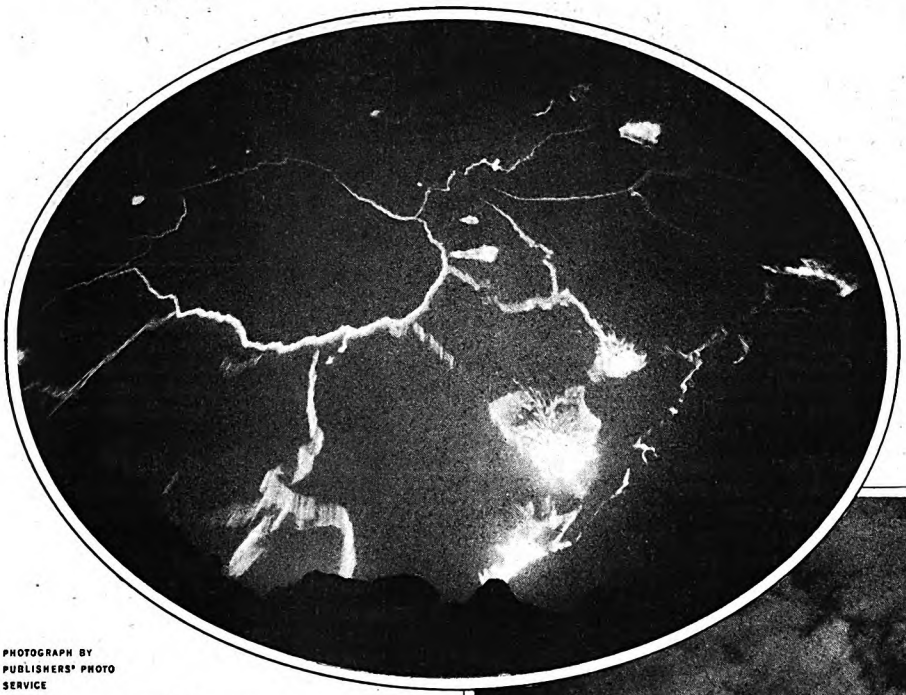
"But how can he!" exclaimed a matter-of-fact neighbor, a farmer in up-state New York, to whom I mentioned this extraordinary undertaking, "'Tain't reasonable that he'll get anywheres with his weighing, is it? He's going to hang the steelyards over the horn of the new moon, I s'pose! Naw, sir, it can't be done—'cept by guesswork, maybe."

It does seem an impossible task, when you think of steelyards, spring scales, balances, and all the other familiar contraptions for weighing. For the earth *is* big, massive beyond the imagining of most of its inhabitants.

How a chasm like the Grand Canyon, or the waterfall at Niagara, or a peak like any of the granite spires of the Rockies, overawes us with its vastness!

Remember the efforts to climb Mount Everest. Each time, the mountaineers have come back defeated, leaving their dead on the massive slopes.

Everest is the highest point, the most tremendous pile, on this planet. And yet, it is hardly six miles above sea level. What are six miles on a globe which measures nearly eight thousand miles through its center, from pole to pole? A mere speck, like a grain of sand on an orange. In fact, scientists say that the wrinkles on the skin of an orange are far



PHOTOGRAPH BY PUBLISHERS' PHOTO SERVICE

(At the left) A vivid photograph taken with the camera pointing straight down toward the fiery heart of the central crater of Kilauea, in Hawaii. The light streaks are cracks in the partly cooled lava cap, showing the white-hot contents underneath. (Below) The smoking inner crater of Vesuvius, set like a cone in the bottom of a wide, shallow cup. The edge of the main crater, seen beyond the smoke column, rises five hundred feet from the floor on which the central cone is set. The central cone is nearly two hundred feet high

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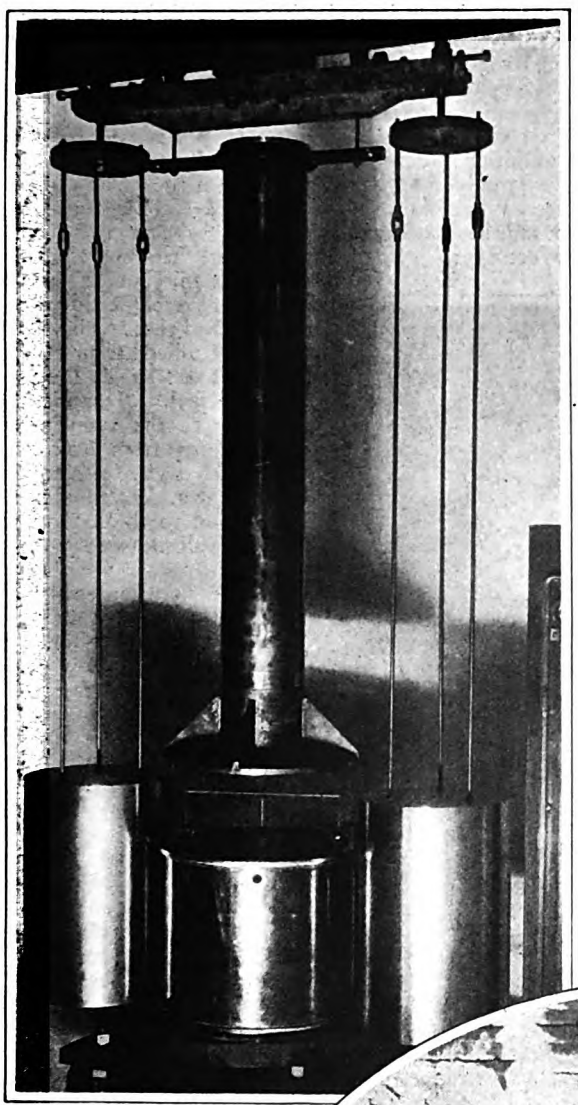


PHOTOGRAPH FROM BUREAU OF STANDARDS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

(At the left) The apparatus used by Doctor Heyl in "weighing the earth." It is really a miniature system of planets. The two large cylinders which are suspended on each side of the open bell jar are of steel and weigh 140 pounds each; they are two "earths" of this miniature universe. Between the two "earths" may be seen a slender bar, from the ends of which two small balls are suspended. These balls are of platinum, and weigh 1½ ounces each. They are the "moons." The photograph shows the apparatus open. When it is being used, the top of the bell jar is lowered and sealed, and the air is pumped out. Thus the two little "moons" are suspended in a vacuum, and are free to swing in response to the gravitational attraction of the two "earths." The "earths" may be made to move around the bell jar, and the changes in time and distance of swing of the "moons," which are affected by the change in position of the "earths," indicate to the watching scientist the force of the gravitational pull. From this force, figured to an infinitesimal fraction, he is able to compute the mass of the earth on which we live

more mountainous, in proportion to the size of the orange, than any peaks or chasms of the earth.

To weigh Mount Everest would seem a task for some mythological Atlas. But what of this million-fold larger object, the earth—to weigh the earth as a whole, with its lashing seas, its spouting volcanoes, its almost daily earthquakes?

Size is not the only detail that would befuddle the farmer with his steelyards. There is also the fact that the earth is in continual motion. Like a gigantic spinning top, it is turning on its axis at a velocity, measured at the equator, of more than 1,000 miles an hour. It is also plunging along its circular path around the sun at a velocity of more than 60,000 miles an hour. In addition, it is being dragged by the sun in a northerly direction through starry space at the rate of more than 43,000 miles an hour. There are some other motions of the earth, but these three are enough to make one dizzy in the attempt to correlate them.

How can the earth be weighed when it is ceaselessly rotating, endlessly revolving around its sun, and eternally driving at incredible speed toward a far-off unknown destination in the depths of the Milky Way?

Wouldn't these questions stump you? Suppose the task that was intrusted to Doctor Heyl were given you to do. How would you go about it? Where would you start? What equipment would you require?

Perhaps, after mulling over these apparently insoluble problems, you would be inclined to wonder whether it was not a pointless task, after all. What's the good of weighing the earth? What difference does it make, one way or the other? Suppose we never know its exact mass, will mankind be any the loser, or poorer, for that bit of ignorance?

I ASKED these questions of Doctor Heyl, as a sort of approach to asking his method of weighing the earth.

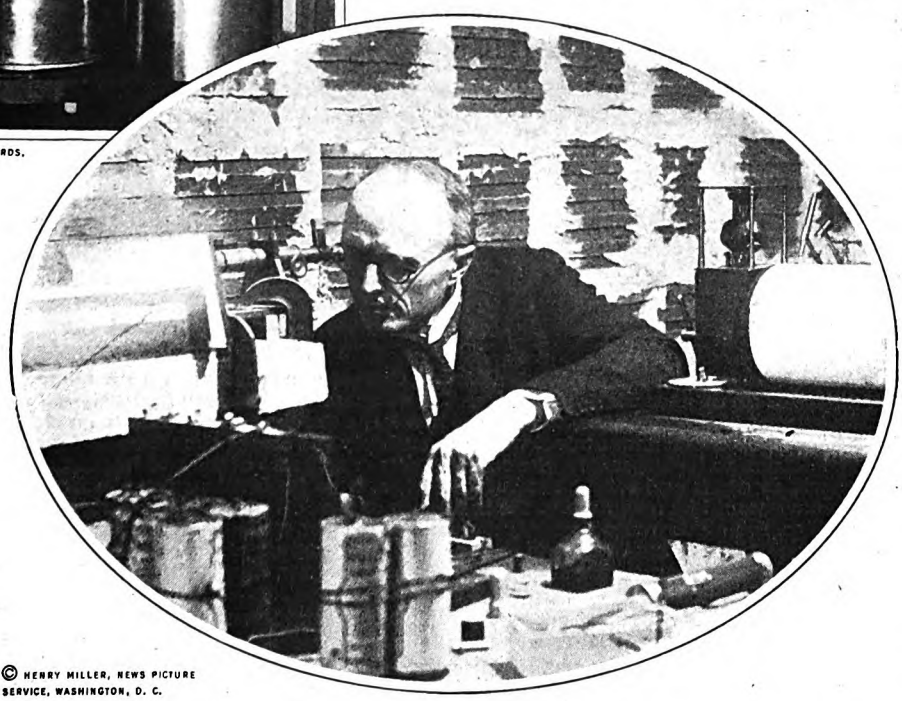
"You know the story of Faraday, don't you, the inventor of the electro-magnet?" answered the scientist. "Faraday was lecturing on his new discovery, and after the lecture a hard-headed practical politician came up to him and said, 'All this is very interesting, no doubt, Professor, but what's the *good* of it?' Faraday looked at him, puzzled, and then answered, 'Maybe you can tax it some day.'

"Perhaps Faraday was only indulging in a bit of repartee. If so, he spoke more wisely than he knew. For our whole electrical power development—dynamos, motors, electric cars, telegraph, telephone, radio, and all the rest—has come from the fundamental principle of the electro-magnet. And think of all the taxes that are paid by the electrical industries!

"I can't promise that the redetermination of the mass of the earth will provide any new sources for taxation," went on Doctor Heyl, smiling, "but the information should prove very useful to such practical persons as astronomers and navigators. A knowledge of the mass of the earth is highly important to astronomers, because it is from the mass of the earth, as a starting point, that they are able to calculate the mass of the moon, the sun and the planets.

"The earth is, thus, a natural standard of reference for comparison with other celestial bodies.

"Our business at the Bureau of Standards is to determine, as accurately as it is possible to do so, the fundamental



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Dr. Paul R. Heyl, physicist, in his underground laboratory in Washington, making the observations from which the weight of the earth is to be computed. He is watching through the telescope for a ray of light reflected from the swing of one of the miniature "moons" shown at the top of this page. His finger rests on the electric switch with which he signals the time of the passing of the "moon," and these signals are instantly recorded by the pen on the white roll of the chronograph at the scientist's elbow

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reference qualities. Can you think of anything more fundamental, more basic as a physical standard, than the earth on which we live?

"But that is not the only reason. Knowledge of the earth's mass enables us to add to our all-too-meager knowledge of its interior. Do you realize that we know scarcely anything about the earth's insides? We have explored the poles and the jungles, but every village back yard covers an unknown slice of territory that stretches down nearly four thousand miles, right to the center of the earth. We have so-called 'deep holes' in the earth; but not one of them is skin deep, and our experimental knowledge of the earth's interior is almost nil."

ACCORDING to a recent summary of the "deep holes" of the earth, the deepest mine—that is, the one that goes farthest toward the center of our globe—is the Calumet and Hecla copper mine on the Keweenaw Peninsula of Michigan. Its bottom is 5,990 feet below the mouth of the shaft; allowing for land elevation, this means a depth of 4,600 feet below sea level. There are other mines in South Africa, Asia, and South America which have deeper excavations; but as they are all in mountainous regions, the depth below sea level is less than that of the Michigan mine.

Near Ligonier, Pennsylvania, a four-inch gas well was sunk to 7,756 feet. At that depth it had to be abandoned because the pressure of the earth squeezed the drill out of plumb, and made it impossible to drill a straight hole. Profiting by this lesson, the drillers who started a well near the village of Good Hope, in West Virginia, in 1924, began with a twenty-two-inch hole. At intervals, this was reduced, until below 5,000 feet the well was only eight inches in diameter. When 6,757 feet was reached, the drill tapped a pocket of compressed gas, which blew up the tools, snapped the wire line, and put a stop to operations. At last accounts, it was the intention of the owners to resume drilling, and to carry the well down, if necessary, to 10,000 feet.

"But these excavations are trifling, in contrast with the thickness of the earth," said Doctor Heyl. "At various times, proposals have been made to dig an experimental hole, to see what's underneath us. Only recently the eminent British engineer, Sir Charles A. Parsons, urged the project of sinking a shaft twelve miles deep. He estimates that the thing can be done in eighty-five years, at a cost of $25,000,000. But even if this ambitious plan should be carried through, we would scarcely have pricked the surface. What are twelve miles out of four thousand!

"No, it seems doubtful that we can ever actually get to the earth's core, and learn of it directly. Our knowledge is more likely to come indirectly—and one of these indirect ways is through accurate determination of the earth's mass. For when we know its mass we can compute its density; and already we know some rather interesting facts about the density of the earth.

"The figures such as we have show that the whole earth is about five and one-half times as dense as water. That is to say, it would require five and one-half globes of water, of equal size as our earth, to balance the weight of the earth.

"Now, that is highly significant, because the density of the rock, soil, minerals, and other material that we know in the crust of the earth, averages only about two and three quarters the density of water. This indicates that the inner material at the core of the earth must be very much heavier. It probably reaches a density seven or eight times that of water."

"But the interior of the earth is piping hot, isn't it?" I asked—"a huge inner ball of liquid fire?"

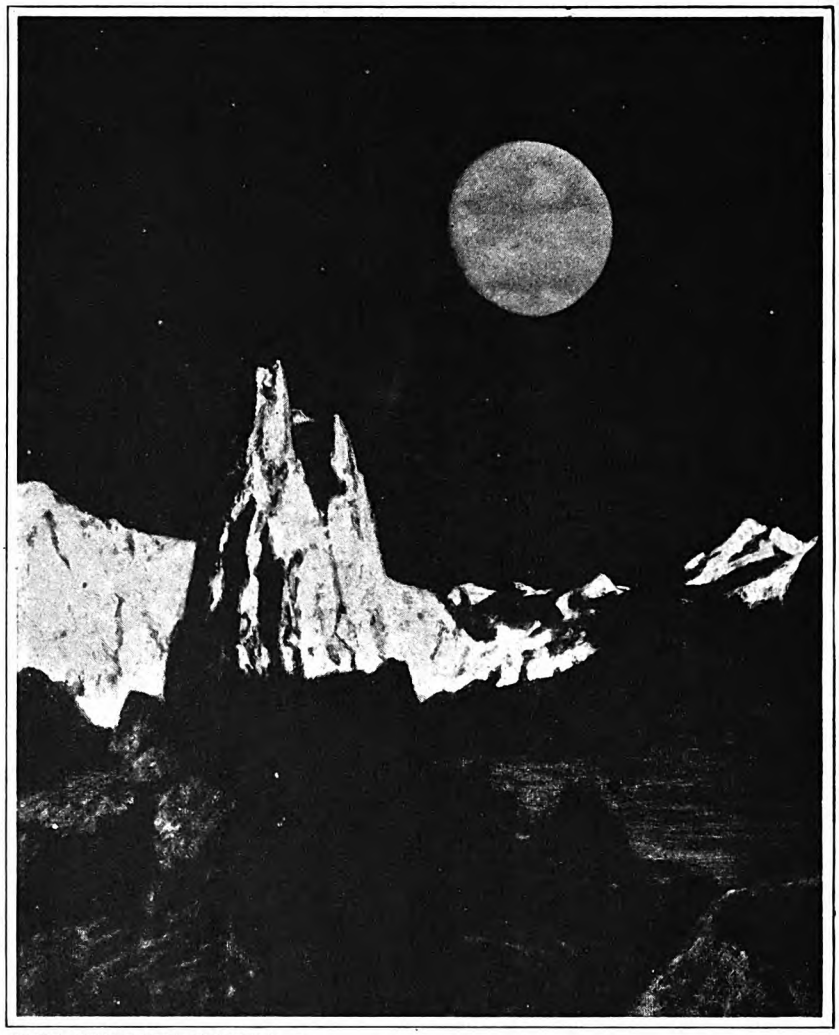
"That was formerly the prevalent notion, but it is not generally held to-day by those who have studied the question," answered Doctor Heyl. "I suppose it was the spouting of lava from volcanoes that gave rise to this idea. It seemed natural to think that the volcano was a vent through which the molten material from the center of the earth was overflowing. But the fact seems to be that lava does not originate very deep in the earth—only a few miles—and that it is heated by friction as it squeezes up to the crater."

VOLCANOES and earthquakes both are results of the same cause, the breaking of a strained section of the earth's crust. Very often an earthquake is accompanied by the eruption of a volcano. Sometimes volcanic action follows an earthquake, as happened in southern Japan in 1914, when there were two earthquakes, and a little later the volcanic cone of Sakura-jima erupted violently, spouting hot lava.

"We know that earthquakes are confined to the crust," continued Doctor Heyl. "Even the heavy shocks originate at depths less than twenty-five miles. The earth's rocky outer crust is estimated to be at least forty to fifty miles thick, and perhaps much thicker; so you see the fractures and slipping which cause earthquakes are mere skin diseases. The lava originates at these shallow levels, is forced up by the pressure of weight, and is heated to melting by the tremendous friction of the crowding, squeezing, slipping rock.

"This does not mean that the earth is cool inside. Far from it. You can find that out by going down into a mine and taking a thermometer with you. The temperature increases, on the average, about one degree Fahrenheit for every sixty feet of descent.

"Other evidences (*Continued on page 166*)



AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, N. Y.

An imaginary painting, by Howard Russell Butler, of a landscape on the moon, with our earth appearing in the sky. The diameter of the earth is nearly four times that of the moon; so, to imagine how large the earth must look to an observer in the lunar mountains, we must multiply the size of the moon by four. In addition to its larger size, the earth has its great areas of sea and its floating clouds to catch and reflect the sun's light, and so its brilliancy to the lunar observer would be many times the brilliancy of the full moon to us. To a man in Mars the earth would probably appear a marvelous white evening and morning star, brighter than Venus is to our eyes. The original of the painting above is in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City

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Why I Quit Thinking About Myself

THIRTY years ago, when I was working as a clerk in a Chicago bank, I attended a dinner in honor of the president of a railroad. The way I happened to be there was that the bank, which carried a good deal of the railroad's money on deposit, and wanted to carry a good deal more, decided to prove its regard for the grand old man to the extent of two full tables. As I was one of the employees who happened to have a dress suit, I was favored with a free ticket.

The food was a welcome change from the boarding-house fare of a poor clerk. In addition, I had the pleasure of seeing the most important citizens of Chicago for the first time and, being young, I enjoyed the speeches, particularly the long and rather intimate speech of the guest of honor.

He said that it had always been his ambition to be president of the railroad, even from the days when he carried water to the section gang. It seemed a perfectly simple, almost inevitable, process as he recounted it. One had only to begin low down, work hard, study, and somehow the stars in their courses would take care of all the rest. This gave me a decided thrill.

Yet, my short time in business had been long enough to show me that progress is not steady and inevitable, but jerky, and attended by a multitude of setbacks and discouragements. When a man reaches the top, his memory of these troubles is either obscured, or his pride has wiped them out of the record. I wished that the great man's talk, which was seemingly so frank, might have been even franker.

Had there ever been a day, I wondered, when he had almost given up in despair? What about the times when it looked as if a less worthy man were to be promoted over him as a result of "pull"? Was there ever a moment when all his years of work trembled in the balance? When, in spite of well-laid plans, mediocrity seemed to be his inescapable lot?

I should like to have heard four more speeches, as follows:

FIRST. *His wife:* I could imagine her saying, "George has had a wonderful career, and I am proud of him. Of course, the path hasn't been quite so smooth and straight as his talk would lead you to believe. I remember the evening, for instance, when he decided to resign. It was when he was superintendent of his division and had worked for months on a plan to reorganize the work of the headquarters office. The general superintendent adopted the plan, and presented it to the directors without any mention of George except in the most casual way. The general superintendent got a vice presidency, and George got nothing.

"That evening he told me that he was going to throw up his job the next morning and join some friends who were planning to manufacture automobiles. I let him grumble for a solid hour until he had it all off his chest. Then I made a pot of hot coffee and filled his pipe for him, and we talked about the children and how we should use our passes to take them to California that summer. I never said anything more about the railroad business, and neither did he. But he didn't resign, which was lucky, because his friends who tried to manufacture automobiles went into bankruptcy eighteen months later."

SECOND. *His family doctor:* He perhaps might have said something like this: "Nature gave George an iron physique, which is a great blessing in one way and a great danger in another. Men who have iron physiques never find out that they have any limitations, until one day when they are brought up with a jerk. That happened to our friend here in his thirty-ninth year, when he had just been made general traffic agent. With the world in his hands at last, the power to enjoy it vanished. He could not sleep; he could not eat. Day after day, he went to his office and fussed about the desk for a few minutes, only to leave in despair.

"'You've got to do something for me,' he would say fiercely, as if I were a section hand whom he could order around at will.

"And when I told him that nobody could do anything for him, that he must give nature a chance to catch up on the overdrafts he had been making all through the years, he was furious. There was one night when he buried his face in his hands and talked wildly about jumping into the river. Well, while you have been sitting here applauding our friend's business victories, I have been thinking of the biggest victory of all—his winning fight with his own shattered nerves."

THIRD. *His dentist:* I can picture that gray-haired old veteran smiling whimsically. "Great men are no different from others," he might have said. "I read in the paper one morning about a big wreck on the railroad, and how our friend, picking himself out of the broken timbers of his private car, shattered and bleeding, took command and organized the work of rescue. And I couldn't help saying to myself, 'Can that be the same man who uncorked such a yell the day I took the nerve out of his bicuspid?'"

FOURTH. *His banker:* I don't mean the president of one of the big city banks where the railroad keeps its funds, but the president of the little bank in the suburb where our friend has his personal account, the banker who has known all his financial ins and outs from the beginning. Suppose that man had spoken. Would he have said something like this?

"Our friend is not so wealthy as is popularly supposed. This is largely because of a pretty severe jolt he got about twenty-five years ago. He was thirty-five years old at the time, and money had just begun to come to him in rather large amounts. He owned his home and he had something like thirty thousand dollars in cash. Somebody convinced him that there was a fortune to be made by speculating in the shares of a certain manufacturing company. He bought twenty-five hundred shares on margin, bought it just in time to get the full benefit of a bad reaction in the stock market. I carried him through that transaction," the banker might have said. "I loaned him enough on his home and his notes so that the brokers didn't close him out. But I'll never forget the expression on his face when he came into my office the first night, with the newspaper open at the stock quotations.

"'They've pretty nearly wiped me out,' he said bitterly. 'The savings of twenty years wiped out in about twenty minutes. What a fool I've been!'

"Men have to pay a price for this education," the banker might have gone on. "And our friend paid his price. It put something into his character that has been very valuable. It killed a recklessness that might have gained a fortune for him if he had been lucky; but it gave him the sound conservatism that has made him a wise administrator of a great public property."

Speeches like these are never made at public dinners, of course. But the railroad president's story would have been much more inspiring if we could have had such side-lights on it. And I remember saying to myself that if I should ever attain a position at all comparable to his I should tell the real inside facts.

TIME flies very fast. It seems only a few weeks ago that I made this resolution; but now I am fifty-three, and president of a bank, not in Chicago, to be sure, but in an important middle-sized city. And only last week there was a dinner at which I was the guest of honor.

I recalled my good resolution as I was preparing my remarks for the occasion, but I lost my nerve. No, I made the conventional speech which was expected, and the diners applauded, and the local newspapers printed the speech the next morning with my photograph, and everything was right and proper. But my conscience hurt me.

I have one thing to tell and only one, but it is something that ought to be helpful to other men, younger men particularly. It is this: *As long as I tried to make a big name for myself, I almost failed; it was only when I ceased to think about myself that I began to do well by myself.*

If that sounds strange to you, please withhold your judgment until I have told you my story.

I was born in a little country town, but I grew up in Chicago. My grandfather was a farmer, but (*Continued on page 137*)

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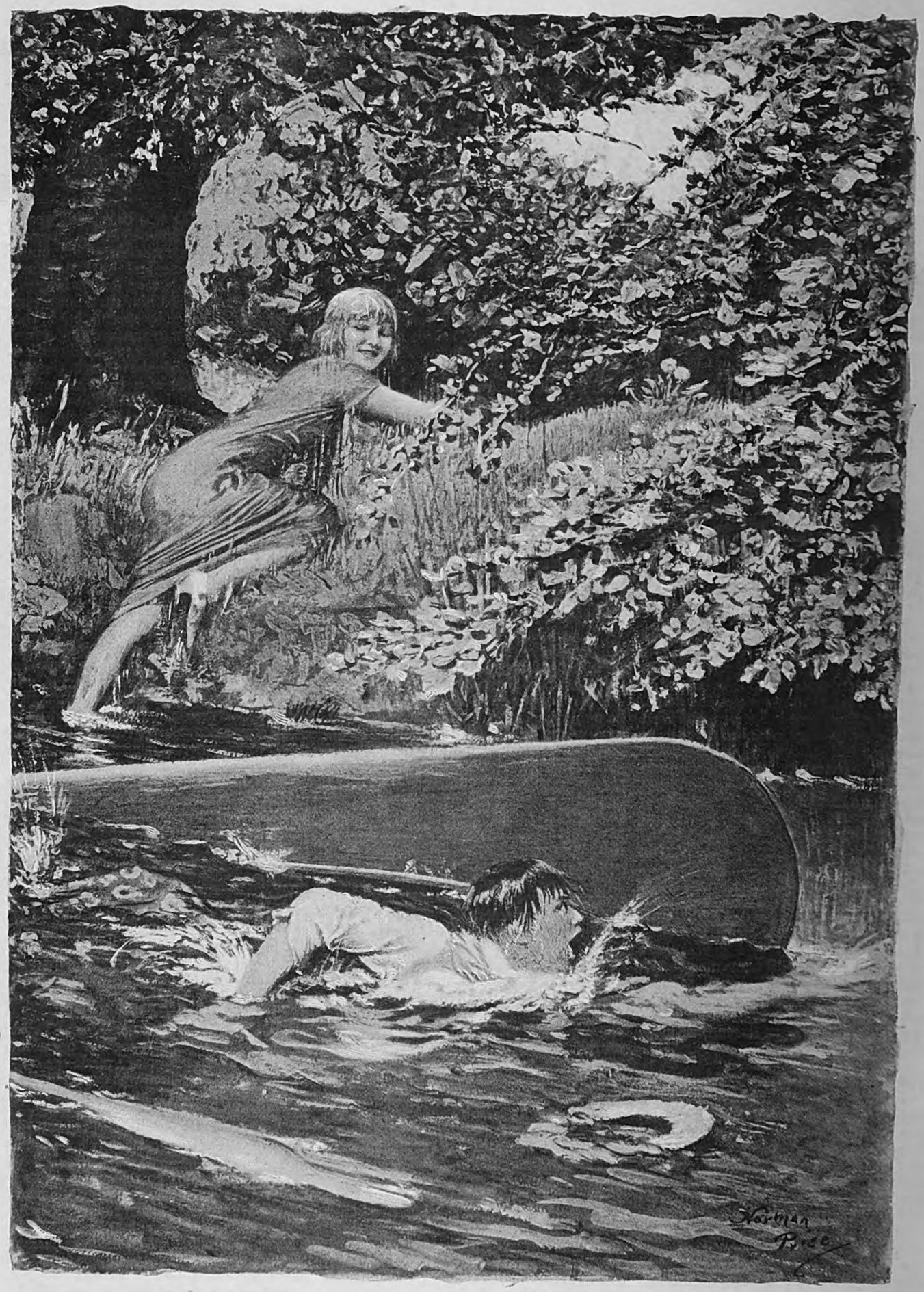

His agonized cry went over the water, "Marion! Where are you?" . . . Simultaneously the answer to his question drifted back mockingly: "On my way home!"

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Marion Scores A Knockout

A love story in which an old shoe plays a leading part

By Joseph Anthony

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE

MARION! By-y-y Jee-min-nee, I am so glad to see you! I thought never you come back to John's place. Now you got job—you forget all about old John—hey?"

John Caprione's face was a study in ecstasy as he leaned over the sandwich counter, his broad gray-stubbled face wrinkled in a smile of joyful welcome, his brown eyes alight with admiration. And John's sense of beauty was no inferior one. It was an altogether delicious apparition in a cool green dress that faced him from the other side of the counter, moving toward him with the impudent grace of a kitten.

Marion turned the full brilliance of her big blue eyes upon the old Italian, gravely accepting his homage, then twisted another cable around his vassal soul with a dazzling smile. "I'll have a hot dog—with a little mustard—and a glass of lemonade, John," she replied.

John's place catered especially to the trade of the Milford High School, from which Marion had been graduated two years before. Though she had not been inside it during that time, she gave every evidence of being at home now, as she sauntered to the back of the room, sat down at one of the empty tables, and swung her tam o' shanter, boy fashion, onto a hook.

It was Saturday noon, and Marion was the only customer in the place, which was ordinarily seething with hungry and clamorous youth.

John took a tray from a shelf, dusted it carefully with a napkin, and started a ceremonious march to the back of the room. "You have got a job now, hey?" he demanded as he served her lunch. "Is that why I do not see you any more?"

"Yes," said Marion. "I'm working in my father's office—but *that's* not very exciting."

"Jobs, jobs, what is jobs? I'll bet you are engaged to be married—and that is exciting!"

"No, I'm not," said Marion, and sighed. It was a utilitarian sort of sigh, for on the recoil her daintily expanded lips closed in on the protruding end of the generous hot dog. She munched a moment, and then, as incredulity and disappointment showed on John's seamed face, she added as an afterthought, "I'm in love, though."

John slapped his thigh in a gesture of Homeric triumph, as he exclaimed: "You are in love! Well, ain't that the same thing? Who is he, the lucky boy?"

Marion put the tall lemonade glass to her lips, and looked convincingly despondent as she set it down again. "No use talking about it," she replied glumly. "The poor fish isn't in love with *me*."

"Aw, gawan! I don't believe it! Such foolishness in a boy could not be. You are kidding old John, that's all."

Marion grinned, reached for her hat with one dainty hand, and extended the other one. "Good-by, John," she said. "I've got to beat it. See you again some time."

John was seized by a great idea as he beamed on her and crushed the small fingers in his powerful grip. "I tell you what," he whispered to her. "When you are marriaged to your boy, you will bring him here for lunch some day—yes?"

Marion flashed a quick smile at him. "It's a go, John," she said. "I will—if I land him."

MARION confided to nobody else the secret she had told to John Caprione, but the town of Milford soon had plenty of facts from which to make its own deductions. There was just one young man in Milford whose exploits as a devastator of the opposite sex made him worthy of mention in the same breath with Marion Gale. That young man was Jim Regent, three years out of Harvard, where he had been captain of the football team, among many other things. Jim was now a howlingly successful junior partner in a Wall Street brokerage concern; he was easily the best dancer in town; and as for being the life of the party, why, Jim Regent was accustomed to *being* the party. When Jim and Marion Gale began to be seen together on the dance floor of the Milford Arms, and, more particularly, when Marion turned up week after week at the parties given by Adela Regent, Jim's sister, and sprawled herself out prettily on the living-room couch listening to his doughty mandolin, the younger element of the town was inclined to sit back and say *that* was *that*.

But it wasn't. Jim Regent's engagement was announced early that spring, and the girl he was wedding wasn't Marion Gale at all, but her classmate, Anna Ferris, a plain, sweet, serious young lady who had long worshiped him from afar.

Mysteriously, it began to be noised about that Marion for once had met her master. Marion the invincible had developed a woeful crush on big Jim Regent, only to have him snatched away from her by the rankest outsider!

All the same, Marion continued to be annoyingly self-possessed. That week she turned down two fresh proposals, and two youths who had built hope on the foundation of her disappointment departed sadly to seek it elsewhere.

Then came the day of Jim's wedding, and Marion's complete, conclusive, abysmal disgrace.

It was agreed that at the ceremony Marion had behaved admirably, holding herself with her inimitable grace and a certain saucy kind of dignity. On the way back from the church to the bride's house, she rode in the car that followed the bridal pair, and was cuddled up close to Adela in the rear seat, chatting affectionately, and during the brief and merry party that followed she was as gay as the gayest.

Zero hour approached. Jim Regent, tall, broad-shouldered and blushing, made his way out to the hall to supervise the servants who had begun to hustle Anna's luggage into the honeymoon car. An anticipatory hush went over the gathering.

The baggage was strapped securely into place. The bride slipped deftly into the front of the car, dodging the inevitable shower of rice. A banner flaunting the words "Just Married" was furtively tacked on at the rear. Awkwardly, the bridegroom stood with one foot poised on the running board, having just discovered that he would have to go around the other way to get into the driver's seat. Then he was seen to look up suddenly toward an open window on the upper floor of the Ferris house.

The eyes of the crowd, following his, saw that Marion was standing at the window, a dark object poised in her hand. It was an old tramping shoe, and a stout and large one, stolen from the closet of the bride's father. As Jim shot into the car with a flying-tackle motion, sprawling himself into the lap of his terrified bride, the shoe, winged with mischief, and guided by the invisible finger of fate, came hurtling down.

IT WAS precisely one of those occasions for which Providence seems to have created the innocent bystander. And there couldn't possibly have been a better man for that rôle than Fred Regent, who was Jim's younger brother, and, by sufferance, his best man. It was the only occasion on that day, or on any other one, for that matter, on which Fred had been known to be the center of social interest. For Fred was a notorious "crab." He was twenty-two years old, in his last year at law school, and disgustingly ambitious. Openly contemptuous of dances, parties, and girls, he allowed Adela and Jim to do all the entertaining at their Friday-night gatherings, sitting silently in a corner of the room and leaving promptly at eleven to go back to his law books. Having learned to expect little from Fred, the lively junior set of Milford was never disappointed. Moreover, Fred was known to have an uncommonly sharp tongue in his own defense when it was needed, which added much to his immunity.

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"Lots of speed, but no control!" someone shouted blithely, as the shoe, missing the bridegroom by yards, flung out its heel in a spiteful kick and clipped Fred Regent neatly just in front of one ear. An expression of the utterest bewilderment crossed Fred's abstracted face, and there arose a mighty and joyous guffaw, keyed all the way from Susan Kendall's delicate soprano to Jim's full-bodied bass. For a moment, Fred seemed to be pondering matters in a judicial spirit. Then, almost with an air of deliberation he slumped and sat down limply on the walk. The laughter, frozen in full pitch, gave way to a horrified gasp. A thin red trickle, beginning at the temple, had started down Fred's face. The shoe, turning over casually in the gutter, told its own story. There was a single steel cleat in the heel, not conspicuous, but big enough to be ugly.

Big, capable Jim was of course the first to reach the stricken man. As his stout arms went about his brother's shoulders, a dozen more men crowded forward.

"Get a doctor—it may be concussion of the brain!" a girl cried.

"Look at that cleat! Why didn't she throw an iron bar while she was at it?" sounded a gruffer voice.

"Lucky she missed Jim, anyway," said a third one prayerfully.

They half dragged, half carried the dazed man up the steps and into the living-room. Mrs. Ferris, pathetically trying to look calm, telephoned for a doctor. Then she and Adela Regent, laden with wet bandages and lotions, struggled desperately to break through the ring that was doing its best to slay the victim with too much first aid, and they might never have been able to reach him at all if the forlorn bride outside hadn't created a timely diversion by fainting.

WHEN the doctor at last came, he found Adela and Mrs. Ferris, apparently the only two sane people in the place, standing guard over the still immobile Fred. He removed a wet towel that shrouded the injured man's face, then poured a restorative between the open lips. In answer there came a faint reassuring grunt. "Don't try to talk. Stay perfectly still!" he commanded, digging deeper into his black bag. A few minutes later, having taken the temperature of the unresisting Fred, bandaged, and dosed him, he turned to Mrs. Ferris somberly and said, "He may have been only stunned. Then again, this may be serious—he was hit in a bad spot. Don't let him move for another hour or two. If he isn't better by then, call me."

How Fred ever managed to do it in the face of such tremendous odds was something of a mystery, but the door had no sooner closed on the departing doctor than he threw off his mass of coverings with a single blind movement, and staggered to his feet. He lurched drunkenly, with one hand clapped to the injured temple, and confronted the awestruck crowd. "Where is she?" he demanded.

It was recalled that no one had seen so much as a hair of Marion's head since the fatal moment at the window upstairs. "She must still be in Anna's room," a girl replied.

There was a look of unearthly determination in Fred's eyes as he wobbled forward to the stairway. As intimidated as a tribe of Indians in the presence of a sacred madman, the crowd parted to let him through, then closed in behind him up the stairs.

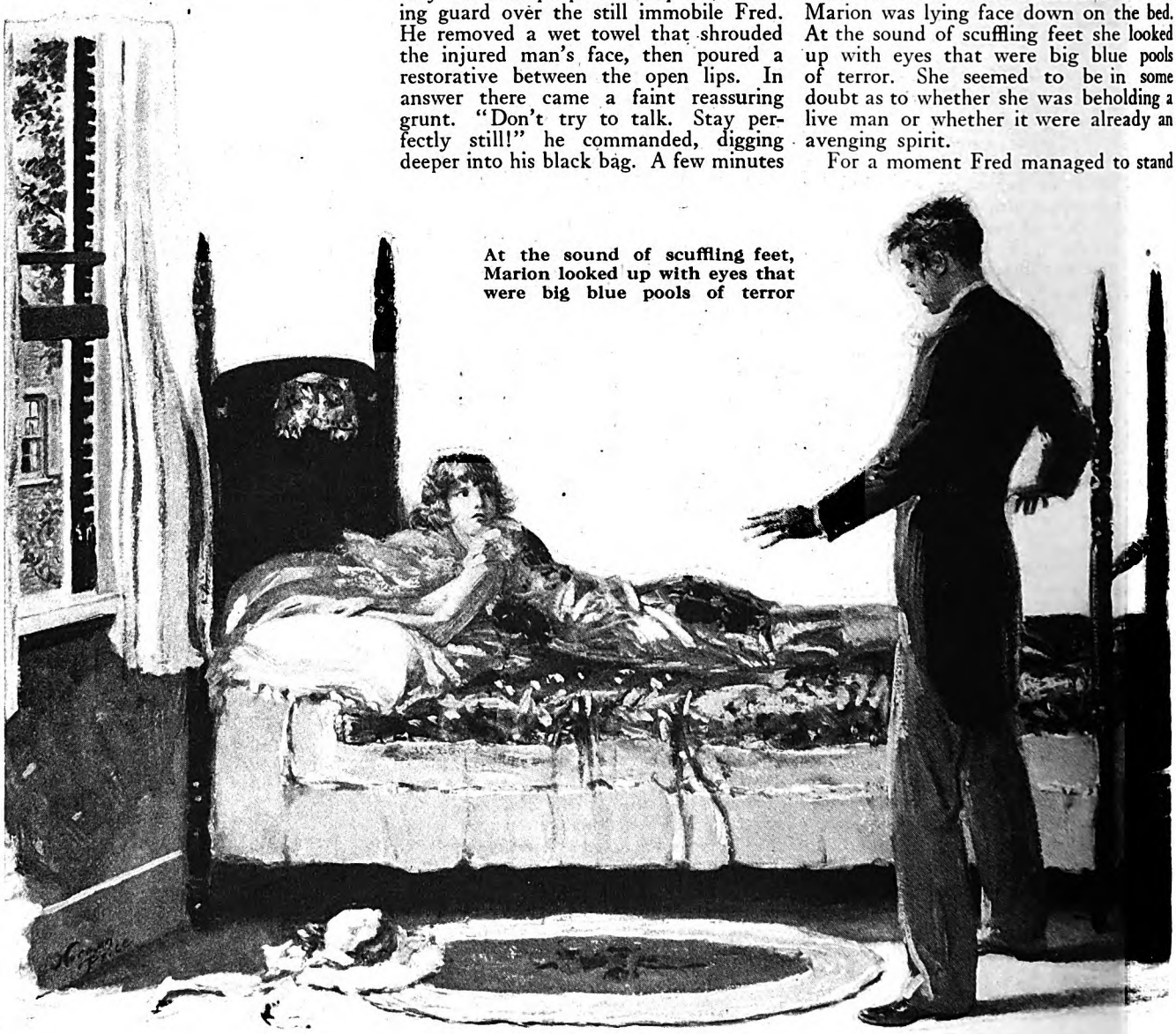
Finding the door of Anna's room open, Fred entered with uncertain strides. Marion was lying face down on the bed. At the sound of scuffling feet she looked up with eyes that were big blue pools of terror. She seemed to be in some doubt as to whether she was beholding a live man or whether it were already an avenging spirit.

For a moment Fred managed to stand erect as he confronted her and squared off for his historic speech:

"You darn fool of a flapper," he barked, "just because Jim didn't marry *you* is no reason to go throwing things at him!"

Fred paused, steadying himself with outstretched arms. A judicial expression crossed his serious face; he seemed to be pondering the adequacy of what he had just said. Then he added, as a crushing afterthought, "You've got rotten aim, anyway."

For the first time since she had passed the age of lollipops and maternal spank-



At the sound of scuffling feet, Marion looked up with eyes that were big blue pools of terror

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ings, Marion Gale was seen to cry. Two big, splashy tears, followed by two more, came rolling down the slim oval of her face just before it was turned away and buried frantically in a down pillow.

Fred's wandering eyes searched the room again, as though he were beholding the occupants of it for the first time in his life. His shoulders slumped, and he ran one hand through his disarrayed hair. "Oh, rats, go on with the honeymoon! *I'm* all right," said Fred.

More hullabaloo. More farewells for the bride and groom, and more witticisms from the crowd, bravely offered to revive the lost spirit of the party. For the protesting Fred, more wet towels and cod-

dling. And Marion went out of the house quietly, her head held high, the ruffled little plume at the tip of her hat waving defiance to the world. For her, the episode was closed.

NOT so with Fred Regent. Early the next evening he demonstrated that he was not a cad, after all, showing up at the Gale house in State Street with nothing but a large bump and a small patch of court plaster to show for his injury, and with a magnificent speech of apology committed to memory.

Fred found Marion's trim form outlined on a long canvas chair at the edge of the porch, the yellow glow of her bobbed hair showing pleasantly against the low-hanging branches of a neighborly cherry tree. She put down the magazine she had been reading, and greeted him with an affable smile. For a person who had just been mortally insulted, she was disconcertingly at her ease. "Hello, Fred! Why, you look just as good as new again!" she called to him cheerfully.

Something told Fred at that moment that the somewhat oratorical speech of apology he had planned wouldn't do. He grinned shamefacedly as he made his way up the porch steps. "Gosh, Marion, I'm awfully sorry about yesterday," he began.

So far so good. Marion was still smiling. "And I thought I'd come to apologize. I *was* a rotten sport to say what I said, about Jim."

An invisible marker scored one mistake for Fred. Marion didn't seem to like being reminded of Jim. Her blue eyes glinted dangerously. "That's all right, Fred. You apologize for your little speech, and I'll apologize for throwing the shoe, and we'll be square," she said. "I'm afraid I *can't* apologize away that bump on your head, though," she added.

Strange, how different this interview was turning out from the one Fred had visualized! All night he had been haunted by that frightened look in Marion's eyes, the gesture of helplessness with which she had turned to bury her tearful face in the pillow. And here he had come to make honorable amend, and she was—well, she was kidding him—in a subtle way, so that you couldn't quite lay your finger on it, but kidding him, all the same!

"I can see you're still sore," he blurted out desperately. "Can't you understand that I was dazed when I said that? I swear, I didn't know *what* I was saying!"

"All the same, you must have *believed* it—or the words wouldn't have come."

THE way out was clear enough now, but the way out was perjury. Fred tried hard to bring himself to the sinful step, but twenty-two years of persistent honesty were too much for him. He could apologize as abjectly as was needful for his offensive speech, but he couldn't quite bring himself to deny its truth. "Oh, what's the use of talking about *that* forever?" he demanded at length. "I'm sorry, and I apologize, and—well, the main thing is, I want you to come to that dance at the Milford Club to-morrow night."

Marion gasped. Up to this point she might or might not have been acting a part; but there was no doubting the genuineness of her astonishment now. It could not have been greater if Fred had invited her to come for a ride with him on the tail of a comet. "Why—Freddy—Regent!" she cried. "*You* asking a *girl* to go out with you? I've heard of a blow in the head restoring people's memory, but *this* beats everything!"

"Well—the main thing is—you're going, aren't you?"

"Sure, I'm going," said Marion, her calm self again. "But I'm going with Jack Sawyer. I promised to, a week ago."

Fred was at the end of his resources now. He had offered Marion his sword, to knight him or stab him with, as she saw fit—and she had chosen to strike him across the face with the flat of it. His dignity was gone, his temper was going. He arose angrily from the porch rail. "All right! You can *be* sore, if you want to!" he exclaimed.

"Uh-huh, so I can," said Marion.

Wrathfully, Fred jammed his hat on the back of his head and started down the steps. Without any command at all from his brain, his rebellious mouth opened.

"Well, you *are* a rotten shot!" was his parting taunt.

"And you *are* a rotten sport!" was Marion's reply.

No, Fred's apology hadn't been much of a success. Mentally, he kicked himself all the way home, while sentence by sentence he recalled the calamitous interview, finding fresh mistakes in every word he had spoken, new barbs in each of Marion's. There must be something fundamentally wrong with him. Certainly he had *intended* to do the honorable thing. Was he incapable of it?

Fred felt a dull, pervasive pain, like nothing he had ever experienced before. It was like a spiritual toothache, and it hurt vilely. And there was no one he could tell about it, for they would laugh at him if he did. These literal-minded fools that surrounded him would probably say that he was in love, and Fred knew better. It was nothing on earth but a man's normal protective instinct that had led him to invite (*Continued on page 132*)

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Four Heroes And A Heroine Of Whom You Have Never Heard

Two were preachers, one was a village school-teacher, one a designer of machinery and the heroine was a widow who fought hard to support her children—This is the story of a splendid career built by these five for another man

By William S. Dutton

"EACH man," declared Emerson, "is a hero to somebody."

This, then, is a story of heroes!

To be exact, it is a story of four heroes and a heroine. Not one of the five, so far as I know, was ever distinguished at war. Not one of them ever possessed a medal, nor by bold deed saved a life, nor did anything more spectacular than to live this life as he or she, in conscience and in God, believed it should be lived. Probably, nobody before has called them heroic, certainly not publicly or in print.

Yet in their humble rôles, each of these five in turn exerted an influence that helped to build a man and a life! To others about them, these men and this woman simply were neighbors. But to this man—as a boy, as a youth, as a laborer, and as a student—they were figures as thrilling as those of any heroes in history or great novel.

In the secret chambers of his mind he exalted them; and in turn they lifted and exalted him. A thin, white-faced, puny lad, they inspired him to gain strength of body beyond most men. Later, they led him upward to strength of mind and of soul. He was poverty-burdened and ignorant. By silent example, they urged him on toward a goal which they themselves were destined never to reach.

To-day, in the National Encyclopædia of Biographies, and in "Who's Who," you will find the name of Arthur Holmes, this man. That distinction in itself may not mean much; but the record enumerated does. At an age when most men are finishing college, Holmes was working in a machine shop to get funds to study for the ministry. At thirty-one, a humble and unknown preacher, his income was less than five hundred dollars a year. He was thirty-six years old before he ever taught a college class, and that was less than nineteen years ago!

Since then, Arthur Holmes has become one of the country's eminent educators, the author of recognized books, and a lecturer known from coast to coast for his eloquence and power of thought. He holds three university degrees for scholarship, including that of Doctor of Philosophy, and he won every one of them while he worked at a job. For six years he was dean of the general faculty at Pennsylvania State College. Four years he was the president of Drake University, in Des Moines. Resigning at Drake because he felt it was his real mission to teach, he went to the University of Pennsylvania, four years ago, as professor of psychology and unofficial adviser of men. That position he still holds—and he mounted there on the backs of his heroes!

His father, Doctor Holmes told me, was a consumptive. A carpenter by trade, he had come to this country from England, and settled in Ohio. For some unfathomable reason he thought that he could farm, though he didn't know a harrow from a cultivator, nor rye from wheat. Every penny he possessed was lost in the farm venture; and a few years later, at thirty-seven, broken in health and discouraged, he died. Behind him he left his widow and three little children.

"I was eight years old then, the eldest child," Doctor Holmes told me. "We were living in Cincinnati, where I had been born. We had nothing between us and starvation except my mother's two hands."

But back of those mother hands was a will, and courage. Josephine Holmes was of pioneer stock. Her maternal ancestors, the Jessups, had been among the founders of New England. Again, in 1797, they had helped in the founding of Ohio. She was of the log-cabin aristocracy that built America!

A small woman was Josephine Holmes, and yet as big in spirit as women come. Her eyes flashed when well-meaning friends suggested that it might be better that her children be parted.

"Give up my babies?" she repeated. "Appeal to charity? Never! I stand between them and that!"

SHE rented a little farm at Mt. Airy, just outside the city, far enough out for rent to be cheap—a clayey, barren, unwanted farm, considered hopeless by the man who previously had farmed it. All told there were forty acres. A neighbor agreed to take off the scanty crops on shares; and so, at a stroke, those three hungry little ones were provided with food, and shelter, and home love. The grandmother, another Jessup, was called in to care for the house. And then Josephine Holmes, in the place of her man who had died, went out like a man to earn. She became a nurse.

If Josephine Holmes shed any tears, they were dry tears. If she rebelled at fate, it was alone and unheard. What life brought, was life to her; and life was to be *lived!* Was it strange that in the mind of her son should form a glittering, resplendent image, an image of beauty that was to grow with understanding, and was never to be erased? She infused the boy with courage, and courage he was to need.

"Mother," said Doctor Holmes simply, "was my heroine."

He was far from being a husky boy. Remembering his father's fate, the country folks shook their heads when Arthur was mentioned. "He's got it too," they said.

"By the time I was twelve," Doctor Holmes smiled, "it was the unanimous verdict of the neighborhood that I was doomed."

But there was his mother. *She* didn't believe it; so what mattered it if the whole world did? And then, unobtrusively, two other heroes took their places at her side, in the Holy of Holies of the boy's mind.

THE first of these heroes was a country preacher. I don't think the boy Holmes ever saw him, or heard his voice. But that doesn't matter; his grandmother had. During the long winter evenings in the farmhouse kitchen, while Josephine Holmes kept vigil at some distant bed of pain, the old grandmother, in lace cap, lace cuffs, and rusty black, regaled the youngsters with stories. One night, to the accompaniment of the crackling wood stove, she told of this old country parson.

Not a heroic figure, either, was this parson. A trifle bent from years of poring over his Bible, thin of hair, gaunt, weather-beaten, and stern in the righteousness of the Lord. But there was a remarkable fact back of the man. He was entirely self-educated. With a zeal that could not have been short of inspired, he had made his way from a backwoods cabin, through a recognized college, and on to the pulpit. Nor were poverty and lack of opportunity his greatest obstacles. The man was within half an eye of being blind!

"Then, how did he study?" demanded Arthur at this stage in his grandmother's tale.

"By main *might!*" replied the old lady. "A parson he would be, and a parson he became. His one eye was totally gone. The other was so nearly gone that he could hardly see with that. But he got himself a great magnifying glass, which he always carried in his pocket. With that glass he was able to make out print."

"I believe," (*Continued on page 223*)

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Arthur Holmes

DOCTOR HOLMES is professor of psychology and unofficial adviser of men at the University of Pennsylvania. For several years he was president of Drake University; but he preferred teaching to executive work, so he resigned and returned to the classroom. He is the author of a number of books which translate the findings of science into popular language. Among his best known works are "The Conservation of the Child," and "Backward Children." Doctor Holmes was born in Cincinnati fifty-four years ago. He was a machinist, then a preacher, and finally a teacher.

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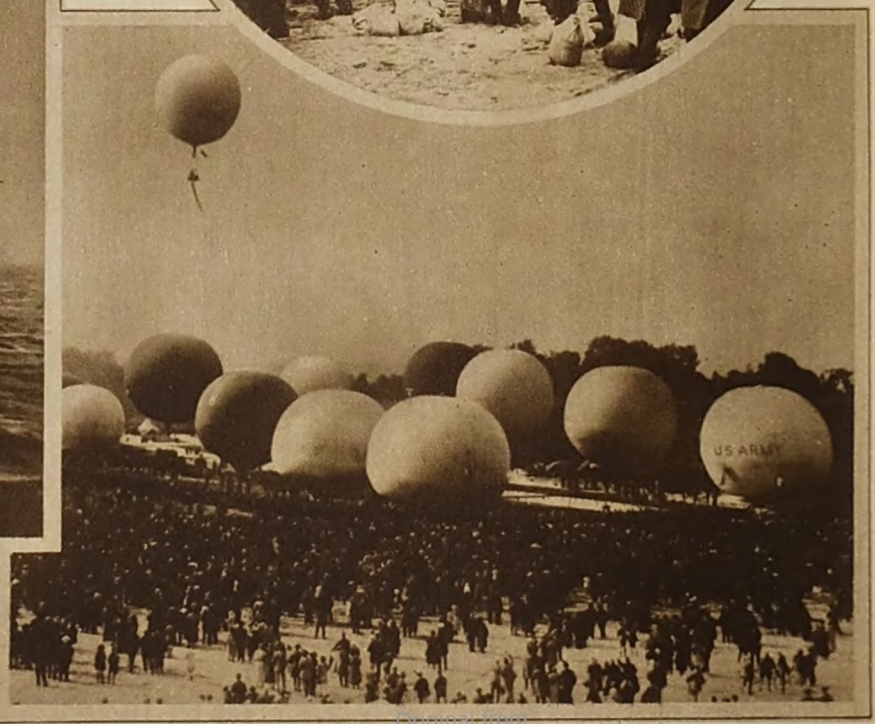
WARDE T. VAN ORMAN (left), in the basket of a balloon, and W. W. Morton, his companion in many adventures while soaring on the wings of the wind. Mr. Van Orman is one of the most skillful balloon racers in the world. The basket he is in is equipped with inflated pontoons, which act as shock-absorbers when he comes down on land, and as floats when he is forced to come down on water.

International Newsreel Photo

A TANGLED fish line is simple compared to this: These balloons, at Antwerp (right), got too close together, as you see. (Below) The "Hesperic," a Spanish balloon, coming down in the sea off the coast of England. The pilot and his passenger were rescued by a steamer, but the balloon was lost.

International Newsreel Photo



THE starting field at Brussels (right), with one of the Gordon Bennett entries already in the air. These balloons have no power except the wind.

Wide World Photos

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Riders Of The Gale

By Neil M. Clark

IT WAS near midnight in the North Atlantic, and the tramp freight steamer "Vaterland," bound from Egypt for Rotterdam with a cargo of onions, was proceeding toward the English Channel. Stars were hidden, and the night was pitch dark. A sailor of the starboard watch, contemplating with profound distaste the monotony of life aboard a slow ship, killed a yawn in mid-career and uttered an astonished oath. By all that wore pants, what was that up yonder?

Sharply recalling his duty, he sang out to the officer of the watch:

"Light *overhead*, sir!"

At the summons, the officer took his place by the sailor's side and they observed the phenomenon together for a few moments. What they saw was a curious twinkling up where the stars ought to be; it seemed to appear and reappear in regularly recurring flashes.

"I believe it's a signal of some sort," said the officer. "Those flashes seem to be in the code. Look! One short flash, one long, and a short—that's *r;* one short—*e*."

There was a long wait. Apparently, whoever was sending the message, if it was indeed a message, was very rusty in the use of the code. Presently, however, the flashes began again. The officer now had his notebook in hand, and what he wrote down read, when completed:

". . . re going to try to land on board."

The event following the receipt of this mysterious message from the sky constitutes one of the strangest boardings of a vessel ever made in mid-ocean. The message was sent by means of a pocket flashlight from the basket of a balloon. The sender was Ward T. Van Orman, one of the world's most famous and expert balloonists. And the landing on deck, proposed in the message, was made successfully, Van Orman and his aid stepping from their basket to the "Vaterland," and to safety, without so much as wetting the soles of their shoes!

Van Orman's story, which I am going to tell, is made up of strange and fascinating experiences like this. He is a scientist, yet has had a life of adventure. An engineer by profession and practice, he is known nationally and internationally as an exceptionally proficient winner of balloon races; although but thirty-odd, he has the record of having participated oftener, and won more frequently, than any other man in the history of balloon racing in the United States. To talk with him is to catch the thrill of his adventures, and to gain glimpses of a wonderful future for which present-day ballooning is paving the way.

It was in the 1925 international race that Van Orman landed on the deck of the "Vaterland." Let him complete that story in his own words.

"Our starting point," he said, "was Brussels. I chose an air current that took us in a southwesterly direction, over the English Channel, and off the coast of France. I had Brest as my objective first. We reached the point in due time, and hardly a mile of blue water lay between us and land; but in a balloon you go where the wind takes you. There was water under us all the time, and we kept on.

"I next thought we might be able to make the small island of Ouessant, which lies off the shore of France in that neighborhood; but we passed between it and the mainland at a distance of some ten miles. That was our last chance for *terra firma*. Thereafter, we headed directly out over the Atlantic Ocean with three thousand miles of water ahead of us, and ballast sufficient for only one thousand. This did not give us any serious concern, for we were equipped to land in the water if necessary, and could have remained afloat in the basket indefinitely. We had supplies of food and water sufficient to last two weeks; in less than that time, I was certain, somebody would sight us and pick us up.

"BUT night came on black as the ace of spades. The last time I figured out our location, I was a little disturbed to notice that, according to the maps, we were flying rapidly away from the lanes of steamship travel, toward seas perhaps as lonely as any on earth, in spite of their proximity to main-traveled waters. It had been hours since we sighted any kind of ship, and we were mighty pleased when, toward eleven o'clock, we saw the lights of the steamer that we later learned was the 'Vaterland.' I decided to try to hail her, and, if possible, land on her, or at least land close enough so her boats could pick us up easily.

"Our chances of being seen from aboard ship, however, were rather slim. We had no flares to attract attention, and anything resembling a match aboard a balloon is dangerous cargo, because of the inflammable gas in the bag. The only thing I could possibly use was my pocket flashlight. It was poor pickings. Still, I knew there are sailors on watch on every ship day and night, with nothing to do but let their eyes roam the sea and sky, and I had hopes my improvised signals might be seen.

"Once upon a time I had known the Morse code, but had forgotten it; however, in my log was a book with a copy of the code. Holding this book in one hand, and operating the pocket flash with the other, I managed to spell out the brief message:

"'We are going to try to land on board.'

"I threw the beam of the flashlight over the bag of the balloon and on the basket and ourselves, to let them see who and what we were. There are few moments in my life that have held a greater thrill than when, after an anxious wait, the lights of that vessel winked. The chief engineer must have done it by pulling out the main electric switch and throwing it in again, for we could see the vessel alternately go dark and light. For a minute or so, 'dots' and 'dashes' in the Morse code followed, and the giant sending instrument was the lighting system of the entire vessel. But what that message was I never learned; the job of reading it was beyond me!

"By pulling the valve cord of the balloon and allowing some gas to escape, I brought the bag down to within thirty feet of the surface of the water, and threw over a sea anchor, which is merely a bell-shaped canvas bag that drags in the water and greatly slows down the speed of a balloon. We drifted at three or four miles an hour.

"Meanwhile, the captain of the vessel had displayed the greatest intelligence. He slowed up the speed of the ship slightly, and the basket of the balloon struck the rail of the upper deck. Several sailors grabbed and held it fast. My aid and I stepped out. The captain then turned the nose of his vessel a little, so that the bag, blown by the wind, swung slightly over the open forward deck; I pulled the rip cord, the gas went out in ten seconds, and the big bag collapsed on the deck in a position perfectly easy to pack up.

"The captain and crew proved a rare lot. They treated us as honored guests, and when I offered to pay for our transportation and the assistance we had had, the captain seemed offended."

On this flight with its curious ending, Van Orman's balloon traveled five hundred and sixty-one miles from the starting point, the greatest distance of any balloon entered in the race. But because of his landing-place, he was declared ineligible for the winner's trophy.

VAN ORMAN is a long-faced, slender, quietly smiling, quizzical, and undemonstrative young man.

Born in Lorain, Ohio, in 1894, he was educated at the public schools, and at the Case School of Applied Science, in Cleveland. Seeking a line of work in which, as he says, he might progress without waiting for too many older men to die he hesitated between the tractor industry and aëronautics; and upon choosing the latter, became associated after his graduation in 1917 with the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, at (*Continued on page 144*)

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A Rare Little Dog

By Henry Francis Granger

"Roddy," the Skye terrier who is the hero of this true story

THE dogs I have owned—with the exception of Roddy—sold themselves to me. I have my own way of choosing a dog, which is not the way of a bench judge. I search in the puppy's eyes for the recognition by an instinct infallibly discriminating.

If it is *my* dog, he tells me so, unmistakably.

I have selected many dogs in this way, many dogs of many kinds. But I had never owned a Skye terrier. Then, one day, I read "Greyfriars Bobby," that pathetic biography of a dog, by Mrs. Atkinson, and the desire to own a Skye terrier possessed me. It was a desire that cost much effort before it was realized in my possession of Roddy.

Long I searched before I got on the trail of a Skye. Even in some English sporting publications there was no card of a breeder of Skye terriers. I had been looking for weeks, when I dropped in to question a dealer of my acquaintance.

"Do you mean a Scottie?" he asked.

I shook my head, but the negation passed unheeded.

"Now, if it's a Cairn, they're coming on fast. I have some beauties."

"I want a Skye," I insisted.

"There ain't any." His voice grew regretful. "I used to breed 'em, twenty-five years ago. They were keen little dogs."

"Why have they disappeared so completely?"

He pondered this for a time before answering: "Too much dog for their size, I guess. They bred the curl pretty much out of their coats, got 'em looking like overgrown Yorkshires, but they could never make 'em take to coddling. They were a man's dog, and they came woman size."

I knew that fashions in dogs come and go. Within my memory the Newfoundland, the English mastiff and the pug, once numerous and popular, waned and almost disappeared. Almost, but not quite. Always they could be found, and periodically they reappeared at the shows. But now I failed to find anyone who could even remember when they last saw a Skye. These dogs seemed to have gone with puff sleeves and bustles, and I had about concluded that the Skye no longer existed, in this country, when I found one.

This was the single puppy born to an eleven-year-old mother. Through a combination of fortuitous circumstances, when but six weeks old the puppy became mine. Perhaps as compensation for the difficulty in finding him, a name came to me as soon as I saw the puppy. The former owner called him "Teddy." I renamed him "Roderick Dhu." Had I suspected a tithe of his strenuousness I fancy he would have remained Teddy. At any rate, the new name failed to take. The puppy became Roddy, and Roddy he remained.

From the first I was uncertain whether Roddy was to be my dog. Here was but one puppy, and I wanted him, because he was a Skye terrier and I was fearful that I might not find another. Greyfriars Bobby could not love a new master. All the love of his faithful heart had gone out to friendless old Jock. And I was taking Roddy without the assurance that Roddy accepted me. I fancy if there had been a litter to choose from my choice would have fallen upon some other puppy; one less completely sufficient unto himself.

THIS was the impression the six-weeks-old puppy made on me, an impression of independence that might be trained in obedience, but would yield nothing to wheedling, a self-sufficiency that might give lavishly but could never be coerced. I realized as soon as I took him up in my hands that this mite of energy would never become a lap-dog.

He was not hostile; there was a friendly wriggle to his roly-poly body, but no flicker of a wet little tongue, and his shining eyes met mine in an impersonal and fearless look. He wriggled out of my hands, and leaped boldly from my knee to thud upon the floor from a height five or six times that of his own, and immediately proceeded to chew up my shoe laces.

When I came for the puppy his mother lay curled up on a table.

"She gets there to escape him," the owner explained. "She can't get a moment's rest upon the floor."

I tucked Roddy under my coat and carried him home. Followed hectic days. The puppy seemed never to sleep, was never still. I took him out for his first lesson under the leash, expecting him to hold back, confused and frightened. He strained at the leash with convulsive energy that never abated during the journey around the block. Half the time his diminutive fore legs were in the air. Before he was two months old, he was wearing a breast-harness upon his daily walks; it would have been dangerous to subject him to such violent straining and lunging upon a collar.

AT HOME he was an epitome of destruction. Nothing escaped that he could reach; but there was never a fugitive gesture about his depredations. He went boldly upon his mission of destruction, and when punished returned promptly to his labors. "Irrepressible" but mildly characterizes him. At an age and size when such effort appeared beyond his power, he was bounding upon the chairs. Thereafter, articles upon desks and tables were in jeopardy if a chair stood near. A list of the things he damaged or destroyed would embrace most of our belongings. And all the time he evinced no particular interest in or affection for any of us. He disliked to be picked up, rebelled at petting, as he did at brushing, made none of the usual loving doggish overtures.

I had reached the regretful conclusion that he would never become my dog, and my patience was sadly frazzled, when our daughter came home. Our daughter had married in the Army, and now they were on the way from Texas to a new station in Virginia. When they went on, Roddy accompanied them. They were overjoyed at the gift, and I saw him go with relief. I had never before failed where I had tried to win a dog's affections. That I had failed with Roddy, I could not doubt; I had not yet come to the understanding of a Skye.

Roddy was nearly a year old before I saw him again. A rumpled bundle of hair, buff and grizzled and black, leaped upon me as I stepped from the car at my daughter's door. It was Roddy, grown but unmistakable; a Roddy I had never known before.

Again and again he leaped upon me, yelping staccato greeting, until I caught him up in my arms, where he wriggled wildly, quivering and whining.

The puppy that had never seen me since he was four months old appeared to remember me. Not only did he remember, he loved me. Still whining, he wriggled from my arms and disappeared, to return carrying a stone in his mouth, which he laid at my feet. He remembered, he loved me, he had told me so as plainly as a dog

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can talk—they talk plainly—and now he laid a gift at my feet.

Always, after a parting from those whom he loved, Roddy brought gifts. He never kissed, he never jumped upon a lap; he cried his greeting in the first burst of joy, and then, whimpering all the things he knew we might be too dumb to understand, he hurried to bring his gift—a stick or stone, a piece of broken crockery, a tin can, perhaps a cherished bone, something he could get quickly and give.

Enthusiastic were the reports I listened to of Roddy, his intelligence, his grit, his popularity. Never since coming to his new home had he destroyed anything or caused any trouble. Here were woods and fields, through which he was free to roam at will, and there he expended his surplus energy harmlessly. In the evenings he was a decorous member of the little family, never obtrusive, but always close beside the new master or mistress. At night he was a watch dog whose sharp ears no stir or sound escaped.

As he grew older, it became his custom to accompany his master to army headquarters, lying quietly beside his desk through long hours of "paper work," following on his rounds of duties, even marching close behind him on parade.

BUT it was for his prowess that Roddy, while still a puppy, had won renown. Amphibious, almost, as a seal, he was ever in the water, regardless of the weather or season, his heavy double coat impervious to chill. He would swim incredible distances in heavy seas, just for the joy of it, retrieve anything thrown or for which he was sent, and dive in water too deep to wade, and fetch up a stone. Diving for stones was his great delight. Down he would go, entirely under, and he would remain until he secured, if not the one thrown, a stone. Upon land no hole, culvert, or drain escaped his investigations.

But it was for more questionable activity that Roddy won his greatest renown. An Army Post, if the "K. O." is a human being, as most of them are, swarms with dogs. There was no ban on dogs at this post, and their number and variety was great. Roddy was not gregarious. Generally there would be one with whom he associated upon terms of intimacy, but other dogs, if they came too close, were anathema. And Roddy was not content to growl and bark his disapproval if the offensive one was within reach. With a rush in which there was no hesitation, no consideration of consequences, he would hurl himself upon the other, seizing and clinging as he struck.

I do not understand where the prompting to seize and cling came from; I do not know whether or not it is characteristic of his breed; but Roddy clung to a hold with almost the tenacity of a bulldog. Certainly, the suddenness and fury of his attack and the tenacity of his grip saved him from much. He was a disconcerting problem to most big dogs, something entirely outside their experience, and from which their first impulse was to escape.

Notwithstanding, Roddy had not gone scatheless. He bore battle scars while still a puppy. Several times he was rather horribly mauled. But there was no lesson in such chastisement for Roddy; no experience weakened his indomitable spirit.

Never once during my first visit did the little dog accompany his master to headquarters. He could not be enticed away. All day he followed me about or lingered close beside me. Once upon a ramble, I came upon a remarkable (*Continued on page 184*)

(In the oval) A typical "wild dog," except in color. Most of the Inwood pack show little white. This dog, a female, is an enormous animal, as large as a great Dane; a powerful mongrel with the size and cunning to subsist in a wild pack which lives by foraging, and ruthlessly slaughters its weaker members

(Above) Roddy and Tinker, a white bulldog, with their master and friend, Henry Francis Granger. Mr. Granger tells in the accompanying article an absorbing story of Roddy's gallantry. (At the left) The snow-clad slope where the pack turned on Roddy. This photograph was taken at Inwood, part of New York City, where a pack of dogs has run wild for years, reverting to the savage state of wolves

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The most awful hubbub I ever heard in my life broke out in the entrance hall. . . .
They had come, the whole twenty of them together, through the blizzard, on foot

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A New Dot and Will Story

Concerning Husbands

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

THERE is one thing that never gets over surprising me, and that is how much alike husbands are. There seems to be something about just getting married that gets them that way. Goodness knows, they apparently start out different enough. Take Rosie Merton's husband and Dulcie Lane's, for instance. Before they were husbands, nobody would ever have thought of their being anything alike.

Howard Merton was tall and thin and a dentist and Baptist and a Democrat, and devoted to sleight of hand. Roger Lane was short and beginning to get a bay window already. He worked in the bank and was a Universalist and Republican and couldn't even enjoy a card trick, to say nothing of doing one.

And yet, after a very few years of marriage, to hear their wives talk sometimes, you'd actually think the two girls had married the same man!

Just for instance, they seem to be exactly alike in regard to the tops of their chiffoniers. And both of them exactly like Will, who never used to seem a bit like either of them.

"I just wish you could see the top of Howard's chiffonier!" Rosie exclaimed one Monday morning when the three of us met, as we so often do at the Busy Bee, doing our daily marketing.

"I don't have to see it," I said feelingly. "I know just what it looks like. I cleared off Will's yesterday morning. I gave him a nice pair of military brushes for Christmas and, honestly, you could hardly see them for the litter. There were three neckties and a bunch of keys and some cigarette coupons and a tire tester and a seed catalogue and an old envelope and a sweater and a new wall pencil-sharpener he'd bought for the office. That's a good average day!"

"And I'll bet he didn't want you to put away a thing," said Rosie. "Howard never does."

"Of course he didn't," I said. "He was all upset because I threw away the old envelope. It seems he had some of the office income tax figures on it. 'Just leave my things alone!' he always says. But, heavens above! If I did, in a couple of weeks the pile would reach the ceiling."

"Everything Roger leaves on his chiffonier," said Dulcie strong-mindedly, "I just sweep into his top drawer, and let him rave. Then, after a while, when the drawer gets so full he can't shut it, he has to clear it out."

The way that all husbands are most alike, though, is the way they stick together. All of them, for instance, think it's just funny, the way Scott is always swapping things, till actually poor Corinne says she never goes out with him in their new Medal Light Six without expecting to come home in the side car of a motor-cycle with a lawn mower and a second-hand washing machine thrown in. And not a wife in Montrose ever did find out what the joke was about Frank Kirsted and the six quarts of ink that the men were always kidding him about.

Nobody, however, ever thought of this sticking together of the men's as anything serious till the matter of the Porter divorce came up.

EVERYBODY in town liked Mrs. Beth Porter. She used to teach the primary room in the public school. "Miss Beth," the children called her. When she married Sam Porter she kept right on teaching, and they called her Mrs. Beth. She taught school for ten years after she was married, and did her housework besides, and put all her money into Sam's business.

For a long time it was like pouring money down a pit. I never shall forget the old gray sweater she wore for three winters instead of a coat. And she was so sweet and friendly and cheery through it all. And then suddenly, it was as though the pit had got full of money at last and it began to pile up on top. Sam started making money hand over fist.

Everybody who knew Mrs. Beth was tickled for her. If ever a woman deserved success, she did. She gave up her position, though they had been going to make her principal that fall; and Mr. Porter bought a nicer house, and they got a car. The business kept paying better and better and better; it was generally understood that Sam Porter was going to be one of the richest men in town. And everybody was tickled to death to see Mrs. Beth getting her deserts.

And then!

The Porters went away for the summer, and all during the summer gossip of one sort or another began to filter back to Montrose. And when fall came, and it was time for them to come back, the truth came out. The Porters were divorced, and Mr. Sam Porter was coming back to Montrose with a new wife. A young, beautiful, Chicago girl.

All of us girls who had gone to school to Mrs. Beth and loved her were shocked to death. It was the sort of thing you read about in the papers, but never expect to see happen in your own town. A woman sticking by her husband, working and saving and helping him, and then being shucked off like an old shoe for a younger and prettier girl.

"Well, Mr. Sam Porter can make up his mind to one thing," said Rosemary; "nobody will call on his new wife or have anything to do with her!"

"Much he'll care if nobody does," said Mrs. Frank Kirsted, who comes from New York and is therefore very worldly. "If she's from Chicago, she'll want to get in with the speedy Harvester bunch, anyhow, and anybody who's got as much money as Sam Porter can get in with them. If you're rich enough, the Harvester crowd doesn't care if you've just buried the body."

"I don't agree with you at all," said Dulcie, who makes it a point always to disagree with Mrs. Kirsted, to show that she knows what's what, just as well as anybody from New York. "Mr. Sam Porter has always lived in Montrose, and he would want his wife to associate with the best old families, like the Burrises and the Scogginses. He knows the Harvester crowd isn't the real thing in Montrose."

There was considerable difference of opinion, but on one point we girls were all firm: We wouldn't have anything to do with the new Mrs. Porter. The men didn't have so much to say about it, one way or the other. Rather kidding us girls, in fact, for running such a gossip fest.

What happened makes me mad, even now, to remember.

THE first thing of all, Mr. Sam Porter came back alone, and went right to see Will. He said he was considering buying the Van Cortland place. Will nearly swooned with joy. The Van Cortland place is a perfectly beautiful house with ten acres, and Will's been trying to sell it for five years. And right now, of all times, just when Father and Mother Horton had gone out to California, and Father Horton is really beginning to pull out of the business, it meant an awful lot to Will to make a big sale like that.

Mr. Sam Porter said he was bringing his wife down to stay at the new hotel over the week-end, to see the Van Cortland place, and would Will and I have Sunday dinner with them there? He wanted us to meet his wife, he said.

Well, it really was a problem. At first, I said I positively wouldn't go. But, as Will pointed out, if I didn't, it might mean our losing the sale. Jackson Veerley had the house listed too. Mr. Porter could buy it through him just as well.

"Besides," Will said, "you don't know a thing about his new wife. She may not have had anything more to do with the divorce than you did."

"Well," I said dubiously, "of course that's true. I don't suppose there'd be any harm in just meeting her. It doesn't seem exactly charitable to turn thumbs down on her without ever having seen her."

"No," said Will; "I think we'd better be broad-minded about it."

Then we talked a lot about the need of people being broad-minded and charitable

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and everything. And accepted Mr. Porter's invitation. Besides, as I realized, I didn't have to tell a soul I'd gone.

So we went. The Porters had a private suite in the hotel, and the instant the new Mrs. Porter came into their sitting-room, I knew she was just like what I had thought she'd be just like. She must have been twenty years younger than Sam—about my own age, I decided. But she certainly looked as though she knew her way around.

She had one of those baby faces, with big eyes all touched up, a little mouth with a lot of lipstick, and tiny white teeth like pearl beads on a string. She was just the kind of girl that men never see through. They always think she's sweet and innocent and helpless.

She had on a gray velvet dress with gray fur trimmings, and she came in with her hat on. I had on a new raccoon coat Will had given me for Christmas, and a hat that I'd thought was perfectly stunning till I saw Mrs. Sam Porter's. She made me feel about as stylish as a pot roast.

"I hope you two are going to be great chums," Sam said. "I want Mrs. Porter to see a lot of all you girls."

I said nothing, thinking that he wouldn't, if he knew how all of us girls had talked about her. Dulcie was evidently right, however. It appeared he wasn't interested in the Harvester bunch, and he knew that the people he and Mrs. Beth had known were too old for the new Mrs. Porter.

He might have all the money in the world, but what he really wanted was to have his wife in with the young married crowd of the good old Montrose families. Which, when you came right down to it, was our crowd.

I never had liked Mr. Sam Porter, and I didn't like him any the better now just because he was laying himself out to be nice to me. Still, when the next day he actually took title to the Van Cortland place, I had to admit I was glad I'd gone to dinner.

He and his wife decided to stay on at the hotel while a lot of repairs and building-over was being done to the new house. And when he began to consider buying an extra stretch of land past the factory, to add to his business, and Will and I figured up what the commission would be, we decided that, little as we liked the idea, we'd better invite them to our house for dinner.

I KEPT this absolutely dark, never telling a soul I was going to have them, and when you realize that we live right next door to Miss Waters, the town busybody, and even she never knew it, anyone can see how cautious I was. Thanks to the fact that it was pitch dark by six o'clock, even Dulcie, who lives on the other side, never saw them come. Honestly, I felt as guilty and secret about it as though I had robbed the bank and were disposing of the booty. I was simply terrified for fear Dulcie would get wind of it.

But I needn't have worried. The very next night after I'd had them, I happened to be looking out of the side window about six, watching for Will, and to my amazement whom should I see going into Dulcie's but the Sam Porters! I could scarcely believe my eyes; but there was no mistaking Mrs. Porter's fur coat. Dulcie had the curtains of her living-room and dining-room, which are on our side, down so tight that you couldn't see even a crack of light.

The next day at the Busy Bee, though, she told me about it. It seems that the Porters had told her about being at our house the night before. Dulcie felt just as guilty as I did but, as she said, Mr. Porter was transferring his buying account to the bond house that Roger had just gone in for, and what else could she do? We agreed that we wouldn't tell a living soul, though.

While we were talking, Mrs. Frank Kirsted came in. She was just beaming.

"What do you think?" she exclaimed gleefully. "Frank is at last getting out of the Harvester Company!"

The Frank Kirsteds had never gone with the Harvester crowd, and Frank had never liked his job there.

"He's going in with the Samuel Porter Company as personnel man!" she went on gleefully. "At a twenty-per-cent increase in salary. We're simply tickled pink!"

Of course Dulcie and I congratulated her, and said how Frank had certainly earned it and so on. We had already got our groceries, and as we turned to go out, Mrs. Kirsted said, very casually:

"Oh, by the way, don't make any date for a week from Friday. I'm going to give a little luncheon for Mrs. Sam Porter."

She couldn't have felt quite as casual as she sounded, though, because she got quite red.

"You know, really," she said defensively, "she's an awfully cute girl."

And there wasn't a thing Dulcie and I

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were in a position to say, except that yes, she was.

Rosemary Merton held out the longest. Her husband being a dentist, she could afford to. But finally Sam Porter decided to have Howard do a lot of expensive bridge work for him, and Rosie gave a bridge party for Mrs. Sam Porter.

Honestly, it was awful! Not one of us wanted Mrs. Sam Porter, and yet, inside of a month, she was one of our crowd. She entertained so much that we were constantly indebted to her. They weren't in their new house yet, but she'd give bridge luncheons out at the Country Club. On the nights of the hotel dances, she and Mr. Sam would invite six couples of us for dinner there first. All the kind of expensive things that we couldn't do, ourselves. But of course, we had to ask her to everything of any kind that we did have.

She wasn't really interested in a single thing that we were. She thought babies were a bore, and that we'd been fools to have any. She boasted of never touching a needle. She joined our Thursday Musical Club, and talked all through the numbers.

We all studied the home-decorating magazines, and took lots of pride in having our houses in really good taste. But she as much as said that if you didn't have an interior decorator from Chicago, the way they were going to, your house would be sure to be all wrong, whatever you did.

She made fun of Dulcie's clothes to Mrs. Frank Kirsted, and of Mrs. Frank Kirsted's to Dulcie. She said it was vulgar of Corinne to be so pleased over getting a second-hand washing machine.

There wasn't one thing about her that another woman would like. And here she was, apparently the most popular member of our crowd, and the bosom friend of all of us. It was enough to make you sick.

BUT what really did make us all sick was the way the men acted. Each one of them, in the privacy of his own family, would admit that Sam Porter was a loud-mouthed bully, and would even practically agree that Mrs. Sam probably was a cat.

But let as many as two of those boys get together, and if they didn't sing another tune! They were all doing business with Sam, and not one of them would say a word against him. We didn't mind that much, though; after all, business is business. What made us froth at the mouth was the way they all acted about Mrs. Sam Porter.

If one of us so much as breathed a word against her, they'd begin.

"Oh come on, girls, put up your hammers!" Will would say. And the other men would laugh appreciatively.

"You make me tired," Corinne would answer. "You boys act as though a girl couldn't have an honest opinion about another one without being a cat."

The men would all laugh again as though that were a good joke.

"How the little dears do love each other!" Frank Kirsted would say.

Roger Lane would grin.

"Just let a girl be good-looking," he said, "and watch how the rest of them harpoon her!"

Dulcie Lane bristled. She's twice as pretty as Mrs. Sam Porter.

Mrs. Harriman was a peppy, red-headed little woman, and she had a scheme

"All the rest of us seem to like each other well enough," she said acidly. "I suppose that's because we're all homely mutts!"

Then the men would just about shout with glee.

"There, there"—one of them would pretend to stroke a kitten. "There, there, don't get all excited." He'd wink at another husband. "Funny how you can't even mention that little girl's name without setting off the fireworks."

A chorus of masculine guffaws.

Howard Merton would try to look devilish.

"Think I'll have to get better acquainted with little Mrs. (*Continued on page 198*)

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PHOTOGRAPH, THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Billy B. Van as he appears on the stage

Fate Handed Him A Lot Of Lemons—

And he opened a lemonade stand!

By Lawton Mackall

OCCASIONALLY Dame Fortune disguises herself as Old Lady Calamity, and pays us a surprise visit. Usually, it is years after her appearance before it dawns upon us who she really was.

Exactly this experience happened to Billy B. Van, the stage comedian. Audiences of to-day who laugh at his droll tomfooleries would be surprised to learn that, twenty-four years ago, Van was overtaken by what looked like Black Disaster. He was a struggling young actor, just beginning to get along—when suddenly his health broke down, and he found he had tuberculosis.

At the very outset of his career, he had every reason to feel that he was done for. Surely a tragic situation for a "funny man" to be in!

But, curiously enough, this very stroke of hard luck led to his achieving a phenomenal success in a business enterprise outside the theatre. But for his breakdown, and what he learned through it, he would never have been able to put over a company which in its first year sold a million cakes of soap.

Back in 1902, however, no "silver lining" was to be seen on any part of Billy Van's horizon. His only hope, the lung specialist told him, was to go to Arizona.

"That doctor might as well have told me to go live on a desert island," said Mr. Van, "because if I had gone out to Arizona with no more money than I had then, I'd have starved to death before my lungs had time to get me.

"So I stayed East and, as soon as I could, I went back to my acting. I felt pretty shaky, both on the stage and off, but I managed to get by for a number of weeks. However, one night while we were playing in Boston, I was so weak and feverish that I could barely drag myself through the performance. I did keep going, though, till the final curtain. An actor always *can*, because he knows he *has* to. In the forty-odd years I've been connected with the theatre, I've seen a good many performers faint in the wings after they had made their exit; but I've almost never seen anyone faint on the stage.

"Anyhow, my collapse didn't happen till the show was over. When they took me to my room at the old Quincy House I knew that, whether I ate or not, I was done with acting for that season.

"IT SO happened that the doctor who was attending me was also attending the proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Oscar Barron, who had been very ill. Through this doctor Mr. Barron heard about me and went out of his way to be kind. We became sort of companions in convalescence. You couldn't exactly say we were in the same boat, because his was a yacht and mine was—well, considerably less than a floating palace.

"Mr. Barron told me about the fine air of New Hampshire. He was very well acquainted with that state, as he owned a number of hotels there. He was sure that if I got out among the New Hampshire pines I'd soon be on my feet again.

"And he was right. Wobbly as I was when I got off the train at a little village on the shore of Lake Sunapee, I began to feel better with every breath I drew in. It didn't take me any time at all to decide that this was the place for me. By good luck, I found a little old ramshackle house which I was able to buy for next to nothing.

"Well, I lived in that shack and slept outdoors and watched Nature's Spring Revue. It certainly beat the Easter parade on Fifth Avenue! I tell you, there's nothing like waking up on a crisp morning and seeing about a million new green pine needles all dolled up with dew. I'd lie there and drink in the fragrance of those New Hampshire pines, and feel good all over. The only medicine I took was the wonderful air I breathed in. And it certainly did the trick for me!

"The scent of those trees seemed to me such a godsend that I got to wondering if there wasn't some way I could take it back to the city with me. And my next thought was that maybe other folks would enjoy that piney fragrance as much as I did. Then I had a third thought: Perhaps there was money in my idea. And if ever a man needed money I was that man.

"Of course, if I meant to put that pine scent on the market, so to speak, the only thing to do was to incorporate it in something which everybody could use. But the question was—*how?*

"I went at the problem as if I were playing the game of Twenty Questions. I asked myself: 'What is it that everybody in a household needs and uses, and that smells sweet and refreshing?' After naming over nearly every article in a house, from attic to cellar, the answer came to me: 'A cake of soap.'

"Well, I had my idea; but that was all I had. I was no more in a position to manufacture soap than I was in a position to build airplanes. I didn't have even a formula, and my ignorance of chemistry was one hundred per cent perfect. I was just a low-priced actor out of a job.

"As there seemed to be no overwhelming demand for an ambitious young soap maker who had never made any soap, and who had no prospects of ever making any, I tucked the idea under my hat and went back to earning my living in the one way I could—by making a fool of myself on the stage.

"Still, I hoped that perhaps some day I might put over a Big Thing. In a sort of day-dream I'd hear folks say, 'See that little guy in the big limousine? That's Billy B. Van. Made his money in soap. Can you beat it?' Then I'd come to with a bang and realize that I was due on the stage in ten minutes, and that unless I hustled into my baggy pants and trick shoes, and reddened up my nose there would be no thirty dollars for me on pay night.

"BUT let's go back a bit. . . . I suppose that people who see me do my daily dizzy must wonder how I got that way in the first place. Well, I'm afraid my childhood was to blame. Probably the joke virus got into my blood from having been born in Chestnut Street, Pottstown, Pennsylvania. It was the first house this side of Silver Creek. I tremble to think that a few inches more and I would have been born a fish. But I got my first taste of make-up after we had moved to Philadelphia. My mother saw a notice in the paper, advertising for children for the chorus of a juvenile production of 'Pinafore,' and she traipsed me down to the North Broad Street Theatre to see if I would do. S. J. Stewart, the manager, decided I would. Engaged me right off at a regular salary. Three dollars a week!

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"He asked me what my name was, and I spoke up proudly, 'William Webster Van de Grift.'

"'Not on the program!' he snorted. 'What d'ya think I'm going to hand out, a billboard?'

"So he put me down as 'Master Willie Van.'

"That was how I got my stage name. As I grew older, the 'Willie' became 'William,' and finally 'Billy,' when the managers thought that the audiences and I had got better acquainted."

"But how about your middle initial?" I asked him.

"Oh, I put that in for luck," said Billy *B.* Van. "It stands for 'Busy'. I wanted to be an actor who was seldom 'at liberty' —as we say on Broadway when we mean we're out of a job.

"But to get back to my own boyhood. 'Pinafore' had hardly started when measles broke out in the troupe. I was the only one of the original lot of children who didn't get it. But one of the first to come down was the boy who played the part of Dick Deadeye, and I was promoted to his job. That was where a deadly germ bit me—the Acting Bug.

"Father was alarmed at the symptoms, and decided to cure me while my case of footlight fever was still in its infancy. You see, he was a locomotive engineer, responsible every day for the lives of hundreds of people, so he had no use for flightiness. To squelch my nonsense, he put me in J. G. Brill Company's car shop when I was about fourteen. That ought to have made me practical; but it didn't. In the four years of my apprenticeship as a car builder, the most important work I did was singing and dancing during the noon hour to amuse my fellow employees.

"VERY often in the evenings I'd take part in amateur comedies and 'supe' in professional shows. Any time an extra person was wanted, any time an 'artist' needed a helper, I was Johnny on the spot. My specialty was taking part in benefit performances. I'd watch the papers for announcements of any that were to be given, and the moment I got wind of one I'd rush to volunteer my services. Usually the only pay was sandwiches and coffee.

"The poorest free lunch I ever drew was one I ate, for the audience's amazement, when I acted as assistant to a stage hypnotist. This delicacy was a fake tallow candle that was really a parsnip. The professor had prepared this choice morsel by parboiling the parsnip and pushing it through a tin pipe so that it had exactly the shape and appearance of the real candle which he passed around through the audience to prove that the stunt 'involved no trick or deception.' My duty was to sit planted in an orchestra seat till he said, 'Will some gentleman be so kind as to come up here on the stage and assist in a scientific experiment which I am about to undertake? . . . Thank you, young man. Don't be afraid. Come right along.' Then I'd go up and get 'mesmerized,' and eat the parsnip while in my 'trance.'

"IF I say so myself, my services were continually in demand—for nothing. Some mornings when I punched the time clock at the Brill plant, I'd be feeling pretty sleepy from my evening labors as a spear-carrier or what-not. But there's nothing like a hard-boiled egg for bracing you up—and my foreman was just that. Nevertheless, after four years in the Brill shop, I was pronounced ready to ply the trade of car builder. This was a tremendous relief to my father.

"But when I immediately went and got a job in the theatre, he gave up all hope of ever making anything out of me. I guess all comedians have been the despair of their parents.

"My job was that of property boy. I had charge of all the small articles used on the stage. If there was a tavern scene where goblets and flagons were used, it was up to me to see that those utensils were where they ought to be before the curtain rose. If the Fatal Papers were to be brought forth at the Big Moment, I had to see to it that they were stowed away in the drawer, or in the villain's pocket, or wherever they were to be produced from. Sometimes my youthful desire to be funny led me to 'forget' things—to the great annoyance of the actors, most of whom took themselves very seriously. Once, when a melodrama was being played, I 'neglected' to put any blank cartridges in the heavy-man's pistol. The gun didn't fire, but the manager almost fired me.

"Deciding that in the rôle of 'Props' my talent for comedy was unappreciated, I teamed up with a boy who had been working in the same theatre, and we went out on the road doing a blackface act.

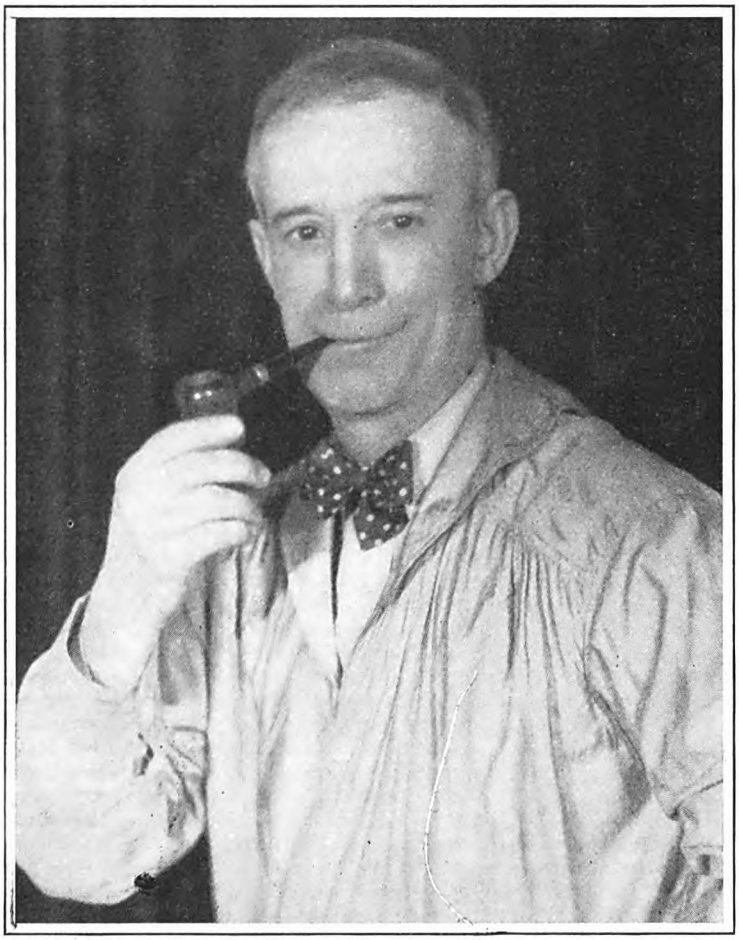
"We played a whole season at Doyle's Pavilion in Atlantic City, close by the boat dock. It was quite a well-known place in those days. Every time the boat came in, the show would start. Needless to say, on holidays and special excursion days there were any number of shows. It got so that I dreaded to hear a whistle blow. For years after, if I heard a steamboat toot I felt I had to start in telling jokes right away.

"If my partner and I had been paid by the performance we might have got rich. Instead of that we received a flat ten dollars a week apiece, and our board. I never dreamed then that I'd some day come back to Atlantic City to play in a real theatre at a salary of a thousand dollars a week.

"Long before that could happen I had to go through grade after grade in the School of Experience. My blackface work as a whistle-hopper was followed up by a tour with the California Minstrels. For a while, I was in a circus as part of a team billed as the Flying La Mars. One of the team would hang upside down and hold me by the hands and throw me to his partner, who would catch me. But the partner who was supposed to do the catching was cross-eyed. Yes, honestly he was! And as I'd be flying through the air toward him, I'd wonder if he was going to grab me or where he was looking. Finally, I decided that being pitched at a cross-eyed man for twelve dollars a week was no bargain.

"BY THE time I was twenty, I had worked my way up through burlesque and vaudeville, and I was playing comedy parts with a stock company in Washington. I'd heard that Washington had a lot of interesting sights, but during the year and a quarter that I lived there I never saw any of them; you see, we had a performance every night, and three matinées—and we rehearsed every morning

(*Continued on page 218*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAS. SNYDER, BOSTON

Billy B. Van, minus his famous high hat, long coat, and big pants. His real name is William Webster Van de Grift, but the first manager to employ him cut it down to Willie Van. The Willie became Billy, and the second B. was added for luck. It stands for "Busy"

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What People Want To Know About Etiquette

By Nella Braddy

PHOTOGRAPH BY BLANK & STOLLER

Miss Lillian Eichler, author of a widely known book of etiquette, has received thousands upon thousands of letters from persons in all walks of life asking her advice about clothes, wedding ceremonies, dinner menus, greetings, and all the rest of the things that go to make up social customs. In this article she tells about these letters, and gives seven fundamental principles of good manners

IN A BIG studio room in New York, near Washington Square, a young girl in a pink smock is seated at a typewriter answering letters. She takes up a double handful—one hundred and sixty, she tells me—and adds, "This is the crop for to-day."

The day before there were ninety-eight, and the day before that a hundred and fifty-seven. The average runs to a thousand a week.

They come from India, Japan, Arabia, Chicago, New York, Cheyenne, Portland, New Orleans, and a thousand little out-of-the-way places. Many are signed with names you would recognize at once if they were set down here. They come from senators and senators' wives, from university professors, business men, college girls, débutantes, truck drivers, street sweepers, dish-washers, millionaires, and jail-birds. Some are written on thick, beautiful stationery with crests and monograms at the top, others on scraps of paper bags and edges torn from newspapers. Taken all together, they make up an extraordinarily interesting correspondence. And the young lady who answers it is Lillian Eichler, author of the "Book of Etiquette."

"These letters," I began, for I had come to find out what I could about them, "are nearly all from women, of course."

"Oh, no," Miss Eichler replied quickly. "About half are from men; but there is a difference in the questions they ask. Women want to know all sorts of things—what to wear and what to serve, and what to do when company comes. Men usually want to know how to act when they are with women. Women want to be fashionable, and do things in good form. Men, generally speaking, want to give the impression (to women, especially) that they have been everywhere and seen everything, and are thoroughly worldly-wise and just a little bit tired of it all.

"It is the men, as a rule, who get etiquette so mixed up with love that you can hardly tell them apart. I do not profess to be a counsellor for the lovelorn, but what can I do when they throw their troubles at my feet and ask me to straighten them out? You would be surprised to know how they unburden themselves in these letters. Here is one from a nineteen-year-old boy in Montana who says that he has been in love with a girl for a great many years, and will I please tell him how to ask her to marry him so that she will be sure to do it. Last week there was one from a widower in Idaho, who wanted to know how to make a girl love him. He adored her; but he was apparently the quiet, steady sort, while she was what he called 'jazzy.'

"A young man in love is a hard person to manage, and likely to do as he pleases. But whenever one of them writes to me for advice I give him the first law of good manners everywhere: 'Be natural,' which simply means, 'Be sincere.'

"MOST of the questions asked concern marriage, and this is true, whether they come from men or women. This one that I have just answered is from a woman of thirty-eight, who all her life has dreamed of being married in white satin with orange blossoms and a veil. She wonders now if she is too old. Here's another from a girl of twenty, recently divorced, who is to be married again. The first wedding was before a justice of the peace, and she wore a dark traveling suit. This time she wishes to be married in a church and have a wedding with attendants. But she does not want to do it if it will not look well. A short time ago I had a letter from a girl in a mining town in Pennsylvania who wished to know if it was permissible to wear a white wedding gown in November.

"One of the most unusual letters I ever had was from a girl who wanted to sing at her own wedding. A great number come from Protestant girls marrying Catholic men and *vice versa*. Many are from mothers who want to know about the formal features of a wedding—what food to serve and how to seat the guests. One mother wanted to know if she could wear a diamond necklace at her son's wedding, and she in mourning, and another wanted to know if she should kiss the groom."

"WHAT did you tell her?" I asked. "And what did you tell the woman who was afraid she was too old for orange blossoms, and all the others?"

Miss Eichler smiled.

"I told her to go ahead," she replied. "As for the other letters, they are always answered with the bride in mind. The wedding day belongs to her. Her father bears all the expense, and her family does all the planning. If there is a difference in religion, it is the groom's place to yield. If he will not, a compromise must be reached. If the bride wishes to sing at any time during, before, or after the ceremony, it is her privilege to do so, though such a procedure, as I told the girl who asked about it, would not be in the best of taste. If she wishes to wear a white satin gown and have a veil and orange blossoms, she may; but she must be careful, if she is over twenty-five, to have the gown cut simply, and the veil and flowers not too elaborate. White is appropriate for any month in the year; but diamond necklaces are never, under any circumstances, suitable to wear with mourning.

"I almost never get a letter from the father of a bride. But once the captain of a small river boat asked me if he could use his title on the wedding invitations, and I told him, 'Yes,' because I knew it would make him happy. However, it is not in strict accord with the best standards to use courtesy titles, except among intimate friends, and never with anything that has a formal touch. Once a man asked if he should stand the expense of his daughter's wedding breakfast if they had it at a hotel. He seemed so reluctant (and so eager to have the groom do it) that I hated to tell him he must.

"A little while ago I had a letter from a New York man whose fiancée was living in Arizona. They wanted to be married, but he did not have money enough to go out and fetch her. He asked if it would be all right if he sent for her. At first glance, you might say that a man who has not money

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enough to go and get his bride hasn't enough money to marry on. But *common sense* is the better part of etiquette, and I told him that if he could get her consent, he certainly had mine.

"Offhand you would say that a girl should never be married in her fiancé's home, or be given away by a friend of the fiancé's family; but let me tell you of a case where it happened: For ten years this girl had been under the guardianship of her fiancé's family, and as it was *her* home as well as her fiancé's, the family naturally wanted the wedding to take place in it. Moreover, a friend of her fiancé's father asked to have the honor of giving her away, and as her own father was not available, common sense was allowed to prevail over formal etiquette.

"As a rule, the letters I get are from people between seventeen and forty. Before seventeen they usually have not begun to think of good manners, and after forty, they either have them or have given up all hope of ever getting them. Occasionally I hear from a much older man or woman. Usually they write about some special anniversary, such as a golden wedding. One old couple, who were members of a church which disapproved of dancing and playing cards, wanted to know what they could do for entertainment on their fiftieth anniversary; whether they should have the ceremony before or after supper, and if it would be correct to march to the church and, if so, in what order they should go.

"I COULD tell from the tone of the letter that these were people who were not accustomed to great formality and would not enjoy it. I recommended a simple, friendly gathering, with the ceremony before supper, and the guests walking together informally instead of in a stiff line, with the old man and his wife at the head.

"Next in number to the letters asking about how to get married are those asking about how to overcome self-consciousness. Some of them are positively heartbreaking. Take this letter from a minister, for instance, who was forced to give up his pulpit because he was so uncomfortable in his contacts with the members of his congregation. He was an ignorant country boy, and his wife was an ignorant country girl. They worked so hard trying to fit themselves for their calling that they had no time to pick up any of the social graces that a minister and his wife must have. Now they've given up, and are raising chickens in the country.

"Here is a letter from a boy in Indiana, who wants to know how he can learn to talk to girls. He says he is completely tongue-tied when he is with a girl he likes, though at other times he gets along all right.

"In that file over there," said Miss Eichler, pointing to a huge cabinet in the corner, "are hundreds of letters requesting information about social functions—those formal affairs which are full of awkward moments for the uninitiated. They ask how to go down a receiving line, what to do with a girl when you have finished a dance with her, what to say to a man under the same circumstances; how to fill in a lull in the conversation, what to say when you introduce or when you are being introduced, and what to talk about at a reception, and what to do at a tea.

"It is easy to answer these letters because the rule in all cases of self-consciousness is the same, a rule, which, unfortunately, is easier to give than it is to follow: *Forget yourself*. The boy who found trouble in talking to the girl he liked struck the keynote. With other girls, he did not particularly care what kind of impression he made, and he was perfectly at ease. But when he was with the girl he wanted to impress he was so afraid of doing the wrong thing, he naturally multiplied his chances of doing it a hundredfold.

"ONE of the biggest mistakes you can make, if you are self-conscious, is to think you have to be saying something every minute of the time. It is possible to go down a long receiving line gracefully without saying a word if you bow and smile pleasantly. Don't loiter, but, on the other hand, don't act as if it were an unwelcome duty to get through as quickly as possible. *Take your time.*

"Another big mistake is to let yourself be panic-stricken if you find that you are left alone in the middle of the floor at a dance, a reception, or a tea. The first rule for this is, 'Don't get rattled.' Take it easy, and gently gravitate toward a convenient group of people.

"It is just as well to remind yourself now and then, that folks are not paying half as much attention to you as you think they are. It is also just as well to remember that many of the people you meet are likewise suffering from self-consciousness. If you find yourself ill at ease with a person, the chances are that he, too, is ill at ease. *Forget yourself*, and see what you can do to make him comfortable.

"A good conversationalist is seldom at a loss socially, and good conversation, contrary to the general belief, does not consist only of talking. Half of it, at least, is made up of listening, and it is better, if you have to choose, to do all of the listening instead of all of the talking.

"Topics like religion and politics (both of them dynamite) should be reserved for public debate or for intimate discussion with your friends. Personal affairs should be kept in the background; and yet you must be willing to listen, endlessly, to other people's personal affairs. Involved discussions of all sorts should be reserved for small groups; light patter is more suitable for dances and receptions. And you must learn to keep quiet without being nervous.

"SOME time ago I had a letter from a girl who wanted to know if, during an awkward lull in the conversation, it was permissible for her to go over to the piano and begin to play, without being asked. It would be more courteous in a case like this for the girl to ask someone else to play first. However, if there is no such person present, she might save the day by quietly slipping over to the piano and beginning to play softly.

"I get a number of letters from people who are going abroad or to Florida or Alaska or Atlantic City or New York for the first time. One was from a girl in Louisiana who was about to be married, and go to New York on her honeymoon. She not only had never been to New York before but she had never been in a sleeping car, and was terrified at the prospect. Another was from a woman who wrote, 'I am short and fat and nearly fifty and have blue eyes and gray hair. My husband and I are going to Chicago to a convention. If you were in my place what would you wear? I want him to be proud of me. What do we do when we get to a hotel? I have never been in one. Does everybody eat at the same table, and do they all go into the dining-room together?'

"The most appealing letter of this sort I ever had came from a girl who was on her way to an Eastern college from a ranch in the West. She had never been anywhere before except once to Denver. Her parents had been dead for many years, and she had no one to turn to but an old ranchman, who was her guardian, and the Mexican woman who looked after the house. She had never been to a dance, and she had never been in a hotel. She did not know how to do (*Continued on page 208*)

Etiquette

By Arthur Guiterman

THE wise raccoon, with forest lore imbued,
Before he dines must always wash his food;
Your household cat esteems it more refined
To clean one's whiskers after one has dined.

We shake each other's hands, and yet 'tis known
That gentlemen in China shake their own.
While Frenchmen kiss upon the public street,
New Zealanders rub noses when they meet.

Beside the right-hand curb we roll along;
In London, driving on the right is wrong.
Though forks bedeck the boards of Western inns,
Are chopsticks barred at feasts of mandarins?

In town the caller knocks or rings the bell;
The hillman halts afar and gives a yell.
The redman deftly scalped his foeman's head;
We took the helmet off of it, instead.

In every region, morning, noon, and night,
Whatever Fashion sanctifies is right.
At home let native custom give the cue,
In Rome we'll do as well-bred Romans do

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"The Amateur Of Crime"

Peter Scarlet follows the trail of the silver dagger

By Stephen Vincent Benét

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

"AND what is *your* hobby, Mr. Scarlet?" queried Mrs. Culverin kindly of her shyest guest. Her long, pendent earrings of antique crystal winked like tiny stars as she turned upon him the full battery of her celebrated smile.

"Murder," said the owlish young man in the English dinner-jacket, serenely. Mrs. Culverin gave a slight, pleased scream.

In a day of hostesses who were famous for rules, and hostesses who were notorious for breaking them, Mrs. Culverin achieved unique celebrity as a hostess who seemed to recognize no rules at all. At the moment she was opening her Long Island house for the summer, and the company gathered to celebrate the event could hardly have been more diverse had Mrs. Culverin deliberately planned it so. But Mrs. Culverin never planned anything deliberately.

This particular house party included, among others, Prince Mirko, of Ruritania, head of the Ruritanian debt commission to the United States; his extraordinarily beautiful wife; Baron Kossovar, the Ruritanian Ambassador; Daisy Delight, the cinema star; a bishop; a banker; a bandmaster; the most celebrated Charleston expert of the moment; two débutantes; the woman's Olympic diving champion; a blind pianist; a Mr. Lang, who was vaguely spoken of as a big-game hunter, and Peter Scarlet—the last, a pink-cheeked youth with surprised, mouse-colored hair, which, together with his enormous horn-rimmed spectacles, gave him much of the innocent downiness of a very young owl.

Mrs. Culverin could not remember exactly what he did, or exactly why she had asked him; but, as she was often in the same quandary about many of her guests, the fact perturbed her not at all. He neither smoked opium in his bedroom nor attempted to secrete small articles of silverware about his person—and as these were the only two social solecisms her generous heart admitted, she felt satisfied

The princess knelt beside him. Her hands were stained with his blood, her eyes were staring, and

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enough with him, whoever he might be.

But when he spoke of murder, she viewed him with a new and acquisitive eye. So far, it must be admitted, her Long Island housewarming had leaned perilously toward the verge of failure. The bishop, though a liberal bishop, had lifted episcopal eyebrows at the Charleston dancer. The banker had insisted on talking statistics. The Olympic diving-champion had had too much of a cold to exhibit her skill—and the Ruritanians had been so freezingly polite to each other that a pall of gentility had descended upon the whole assemblage. Mrs. Culverin suddenly remembered, with that vagueness that characterized her memories, having heard of some tiresome, political feud between Prince Mirko and Baron Kossovar.

Now, however, young Mr. Scarlet's unexpected admission of his unusual hobby seemed to give her a heaven-sent opportunity of redeeming her dinner party. She raised her voice so that it would carry to the end of the table.

"How quaint!" she said, with relish. "Mr. Scarlet knows all about murders—or murdering—which was it, Mr. Scarlet? Do tell us lots about them, anyhow!" And she patted him approvingly on the arm.

THE young man, thus abruptly singled out as the object for the stares of the whole company, looked more owlish than ever. A faint pink flush mounted slowly toward his ears.

"Mrs. Culverin flatters me," he said, looking at his plate. "I don't know all about murders—or murderers, either. But, yes, I am—interested in them."

"You are a detective, Mr. Scarlet, yes?" queried Prince Murko, in his careful English.

"No, Your Highness. Merely an amateur of crime."

The princess laughed—a long, beautiful ripple of laughter. "An amateur of crime!" she said, giving the words a foreign twist. "Think of it, Mirko! At his age—an amateur of crime! But I thought you were—what is it?—an undergraduate at an American university, Mr. Scarlet?"

"I am, Madame. I'm going back to college Monday," muttered Scarlet, obviously abashed. "But, well—you ought to start in young at any profession, oughtn't you? And—I've had certain opportunities, in a way. At least, my father was in the diplomatic service, so we traveled around a lot when I was a kid—"

A pleased expression crossed Prince Mirko's face: "If I am right, your father was *chargé d'affaires* at our capital, Mr. Scarlet—let me see—in my father's time?"

Scarlet nodded rapidly. "Yes, Your Highness. I was only so high, then; but I remember your father." He smiled. "I used to be terrified by his beard."

"And Baron Kossovar—you remember him too?" asked the prince, with an acid smile.

"I'm afraid not, sir," said Scarlet pleasantly. "I think Baron Kossovar was away from Ruritania at the time."

"I was in exile—a very unjust exile," said the tall baron, coldly. His glance and Prince Mirko's were two rapiers clashing together. Again a constraint fell on the party.

"But, Mr. Scarlet, do tell us all about your murders!" said Mrs. Culverin brightly.

Scarlet grinned boyishly: "They aren't really my murders, Mrs. Culverin. I've just studied a bit—thing fascinated me. I mean—the queer kinds of people who are murderers, and the even queerer kinds who are murderees."

"Murderees?" breathed Mrs. Culverin. "Murderees?"

"Yes—that's what Pearson calls them, in his book." His spectacles flashed. "The people who seem just born and bound to be murdered. Who have the same irresistible attraction for a murderer that—a nice, plump goat has for a hungry tiger."

"I think it's all perfectly horrid!" said Mrs. Culverin delightedly. "Do go on!"

"Well," said Peter Scarlet, "there was the Jamison case, in London. Mrs. Jamison was an ideal murderee. She had an acquaintance, Mrs. Wheen. She knew Mrs. Wheen hated her. She often said so to her friends. She even said, several times, that she was sure Mrs. Wheen would murder her if she got a chance. And yet, for some unfathomable reason, she kept on going to tea with Mrs. Wheen, until, finally, of course, Mrs. Wheen did murder her."

"Served her right," said Mrs. Culverin, with a beaming smile. "I'm sure, if I ever got the idea that anyone would murder me, I—I'd never so much as ask them to dinner again!"

A general chuckle followed her pronouncement. But Peter Scarlet stuck to his guns. "You wouldn't—because you're not a murderee," he said. "Most people aren't—most people never contract elephantiasis, either. But there is a certain proportion of people who do both, and a very definite proportion. Of course,"—he spread out his hands—"there are the normal, casual murders, too. But I'm talking of this one peculiar tendency."

"AND you think," said the somber Mr. Lang, "that you could diagnose—a tendency to be murdered, in an otherwise normal person, as a doctor could diagnose illness in a person who looked perfectly well?"

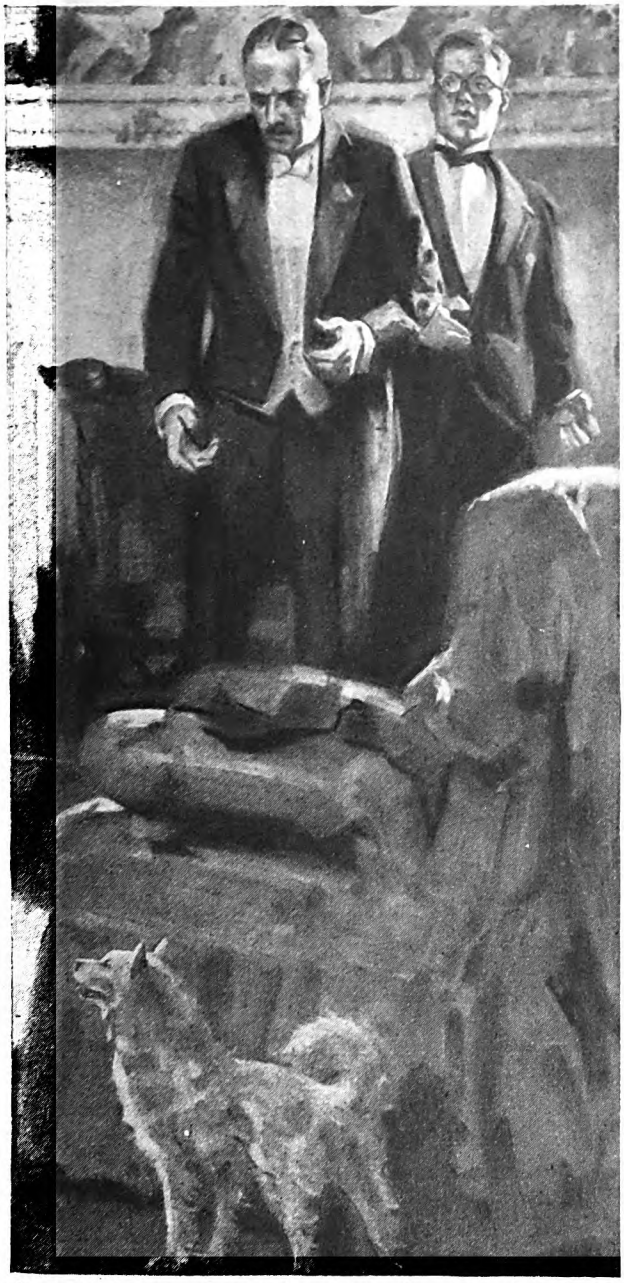
"That's what I'd like to do," said Peter Scarlet ingenuously. "Oh, I know it sounds fantastic, especially from me. But if you could do that, and safeguard the murderee, as modern science safeguards the diabetic, why, half our present murders would never occur at all!"

Mrs. Culverin struck in. "But this is marvelous!" she said, her eyes very wide. "Just like numerology and reading your fate in tea leaves, only so much more exciting! Do tell us, dear Mr. Scarlet, because you can, of course—are any of us—murderees?"

Peter Scarlet looked very unhappy. "I couldn't, honestly," he managed to reply at last. "I mean—even if some of you did have murderee tendencies—well, you'd allow a doctor some time for a diagnosis and some rather intimate information, wouldn't you? Well—" He obviously did not wish to go on.

Mrs. Culverin, however, was insistent. "But you could just give us a hint?" she persisted. "The tiniest hint! It would be too wonderful!"

Peter Scarlet's eyes roved nervously up and down the table. "Well—" he said dolefully, and paused.



the silver dagger ornament was gone from her hair

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"You need not be afraid to say it!" said Prince Mirko, abruptly, with unexpected grimness. "I know there would be rejoicing—in many quarters—if I were to die by violence."

"And there are others whose murder would please certain men in my country. Myself, for one," said Baron Kossovar instantly. Again his eyes and the prince's met, with the impact of steel upon steel. The princess's hand went nervously to her breast.

Scarlet did his best to smooth over the awkward moment. "Any statesman's life is always at the mercy of a fanatic's bullet," he said, with a little bob at both Ruritanians. "But, oddly enough, if I had to decide at first glance, upon the one person in this room who stood the likeliest chance of meeting a violent end, I should select—Mr. Lang!" he ended unexpectedly, with a nod in that gentleman's direction.

Mr. Lang gave a slight but definite start. For a moment his eyes blazed with anger. Then he gave a loud laugh—and the tension in the room relaxed.

"Not bad at all, for getting out of a hole," he said, still laughing. "I suppose you could be murdered by a lion—if you'd want to call it that—and my last trip out from Nairobi—" He plunged into a big-game reminiscence, and the talk grew general again.

"Only, I wasn't thinking about lions," murmured Peter Scarlet to his plate. But no one at the table overheard him.

SOME time later, after the ladies had left the room, Scarlet found himself near the banker.

"You nearly put your foot in it then, my boy," said the latter, in a low voice, glancing down the table at Prince Mirko and Baron Kossovar. "You know what this Ruritanian debt commission means, I suppose?"

"I know the prince and the baron are old enemies," admitted Scarlet; "and that the baron is supposed to look for a return of the monarchy—in Ruritania—while the prince is entirely committed to the new republic."

"Just so," said the banker. "And, if Mirko succeeds in his mission, he and the republic win—and Kossovar's political future isn't worth *that!* On the other hand, if he fails, the republic will undoubtedly go to pot, and Kossovar will be the power behind the return of the throne. The way things are at present, the prince seems sure to win, too," he added thoughtfully. "He's going down to Washington, Monday, to clinch it."

On their way to the lesser drawing-room where the Royal Russian Midgets, especially brought down for the occasion, were to perform their celebrated though Lilliputian feats of acrobatics before the dancing began, Peter Scarlet was accosted by the saturnine Mr. Lang.

"What the dickens did you mean by picking me out as a likely target for murder?" he queried, in a tone whose attempted lightness was not wholly successful.

Peter Scarlet looked at him steadily. "I wonder," he said. "Have you ever shot a Lipmann's gazelle, Mr. Lang?"

Mr. Lang seemed both amazed and piqued by the odd query. "Lipmann's gazelle?" he said. "Well, I have, as it happens—managed to bag a brace near Victoria Nyanza. But what the deuce has that got to do with my being murdered?"

"It might have a good deal, under certain circumstances," said Peter Scarlet cryptically, and turned away.

He watched with apparent interest the agile feats of the Russian midgets, and the little pantomime of "Beauty and the Beast" that concluded their performance. But within his mind, all the while, certain dim, half-remembered pictures were beginning to take on form and color and perspective. He shook his head, wearily—the pictures weren't very pleasant pictures; and yet he must fit them together, somehow. Only he couldn't quite recollect a few of the most important ones—yet.

AT THE end of the little entertainment, as the Blue Boy Blue Blowers began to blare out their invitation to the dance from the larger ballroom, he unobtrusively sought the princess.

She looked drawn and tired—the continual friction between her husband and the baron was obviously telling upon her. He made some compliment, to which she replied mechanically; then his glance fell upon an ornament in her hair.

"I am glad you still keep up the old Ruritanian custom, Madame," he said.

She laughed a little. "The dagger, you mean? Yes—all our girls pin their hair with a little dagger on feast-days—you must remember." She withdrew the small, needle-pointed, silver stiletto from the dark coils of her coiffure, so that he might examine it. "It is a family thing," she said, the weariness returning to her face. "You must have seen many like it in Ruritania."

Her expression changed, she lowered her voice. "Did you mean what you said

"Someone murdered Prince Mirko—if it wasn't this woman here—what woman was it?"

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to-night—that Mr. Lang was in greater danger of his life here than my husband?" she asked with a sudden, queer intensity, as they paused on their way to the door.

Peter Scarlet looked at her with an expression of humble surprise. "I didn't say quite that," he said embarrassedly. "Do you mean that you have any reason to suspect that . . . your husband is in danger here?"

She made a nervous, pathetic little gesture with her hands. "Oh no, no, no!" she said hurriedly. "Oh no—it is impossible—impossible—and yet—"

Baron Kossovar came up to them. "May I have the honor of the first dance, Madame?" he asked, bowing profoundly as the princess replaced the dagger in her hair.

"Did you mean what you said to-night—that Mr. Lang was in greater danger of his life here than my husband?" she asked with a sudden, queer intensity

THE evening wore on, the Blue Boy Blue Blowers outdid themselves in miracles of syncopation; at last Peter Scarlet found himself ready for bed. Alone in his room, he undressed for the night. Then, with the same neat, unhurried swiftness, he dressed himself completely again. It was no use—he couldn't sleep till one question at least had been decided in his mind. He left his room, and, walking with a singular lack of noise for so ingenuous and blundering a young man, made his way toward the wing of the house where the Ruritanians were quartered.

Prince and Princess Mirko's suite was on the second floor; Baron Kossovar's, above, on the third. The house itself was a curious example of architectural misalliance between Long Island and Spain. Odd, useless balconies jutted from it at unexpected corners; there was one at the end of the corridor which Scarlet now traversed, and another, he knew, outside the princess's bedroom.

As Scarlet came down the corridor, walking more loudly now, a low voice challenged him suddenly. "Who's that?" said a fierce whisper.

Scarlet stood perfectly still. "It's Scarlet, Mr. Lang."

There was a sound of breath taken in. "How in—" said the low voice. Then it changed its tone. "I thought your room was in the other wing of the house," it said.

Scarlet smiled to himself in the dim shadows of the corridor. "I thought yours was too, Mr. Lang," he said easily. "But I felt restless, couldn't get to sleep."

"So did I," said Lang, unconvincingly. "Well—I suppose we'd both of us better get back to bed."

"I suppose so," admitted Scarlet, strolling on to the end of the corridor. He stepped out upon the balcony for a moment, and glanced up.

"H'm," he said, "that iron stair must go to the third-floor balcony. Convenient little dingus for a burglar, wouldn't you say?" (*Continued on page 177*)

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How Life Looks To Me At Forty-Five

By Edgar A. Guest

NOT so long ago, I celebrated my forty-fifth birthday. I can remember, as a boy, hearing my father say that he was forty-five, and I also recall that, at the time, I wondered if I should ever be as old as that.

Now my boy, Buddy, who has just turned fourteen, looks at me and wonders if he will ever be as old as I am; for to Buddy the years are long and birthdays are slow in coming. I am almost certain that he has serious doubts that I was once a little boy. He can picture me only as he has known me from the beginning of his memory. To him, I have always been old.

My father was forty years of age when I was born. He must have been forty-five when my first lasting memory of him began. I could never picture him as a small boy. He seemed so thoughtful and so wise and so earnest. I often wondered if once he had really played with a ball and asked for pennies to spend? Had he longed to go to sea and be a pirate? Had he longed to be a locomotive engineer? Had he, in short, dreamed the countless dreams which were forever running through my mind? Bud, I know, wonders about me in the same way. And in the years to come, his son will wonder about him.

For a long time, it seemed to me that the world must have begun with my awakening in it. And I had a pretty firm conviction that all the fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers had always been old.

As a schoolboy, I used to look at the pictures in my history book and wonder if Cæsar had ever really lived. True, his picture was there; but I couldn't imagine a man wearing the sort of clothing that he wore. To me, history was a jumble of dates and incidents, to be learned, if possible; but I was never fully convinced of its truth.

Now I am forty-five, and to me Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison were living personages. To Bud, they are former Presidents of the United States, connected with dates which he must learn. He looks at me in amazement when I tell him that I have seen them both.

Here, at forty-five, standing where my father once stood, I understand what a valiant effort he made to give me the benefit of his experience. If I could have caught his vision, could have appreciated fully what he was trying to tell me, I would have made fewer blunders and suffered fewer heartaches. To-day, I understand what he tried so hard to tell me. I know how just he was, when I thought him unjust; how wise, when I thought him merely fussy and old-fashioned; how kind, when I thought him severe. I know to-day that all his dreams of happiness were centered in me and in my progress. But I understand all this largely because I am now struggling to pass on to my children what he was then struggling to pass on to me.

We who have lived to be forty-five or more have learned so much that we are fairly bursting to tell. We know so many things which would be helpful to our children if only we could get our message across to them. We have seen life and lived it; we have suffered for our folly; we have rushed blindly into pain and misery and heartache; we have stumbled into pitfalls; we know the right road from the wrong road. And we are aching to tell the youngsters everything we have learned; but we don't know how. All our talking seems in vain.

THE trouble is that Age and Youth can never fully understand each other, for Youth never fully believes what Age is telling. Perhaps, in the main, this is better so. Youth has its own life to live, and no generation should be stamped indelibly with the imprint of another. This would destroy originality and brave thinking and high adventuring. When all is said and done, there are certain things which each human being must learn for himself.

Age may say over and over again to the child that too much cake is harmful; but if the child can get too much cake it will eat it, and suffer the consequences.

Age may say over and over again that fire burns little fingers; but children will play with fire and get burned before they learn the lesson.

A father can leave to his children the fortune he has earned; but he cannot leave to them the wisdom which earned it, or the ability to conserve it.

He may leave to his children the fruits of his labor; but he cannot leave to them his willingness to labor.

Most of what he has learned from life—so far as the next generation is concerned—will pass with him. His children may some day know what he knows, but they will learn it for themselves and they will pay the price which we all must pay for experience.

I know to-day what my father meant when he said to me years ago: "Son, learn everything you can. Be thorough. Never be slipshod with any task you have to do. Understand every lesson before you leave it. Make the most of your school time. If you will learn the simple rules which come first, those that follow will be easy."

I suppose every father of every child that starts to school has said practically the same thing. And of course every child has gone to school with the notion that Father was just talking. I could go back to school now and follow my father's advice. I could soak up every drop of information which falls; but it is too late.

At school I was considered fairly bright. I passed from class to class regularly. In some studies—always those which I liked—I received high marks; in others, and always they were those studies which required more effort on my part, I managed to be fair or good.

What I wish now is that I had done more work on the difficult subjects. What I see now is that I have cheated myself. I was offered full possession and title to a rounded education, which would have been most useful to me, and I took only a very small portion of t. Could I have known what I now know, things would have been different. What a pity it is that so many of us fail to appreciate the value of an education until it is too late to get it.

To a child, the schoolhouse is too often a treadmill of toil. Rare the child who looks upon his teacher as a good friend. Let a teacher bear down ever so lightly, and home goes a boy or girl with the report that "the old crank has it in for me."

There are parents, too, who do not understand that the teacher can give a child only what he will take. Of course good students are popular with their teachers. Teachers are human, and it is natural for them to be fond of those who grasp their meaning readily and are quick to understand them. The child who will not, or cannot, or does not, learn when it has the opportunity is robbing himself, not the teacher. It is easy to think a teacher cross. It is difficult to see that she is severe for the sake of being kind. It is easy to discover that she is annoyed by carelessness; it sometimes takes thirty years for us to wake up to the fact that our carelessness in school has left us at a disadvantage. Far too often we fail to get a true perspective on life until it is too late to alter the condition.

I TRIED to learn Greek under Professor Sherrard, one of the fine Greek scholars of the country. He was a severe disciplinarian and at times his tongue was bitter with sarcasm. He had little patience with indifferent effort and no patience with utter carelessness. Greek was difficult for me, and I was not fond of it. Then came the time when I was kept out of school for two weeks because of illness. I decided to drop Greek, and upon my return to school I told Professor Sherrard of my intention.

"What's the trouble?" he sneered. "Afraid of a little work? You're two weeks behind your class, and you think it too much trouble to try to catch up. Are you frightened by a few pages in a book?"

"No, sir," I replied. "I have another reason for dropping Greek now. But I'll

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make up my lost work if you say so."

"I do say so," he said, and back I went to my Greek class.

Before the end of the term I again went to him. This time I asked: "Have I satisfactorily made up my work?"

"Yes," he replied; "you're in good standing now."

"Then I want to drop Greek, Professor Sherrard. I am working every afternoon on the Detroit 'Free Press,' and I probably sha'n't return to school next term."

"All right," he said; "that's a much better way to quit than the other." He looked rather solemnly at me for a few seconds, and added, "Never quit anything because it seems hard to do, or because you get a little behind the procession. Don't be afraid of work. Just remember that it is always easier to quit than to keep on.

"When you quit anything, you have given up your chance at it. I did think yesterday that perhaps you might some day be a Greek scholar. Now I know that will never be. You may gain distinction in some line of work, but it will not be Greek. That is definitely settled. You have shut out of your life forever all that Greek holds for you."

Those words were said to me over thirty years ago, and I have since learned how wise Professor Sherrard was. To him, I was only one of hundreds of pupils; but he was eager to share with me all the beauties of Homer. All the charm and splendor of a classic language could have been mine, but I turned my back upon it. I can see it now, but I couldn't see it then. At the time, it seemed to me that Professor Sherrard wanted me to take Greek just to please him.

Professor Sherrard has been dead many years, but I never face an uphill journey or a difficult task to-day without recalling his words: "Remember, it is easier to quit than to keep on."

ONE of the things I feel sure of at forty-five is that death does not remove from us the influence of our loved ones, but increases and enlarges it. In a very real way I am sure that we all grow closer to the dead than to the living. I know we are kinder to them and gentler, and the counsel they once gave, which we spurned, comes back to us over and over again, and is welcomed as wisdom. Their passing has taught us to understand them. We remember how good they were, and how fond of us, and how much they held our interests at heart. Yet in life, we contradicted them, and resented their seeming interference with our whims. We little guessed then that they were trying to save us from trouble and heartache and disappointment, and even shame itself. We recall them tenderly, and speak of them only in terms of affection which they would have rejoiced to hear.

I am certain that my father's influence over me has been constantly increasing. His is still a very real presence in my life, although he was taken from us in 1897.

There are countless separations in life; there are no separations in death. As a boy, there were many times when my father was not with me. He was not with me when I went to school, or played ball, or ran in the streets. He was not with me most of the day. He could not see what I was doing, or share in my little pleasures and sorrows. He was at the office; I was on the field playing ball, and there were miles between us. I remember once making a particularly difficult stop of a batted ball, getting it in my gloved hand, after a hard run.

It was one of those plays which give boys a thrill, and which come more by chance than by design. You make a mad rush for the ball, reach for it, and the shock tells you that you have it, and the cheers of the gang tell you that you have achieved the brilliant thing. There is a thrill to it, and I remember vividly my thrill, and I remember also the thought which followed:

"I wish Dad could have seen me do that."

Now it is different. I have the feeling that he knows everything about me; all that I have done and am doing. At times, I fancy I can see him and hear him, and there is no place I go that I cannot have his presence. I have been lonely in big cities and homesick in smaller ones. I never take a trip but that the miles between me and my (*Continued on page 152*)

If You Ask Me:

Many a lazy man works hard all day

SEVERAL weeks ago a gang of men were filling my Sunnybank ice houses. Out on the lake I watched them cut the thick cakes of ice with a mechanical saw that worked like magic as it sped over the hard surface. Then the huge cubes were winched up the greased runway to the motor-trucks, whence each load sped at twenty miles an hour to the waiting packers at my two ice houses. In less than a day both houses were filled and packed. In my boyhood it was a four-day job, under the best conditions, to harvest our ice crop. Men toiled pantingly with hand saws, and they grunted as they lugged cake after cake to the one horse-drawn wagon. It set me to thinking—not of the mechanical age we live in, but of the startling fact that the age's progress, and the whole world's progress, it seemed to me, was due to laziness rather than to applied industry.

Long ago armies of men rolled cumbrous logs and rocks from the forest to build their homes. Some lazy fellow hated the backbreaking job so much that he set out to devise an easier way to get it done. Probably the rolling gave him his idea. He found circular sections of logs and bored holes through their centers. In a trice, the first wheel was made, and thereby human effort was cut down fifty per cent.

Again, long before the days of the Pyramids, a lazy man loathed the task of helping to lift crushingly heavy stone and timber to a height by hand. So he thought out the pulley, and then the block-and-fall. Laziness had scored again. And so it was when the lazy load-bearer sought for someone or something to carry his burden or to drag his rude cart's cargo. He trained a horse or a donkey or an ox to do his work, and later to bear him comfortably from place to place, because it was too much bother for a lazy man to do so much walking.

Down the centuries, the onerous tasks of carding wool and weaving cloth and mowing grain and mining ore and picking seeds from cotton were solved, one by one, through a lazy wish to make work easier, until at last the world was honest enough to speak of such inventions as "labor-saving contrivances" and to offer high rewards to their makers. In brief, while hard manual labor continued to earn low wages, wealth and honor waited for the lazy man who could discount that labor.

"It is the Lazy Man who has made the world what it is to-day," I said to a wise woman, in some perplexity. "Yet from babyhood we have been taught to look on laziness as almost a crime. A mighty good moral has gone wrong, somewhere, somehow."

"The trouble is with your definition of laziness," she replied quickly. "You have fallen into the common error of thinking that to be inactive physically is to be lazy. But you're wrong. A man can be energetic with his hands or his feet or his back, and yet be too lazy mentally to do his own thinking. He is the worst loafer of us all—just as the man whose hands are idle and whose brain is hustling constructively is the busiest of us all."

And I decided that she was right!

Albert Payson Terhune

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When Poverty Spells Riches It's Fun To Be Poor

By Mary B. Mullett

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fourth article in the "Just Folks" series.

THERE were six of us at the dinner table. Seven, in fact, counting the little fellow. He was only three years old; yet he wasn't bored or restless, even though we sat there long enough to eat two dinners instead of one.

When people linger over a meal as we did, they have at least one of two reasons for it. We had both! We were having good food—and a good time.

Sometimes the talk was serious, and sometimes it rippled with humor. But it never flagged and it was never dull. Altogether, it was a dinner which I shall remember long and pleasantly.

Yet the room where we sat was the big kitchen-dining-room of a house on the edge of a Pennsylvania village. The dinner came, piping hot, straight from the cook stove. And I imagine that everyone present—except myself and, perhaps, the little fellow—had helped in its preparation.

I know that the tall young salesman at my left boasted that he had "whipped up" the mashed potatoes. I suspect that the big professor next to him had filled the wood-box.

Certainly the man opposite him, the quiet one who nevertheless provided much of the humor, had milked the cow which gave us those ample pitchers of pure cream.

I know that the little fellow's mother was the chief cook. I know, too, that my hostess had been the assistant cook. Yet as she sat at the head of the table, her poise was as perfect as if she were facing one of the public audiences which she sometimes addresses.

"Wait a minute!" you say. "This dinner party—with a salesman mashing the potatoes, a professor filling the wood-box, a humorist milking the cow—everybody playing a dual rôle of some sort! What's the answer?"

Well, the answer is: I was dining with the Parks! And the Parks are every bit as unusual as I have made them seem. Indeed, I rather think they are unique.

Before matrimony began to add "in-laws" and grandchildren, the Park family consisted of the father, mother, three sons, and five daughters. Its habitat was Montandon, the Pennsylvania village where I enjoyed that memorable dinner.

Our quiet humorist was John Park, the father of the family. My hospitable hostess was his wife, Mrs. Clara Moss Park. The professor and the salesman were two of the sons; and the little fellow's mother was one of the daughters.

Lucky for me that they happened to be there that day! Seeing is believing. And having seen these samples of the Park family, I could believe all that I had heard of it.

Yet some of the things I had heard were almost incredible. The Parks have accomplished what would seem to other people a hopeless undertaking; and, knowing this, I went to Montandon to ask them the question: "How in the world did you do it?"

ABOUT twenty-five years ago the Parks were living in the same house where I recently visited them. And it certainly was a full house! Father, mother, and eight children, ranging from a baby to the oldest daughter, who was still in her teens.

Mr. Park *had* to be a humorist. Besides, he was born that way! His life was a constant struggle. But he would have worked just as hard if he had had no children. The big prizes—material ones, at least—never came his way, but this never worried him. He still had his love for flowers, for glowing sunsets and for the wonderful twinkling stars. He was interested in astronomy, and he has been a teacher and a secretary in church and Sunday-school for over fifty years. He had education and character. But he had also a growing family! He must make a living for them; and in a village like Montandon there was small choice of ways to do it.

At various times he taught school, clerked in a store, was township auditor, justice of the peace, county surveyor. He took whatever job came to hand—and sometimes these jobs were miserably paid.

There was one long stretch of *seven years*, when his earnings were only fifteen dollars a month! They never have been more than fifty dollars a month.

The home place consisted of the house, barn, and four acres of land. These four acres provided fruit and vegetables, pastured a cow, and had room for a flock of chickens.

This helped a good deal. But imagine a family managing to live for seven years on fifteen dollars a month and four acres of ground! That alone would seem to most of us a hopeless undertaking.

But I didn't go to Montandon to ask the Parks how in the world they accomplished *that* feat. I had in mind a far more remarkable achievement.

With a single exception—which I will explain later—every one of the Park children was sent to college, completed the course, and was graduated!

For *any* family to turn out seven college graduates is extraordinary. That the Park family has done this under the circumstances I have described does seem almost incredible. What I wanted to know was how in the world they managed *that* achievement.

It was chiefly from Mrs. Park that I got the details of the story. No one has a better right to tell it; for without the indomitable spirit of this slender, blue-eyed little woman there never would have been any such story to tell.

However, her explanation of those seven college degrees is quite a different one.

"If people could inherit that sort of thing," she said, "I guess the Park children would have been *born* with an education. My husband studied at Dickinson Seminary and at the Academy at Lewisburg and taught school himself. His father was a school-teacher before him.

"My grandfather, Reverend John Coulter, was a Scotch Presbyterian preacher in the early days. He was graduated from the University of Edinburgh; and when he came to this country he not only preached but also taught a classical school.

"My father was at one time in business, and later a farmer. But he was also a local preacher; and in one wing of our house he carried on a school for the children of the neighborhood.

"After he bought a farm in Virginia, he started a Sunday-school; a fine-weather Sunday-school, for it was held in the open air, under the trees on his land. He made the benches with his own hands; and later he built a small church, and preached in it.

"The desire for an education was born and bred in me; and when I was sixteen I borrowed the money from my father, went to Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, and attended the high school where my brother Theodore was teaching, and the State Normal School.

"The understanding was that this money should be taken out of my share of the estate at my father's death. Altogether, I borrowed three hundred and fifty dollars from him. I had a few months in high school, a few in normal school, and one year in Dickinson Seminary. There I met Mr. Park, who was also a student at Dickinson.

"FOR five years we both taught school. Then we were married and I came to Montandon, where my husband was teaching. His salary was twenty-five dollars a month. His parents, who lived in the neighborhood, used to give us fruit and milk, fresh meat sometimes, feed for our chickens, little pigs to raise, and occasionally clothing for the children. These kindnesses were a great help.

"As our boys and girls grew old enough, and it didn't take them long, for they, too, were eager to help—they did their share of the housework and the 'chores.' The boys earned what they could by working in summer on the nearby farms.

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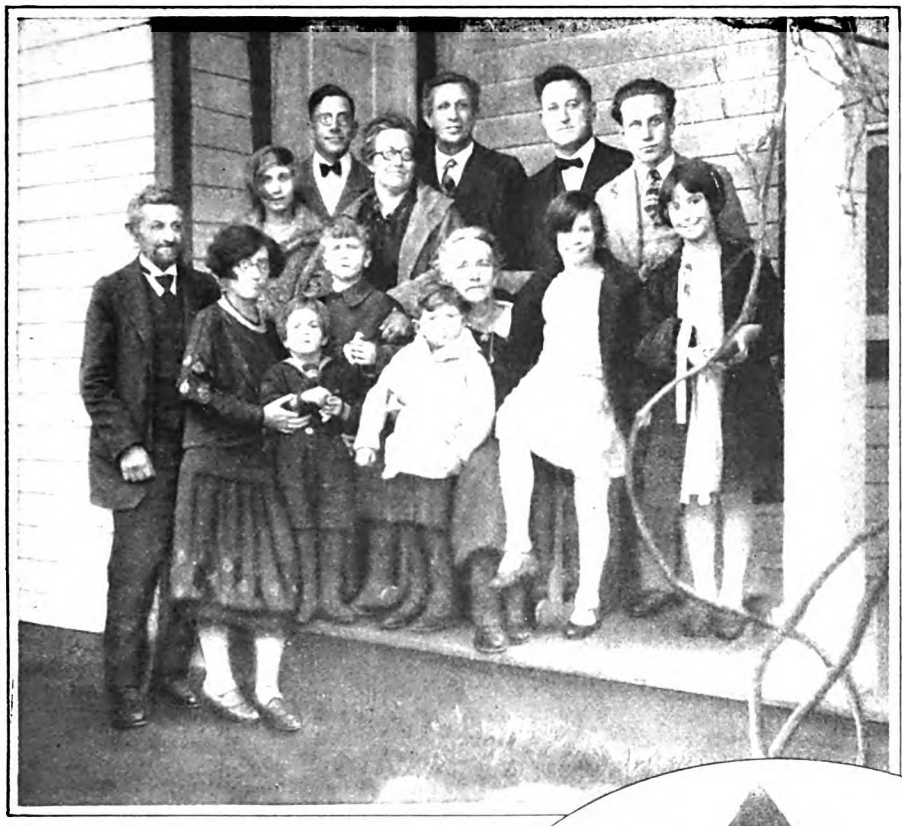

"Just folks" these are—but such folks! On a salary that has never exceeded fifty dollars a month, Mr. and Mrs. Park, of Montandon, Pennsylvania, educated their eight children. Seven were graduated from college, and the eighth would have been but for hard circumstances over which the family had no control. Mr. John Park is at the extreme left. His wife, Mrs. Clara Moss Park, is seated in the middle. The others are some of their children, children-in-law, and grandchildren. (Right) The home of the Park family in Montandon

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. F. WILSON

"Once, I remember, Ted and Jesse saved their pennies and bought a little express wagon. They used to fill it with vegetables day after day and pull the load across the bridge to Lewisburg, where they sold their produce.

"Other boys did the same thing; so I am not claiming any special credit for my own children in that instance. But it was only one of the many, many ways in which they all shared responsibility with their father and me.

"Of course, being their mother, I think they have been wonderful children. But, when you come right down to it, is anybody better able to judge children than their own mother? She may not always admit the truth about them—but she *knows* it! I am fortunate enough to be *proud* of the truth about my boys and girls.

"We were always a busy, happy family. Money was scarce; but we had plenty to eat and a comfortable home; somewhat crowded at times, but never too full to have room for the children's friends.

"You had dinner with us to-day; and you saw how we laughed and joked together. Imagine what it must have been when there were ten of us at the table! I don't believe there ever were gayer meals than those in our kitchen.

"But we wanted our children to have educated minds as well as happy hearts. We never allowed their work to keep them away from school. We expected them to bring home good reports—and they did it.

"On the kitchen wall, my husband hung a large map; and whenever a town or city was mentioned, it had to be pointed out on this map. In ways like this, we were always testing their knowledge, adding to it, and stimulating their interest.

"OUR real problem began when the eldest daughter, Belle, finished the grammar grades. There was no high school nearer than Lewisburg, across the river from Montandon. It was about two miles from our house, with a very long bridge to cross, exposed to the bitter cold wind in winter, and broiling hot in summer. At this end of the bridge, the railroad track provided the shortest route to the school, but this involved walking the ties; and if you've ever done that, you know that it is not easy.

"It would cost not only effort, but time and money for the children to go to high school. It meant that they must leave home early in the morning and not be back until almost supper time. The other children must take on an extra share of the home work to make up for this. Textbooks must be bought too.

"We faced this problem *eight times*, as one child after another reached the high-school age. But no one in the family ever dreamed of giving up and saying that it couldn't be done! As time went on, two or three of the children would be making these daily trips to Lewisburg at the same time. Yet we always managed somehow.

"They got up early, did their home work, packed their lunches, and started gayly off. No matter how stormy the weather, they never begged to stay at home. I think that in all their years at high school and at college, the only real record of absence against them was when one of the boys missed nine days, because Amy was having pneumonia and Olive was down with diphtheria at the same time!

"BELLE was the first one to go through high school. Then began the problem of sending them to college. In my own mind, I had determined that every one of the children should go. Fortunately Bucknell University was not far away; just on the outskirts of Lewisburg, about four miles from our house.

"Belle took her examinations and was ready to enter Bucknell—when my hopes and plans went hopelessly awry.

"In the first place, walking the railroad ties, twice a day for several years, had injured her feet. With broken arches, she could not walk to and from college—and we couldn't afford any other means of transportation.

"The question was settled, anyway, when I had an accident which kept me in bed for months. Belle was the eldest daughter. Somehow, we just couldn't get along without her that winter.

"In fact, for several years she was indispensable at home. Even after I was able to walk, I was very lame. It was not until years later that a doctor found the cause of the trouble. My hip bone had been twisted in the socket. He put it in place—and I was all right! But I had been limping around for twenty-five years, in constant pain, waiting for someone who knew his job.

"During that winter when I couldn't walk, I had my bed brought down to the living-room, so that I could be constantly with the family. Sitting up in bed, I cut out the clothes for the expected new baby, and the children made them. Even the boys helped, by sewing on the buttons.

"I, in my turn, (*Continued on page 230*)

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"That Darned Literary Fellow Across The Lake"

By Allison Gray

THIS story is an echo from a thirty-year-old laugh and a somewhat older sneeze. Both the laugh and the sneeze have long since subsided; but their echoes have multiplied and have traveled in ever-widening circles. Let us begin with the laugh.

One day in the summer of 1895, the proprietor of an inn at Lake Placid, away up in the Adirondacks, was sitting in front of his hotel, looking out across the lake which lay at the foot of the hill. His shoulders were shaking with silent mirth.

"What's the joke?" demanded a guest, who had approached him unnoticed.

The landlord laughed outright.

"I was just thinking," he said, "of that darned literary fellow across the lake! He believes he can run a summer resort, with no bar, no cigar stand, no gambling, and no late hours. He'll go broke before he's a year older!"

That prophecy was made more than thirty years ago. But "that darned literary fellow," instead of going broke, has built up across the lake what is said to be the most extraordinary institution of its kind in the world.

It is called the Lake Placid Club. Not a single line of paid advertising has ever been printed about it, yet it is known all over this country, and in a score of lands across the seas.

When the above-mentioned hotel man laughed his scornful laugh, Lake Placid Club consisted of a made-over farmhouse, two small rented buildings, and five acres of land. With some crowding it held thirty guests.

To-day there are 1,500 guests in midsummer and 1,200 in winter; and the property consists of over 9,900 acres, 390 buildings, and 43 farms! There are eight clubhouses and 100 guest cottages; a 60-acre poultry farm; about 500 head of registered cattle; model creameries and certified milk plants; steam-heating and electric-light plants; fire protection equipment that cost $100,000; independent pure water supply; a theatre seating 1,200; a beautiful memorial chapel; dining-rooms seating 1,800; a general store that carries a $100,000 stock; a 10,000-volume library; a $30,000 organ; a symphony orchestra, and a separate dance sextet; lectures, plays, and motion pictures.

There are nearly forty courts for tennis, lawn bowls, croquet, and other outdoor games; five golf courses; one hundred and sixty boats; sixty saddle and sleigh horses; motor livery, garages, and repair shops.

The club is the center for winter sports in America. Only a few years ago, that section was snow-bound almost six months each winter. Now there are times when the New York Central runs special trains, in several sections, to carry incoming and outgoing crowds.

I HAVE given a very incomplete picture of this extraordinary institution; but I have said enough to prove that the man who laughed at the "darned literary fellow across the lake" was a mighty poor prophet himself.

The object of his misguided ridicule wasn't really a literary fellow, anyway. His name was Melvil Dewey; and when he first breezed into—or perhaps sneezed into—Lake Placid, he might better have been called "a library fellow."

If practice makes perfect, Mr. Dewey and his wife had mastered the art of

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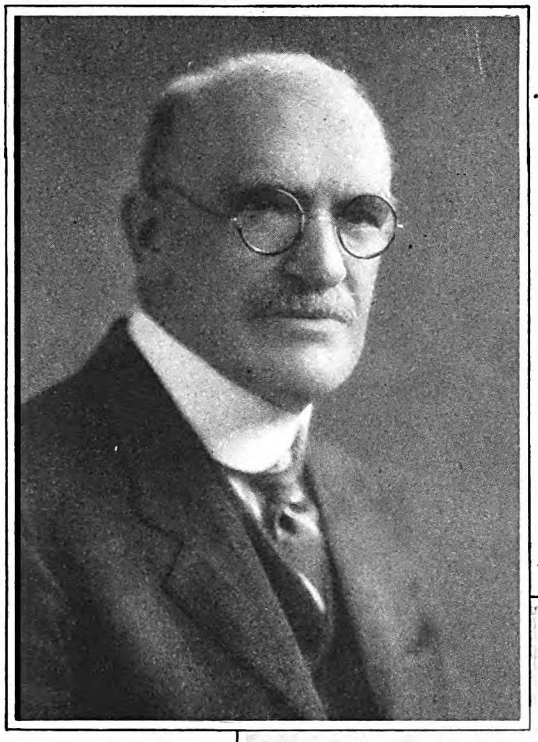
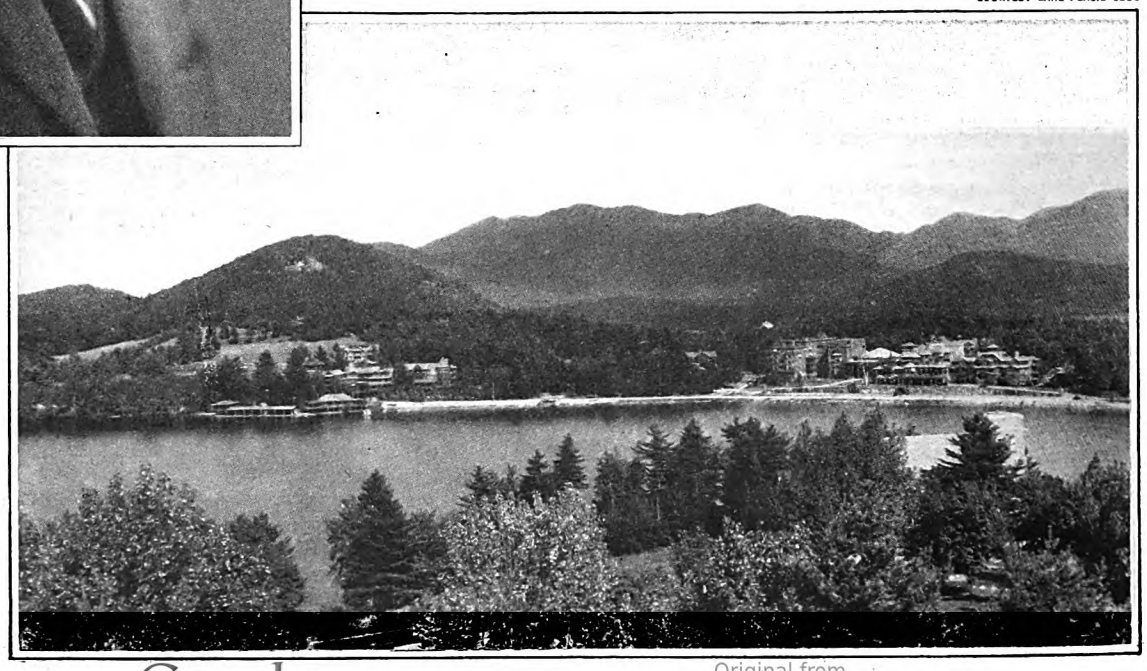


Melvil Dewey, founder of the famous Lake Placid Club in the Adirondack Mountains, New York, and deviser of the Dewey Decimal classification for libraries. Mr. Dewey was the originator of the New York State Library School, and has held many executive positions in the field of library economy. He was born in Adams Center, New York, in 1851. His present home is at Lake Placid

(Below) The club center, with Sentinel Mountains in the background

COURTESY LAKE PLACID CLUB



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sneezing. He suffered with autumnal hay fever, and she was a victim of June rose cold. For sixteen years they had been searching for a place where they would be immune from these afflictions. Lake Placid best filled the bill for them.

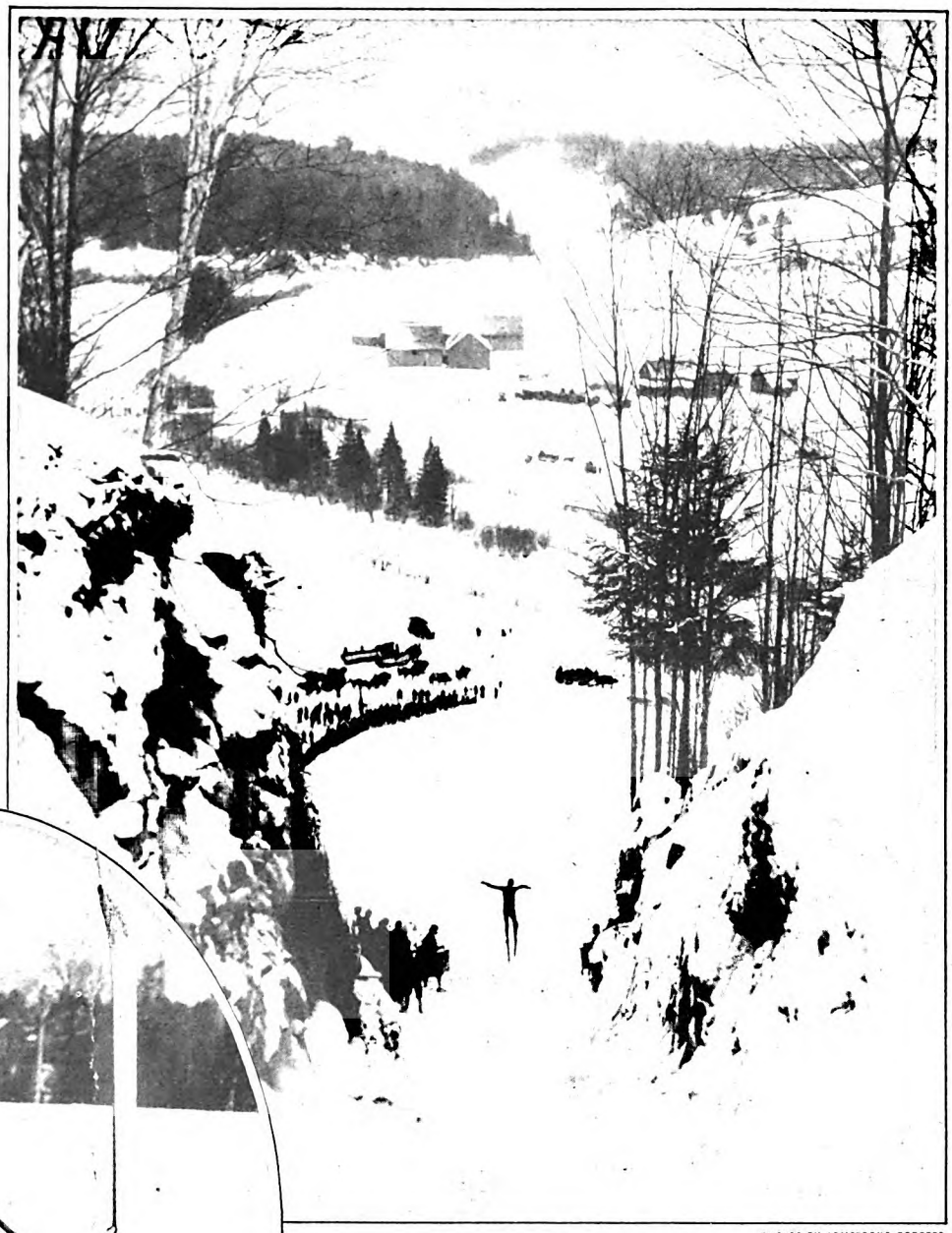
But immunity from sneezing was not their main object in this search. They had another and very different chief purpose.

For years their work had thrown them with a certain class of people: the men and women whose lives are devoted to education, mental and moral; the teachers, preachers, and other workers for human betterment.

THEY had seen that these people were almost always poorly paid, and usually overworked. So they dreamed of finding an ideal place, where these benefactors to humanity could receive, at moderate cost, the rest and recreation they needed.

That idea was the germ out of which has grown such amazing results. Lake Placid Club has become like a giant tree whose roots are invisible.

But the roots are still there, as I shall prove later on in this story.



PHOTOS BY ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

(Above) The thrilling Intervale jump at Lake Placid, where the great ski-jumping contests of the year are held. Looping the loop in an airplane has nothing on a ski-jump for either participant or spectator. (Left) An upset which is not upsetting the fair jumper's spirits

If you could ask one hundred people who are more or less acquainted with Melvil Dewey, what they think of him, you would get just about one hundred varieties of opinion. But the whole hundred would agree on one point: his friends claim, and his enemies admit, that he is an extraordinary man.

He was seventy-five years old in December. But he is to-day what he always has been—an astonishing combination of a dreamer and a fighter. If you want a typical picture, out of the panorama of his life, take this one:

Years ago, two men stood facing each other. One of them was a governor of New York, the other was Melvil Dewey. Tall, angular, with keen eyes and outthrust chin, he had delivered what sounded like an ultimatum.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the governor; "we can't do *that!*"

"Gosh!" snapped Dewey, his jaws shutting like a steel trap; "we are *going* to do *exactly* that!" And they did.

With sundry variations, he has been saying this sort of thing for more than sixty years.

He was born in Adams Center, ten miles south of Watertown, New York. There were two principal stores. Dewey's father ran one of them. He also ran pretty nearly everything else in the place—until his son began to run *him*.

THE elder Dewey was anti-liquor and anti-tobacco; and he planted these principles in the mind of his boy. But in that mind was growing, also, a passion for logic; and when young Melvil was fourteen, this passion began to stir up trouble.

Tobacco was sold in all "general stores," and in conformity with this universal custom it was sold also in Joel Dewey's store. He thought he *had* to do it to hold business. But his son's motto, then and *ever since*, has been: "Stick to your principles; and the business—or whatever it is that you are seeking—will come to you."

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One day he said to his father, "Bill Owens doesn't believe in liquor. He doesn't drink it himself. But he sells it in his tavern. Do you think that's right?"

"No," replied his father.

"Well, *you* don't believe in tobacco. But you sell it to other people! Now, I'm going down to the other store and tell them they can have, at cost price, all our tobacco, and that we will never sell any more of it!"

Without waiting for a reply—his father was too surprised to make one, anyway—the boy sold all the tobacco to the rival store, came back with the money; and that ended it. Moreover, his faith in consistency was justified, for the Dewey store thrived better than before.

Another significant incident had occurred the previous year. People are amazed at Mr. Dewey's energy to-day. But after being a human dynamo for seventy-five years, I doubt if he could stop if he wanted to—and he doesn't.

He began work as a youngster: earning money by driving cows to and from pasture, splitting wood, and doing other chores. His pay was so small that most of it was in pennies. These he kept in a canvas bag, for a definite purpose. He was earning and saving in order to buy the one thing he coveted above all others. He knew what it would cost; and during his fourteenth summer he reached that goal.

His bag then was full of coins, the largest being nickels. With this load under his arm, he tramped the ten miles to Watertown. He couldn't afford the thirty cents for railroad fare. Going to the bookstore, he emptied his bagful of money on the counter, and demanded—what do you think?—an unabridged dictionary! With that under his arm, he went back home, the happiest boy in the whole Empire State.

IN THE sixty-one years since that day, he has lost none of his respect for unabridged dictionaries. He gives copies to students, assuring them that the habit of looking up every doubtful word is worth more than a year in college. He has in his various rooms five of these big volumes; and he turns to them many times a day.

He has not lost his respect for dictionaries, and neither has he changed his ideas about liquor and tobacco. Lake Placid Club never has had a bar or a public cigar stand. If it is known that a guest is using liquor as a beverage, he is politely but firmly requested to leave.

Smoking-rooms are provided for men. But there is no tobacco stand in any of the clubhouses and men smoke only in the rooms set apart for them. Smoking by women is not permitted at all. Neither is any form of gambling, even when sugar-coated as "a chance" in aid of some charity.

It was because of such rules as these that the hotel man predicted his neighbor would fail inside of a year. He believed in giving people whatever *they* thought they wanted. Mr. Dewey believed in giving them what *he* thought they ought to have!

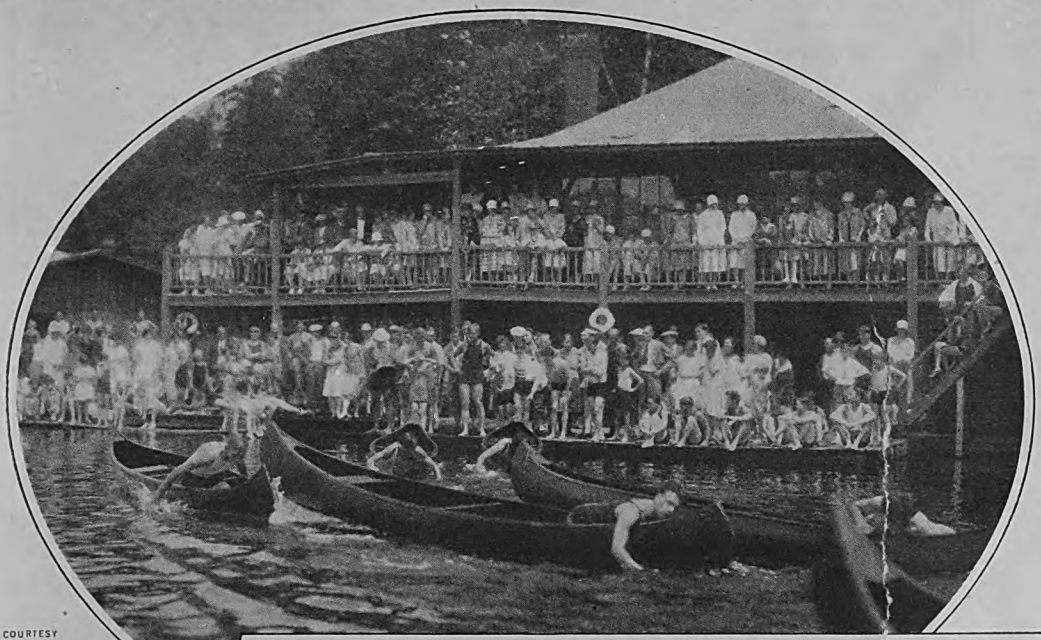
He is a born educator. By that I mean that he loves to think up ways of improving people; especially ways of making them healthier and happier. And he has a sublime confidence that he knows what will do the trick.

With this turn of mind, he naturally had a finger in every "pie," back in his old home town. As a boy, he helped to run the church, the Sunday-school, the local lodge, and other village activities.

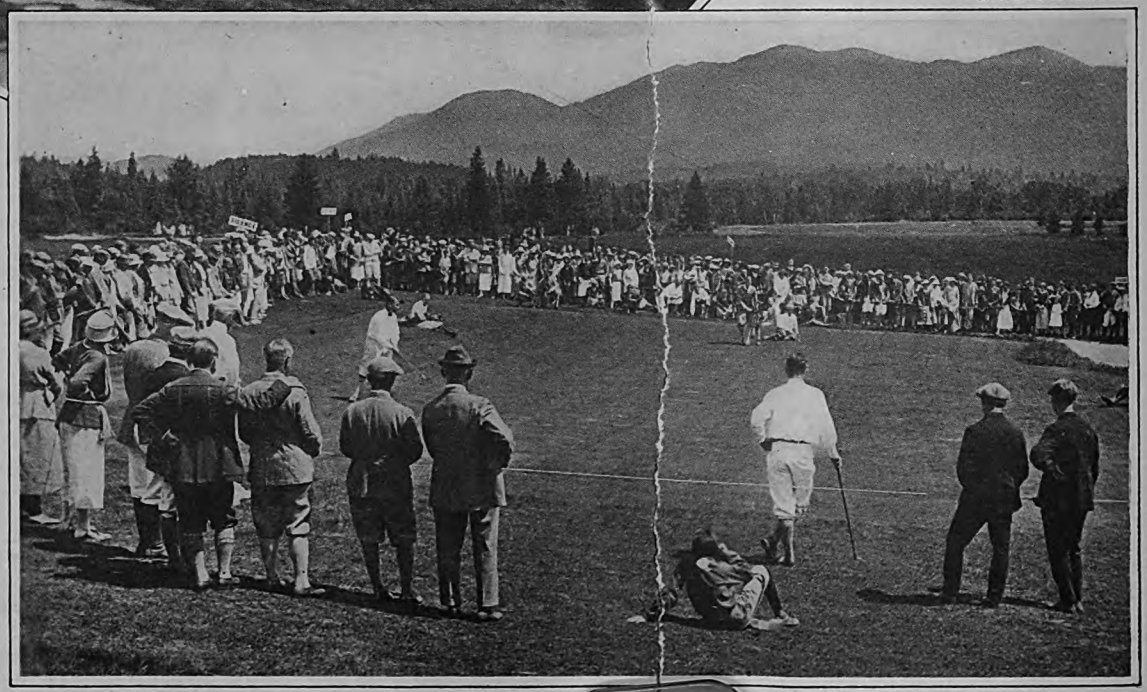
At sixteen, he taught the country school at Toad Hollow. It was the winter term, when the big boys attended. In previous sessions, they had ruled the teacher with a high hand; and Toad Hollow predicted that the new youngster wouldn't last a week.

When he arrived, he found on the platform a battered chair. It had been broken over the head of his predecessor! On the floor were sundry dark stains. These, too, were souvenirs of combat. The teacher's nose had been punched, with the usual results.

But Dewey "lasted" the whole term; and neither chairs nor noses were broken. It was simply another case of his joyous faith that people can be induced to take what they ought to have. His interest and



COURTESY LAKE PLACID CLUB



(Left) A stunt race, part of the Saturday-morning water sports at Laksyd boathouse. (Below) A golf match at Lake Placid Club. Hagen and Kirkwood, Godschaux and Dunn are the contestants

COURTESY LAKE PLACID CLUB

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PHOTOS COURTESY LAKE PLACID CLUB

enthusiasm kindled an answering interest and enthusiasm in his pupils—with the result, that, as he told me himself, everybody had a beautiful time.

After that, he went to Hungerford Institute three terms. It was four miles from Adams Center and the fare was ten cents each way. To save these dimes, he walked the ties twice a day.

Then he boarded one term at a Seventh Day Adventist school, in Alfred, New York; and from there he went to college.

He chose Amherst, because it was, at that time, the only college requiring daily gymnasium exercise. He thought he "ought to have" this physical training, so he went to Amherst. Not many people are so willing to take the medicine they prescribe for others.

AFTER the entrance examinations, the names of those who had passed were read aloud to the assembled candidates—and Dewey's was not among them! Whereupon he demanded to know the reason why.

"How's this?" he said. "I'm coming to Amherst, but my name wasn't read."

The man looked over the list.

"Oh yes!" he said; "your name is here. But you are conditioned in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. So, of course—"

"Oh, that's all right!" was the calm reply. "I'll make those up."

On the strength of this promise, which later was carried out, he was admitted to those peaceful halls of learning, which he promptly proceeded to render *less* peaceful.

From that day to this, Dewey has been, as he described it, "the irritating cause" of more changed methods than there are feet on a centipede. For instance, when he joined the D K E fraternity at Amherst, he declared war on the old traditions. At that time, the chief aim was to make sport of the new candidates.

"See here!" said Dewey. "This is silly. You pretend that it's an honor to be admitted to this fraternity. And yet, when a fellow comes up for admission, all you do is to make a fool of him."

The grown-ups do not have all the fun at Lake Placid, and there are plenty of good times in the summer as well as in the winter

"Well," they said, "if you think you're so smart, what have you got to offer?"

The result was that Dewey planned an impressive and dignified initiation ritual. It was accepted. And this sensible change gradually spread to other colleges.

At that time, Yale was publishing the D K E triennial catalogue, a small book in paper covers. Although it was sold at a high price, there was always a big deficit. At the annual meeting Dewey protested against this state of things.

"All right!" said the Yale men. "If Amherst thinks it can do any better, Amherst had better try it!"

So Dewey, as chairman in charge, produced a book three times as big, bound in morocco, and costing almost twice as much. But it was so much better that it found many more buyers; and, instead of a deficit, it made a profit of a thousand dollars for the new Amherst chapter house.

Dewey had not been long at Amherst before he had his finger in still another "pie;" and this time the results were to continue through many years.

"Students did not have access to the shelves of the college library," he said to me. "The volumes they asked for were handed out to them. I wanted to get at the books myself; so I offered to act as assistant—without pay, of course—to Professor Montague, the librarian.

"I found that the books were classified according to a system, then in general use, which fairly bristled with defects. So I decided that there ought to be a better one; and what *ought* to be *can* be.

"I studied and studied over the problem; and finally, one day in chapel, the idea came to me in a flash. I almost shouted 'Eureka!' right in the middle of the president's sermon.

"As a result of this idea I devised the Dewey system of *decimal classification*. It is now used by fourteen thousand librarians and students in a score of countries. It has been adopted by big business also. One railroad uses it for its equipment. On every pick or shovel, for instance, is stamped the d. c. (decimal classification) number of that implement. Here is the latest volume containing d. c. instructions," he said, picking up a book of about one thousand pages.

BELIEVING that the Amherst library "ought to have" a better system, Dewey proceeded to introduce changes. After he had been doing this for some time, he was summoned to appear before a committee of the trustees. He went, expecting to be disciplined for his interference with the old methods.

But it turned out that Professor Montague had reported that his volunteer assistant was doing most of the work, and doing it more efficiently than he himself could do it. So the trustees had summoned Dewey to appoint him acting librarian! He held that post until he was graduated and for the two following years as well.

"But I didn't intend to be a librarian all my life," he told me; "and when Edward Ginn offered me (*Continued on page 128*)

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What He Learned At Fourteen Helped Him "Come Back" At Forty

After twenty years of failure, the memory of a boyhood rebuke from his father spurred Dudley S. Humphrey on to take a new hold on life—Starting business with a kettle full of pop corn, he has become the head of one of the largest and most profitable amusement parks in the country

By Sherman Gwinn

A TALL, lean, roughly-clad man, whose head was already frosted with white, plodded along the narrow, mud-rutted Ohio road that led to Glenville. His steps lagged. His chin was sunk upon his chest. His big hands, hardened by years of work, hung lifelessly in his pockets. Everything about his solitary figure—from his battered felt hat to his worn shoes, from his listless stride to his unseeing gaze at the road—spelled dejection and defeat.

As this wayfarer shuffled by, a spectator might have muttered, "There goes a failure!" But the spectator, guided only by outward appearances, would have been wrong in his guess. The word failure thus used implies quitting, finality. This plodder on the road to Glenville, beaten though he was, had not quit.

He was penniless, therefore he walked. He also was jobless. Every possession of his and of his family—the old farm with its memories of year-in and year-out toil, the live stock with which they had dreamed of making a fortune, the implements, even the furniture of the homestead—had been publicly sold for debt. And more than twenty thousand dollars of that debt was still unpaid. His graying hair did not belie his age; he was forty years old, which is no longer flaming youth.

Up to this moment, he had failed in every important thing he had undertaken. As a youth, he had wanted to become a civil engineer, but had failed in his ambition. A sawmill operator next; failure had scrawled its grim line there also. Then farming had held forth promise; it had led only to the auction block of the sheriff. Followed horse training, writing for farm papers, an effort to market an invention—failures all. This bright spring morning he had walked seven miles to get work, and had failed again.

"You're forty. You've never worked for anybody but yourself. You're too old to begin working for another now," argued the man who had advertised for a hand experienced in sorting hardwood lumber.

"But I must do something at once," the applicant had pleaded. "I've a family to feed. My last nickel has been spent. I'm right up against it."

"I'd be doing you no favor," the other had retorted, "if I hired you. It is your place to work for yourself as you always have. You should *make your own job!*"

For five dreary miles down the mud-rutted road those words had been drumming in the walker's thoughts: "You should make your own job! Make your own job!"

He smiled ironically at the sheer futility of the notion. What was there left in the wreck of his life from which even the humblest job could be made?

But, slowly, a change began to come over him. He was as one emerging from the stupor of a drug. His chin lifted from his chest; his frame lost some of its looseness. Ahead he stared as if he saw something, or as if a voice had called his name. Stock-still he stood, and suddenly in thought he was a boy again, a boy of fourteen.

IT WAS winter, a stinging cold winter's day. The breath of the ox teams came from their nostrils like live steam as he and his younger brother Dave hitched the beasts to the log boats or sleds. He had to beat his hands and stamp in the deep snow to keep warm. There was ice on Dave's red muffler, the frozen moisture of his breath.

"All right, boys," their father directed. "Fetch in those beech logs from over in the woods. Haul 'em in here to the sawmill."

Now he and Dave were in the woods, nearly a mile from the sawmill, with the ox teams. They tried loading the log boat with its burden. But the logs were ice-coated, and slippery as polished glass, and nearly as round as if they had been fashioned in a turning lathe. A greased pig would have been easier to handle. For the dozenth time the big round sticks got away and, strain as they would, they couldn't load a single log. Sunset came, and they headed the oxen homeward with empty boats.

"Where are your logs?" demanded their father.

The two hung their heads. They had been unable to load the logs. Every muscle in their little bodies ached. They tried to explain their failure.

"I told you to fetch logs, not excuses," said their father sternly. "Go back into those woods and get logs! There *is* a way to load them. On your way back do some thinking. The next time you come in, show me the logs I sent you to get!"

Back in the moonlight went the lads. But this time when they returned, their log boats groaned under the weight of the big icy beech logs. They had figured out a way of loading that worked.

Their father was waiting at the mill; he remarked, "I knew you could do it."

The man in the muddy road suddenly straightened his back; his head went up, his fingers tightened as in his memory he reacted that victory from out the past. To-day, at forty, he had another load of logs to fetch. With those logs he must build a future, a new life. As yet, his log boat was empty; and once more the finger of his father, now dead, seemed to point sternly at him: "I told you to fetch logs, son, not excuses!"

The jaw of the lone walker was set; there was a swing in his stride as he resumed his way to Glenville. Despite his battered headpiece, his worn shoes and his faded coat, passers-by would not have said, "There goes a failure." A man buoyed up with fresh courage and resolution trod the mud-ruts of the Ohio road!

In Cleveland, not long ago, I met and spent a day with this man. In the thirty-four years that have passed since Dudley S. Humphrey tramped, dejected and penniless, on the Glenville road, he has "fetched his logs" and fashioned them into the substantial realization of an ideal. He is the president and principal owner of Euclid Beach Park—one of the largest, cleanest conducted, and most successful public amusement parks in this country.

How did he do it? I went to Cleveland on purpose to find an answer to that question.

WE WERE strolling, Mr. Humphrey and I, over Euclid Beach Park. Its one hundred and sixty acres of lawn and trees, right in the city of Cleveland, spread inward from the sandy shore of Lake Erie. The summer was in its evening and the snap of autumn was in the lake breeze. But in every direction that we looked were people and parked machines. The varied amusement and recreational features were running full tilt. It was a scene of light and laughter and wholesome fun.

"Folks from all over the world come to Euclid Beach," Mr. Humphrey told me. "At a guess, more than a million every

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season. But as there is no admission charge," he went on, "we don't know exactly how many do come. In one day, when we made a check, the street cars alone brought 40,000, and more than 15,000 automobiles were parked inside our gates. Allowing four people to a car, that would bring the day's total up to 100,000."

I want you to realize the bigness of this park, the substantial character of it and its permanency, because it grew from an idea hardly more pretentious than a pebble in the roadway. At the park's very center, Mr. Humphrey paused before a stand. A half-dozen white-coated attendants were popping corn, and selling it crisp and hot from the poppers. You will find pop-corn stands in every amusement park in the land, but probably no one that does the volume of trade of this one. Over the stand was a painted sign:

The Pop Corn That Led to Euclid Beach

"That is literally true," said Mr. Humphrey. "Failing at everything else, we began selling pop corn on the streets—pop corn as we made it on the farm. My wife, my sister, my brothers—the whole family—helped.

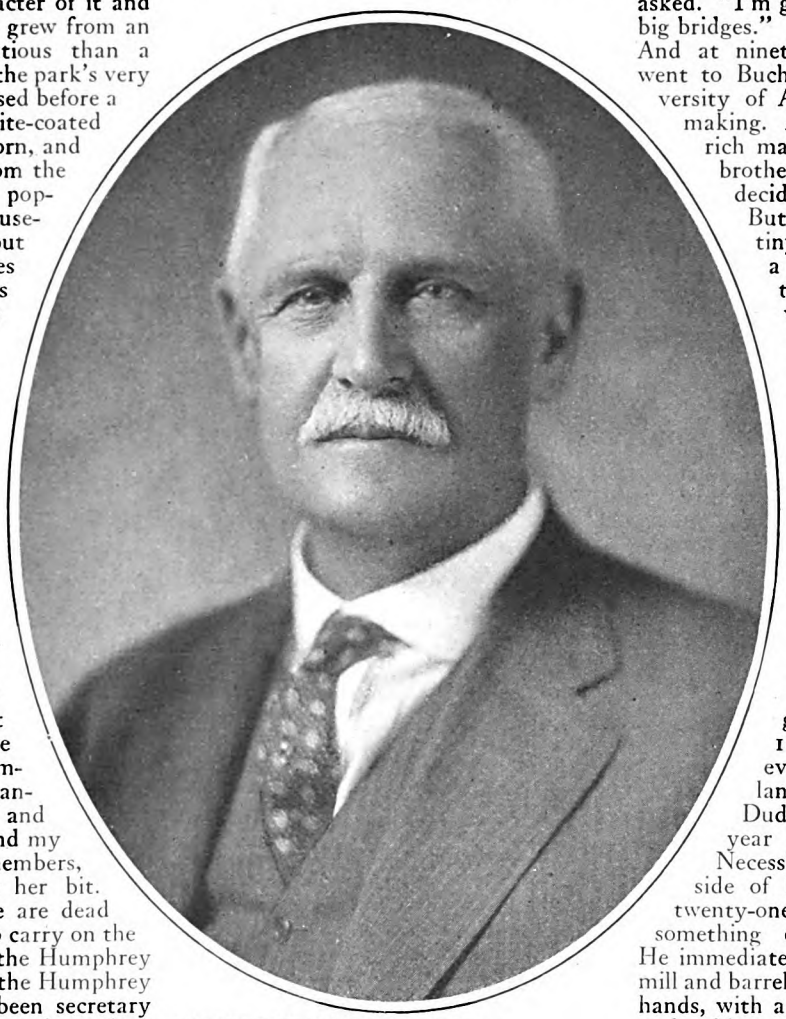
"This isn't a one-man concern," he added. "It's a family concern. We went down together, and we came up together. When the Humphrey Company was organized, my brothers, Harlow and Dave, my sister, Linnie, and my wife and myself were all members, equally. Each did his or her bit. Harlow, Dave, and Linnie are dead now, leaving their shares to carry on the clean recreation idea; but the Humphrey family that remains is still the Humphrey Company. My wife has been secretary and treasurer since the start; her salary is as large as mine, and she has her office, just as I have mine."

BEHIND that sign over the pop-corn stand at Euclid Beach I found the story of the Humphreys, and of Dudley S. Humphrey, leader and head of the clan.

He was born in Townsend Township, Huron County, Ohio, in 1852, the third of a family of five children. His father, Dudley S. Humphrey, Senior, had come to Ohio from Connecticut, in 1835, accompanied by his brother William. They were pioneers and made the journey by ox team; but they were not poor pioneers. In Connecticut they had done well in the lumber business, and Ohio's vast virgin forests had attracted them westward. Shortly, hundreds of acres of timber and farm lands were under their lease or ownership. They built sawmills and log roads; and their log cabin, wherein Dudley, Junior, was born, was a pretentious affair of two stories and five up-stairs rooms. At one time the senior Humphrey was worth all of one hundred thousand dollars, a sizable fortune in that day and place.

I have told you of that incident of the beech logs, which happened when Dudley, Junior, was fourteen. It will give you some idea of the father's character. He didn't pamper his children. They attended the district school. They had their stints to do, and though it took until midnight they did them.

"I never knew Father to tell a lie, or a nasty story, or refuse help to a neighbor in need," said Mr. Humphrey to me.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK MOORE STUDIO, CLEVELAND, O.

Dudley S. Humphrey, president of Euclid Beach, Cleveland's one-hundred-and-sixty-acre amusement park, was born in Huron County, Ohio, of good pioneer stock. When he was half way through an engineering course, he was called home to his father's big farm because of financial complications. Here, in rapid succession, he tried sawmilling, farming, writing for farm papers, and horse training. At forty years of age, he invented for his own amusement a corn popper. This humble device led to Euclid Beach and to a sharp change in the fortunes of the Humphrey family. Mr. Humphrey is now seventy-four years old

You will find the influence of this parent to-day in Euclid Beach Park. He hated dirt, this father—moral dirt. He liked the open, the clean, the aboveboard.

At thirty-five, losing a hand in a sawmill, he quit the lumber business to devote himself exclusively to his farm, the twelve hundred acres of which straddled the Wakeman-Townsend townships line. It was an up-to-date farm, equipped with the best machinery and stock. There Dudley, Junior, grew up, a good, stout youngster capable of handling an ox team at nine, and of doing a grown man's work at sixteen. The boy was of a mechanical, inventive turn; he liked to tinker about machinery, and the shop was his playhouse. He became an expert in handling and caring for the machinery of the farm and sawmill.

"I'M GOING to be a civil engineer," he proudly informed everyone who asked. "I'm going to build railroads and big bridges."

And at nineteen, true to his bent, he went to Buchtel College, now the University of Akron, an engineer in the making. A farm boy, yet he was a rich man's son. Harlow, his elder brother, and David, his younger, decided to stick by the farm.

But in the western horizon a tiny cloud appeared, too small a cloud to be noticed for a time. Humphrey, Senior, was a generous, big-hearted man. He was never slow in going to the aid of others. Some neighbors, who owned a sawmill and oil-barrel factory, came to him for help, and he backed their mill by obligating a substantial portion of his fortune. Suddenly the cloud in the west swelled to storm size. An explosion in the factory killed several men. Expensive damage suits followed, and on the heels of them broke the great Jay Cooke panic of 1873, that was to shake every business house in the land.

Dudley, Junior, had been a year and a half at college. Necessity called him home to the side of his father. He was only twenty-one years old, but he knew something of sawmill management. He immediately took charge of the sawmill and barrel factory, now on his father's hands, with a force of seventy workmen under him, and a debt of twenty-five thousand dollars to pay off. The mill and factory were committed to fill a huge contract for oil barrels.

In normal times, the barrel contract would have been a profitable one. But it was poison to the faltering mill in those panic years. Lower sank the Humphrey fortune.

The farm was mortgaged; a four-hundred-acre slice of it had to be sold. The mill went deeper into debt, in spite of every economy and long nights of planning in the farmhouse kitchen. Ask some old-timer to tell you of that panic of '73 and its aftermath.

The senior Humphrey died in 1876, worn out with work and worry. This left the boys alone—Harlow and Dave on the farm, Dudley at the struggling mill. One night as they slept the shrill alarm of fire sounded over Wakeman. In a few minutes a neighbor came running, shouting breathlessly:

"Hey, there! Get up! Your mill's on fire!"

"I was dressed in two minutes," Mr. Humphrey told me. "The mill was only a block away, and I (*Continued on page 191*)

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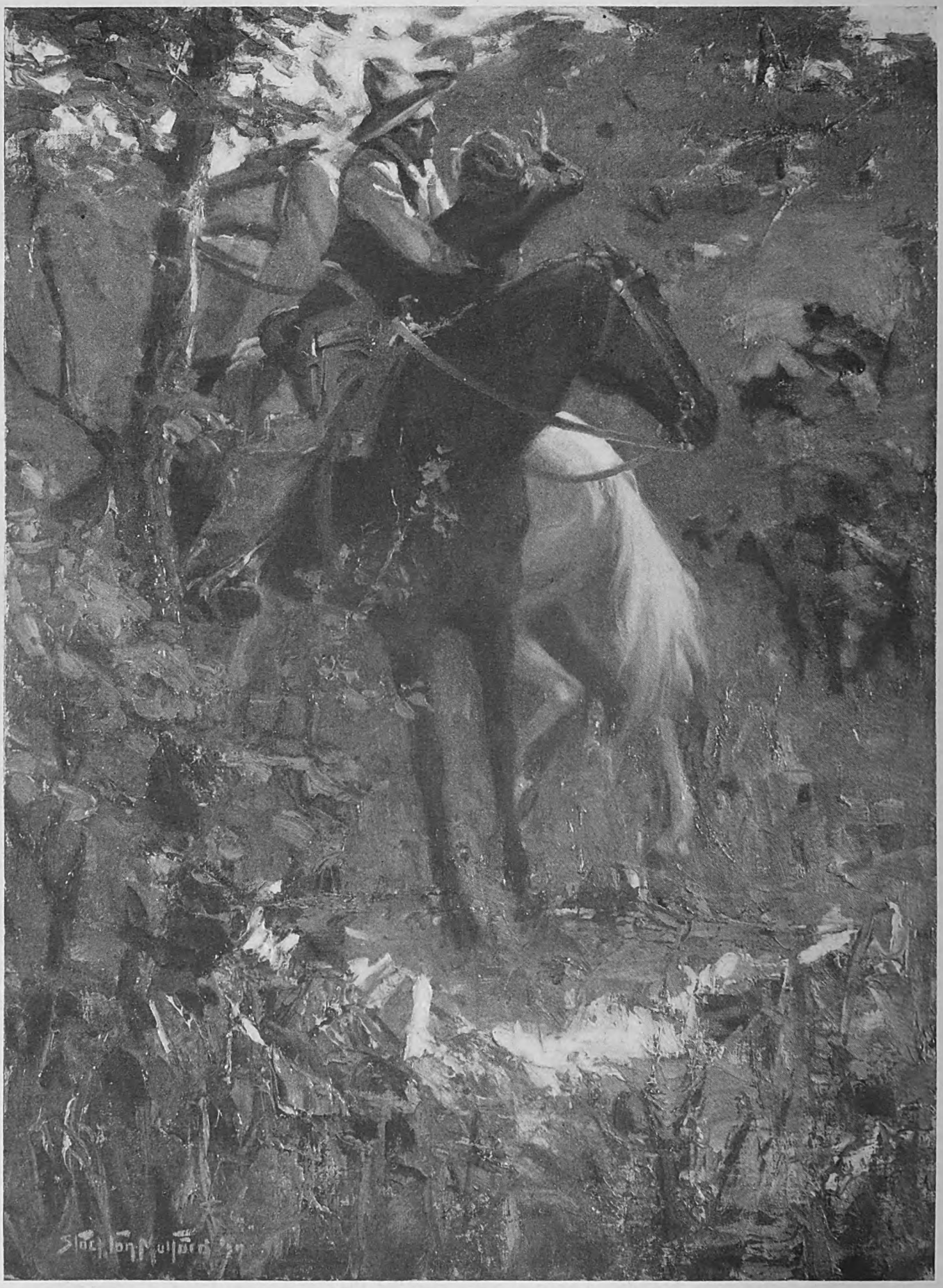

Hettie saw Jim Lacy loom over her. She felt herself seized in iron arms and dragged from her horse

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Sixth Instalment

"Nevada"

A romance of the West

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

A WEEK later, to the day, about the middle of the afternoon, Jim Lacy stood with Cash Burridge on the Mongollon Rim, facing south over the magnificent wilderness of southern Arizona.

Yellow dust palls hung over the steep Maricopa trail, where it jumped zigzag off the Rim and wound down into the green depths. A mighty roar of trampling hoofs, and bellowing cattle, and crashing brush, and whooping riders waved up from that hot slope. From the look of the trail, trampled and dug and widened by thousands of hoofs, it appeared that a river of live beasts had poured over the Rim.

"Lacy, it's all over but the fireworks," said Cash exultantly.

"*Quien sabe?* It might fetch some fireworks you're not figurin' on," admonished his companion.

"Not much. We're shakin' the dust of the brakes. Say, won't Ben Ide an' Tom Day bite nails? Biggest drive I ever had a hand in. An' all so easy! All like clockwork! All in a couple of days, in spite of that yellow traitor, Cedar Hatt!"

"Shore, we didn't need him," responded Lacy thoughtfully.

"Jim, I've seen some mad hombres in my time, but that Cedar Hatt beats them all," declared Burridge, aghast at the memory.

"Shore he was mad. Didn't I warn you to keep your outfit from givin' it away aboot Stillwell?"

"Yes, you did; an' I talked myself hoarse. But it couldn't be kept. They *hated* Cedar; an' the minute somebody got two drinks aboard, he up an' blows that Burt Stillwell was dead. It sure made a hydrophobia-coyote out of Cedar. But he didn't know *who* shot Burt. When he spit questions at you, like a snake with a hunch, why didn't you lie?"

"Wal, Cash, I reckon you don't savvy me."

"Why didn't you kill him, then?"

"I just aboot did," returned Lacy, reflectively. "But I saw he didn't have the nerve to draw—so I waited."

"Ahuh! Waited? I get your hunch. Cedar knows somethin' you're keen to find out. Bet it's that Pine Tree Outfit."

"Cash, you're figurin' fair. But on the daid square now—rememberin' the favors I've done you—cain't you tell me somethin' aboot that outfit?"

"No more'n we all know, Jim."

"Shore you have some suspicion aboot who leads them?"

"Honest, I haven't even an idee," returned Burridge, with truth in look and voice. "What's it to you, anyway, Jim?"

"Reckon I've got to put my brand on the boss of the Pine Tree," said Lacy.

"Oh! Is *that* all? I thought you might have some interest in him," retorted Cash, sarcastically. "Jim, on the square, if you hadn't done so much to straighten me out again, I'd have suspicions about you."

"Wal, keep them in your haid!"

Burridge laughed, and gathering up his bridle swung into the saddle.

"Come on. I don't want the outfit to get far ahead. You'll be hearin' the clink of gold before sundown."

"Not me, Cash. I'm not goin' any farther with you."

Burridge studied his companion for a long moment, his face working. Regret began to erase the incredulity.

"Well, what in thunder are you goin' to do?"

"That's my concern now. I'm through."

"Through! . . . Jim Lacy, you're too deep for me. But I'm gettin' a hunch. . . . How about your share in the divvy for this deal?"

"There won't be any. Judge Franklidge has been tipped off, and his men'll be waitin' on the other side of the Rim. You know what that means. I'm givin' you this chance to escape. Try bein' honest again. You might succeed next time. But *don't* try to warn the rest of the bunch, and don't ever come back heah!"

"Why not, Jim?"

"Because, if you do, I'll kill you!" flashed Lacy, in a voice that cut like a whip.

The ruddy heat left Burridge's face, and he began to nod his head, slowly, with increasing motion, while his eyes fixed in a startling comprehension.

"*Jim—Lacy!*" he said, huskily.

"I reckon," replied Lacy grimly, as he turned to his horse.

"Well, you been a pard to me, whatever your reasons," went on Burridge, with feeling. "I don't care a darn what they were. . . . I'll get out of this country. Here's my hand on it. . . . Goodby, an' good luck!"

"Same to you," replied Jim, as they gripped hands.

Burridge wheeled his horse so violently that it reared and plunged, and then slid to its haunches in the soft ground where the trail led back down the slope.

LACY strode into the level shady forest, leading his horse. He had prepared for this separation from the rustlers, and had tied a light pack behind his saddle. There was a spring in his step and a light on his face. The deep forest land, beginning to slope almost at once north from the Rim, seemed to receive and absorb Lacy as a transformed man.

It wanted yet an hour before sunset. Jim Lacy, with his plans well in mind, had on the whole journey across country from Elam Hatt's ranch to the head of the Maricopa trail taken careful account of the lay of the land.

It served him now. His intention was to return to Hatt's ranch, if possible, without encountering even a sheep herder. Hatt had left his daughter Rose alone. Elam, of course, with his two sons, could be expected to get back home from the cattle drive in two days from the time Jim had left them, or even less.

AS FOR Cedar Hatt, who had deserted Burridge and Elam after the revelation of Stillwell's death, no doubt he had rushed to the secret rendezvous of the Pine Tree men, wherever that was, there to betray to them news of the impending drive of the Ide stock. It was Cedar Hatt in whom Lacy had the greatest interest, at the present stage of the game; and Cedar was most likely to be found at or near home.

There was reason, too, for Lacy to have an interview with Rose Hatt, from whom he expected to force more about the man who dominated her brother, and whom she feared. Moreover, Rose was to be considered on her own behalf.

Jim Lacy did not think it wise to go near Silver Meadows, where the cattle had been collected for the great drive. Therefore, when he broke camp next morning he made a wide detour, hoping to strike the trail he and the rustler band had made coming from Hatt's ranch. But he had to go into camp the second night of his journey without having found it.

On the next morning, however, he struck the trail he was looking for, and backtracked it until it failed on high ridges, on hard ground, rocky flats, and pine-needle masses over which Elam Hatt had led the rustlers, for the express purpose of hiding their tracks.

Lacy lost no time by trying to recover them, though he believed he could eventually have done so. Sure of his direction now, he pressed on rapidly, and the next afternoon struck the deep brake east of the one in which Hatt lived.

He took the precaution to ride well back from the Rim, peeping over whenever opportunity offered from behind foliage or rock covert. He did not really expect to see anyone, but that did not influence his actions. Lacy was always cautious, watchful, alert; and in this instance he

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might have been on a scent, so instinctive was his progress along that Rim.

Presently, down in an open bend of the deep canyon, Lacy caught a glimpse of a rider. He was coming slowly up the trail, leaning down from his saddle, evidently with eyes on the ground.

Lacy rode back from the Rim, and urged his horse to a lope, careful to avoid rocks and brush. There were places where he had to go slowly, but in the main he covered a mile or more in short order, then again approached the Rim.

This time he dismounted and cautiously stole to a vantage point, from which he could peer unseen. As luck would have it, there was an open grassy meadow, narrow and long, just beneath his position. The canyon was five hundred feet deep at this point, green-walled, precipitous, and insurmountable.

LACY watched so long without seeing the rider that he believed he had been too late to catch him crossing this open flat. But as he had about decided to hurry on again the rider emerged from the lower end.

"*Cedar Hatt!*" whispered Lacy, his head lowering with the motion of a striking eagle. "Talk about luck! I'm shore smothered with it. . . . Jim Lacy's luck! . . . But bad for you, Cedar!"

He watched the rider with a strained, piercing gaze, as if it were possible to divine his motive.

"This might be the trail Marvie Blaine rides when he comes to meet Rose," soliloquized Jim, pondering. "Shore it is. She said the brake east of where she lived."

Cedar Hatt rode on, directly under Jim's position, and once he halted his horse, to lean far down from his saddle. How like an Indian! Then he swung up in the saddle to peer ahead, as if calculating something. He made a dark, wild figure then, suiting his ragged horse and the background of tangled brush and rugged wall. Then he rode on, more slowly.

"By heaven," burst out Lacy, "that hombre is trackin' Marvie Blaine!"

Lacy crawled back from the Rim, then rose to run for his horse. Luckily, the lower part of the brakes was miles below the locality where Rose was in the habit of meeting young Blaine. Lacy had time to get ahead and find a place where he could descend to the floor of the canyon. Riding still farther back from the Rim, he put his horse to a gallop and made a hard, fast ride for several miles.

Then he slowed down and headed for the Rim again. No break in sight where he might descend! The wall grew more precipitous and higher.

At length Lacy came upon an intersecting canyon, a narrow crack which ran off into the woods. He rode back to where it headed in one of the thickest ravines, so common to the country. He rode down as far as possible, then, dismounting, he tied his horse and hurried on. This gorge deepened into a split between toppling walls, so rough that there was not even a deer trail. But Lacy, sparing no effort, traversed it, to reach the main canyon, hot and bruised, and out of breath.

Under cover of the oak thicket that lined the slope from the wall, he rested a few moments, listening like a pursued deer.

The east side of the canyon was a gentle slope, covered with white grass, brown ferns, and low pines and oaks, affording perfect cover for anyone hiding. Lacy worked gradually down toward the level of the canyon. He did not snap twigs, or scrape brush, or make any sound. At each little opening he peered out before advancing. Often he stopped to listen.

It was through this extreme caution and the eye of a woodsman that Lacy came upon Marvie Blaine and Rose Hatt.

They were in each other's arms, lost in the enchantment of their dreams. But they had chosen a secluded nook, half way up the grassy pine-dotted slope, from which they could see, by peering under the low-spreading branches, both up and down the trail. At this moment, however, they would not have become aware of the approach of an army.

Lacy seemed struck to the heart by their rapture and the poignant pang that rent his own breast. He understood. He had lived that. He knew the sweetness and glory of love. He sank to his knees, feeling that he had no right to interrupt their sacred hour.

MARVIE bent over Rose, whose head lay upon his breast, with her face upturned to his. If they were whispering, Lacy could not hear, though he was close. But he doubted that they were whispering. Both bliss and tragedy seemed to hover over these youthful lovers.

Suddenly, Lacy heard a sound that cruelly disrupted both the pain and the joy he felt. It had been faint, therefore hard to locate. It could come from either near or far. It seemed to have been a slippery, gliding sound, as of a soft substance in contact with one rough and hard.

All at once an idea flashed to Jim—buckskin over rock! Cedar Hatt always wore buckskin. Close at hand there were corners of cliff, ledges, huge slabs of rock. The instant that thought stood clear in Lacy's mind he grew stiff, intense in the grasp of a sensation for which he could never find an adequate name. It amounted almost to a power of divination. It always brought the icy steadiness of his nerves.

THEN, from the dark shadow of pines behind Marvie, a lithe figure glided. Silently Jim Lacy drew his gun. The situation was clarified, and a dread of something he could not see or control faded away.

Marvie never looked up from the beloved face, until Cedar Hatt halted. It was clear to Jim that Cedar's sudden, violent check came from the surprise of seeing Rose in Marvie's arms.

Marvie likewise started. Rose screamed. She swayed up to her feet, and with hands out she backed until the pine tree stopped her.

"So, hyar's why you run off from me to-day?" Cedar shouted, fiercely. The muscles of his neck swelled, his lean jaw protruded.

"Don't—don't hurt me—Cedar!" cried Rose, upon her knees before him.

"I'll beat you half to death. So, hyar's why you played sick to-day, an' then run off. You lyin' hussy! Answer me!"

"Yes—yes, Cedar. I—I did," replied Rose, sagging back against the tree.

"This hyar ain't no accident?" he demanded, with a forceful gesture toward the stricken Marvie.

"No. I come—on purpose."

"Who's this hyar young buck?"

"I'll never tell!" flashed Rose.

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Marvie stumbled to his feet and stepped forward, livid of face, but resolute.

"I'll tell you," he said.

"Don't—don't!" cried Rose.

"Well, who air you?" demanded Cedar.

"I'm Marvin Blaine," answered the lad. "I live with Ben Ide. We're related."

"Ben Ide! . . . O-ho! You belong to them rich Ide folks, huh, as wouldn't wipe their feet on sich as us Hatts? Wal, blast your white skin, what you doin' hyar with my sister?"

"I—I love her," answered Marvie, manfully.

Cedar knocked him down.

"I'll kick your heart out," he snarled.

Marvie rolled out of reach, leaped to his feet, and came back.

"I seen you kissin' Rose. Playin' with my sister, huh? An' you belong to them Ides!"

"Cedar, it's not—what you think," burst out Rose, with the scarlet dyeing her face.

"Git out, you lyin' little hussy! If you'll lie about one thing you'll lie about another. . . . All the time, you been meetin' this young buck, huh?"

"Yes, I have!" retorted Rose, passionately. "He loves me honest. . . . You're too low-down to understand what that means."

"Ed Richardson will kill you fer this!" hissed Cedar.

"Let him kill me then!" returned Rose, with an equal passion. "I don't belong to him. I hate him. Did he ever talk honest love to me? Bah! But Marvie Blaine did. An' he's made a woman out of me."

"Hatt, I've asked—Rose to marry—me," interposed Marvie, beside himself with emotion.

"Yes; an' his sister is goin' to give me a decent home till I'm old enough," added Rose.

"O-ho! Double-crossin' Ed an' all of us, hey? You black-eyed cat! . . . Get your hoss, an' soon as I take the hide off this kid lover of yours, we'll—"

"Cedar Hatt, you'll have to pack me dead—if you take me one single step. . . . You'll never drag me alive to your Pine Tree—"

"Shut up!" interrupted Cedar, and he struck her down.

Marvie, with furious imprecation, rushed at Hatt, only to be sent staggering against the tree.

"I'll blow your insides out," yelled Cedar, reaching for his gun.

BUT before he could draw, Marvie closed with him, and as Hatt dragged the gun out they began a swift struggle for possession of it.

Here Jim bounded out of his covert and down the slope, his gun half leveled. Neither of the contestants was aware of his presence; but Rose saw him, and she shrieked.

Jim tried to get a bead on Cedar. But he had to be sure of his aim. He did not want to risk injuring Marvie. As they whirled and wrestled, Cedar pulled his arm over his head, his hand clutching the gun. Marvie clung desperately to that arm.

Jim took a snap shot at Cedar's gun hand. Missed! He snapped another and the bullet tore Cedar's hand almost off. The gun went flying, while Cedar, backing away from Marvie, cursing hideously, suddenly froze stiff at sight of Jim.

Marvie had not yet seen his savior. No doubt he thought the shots had been fired accidentally in the struggle, wounding Cedar. Quick as a flash he snatched up Cedar's gun, and leveling it with both hands he worked the trigger.

Cedar Hatt clutched at his breast. An awful, blank surprise rendered his expression once more human. With gasps his mouth opened. Then he reeled, and fell at Marvie's feet.

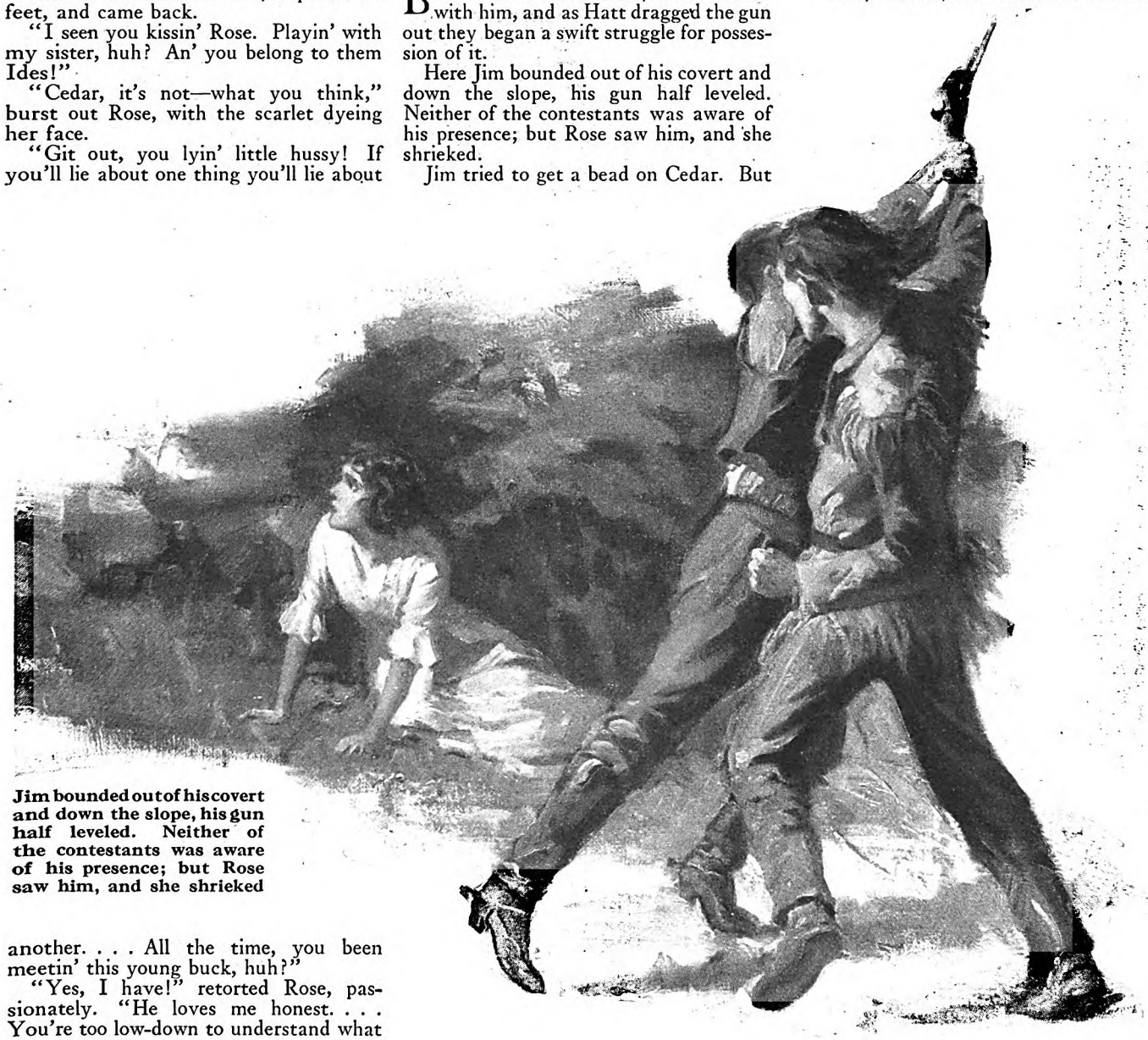
Marvie began to sag, changing his crouching position. The smoking gun dropped from his limp hands. Rose, on her knees, with a red stain on her lips, rocked to and fro, mute with terror.

"Wal, Marvie, that wasn't so bad for a youngster," said Jim, stepping forward. "I was just aboot to plug him myself."

As if a giant arm were grinding him around, the lad turned.

"*Who . . . are . . . you?*"

"Reckon I'm your old pard Nevada, of Forlorn River days," replied Jim, and then he grasped Marvie as he collapsed. He embraced him and half carried him toward the tree, where Rose now clung, trying to get to her feet. "Brace up, boy. It's all over. There. . . . (*Continued on page 103*)



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INTERESTING PEOPLE

A Cowboy Who Roped Polar Bears In the Land of the Midnight Sun

NOT many cowboys can boast of having lassoed polar bears from the deck of a schooner picking her way among icebergs inside the Arctic Circle. Carl Dunrud, Montana cowboy and lariat expert, does *not* boast of this experience, but he *could* if he were the boasting kind.

Carl accompanied the recent expedition of the American Museum of Natural History to Greenland, in search of walrus, narwhal, polar bears, arctic birds, and deep-sea specimens of one kind and another. He captured a walrus and a couple of polar bears, which are now very much at home in the Bronx Zoo in New York City.

"Lassoing a walrus is a mighty slippery business," he told me during a stop-over in New York on his way back to Yellowstone Park, where he spends most of each year herding elk and buffalo, hunting predatory animals, and acting as guide to tourists. "The trouble is," he went on, "a walrus's head is smaller than his neck, so a rope thrown over his head slithers right off, if you don't maneuver it under a flipper, too. And of course that's hard, because a walrus feeds and plays under water. It's just now and then that he comes to the surface to tank up on air.

"Doctor Rasmussen, a great Danish explorer and authority on Greenland, joined us at Upernivik, the most northern settlement in the Western Hemisphere. He introduced us to a family of Eskimos, famous arctic hunters, who acted as our guides in the search for walrus. They took us to waters where game was plentiful. In one quiet nook, almost shut off by towering icebergs, we found a hundred walruses in a single herd.

"Out of this big herd, the Eskimos harpooned five for us, and I got one with my lariat. But I didn't enjoy my share of the sport so much, and I'll tell you why: One of the harpooned animals was a mother walrus that had been swimming with her cub. It was this cub that I got. He refused to leave his mother even after she was dead. It was because he kept on coming up to see what had happened to her that I was able to get him.

"I felt mean about the job, but I tried to comfort myself by thinking that the Eskimo children had to have walrus meat for food, and that I was along for the sole purpose of bringing back arctic specimens for the Museum.

"It was great fun getting our two polar bears, though. We found them preening themselves on a cake of ice near Pond's Inlet, the most northerly station of the Canadian Mounted Police. Getting the rope over their heads wasn't hard; but getting them to the schooner was the very dickens, for they fought like a couple of wild-cats.

Carl Dunrud, a Montana cowboy, having a little fun with "Baffin Belle," one of the polar bears he lassoed during a recent expedition to Greenland. (Below) Carl helps a little Eskimo flapper make a snapshot of a mutual friend

"All the time that we were towing them in, tied to the stern of the dory—one at a time, of course—they were doing their darndest to climb into the boat and chew anything in sight, preferably a man. Once Cap'n Bob (I named him for Cap'n Bob Bartlett, skipper of our outfit) swiped out at me and ripped through my heavy leather glove, giving me a nasty cut on the hand.

"Yet after we hauled them on board and into the cages we made for them, they quieted down considerably. And before we got back home they were almost tame. Cap'n Bob got so he would eat out of my hand, and I believe our motion picture man got a close-up of him licking my fingers. However, I would never have tried *that* stunt on 'Baffin Belle.' She didn't respond to civilization nearly as kindly as her brother did!"

"It must have been pretty exciting," I suggested, "lassoing from the deck of a ship instead of from a pony's back."

"Well," said Carl Dunrud, "the lassoing part wasn't half as exciting as getting shipwrecked. I had never been to sea before, and I was eager to get all the experience I could; but I confess I wasn't exactly looking forward to spending five days—including my thirty-seventh birthday—marooned on the edge of an ice-bound island well up in the Arctic Circle.

"It happened like this: There was a fog, and the schooner snagged her keel on a rock while we were nosing off the coast of Northumberland Island. The tide was in when we hit, and when it went out, there we were stuck as fast as a cocklebur to a pony's tail. For twenty-four hours straight, we manned the pumps, and bailed. And then, after we had sort of got used to he picture of ourselves sticking around there until somebody came in reach of our wireless, the tide rolled in strong, and the 'Morrissey' slipped off that rock as easy as you please.

"But in the meantime, we had carried all our stores ashore in the dory and had walled up a sort of shelter with them, using a piece of canvas for a roof. Now the captain decided to leave three of us in charge of the stores, while the rest of the crew sailed off in search of a place to

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put in for repairs. Mr. George Palmer Putnam, the head of the expedition, and his thirteen-year-old-son, David, and I were the ones left on shore.

"It was Mr. Putnam who invited me to go on the expedition. He and I got to be friends several years ago, when he was hunting and sight-seeing in the neighborhood of Yellowstone Park. I used to take him with me now and then when I was herding elk and buffalo, and he had a fair opportunity to see me in action with a rope. That's why he thought of me when he and the others who were getting up the expedition decided that they wanted to bring back some live specimens for the Museum.

"Well, to get back in the saddle, as you might say, the first thing we did after the schooner got out of sight was to turn to and sleep 'round the clock. When we woke up, it was July 28th, and my birthday. Mr. Putnam insisted that we must have a birthday dinner, so he and David went out with their rifles and fetched in a fat ptarmigan, which I baked with all the fixings. The only thing we lacked was candles for the frosted cake that came out of a tin!

"Well, two days went by and no sign of the schooner. Cap'n Bob Bartlett had told us that he would be back as soon as he could get the boat patched up so that she was safe to go forward in. We were beginning to be worried, when a couple of Eskimos came along. We knew only one word of their language and that was the word for boat. By repeating this word a good many times, and by acting charades until we were plumb worn out, we finally got it across to them that we were waiting for our ship.

"Your Eskimo is not one to get excited, but in the middle of one of our best charades, in which David and I were bailing and Mr. Putnam was pumping, to show what had happened to our vessel, one of the Eskimos almost shifted his expression, and then *he* began to act! Pointing over a mountain that stretched across the island, he pumped his arms up and down to indicate that he knew all about it. In fact, he made it clear to us that our ship was on the other side of the ridge.

"Leaving David to hold the fort, Mr. Putnam and I set out. It took us nearly two hours to make the trip, but when we got to the other coast, sure enough, we found the schooner ready to put out. We jumped aboard and sailed back to David, who was sound asleep. The next day, we got our stores aboard and headed for Upernivik again.

"There were only two things about the whole trip that disappointed me: One was that I didn't get a chance to lasso a musk ox, and the other was that I didn't get seasick. The boys on board said that I needn't expect to get upset by a little rough weather at sea when I had been riding bucking bronchos for twenty-odd years. I reckon they were right at that. I've been riding critters of one sort or another since I was five years old."

MILDRED HARRINGTON

She Keeps House for Machine Guns and Bayonets

NOT long ago, a young soldier on encampment with some National Guard units in Columbia, South Carolina, called at the State Armory, and requested of a motherly-looking little woman whom he found there, that an order for so many rifles and cartridges be filled at once.

"Tell the armorer to have them ready for me when I call for them in an hour," he said.

"I am the armorer," answered the little woman; "and they'll be ready for you in thirty minutes."

The woman was Mrs. Ida V. Hornsby, of Columbia, South Carolina, and she is one of the few women armorers in the United States. She has entire charge of the military supplies in the State Armory. She has been doing the work for fifteen years, and in consequence she knows it thoroughly. Major F. W. Glen, United States Finance and Disbursing Officer, says he has yet to call on her from sunrise to midnight and not find her on duty.

Mrs. Hornsby's husband was the state armorer until his health failed. For three years before his death he was unable to go up and down stairs. Mrs. Hornsby began helping him with the work, little by little, taking it up when he was forced to lay it down, until at last she was doing it all—packing the boxes with guns and cartridges, and issuing ammunition to the various National Guard companies stationed about the state.

"My husband got so at the last," said Mrs. Hornsby, "that he didn't want me to be out of his sight; but I nursed him and took care of the Armory, too. The companies didn't know he wasn't doing the work, because when the orders came in they were filled just as they had always been. Then, when he died, they told me I could go on with the work alone. I've been doing it ever since.

"At first, the men thought they could impose on me," said Mrs. Hornsby, "and when they wanted something out of the Armory, they'd say, 'Just let me have that old gun; it isn't any use to you.' But they never got it. 'Get that requisition paper,' I'd tell 'em, and now they know better than to try to take even a worn-out broom without the proper papers.

SARGEANT PHOTO CO.

Mrs. Ida V. Hornsby, of Columbia, is the official armorer for the State of South Carolina. She has charge of military supplies for thirty-five units of the National Guard

"My worst trouble is when they come in here with cigarettes. With all this powder and ammunition lying around, a lighted match might cause a terrible explosion. I have to watch the men every minute to see that they don't scratch matches. Sometimes one of them forgets, and—even if he's a major general—out he goes if he's got to smoke."

Mrs. Hornsby is perfectly familiar with machine guns, saw-tooth bayonets, rifles, and 30-30 cartridges. She is known among army men as an "ordnance expert." She tells the story of how she once got the better of the adjutant general in an argument.

Some German machine guns had been shipped into the Armory for distribution among the National Guard companies of the state. The adjutant general, in looking them over, announced that certain articles—tripods, to be exact—must be sent with them, as the tripods and guns belonged together.

"I told him he was wrong. 'The guns won't stay on those tripods,' I said, and I showed the things that they belonged on. 'Those are hand grenade throwers,' he answered. 'No,' I said, 'those are machine gun carriers.' So he got out his little book and read something; then he looked at me and laughed, 'Have it your way, Mrs. Hornsby,' he said. 'You're right and I'm wrong.' So when the guns were shipped the right carriers went with them."

A number of empty boxes were lying neatly stacked in the Armory.

"I can fill fifteen of those boxes in an hour," she told me. "The machine guns and carriers must lie just so, and the bayonets go in that end. They are still being shipped, for, even so long after the war, men at the armories are still calling for war souvenirs. I have just finished filling

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and shipping the ninety-ninth box, and I've got some more to send off. But I have to be careful not to leave a box open overnight, because someone is sure to pick up something, and either take it away or put it back in the wrong place. I haven't had any trouble with my boxes yet, and I'm not going to take any chances. Men can't help but handle pistols and guns if they see 'em lying around; they just naturally love 'em."

Mrs. Hornsby lives up-stairs over the Armory and there, in a couple of rooms, she prepares her meals and sleeps; but most of her time is spent among the army supplies, for which she seems to have developed something of an affection. The supplies include nearly everything that is used in the army, and many articles that are obsolete and unfit for use. But everything must remain in its proper place until it is inspected and permission is given to throw it on the junk pile.

LEONIE DRUELLE HARVIN

He Saved the Lobster Industry From Being Wiped Out

THE man who knows more about lobsters and how to raise them, than almost any other man in the world is Ernest W. Barnes, a biologist from Brown University, Rhode Island. He can beat Nature at this job. For if she is left to her own devices she raises only one lobster in every thousand, while Mr. Barnes has a record of saving *seventy* out of every thousand.

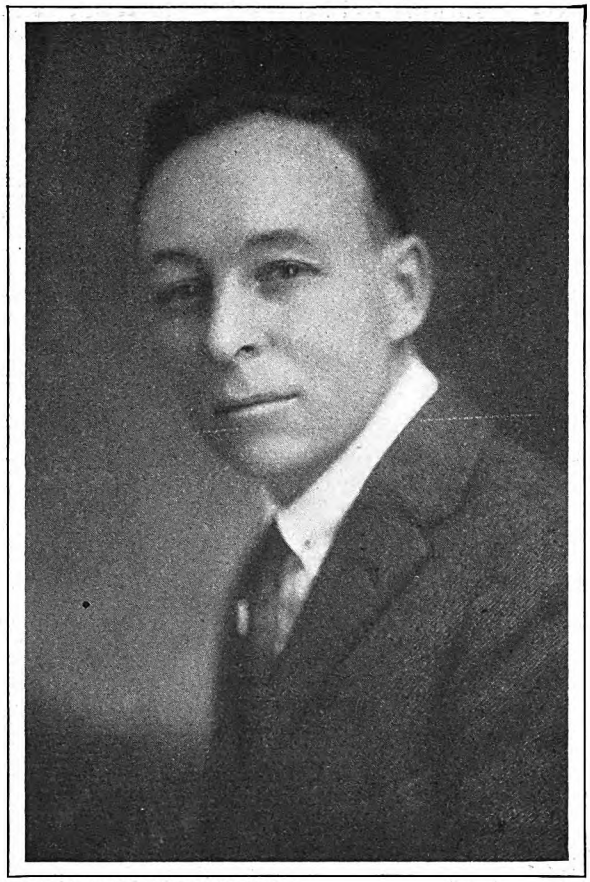
When Mr. Barnes went from Iowa to Brown University, twenty-five years ago, to complete a course in biology, he found enough work at the newly established lobster hatchery at Wickford, a town in Rhode Island, to pay his tuition at Brown. He did not know then that the time would come when the Governments of England, Spain, The Netherlands, Canada, New Zealand, and other countries would come to him for expert advice on the raising of lobsters.

The lobster hatchery is a part of the experimental station of the Inland Fisheries of Rhode Island. It is maintained by funds appropriated by the General Assembly of the state. The nursery of the small lobsters is a big houseboat, surrounded by compartments for hatching and rearing the young; and over a million lobsters are raised there by hand every year. It is situated at Wickford Cove, near the town, where there is ebb and flow enough of the tide to keep the hatchery supplied with the salt water required by the lobsters. Much of the specialized machinery used in the hatchery has been built by Mr. Barnes himself.

When he first went to Wickford, the Federal Government was about ready to abandon the series of experiments by which it sought to find a means of raising lobsters. The experts were convinced that unless nature could receive some assistance, the lobster would soon be as extinct as the dodo. For lobsters were being caught and eaten faster than they could breed.

Lobsters are hard to raise, even under the best of conditions. Left to themselves, the females lay their eggs at random over wide areas, and deposit thousands of eggs every year, few of which ever reach the adult lobster stage. During the first three weeks or so after hatching, the "fry," as the young lobsters are called, are at the mercy of every preying fish in the water. They molt three times during this period, each time taking on a different shape. During this time they can do little more than just float with the water currents.

At the end of the third molting period, they reach the crawling stage, and are then in the same form as in adult life. About this time, the young lobsters begin to evade their enemies by diving and seeking hiding places under the weeds at the bottom of the water; but even at this stage, thousands of them die before they reach maturity.



PHOTOGRAPH BY OUTLET STUDIO, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Lobsters were being caught and eaten faster than they could breed, until Ernest W. Barnes came to the Inland Fisheries at Wickford, Rhode Island. Here he devised methods that have been seventy-fold as effective as those of Mother Nature in bringing lobsters safely to maturity

"It was a question of finding a way to protect them until they reached the fourth stage," said Mr. Barnes, "for they can look out safely for themselves after that. It was a pretty tough job. When we began it, twenty-five years ago, there were vexing problems at every turn. The Federal Government, with the best of facilities, and a very large appropriation, had failed to raise the little ones beyond the third stage.

"At that time, the government biologists dumped the fry into deep water at the third stage. Such young lobsters are not only helpless against water currents, but they don't even know enough to swim away from the yawning mouths of approaching enemies, such as the cod. The result was that they were devoured in large numbers by preying fish before they had been long in the water. Obviously, if we were to make any headway at all, we had to raise them to the fourth stage in the hatchery, and then decide how best to turn them loose."

To prevent their feeding on one another while they were in the rearing "cars" or floating boxes, where they are hatched and where they pass through the early moltings, was another problem. The young lobster is a cannibal—he will feed upon his own species. Added to that, the little lobsters must have water that is constantly changing. So Mr. Barnes devised floats that had wooden frames with fine-mesh copper screening to admit the water. Large rotating paddles were placed in the bottom of each car, propelled by a special design of shafting controlled in the hatchery house, and operated by a gasolene motor.

These paddles keep the water in constant circulation, and serve the double purpose of preventing the youngsters from feeding on each other, and of keeping the water fresh. The fry are fed every two hours, day and night, on ground, dried fish, run through an automatic sifter. The eggs from which the lobsters are hatched are obtained from fishermen, who are paid a bounty for each egg-bearing female they bring in.

"We developed this entire system after many failures," said Mr. Barnes. "It was a slow process. For one thing, the season for rearing is so short that if we made a mistake in one year we had to wait until the next season to try some other method. Moreover, we had to design and to build our own apparatus and machinery.

"Then we had to find some way to keep the fry from getting so close to the paddles that they would be crushed. After a great many experiments, we painted the paddles white. We found lobsters would keep away from the white paddles, for they always avoid the light."

At last came the triumphant day when Mr. Barnes had brought the little lobsters safely through to the fourth stage and had begun the final test of putting them overboard to look out for themselves.

RALPH E. BAILEY

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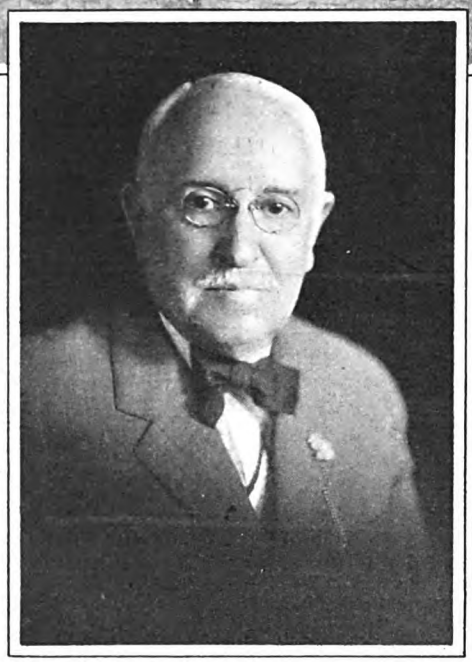
Dimick Lets the Children Help Him Run His Movie House



(Above) The children's chorus of the Lancaster Movie Theatre, in Boston. (Below) The owner, Charles W. Dimick. When the children in his audiences got too noisy, he gave them a part in the show

A FEW years ago, Mr. Charles W. Dimick, a Boston business man, had an idea he could turn a poorly paying piece of real estate into a first-class theatre. The old building, once a schoolhouse, was located in about the last spot in the world where a theatre might be expected to prosper, for it was far from the theatre and shopping district, in a very poor section of the city.

Mr. Dimick was not a showman; but he had an idea that a good theatre was needed in that neighborhood and that it would pay. So he went ahead and built his first playhouse, the Lancaster Theatre.

Then the children of the neighborhood—children of many nationalities—began patronizing it liberally, and noisily. Mr. Dimick wondered what he was going to do about it, for they showed signs of running wild with the place. So he did an untheatrical thing: he let them help him run the show.

He noticed that the children grew restless after sitting for an hour or so during the long Saturday afternoons. So he tried an experiment: Pictures were turned off, and the theatre given over to the children for fifteen minutes. And now, every Saturday afternoon, the children stand up in their own section in the front of the balcony and sing, as a regular part of the performance.

Mr. Dimick tells how he put his idea into operation: "I love children. I saw these hundreds of boys and girls around the neighborhood, and I wanted to make them happy and at the same time help them—teach them to appreciate good music and good pictures. And, particularly, I wanted to show them only the pictures that were worth-while, stories that would help to make them better citizens. I have applied only simple business methods in this fascinating process of Americanization.

"The crippled and deaf and dumb children can come in free of charge at any time outside of school hours. Then those who sing in the Saturday afternoon chorus see the show for nothing. There are ninety boys and girls in the chorus, and one hundred more on the waiting list. There are also about two thousand children who are regular patrons of the theatre. Several times this chorus has broadcast over the radio.

"Every Saturday morning, the singers report for rehearsal, and are drilled in choral singing for an hour by a first-class teacher. We are constantly discovering some naturally sweet voice which needs only training to make it really fine. The children return to the theatre and see the show that afternoon. At about three o'clock the singing takes place, and, really, everybody in the theatre enjoys it thoroughly.

"They sing some of the better popular songs first—songs with some value as well as appeal. Then perhaps a solo or duet. They always finish with 'America, the Beautiful.' The children love that song, and how they show it in their singing!

"That there may be some incentive for good work, I award prizes every week. Seven first prizes of a brand-new dollar bill and six second prizes of new fifty-cent pieces. The house manager and the ushers walk up and down the aisles and judge the singers. The first prizes are given for excellence in singing, and the seconds for the best attention.

"I have built a studio in the rear of the theatre, where voices may be tried out and instruction given. Here, several afternoons a week, a competent teacher from the conservatory gives the children individual instruction.

"The singing has accomplished wonders for the boys and girls. It is an education; it is a natural outlet for youthful spirits, and it makes them far better audiences. No child is admitted in school hours. They must not play hooky for the movies.

"I examine every foot of film before it is shown to an audience. Titles which I don't think good for a child to read are deleted; scenes in any way undesirable are cut out. I want to educate the children in every way possible; and I believe the clean stories and the singing are bringing splendid results."

It is an inspiring thing to be in this theatre on chorus day and see over a hundred children rise to sing, to hear these youngsters, of as many as nineteen different nationalities, sing "America, the Beautiful."

While I sat in Mr. Dimick's office, his chief projectionist came in to determine the Saturday afternoon program. "How about this picture?" asked the operator, and named a famous story which was being given at the theatre.

"Take it out and substitute the special," replied Mr. Dimick. And he explained: "That picture is a classic; but I don't feel the children ought to see it." The film in question was very expensive; but rather than show a story which he didn't think suitable for the children, he paid for two, and used only one.

HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY

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"The Wizard of West Street" Repairs Thousands of Valuable Clocks

DOWN on West Street, which overlooks the bustle of the docks in lower New York City, is a tiny shop whose windows are filled with quaint and curious clocks and watches. At almost any hour of the day, you can find at least half a dozen noses flattened against the panes. During the noon hour there is always a shoving, good-natured crowd eager to see what "the wizard of West Street" has added to his collection since the day before. On one Sunday, not long ago, more than ten thousand people paused between eight in the morning and eight in the evening to puzzle over what they call "the perpetual-motion clock."

And inside the dingy little slice of a shop, on six days out of seven, sits Fred Jensen, the proprietor, his gentle face beaming with pride, when it isn't screwed into a thousand wrinkles over some problem of his work table.

For twenty-two years, Fred Jensen has been established in the same spot, and for thirty-five years in the same block. Before coming to this country, he spent ten years practicing his craft in Berlin, Metz, and other Old World cities famous for their watch guilds. As a boy he served a rigid apprenticeship in Copenhagen under his father, who died recently at the age of eighty-eight.

"Watch-making runs in my family," explained Mr. Jensen proudly when I visited his shop. "For many years my father was the oldest active watchmaker in Copenhagen, and he was a good one too. As a lad, he bound himself out to a watchmaker there. After a while, he married his employer's daughter. Then I came along, and I also learned the trade. Now, my son is my partner. Already my thirteen-year-old grandson has started his apprenticeship after school hours.

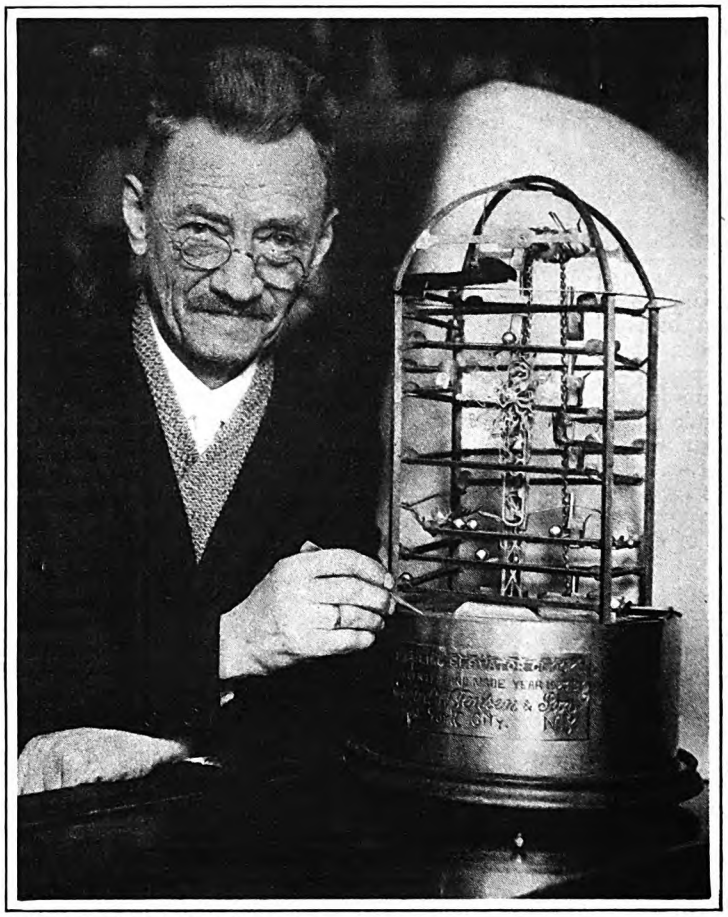
"To become expert in our trade," he went on earnestly, "eyes and fingers must be trained to work together from childhood. Before I was seven, my father used to have to chase me away from his work table. But I always went back. That is why I am here to-day.

"In the old days," Jensen continued, "a man put a part of himself into his work. When I was a 'prentice in Copenhagen, people waited two or three years for a watch or clock to be finished. I have one watch that must have taken twenty years of a man's spare time. Only an artist who *loved* what he was doing would give that much of his life to a job.

"A good many people have the idea that a watch with a Swiss label is superior to any other kind; but that is no longer true. The best moderately priced watches in the world to-day are made in the United States."

"What brings the majority of watches to you to be doctored?" I wanted to know.

"A fall," answered Mr. Jensen promptly. "If you drop your watch, you had better have it looked over, no matter whether or not it shows any bad effects."



PHOTOGRAPH BY NEA SERVICE, INC., N. Y.

Fred Jensen, watchmaker, with a clock that attracted crowds to his tiny shop in lower New York City. He was apprenticed to the trade when a boy, and repairs clocks, collects rare old ones, and invents new ones of his own

Through years of restoring ancient timepieces, "the wizard of West Street" has gathered a cherished collection of rare watches made by the masters of bygone centuries, when watches were only for kings and those they favored. In cases against the walls are more than a thousand movements, showing the development of the watch from the clumsy, turnip-like affairs of three hundred years ago to the thin, graceful timekeepers of to-day.

"Where do you find your valuable old specimens?" I asked him.

"Sometimes I buy them from curio dealers; sometimes I pick them up in auction rooms or pawn shops," he replied. "Most often, I buy from people who come to me.

"Frequently, a man brings in an old, badly broken watch which he wants me to repair.

"When I tell him that I will have to charge fifty or sixty dollars, he is not willing to pay that much, and he sells me the watch. Again, a man may have a lot of what he calls 'old junk' that he wishes to get rid of. Often I buy old watches and clocks that are no good except to furnish parts for repairing other old pieces.

"During the day, I must earn a living for my family by repairing watches for men who want them back to-morrow, if possible. But when evening comes, I like best of all to take down my box of old broken watches and make them run again.

"Collectors come to my shop, pick up one of my treasures, and say, 'How much?' I shake my head. I have no money to leave my son; I give him my old clocks and watches instead. That is better. When I am gone, he can look at them, and know that a part of me is there."

He paused, took down from a shelf above his work table a small French clock of beautiful workmanship, and set it tenderly upon the counter.

He closed the door. The clamor of the streets and docks seemed far away. Another moment, and a delicate elfin tune tinkled in the dusty little shop.

"A collector brought this to me all broken up," explained Mr. Jensen. "It is more than a hundred years old. I worked with it three months. Now it runs like new."

As he spoke, the hands of the many timepieces on the walls pointed to eleven. Instantly, the doors of a dozen Swiss clocks flew open and out popped a whole flock of little wooden birds that sang, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"You see," said Mr. Jensen, "I have birds that sing to me all winter."

In addition to collecting ancient timepieces, Mr. Jensen has an absorbing hobby for making clocks of unusual design. Perhaps the most interesting of them all is the old clock man, who peddles his wares against a painted background of one of the rural provinces of seventeenth-century Germany. He wears quaint peasant clothing and a plumed hat, and he holds in one hand a small clock which tells the hour. As the clock ticks, the old man turns his head from side to side, as if he were looking for customers.

"I had to take him out of the window," said Mr. Jensen regretfully. "He drew such a crowd!"

FRANCIS PETERS

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PUREE OF SNOW-WHITE CELERY!

Blended with golden country butter and delicate seasoning. A treat

IN CHOOSING your soups from day to day, Campbell's Celery Soup is certain to appeal to you as an ideal family dish. . . . It is the rich, smooth puree of selected celery—crisp, snow-white and inviting. Like all that goes to the making of the famous Campbell's Soups, this celery must meet the most rigid standards for finest quality.

Such celery as you would be proud to pass about your own table. With it are blended golden, fresh country butter and the most delicate and appetizing of seasoning, "touched in" by the deft hands of Campbell's French chefs. The result is such a soup as you like to linger over—so perfect is its flavor, so satisfying is its generous vegetable nourishment.

And if this Celery Soup is a treat to your appetite—as it surely is—think of the extra enjoyment you get eating it as a Cream of Celery Soup! For the family this provides wholesome food in even greater store. And when you entertain, it is the happiest of selections for your luncheon or dinner party. Unless you have prepared it with Campbell's, you've no idea how easily and quickly it is done, according to the simple directions on the label.

To mothers especially we wish to give this message. . . . In such a carefully made vegetable puree as Campbell's Celery Soup, the valuable mineral salts abound. They are necessary to the proper growth of your children. 12 cents a can.

Eat Soup and Keep Well

Now here's the sign of feeling fine,
Gay and spry and snappy.
With soup inside you hit your stride—
It keeps you strong and happy.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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What a Whale of a Difference an Incentive Makes!

(*Continued from page 16*)

foolish about each other, and they laughed at me for being tied to my mother's apron strings. But, thank God, I never got untied!

"I was eighteen years old before I had ever been separated from her for twenty-four hours. She went off one Saturday to spend two days with her brother, who lived in a village a few miles from Wilmington; and by Sunday morning I had stood it just as long as I could. It didn't make any difference how many of us were left, the house was empty without her.

"So I set out bright and early, Sunday morning, and tramped over to my uncle's house. And I'll never forget the shine in her eyes when she saw who I was!

"The proudest moment of my life was when I was able to tell my father that he need not work any more. And no happiness that has come to me since has ever quite equaled the joy I got in giving my parents every possible comfort and care during their declining years.

"Notice that I said *care*. All the comforts that money can buy will not do much toward easing the ache in a lonely old heart. But I'm not sentimental about parents, as such: my mother and father *earned* my respect and love. And that's a good tip for the parents of the rising generation.

"Why, do you know that I can still hear my mother singing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow' as she bustled about getting supper in our old kitchen down there in Wilmington! And when there was nothing to put on the table but boiled potatoes—and sometimes mighty few of those—she sang just the same.

"I tell you, there's nothing in life that can take away from a boy the memory of that sort of spirit in his home. He will carry it in his heart until long after he is a grown man. And, no matter how many ships and dollars and other things he may accumulate along the way, he would rather pass a small part of that spirit on to his own youngsters than to leave them all the wealth in the world!

"You asked me a few minutes ago where I found the name 'Saelmo' for this boat. I made it from my mother's name, Sarah Elizabeth Moody. To me, that will always be the most beautiful name in the world.

"THE first job I got when I left school was in the boiler shop at the Pusey and Jones shipyard in Wilmington at a dollar and a half a week. From this I went to rivet boy at three dollars, and so on along the line until, within a year's time, I got to be rated as a helper.

"About this time I thought I saw more money in the job of news butcher. So I quit the boiler shop and went to selling newspapers on the old Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. But I soon found that I had invaded the territory of another kid of about my own age, weight, and disposition. There was a fight. When it was all over, the other boy and I had a talk.

"'You're pretty good,' I said. 'What's your name?' And he answered, 'William Todd! What's yours?' 'The same as yours,' I answered. After that, there didn't seem to be anything to do but to join forces, so we started working that run as a team. I found out right there that it is a pretty good bet to hitch to the fellow who will stand up to you in a fight.

"Well, we were getting along fine. For about a year and a half, I made as high as fifty and sixty dollars a week. But I couldn't see myself as a news butcher all my life, and I couldn't see that it was a step to anything ahead.

"SO I went back to the boiler shop at six dollars a week! It was a pretty drastic step. I was starting right at the bottom of the ladder; but at least it was a *ladder*, and I figured that whether I climbed it or not was up to me.

"My first move was from the boiler shop into the shipyard, and from that time on I have been in the construction end of shipbuilding. I passed through all the stages—helper, riveter, ship-fitter, loftsman—and at twenty-one I was made assistant foreman.

"I hadn't had this place long before I was selected to take charge of a crew of men to go to Trinidad, British West Indies, to erect two boats for the company. That was the toughest job I'd had to face so far, because I'd never been away from my mother—and I didn't want to go.

"However, it worked out very much to the company's advantage, because the same thing applied to several of the other boys who went with me, and we worked so hard that we got through and got home two months ahead of schedule!

"The company gave us each a bonus of two months' pay; but not one of us took advantage of that to lay off and have a vacation. We took one day to get unpacked and see the folks, and we were right back in the shipyard, on the job! Sometimes, now, when I think of it, it doesn't seem quite possible—but it is a fact, just the same."

Bill Todd smiled his irrepressible smile, and then went on with the story.

"It was several years after that," he said, "when there appeared in the Wilmington papers an advertisement that an examination was to be held for master shipbuilders for the Government. The pay was seven dollars a day, more than I ever expected to make; and the first thought in my mind was still to get ahead, where I could do more for my father and mother. And I had a wife and baby of my own by that time, too.

"So I took the examinations, passed them, and was given a position in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Now, this happened to be just at the time when the Government was trying to take the navy yards out of politics, and put them under Civil Service. They were building the old battleship 'Maine' and the cruiser 'Cincinnati' in the Brooklyn yard, and had a lot of repair work. I had about nine hundred men in my department—and about ninety per cent of them were there through political influence.

"You can see just what I was up against in trying to take hold of the situation under conditions like that. I started right in by running afoul of all sorts of trouble when I tried to treat the men fairly, and see that those who were doing the work got the proper pay, and those who were *not* doing the work were reduced or removed. Of course, I gained the personal enmity of a good many workmen I had demoted or fired.

"Some of these men were 'superhuman' when it came to the fighting game, and a lot more of them thought they were. Well, they tried to prove it by me—and it took three weeks of fighting, and knocking and getting knocked, before that side of the thing was cleared up. And I don't know how it would have ended if help hadn't come from an unexpected quarter.

"There was one particularly bad gang that used to wait for me outside the gate every night, and every night I had to take a beating before I could get home. It was true I didn't have to pass their corner, but I would have had to go out of my way *not* to pass it, and that would have been a licking worse than the beating I got.

"I never go around looking for trouble, but I don't go out of my way to sidestep it, either. And I've found out that running away from an issue doesn't do a bit of good; it comes right along after you!

"Well, this particular bit of hazing went on for a week, and then one night the biggest and huskiest member of the gang served notice on the rest of them that he was on my side, and they'd have to take him on too, every time they jumped on me. That ended the gang on the corner, and most of my troubles in the plant. I stayed there for about three years longer; and it was not only a pleasure to work with the reorganized crowd, but it was about the best experience any young man could have had.

"However, with a change in administration, politics began to play its part again. Investigation of the yard was ordered. And on the simplest pretext of irregularity regarding government regulations some of the officials were detached to other ports, and most of the master-workmen were reduced for one year.

"I was an exception. I was reduced for three months. But I did not accept it meekly. I put up a fight, appealed to the Secretary of the Navy for a hearing, was exonerated—and resigned the next day.

"THAT was really the beginning of my career, because I went to work then, at a dollar a day less pay, for the Robins Dry Dock and Repair Company, which I've been more or less tied up to ever since. I was there for a year as foreman boiler maker, and was then made assistant superintendent. In two years I was general superintendent, and in three years president.

"The officials of the plant were sound, substantial business men, and the young fellows in the yard were a joy to work with. There was only one troublous period in all my years in the Robins plant—and that turned out to be the beginning of the

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Twelve Years of Dependability

It was Dodge Brothers distinction, twelve years ago, to create a more dependable motor car in its price class than previously had been known.

This enviable leadership Dodge Brothers have rigidly maintained.

Wherever difficult conditions try the souls of men and the stamina of motor cars, you will find Dodge Brothers product foremost in favor.

You will find also that six, eight and even ten years of service are not exceptional for the car; that frequently it delivers mileage running well into six figures; and that almost without exception on the used car market it ranks current values.

These facts powerfully witness Dodge Brothers success in constantly bettering a product that was exceptional even at the start.

Standard Sedan $895—Special Sedan $945
De Luxe Sedan $1075
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DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
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DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

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organization that has helped me accomplish everything I have done.

"It came about in this way: The plant was paying good wages, and giving the men steady employment, so there was no real cause for dissatisfaction among them.

"But there are trouble-makers in every group, and ours was not any exception. They resented my plans for building up an organization centering around the boys in the Erie Basin neighborhood, where the plant was located, and they were always starting disturbances on one pretext or another.

"Finally, I decided that it couldn't go on that way any longer, and set out to reorganize the whole works. The young people of the neighborhood stood by me to the last man, and the officials of the company backed me up. They had had a lot of troubles before I came, and they were willing to let me try my way.

"Well, I cleaned out the malcontents and their friends—and it left us pretty badly crippled right at the busiest time of a busy season. But I wasn't worried.

"I went straight down to Wilmington and looked up young fellows I had worked with as a boy. I told them I needed good men, told them I was up against it if I didn't get them—and I brought back over three hundred and twenty men, most of whom had given up their jobs to help me work out my plans.

"It was beautiful to see the way the young folks in the Erie Basin, and their parents, took these strangers into their houses and made them feel at home. And you can be sure the Wilmington boys were grateful.

"During the whole of that reorganization we went right along with our job, and we have never had any such experience since. That was my first big object lesson in loyalty—the way those Erie Basin boys appreciated what was being done for them, and the way the Wilmington boys came to my assistance. And it's a lesson I've never forgotten, though, as you'll see, I've had plenty of bigger ones since."

I didn't say anything, but I could not help thinking of the other side of that picture: of the Bill Todd who leaves his business to journey down to Wilmington for anniversaries of the Volunteer Fire Department he served with as a boy; of the Bill Todd who works harder for his friends than for himself; of the Bill Todd whose first thought is always to share the fruits of his labor with those who have helped him in the process of cultivation. But that is going ahead.

"HAD you begun, by this time, to think about owning a shipyard?" I asked. And again the answer was "No."

"I wasn't thinking about anything then," Mr. Todd went on, "except making as good a plant as I could out of the Robins yard. It was owned by William P. Clyde and his son Thomas, and they had always been mighty square with me.

"But about 1915 my first really big opportunity came along. Certain foreign interests wanting to buy a shipyard in America came to me for advice. The plant they were considering was one located in New Jersey. Now, I knew that the Pusey and Jones plant in Wilmington, where I started to work as a boy, was a better plant than the one they were about to buy. And I thought it would be for sale, since the older members of the firm had died and the business was being carried on under the guidance and with the backing of the Wilmington Trust Company.

"I went down to Wilmington, explained my mission, and succeeded in getting an option for a small amount of cash. I then began to negotiate with the foreign interests. And right here I had another experience of what is meant by loyalty.

"During the negotiations, the buyers endeavored to put the deal through independent of me. And the Trust Company immediately sent for me and told me all about it. Because they appreciated my interest in the plant I had worked in as a boy, they had refused to have any dealings except through me; and I succeeded in putting the deal over, with the result that I found myself with more money than I had ever dreamed of having.

"The first thing I did was to call together some of the Wilmington boys who had worked with me from boyhood and had gone with me to the West Indies on the job for the Pusey and Jones Company, and divide up part of the money with them. And the next thing was to share the rest of it with the superintendents of the Robins Plant, who had made it possible for me to take the necessary time away from the plant, by carrying on their own jobs and mine too.

"THE consummation of this deal took place on my birthday; and I am sure you will understand how proud and happy I was to have owned the plant I had started in as a boy, even though it was only for a few months, and on option. But the thing I was proudest of was that I had been able to bring about a sale so satisfactory to the former owners of the plant in which I, and my father before me, had worked. And the thing that made me happiest was the proof I had again that loyalty and gratitude aren't just words."

"Surely you were beginning by this time to see what might be ahead for you," I said.

"Yes," he answered; "but there didn't seem any very good chance of really owning a shipyard—and then all of a sudden it happened. It was another deal that started out like the Wilmington case, only this time it worked out on a lot bigger scale. Again it was foreign interests that wanted to buy an American yard. I happened to know the principals, as I had had charge of some work on their steamers while at the Robins yard. But this time it was our own yard they were considering. They approached me, and I took it up with our owners.

"They were favorably inclined to the sale; but somehow I just couldn't bear to see the old yard pass out of American hands, and I told Mr. Clyde so. He agreed with me all right. 'But,' he said, 'there's just one difficulty. We want to sell the plant, and there doesn't happen to be an American concern that wants to pay seven million dollars for it!'

"'Why not sell it to me?' I suggested.

"Naturally, Mr. Clyde was a bit startled, but I stuck to my guns. I explained the plan I had worked out, pointing out that since they had for some time left the entire management of the plant to me, they must at least have confidence in my ability to run the yard, and that if it was worth around seven million dollars, I must have had something to do with getting it up to that valuation.

"'And,' I said, 'there is another thing, Mr. Clyde, that mustn't be overlooked. The successful operation of this yard would have been impossible without the coöperation of the workmen around me. My plan provides for the creation of an organization within the works, which will mean coöperation to an even greater degree than has been possible in the past.

"'I'll agree to select a crowd of one hundred men, and we'll buy the works at the figure that's been offered; and we'll pay for it, too!'

"Well, Mr. Clyde was mighty fine and patient, but naturally he was puzzled as to what to do about a proposition as unusual as that. It was his son, Thomas Clyde, who swung the balance our way, and urged his father to take the chance; and, having decided, they stood by us through thick and thin.

"OF COURSE my next job was to carry through the plan I had so confidently outlined to Mr. Clyde. But there wasn't much difficulty about that. I dusted around among the boys I'd worked with longest and knew best, and I mighty soon had my hundred men; then we just naturally rolled up our sleeves, and went to it!"

Bill Todd smiled, as only Bill Todd can. "I suppose you'd like to know just how we had the thing worked out," he said. "Well, a bond and stock issue was made out along these lines: We would pay the interest on the bonds, as well as lay aside funds for amortizing them, and pay interest on the stock. The rates of pay were agreed on, and all over and above this the owner was also to participate in, and the balance was to apply toward paying off the sale price. This was carried out, and an organization formed, called the William H. Todd Corporation.

"We had been operating about two years, had paid off one third of the total price, and were going like a house afire, when a new element came into the situation. It seems that word of what we were doing had got noised around among the banking interests; and just about this time some of them came to me.

"'Why don't you really go into the shipyard game?' they asked. 'The Tebo yard is for sale, as well as several others. We know what you've been doing, and we'll back you to the limit!'

"I'll confess right here that I was a little reluctant to follow their plan, which was to merge our plant with several others, with the proviso that our organization would go along with it. It looked like a mighty big deal for a bunch of boiler-shop graduates to take over.

"But I had a friend who had never failed me, and I put the whole proposition before Mr. Clyde.

"He strongly advised me to go through with it—and the Todd Shipyards Corporation was formed, embracing the Robins Dry Dock and Repair Company, the Tebo Yard, in Brooklyn, the Tietjen and Lang Dry Dock Company, of Hoboken, and the Seattle Construction and Dry Dock Company, of Seattle.

"During the war we created a plant at Tacoma, Washington, in which we built ships and scout cruisers; but this was purely a war-time program to help furnish ships for the Government, and has since

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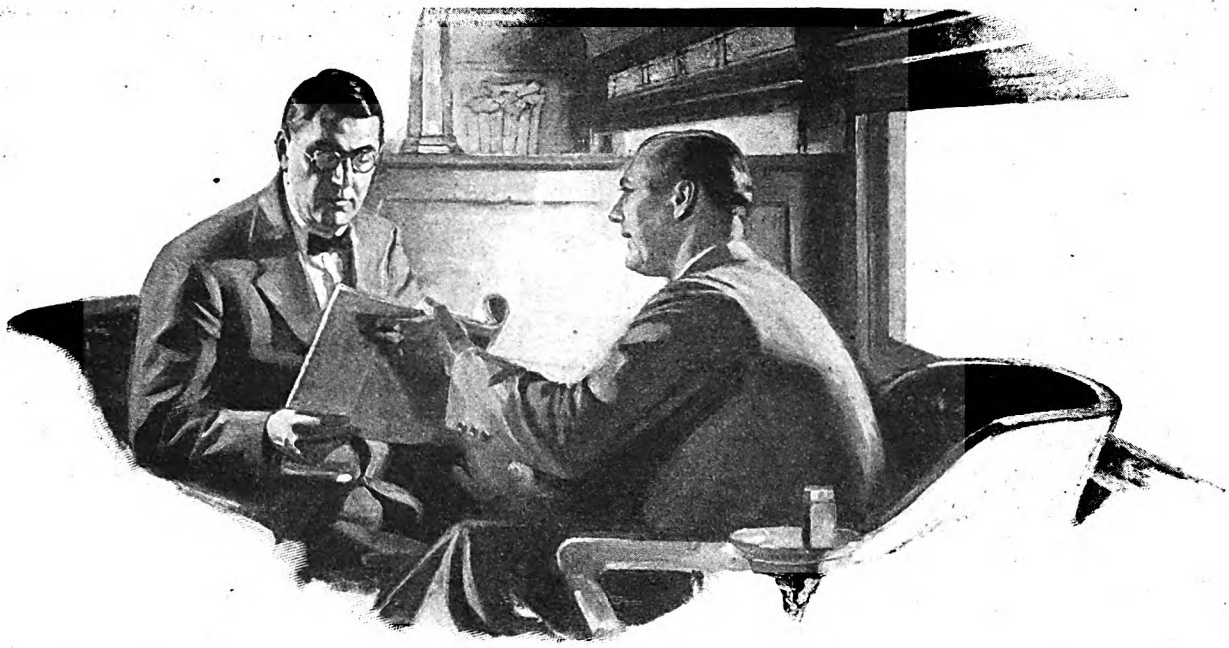

To "*Show Me*" Fellows

Let us show you that the claims men make for this unique shaving cream are true

—*Accept, please, full 10-day tube to try*

GENTLEMEN—

When salesmen call on us, we give them a courteous hearing—then ask for samples.

And since it is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, we sell Palmolive Shaving Cream on that basis. We think you are entitled to a testable sized sample before you buy it.

Will you accept one—a full 10-day tube? We'll thank you for the opportunity.

* * *

60 years of soap study stands behind this creation. It embodies the expressed desire of 1000 men whose supreme wishes in a shaving cream were asked before we started to make it.

Our whole experience as soap and skin experts, as the makers of Palmolive Soap, is embodied.

5 new advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc — especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

3510

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1299, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

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(Please print your name and address)

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been dismantled. We have, however, expanded since then to Mobile, Alabama, and to New Orleans, Louisiana, and we have an Oil Burner Company in London, England. All this we have done without borrowing any money."

He stopped, and looked out over the quiet water to the twinkling lights of New York in the distance. When he turned back to me there was a hint of mistiness in his eyes.

"I could never have done it without the boys," he said. "Don't forget that for a moment! I am very proud to look back at those early days, and find that the men I started with are still alongside of me, and that there's not a plant in our organization that is not built upon the same basis of confidence and coöperation that gave us our start with the Robins yard.

"Through all the years of up hill and down, the Erie Basin boys, and the Wilmington boys who came to my help in the reorganization of the Robins yard, have stood shoulder to shoulder with me. Most of them are still in our employ. From their ranks came that first hundred men who put through the Robins deal. They are the directors of the Todd Shipyards Corporation of to-day. They are presidents and vice presidents of the Robins yard, and of the other plants we have acquired since."

Bill Todd was very much in earnest now. "Out of all my experience," he said, "I am sure of this: If a man appreciates his fellow workmen as he, himself, would like to be appreciated, he won't have much trouble getting on!"

The remarkable part of all this is that, wherever you go in offices or yards, you are told the same story by everyone you meet. The bond between Bill Todd and the men who have come up with him to positions of responsibility and affluence is as strong as the steel they use in their ships. They have worked together and lived together. They have assisted in the christening of one another's children, and they have stood shoulder to shoulder beside open graves.

Every now and then half a dozen of the "boys," as they call themselves and each other, will meet for a "riveting party," just to prove that the old-time cunning is still in their hands. Practically every executive in the Todd organization once wore overalls.

SIX years ago, Mr. Todd distributed one million dollars in stock among all the employees who had been with him for more than four years. The amounts the men received varied from a minimum of $165 to as much as $16,500. As a matter of fact, seventy-five per cent of the present employees are stockholders of the Todd Shipyards Corporation.

I asked Mr. Todd if he made this distribution of stock to insure loyalty, or to prevent labor troubles. His blue eyes almost blazed at me.

"Thunder, no!" he said. "You can't *buy* loyalty. I did it because that money was coming to the boys. They had earned it. Why shouldn't they have it?"

And there you have the secret! It isn't policy with Mr. Todd—it is affection, loyalty, justice. And that is a combination not often enough found in the same heart.

I want to tell you something which happened on the day when I made my first visit to the Todd offices.

I had finally succeeded in getting an appointment for half past three. By three sharp I was seated in an inner office along with a dozen other people who were also waiting to see Mr. Todd. It was nearly four when the outer door opened, and in walked a sturdy old man of seventy, or thereabouts. From his dress and roughened hands I took him to be a day laborer. He held a whispered conference with the young man at the desk, and then, hat in gnarled old hands, he looked about for a place to sit down.

There was a vacant chair next to mine. He took it. We got to talking. There was a picture on the wall of the old Pusey and Jones yard in Wilmington. He pointed it out to me.

"I worked with his father down there," he said, "when the boss was just a kid. Then I worked under him when he was assistant foreman. And now my boy's got a fine job in the Robins yard, and takes care o' me. I don't get up here to New York often, but I've never come without droppin' in to see the boss and talk about old times!"

Well, in a few minutes Mr. Todd's secretary came out and said that he was sorry, but that Mr. Todd could see only one other person that afternoon. And that one other person was the shabby old laborer who had come without an appointment to talk over "old times"!

There's Bill Todd for you!

LAST of all I want to tell you about the Christmas celebrations they have in the Todd yards every year. They are only a small part of the plans Mr. Todd is always thinking out for the men in his plants and the neighborhoods around them. But they seem to me symbolical of the general attitude he takes toward his men and his work—and toward life.

He explained it to me in this way:

"I've never been able to feel," he said, "that just the business end of running a plant was all of my life. I can't seem to separate the business from the men who carry it on, and that means I've got to take an interest in the neighborhood around the plant in which those men spend their lives.

"It is a source of pride and happiness to me that with little more than a common-school education I've been able to reach the point where I can be head of an organization comprising thousands of men; that I have been honored as I have been in public life; that I have been considered worthy of the degree of Doctor of Laws by Manhattan College. It makes me proud —and very humble.

"All this has another side; and that side is responsibility to the organization that is back of me. For this reason, I have not only taken an interest myself in the personal lives of our men, but I have in every way encouraged the same spirit on the part of all my associates.

"I've never done it for reward—but the rewards have been beyond all calculating. I know, not by words but by *actions*, that my associates and our employees are every bit as proud of our accomplishment as I am, and that they are as loyal and true to me as I am to them!"

It is the spirit of coöperation rather than the spirit of charity that is evident in the yearly Christmas celebrations. I saw one of those at the Robins yard, and it was a sight to be remembered.

For two months before Christmas every man in the place, from the highest executive down to the man who sweeps up the waste, gives one per cent of his salary. And at the end of the two months, Mr. Todd doubles the total amount, no matter what it is. Then every youngster in the neighborhood sends in his name, age, size and preference in the way of gifts. A list is made, and each statement verified.

On Christmas Day everybody assembles in the biggest shed, which has been cleared and decorated for the occasion. Of course the youngsters are there hours ahead of time, but they don't mind that. Men from shops and offices—who have been giving of their evenings for weeks to get everything in readiness—are on hand to keep them amused and interested. The Todd Band plays, the children sing, and everybody laughs and talks and visits with everybody else.

At last it is time!

First, some amusing motion pictures are shown, to an accompaniment of excited childish laughter and applause. Then the huge American flags in front of the platform are drawn aside.

And there are the biggest Christmas trees you have ever seen. There are a dozen Santa Clauses, of whom the "Boss" is one. And there are the gifts!

On one side are the presents for the boys all tagged and numbered; on the other side, those for the girls. And if you have never seen a *mountain* of dolls, I'd like to take you to a Robins yard Christmas celebration! They aren't ordinary, everyday dolls, either, but the kind I dreamed about myself when I was eight.

There is a long-drawn breath of ecstasy from the children, then a hush falls on the crowd. The great moment has arrived.

The chief Santa Claus (the "Boss," of course) makes a speech—a very brief one —and the handing out of the gifts begins. Every boy gets a complete outfit of clothes, and in addition a sled or wagon, a football, a pair of skates—anything he has set his heart on. Each girl receives a sweater, a coat, or a scarf set, and her doll.

THE year I was there two thousand water-front youngsters were outfitted from head to foot; suit or dress, underwear, shoes, cap, everything. And the greatest care had been taken to ascertain the sizes needed by each child, so that no disappointed tears should mar the brightness of the day. In addition to the clothing there were, of course, the toys, and huge baskets of Christmas food, piled high upon the wagons or sleds the boys had received.

I stood beside the door for hours while they filed out, with rapturous greetings for the parents or older brothers and sisters who had been waiting for them.

It is a wonderful thing when a whole great organization unites in the task of bringing into two thousand child faces a light such as I saw that Christmas Day.

And as I stood there witnessing a demonstration of the spirit one man had been able to breathe into the organization he had created, I knew that the amazing story of Bill Todd was not amazing at all. It was inevitable!

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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An Easter Gift that speaks of spring

Whitman's SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES

A generous gesture of hospitality — an open box of Salmagundi.

A thoughtful attention and a charming compliment—Salmagundi Chocolates carried with one and presented in calling.

A message that speaks louder than words—Salmagundi through the post.

Second only to the Sampler as the most favored package of candy in all the world. Chocolates of choice quality and careful assortment packed in an artistic metal box.

The Whitman agency near you will be glad to mail Salmagundi, in one pound or two pound sizes, to your friends at a distance, with an Easter greeting band added for the occasion.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia

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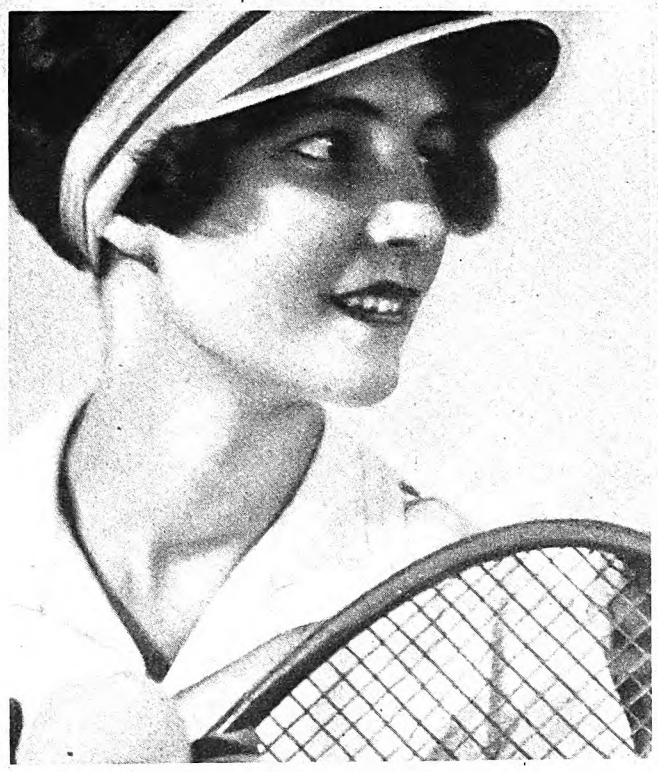

A flash of CLEAN beauty

Comes to teeth when washed and polished with this dual-action dentifrice.

A GLANCE in the mirror, the admiring looks of others—both tell you that your teeth look more beautiful after using Colgate's. The sensation of tingling health, the fresh feel of your gums and teeth—these tell you that your mouth is cleaner.

Dual Cleansing Action

Today mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces. Then it thoroughly washes the entire mouth—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequaled cleanness; thus it removes the causes of decay.

A normal, healthy mouth needs no drug-filled dentifrice. "Just keep your teeth clean," says science, "and don't fear imaginary afflictions of teeth or gums."

Colgate's contains nothing that will appeal to the dentally ignorant or the gullible. It cleans; cleans thoroughly!

Visit your dentist at least twice a year. Brush your teeth with Colgate's at least twice a day. And don't worry over mental dental ills!

Colgate & Co.

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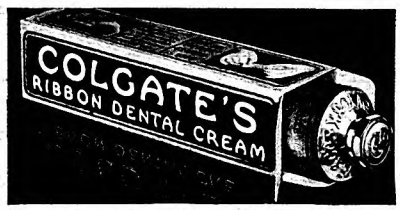

Free to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 200-D, 581 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this dual-action dentifrice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal

Marriage

(*Continued from page 13*)

not concerned with the question of right and wrong, or whether or not this husband and his wife had behaved well and morally in the matter; I was interested only to discover whether or not their particular affair was a clue to a general truth. So, to go on with the search, I turned over my memory of the people I have known whose marriages were regarded as "perfectly happy" ones. I was able to recall a great many such marriages; but I put aside from my consideration those in which the husbands and wives were happy because they were happy parents; it was solely with their relation to each other as principals that I was concerned now; and of course I found little difficulty in perceiving that, excluding the "sorrows of life," marriage is happy so long as the married pair continue to be in love with each other, or so long as a devotion to each other—a sublimated friendship, so to speak—takes the place of the glamour of "young love."

Thus the question became pertinent: Is there a great essential element in the happiest marriages, and, if there is, what is its nature? In other words, what, in such marriages, preserves "young love," or else substitutes for it a steady and unselfish devotion?

Then I remembered an odd, pleasant thing I had heard a man say about his wife. He is a good specimen of a natural man, a middle-aged countryman of slim education and no sophistication; and he was, as usual, expressing himself without any calculation or any reaching for the right word; but it happened that he really said something.

"THE only thing I'm sorry for is not marryin' her three years before I made up my mind to take the jump. I ought to have done it the first time I ever thought of it, and I certainly would of, if I'd had any idea a woman could treat a man the way she's always treated me."

"How does she treat you, Sam?"

"How?" he said. "Why, we been married full seventeen years now, and she still treats me just exactly the same as if I was a perfect stranger!"

Here was a tribute of enthusiastic gratitude; and, remembering it, I thought it significant. Sam's wife is a wise and lovely woman and, after seventeen years of matrimonial intimacy, is still able to show Sam as much courtesy as if she had just met him for the first time; thus she is a party to a marriage locally quite celebrated for its happiness. And this courtesy of hers is what makes Sam, in his turn, courteous to her, so that between them they have, if not a protraction of "young love," that mutual devotion or sublimated friendship necessary as a substitute in happy marriages.

Therefore, it seemed possible to conclude that courtesy might be the great essential element; but, upon reflection, I found this conclusion at fault, because I knew of tragically unhappy marriages wherein courtesy had never been lacking.

Evidently Sam's wife gives him more than politeness; and he himself explains

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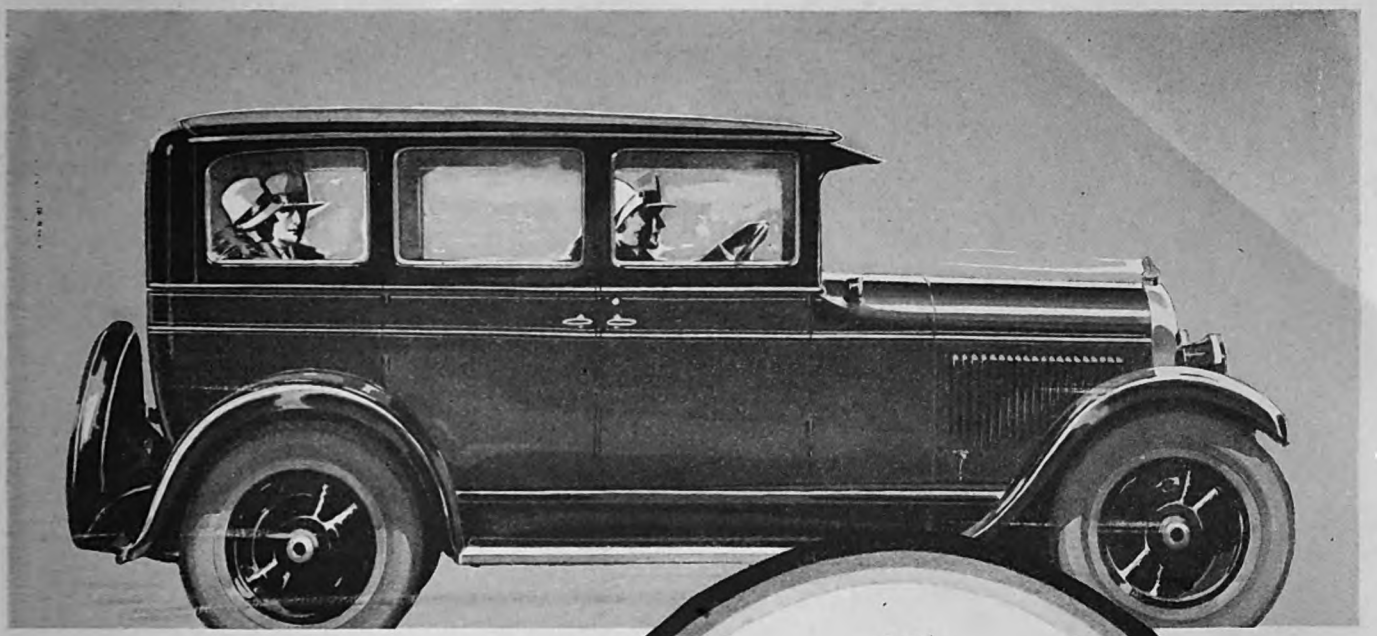

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COUPE
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Overwhelming Public Preference

One of the factors in Chrysler's amazing advance from twenty-seventh to fourth place —*in three years' time*—has been the widespread recognition of the startling difference in full size, performance and appearance between the Chrysler "50" and the other four-cylinder cars. ¶ There are only four others of large production. ¶ By the simple process of a mental comparison of the "50" with these four other fours, the public has discovered a difference so overwhelming as to compel a decision in favor of the Chrysler "50". ¶ Full-sized, with ample family seating capacity; amazing power; speed of 50 miles and more per hour; acceleration of 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds; economy of 25 miles to the gallon; beauty of line, finish, and mohair-plush upholstering, at a price beyond a doubt the greatest offer ever made in four-cylinder cars.

Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

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Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles per Hour

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All-day after-shaving comfort *this new way*

THE refreshing tingle of Aqua Velva, Williams new after-shaving liquid, puts a new complexion on the whole day—keeps your own complexion as it should be—skin flexible and smooth. It helps to conserve the needed natural moisture of the skin, so essential to all-day face comfort.

Aqua Velva helps the newly-shaven face in these five ways

1. It makes your face feel sharply alive.
2. It sterilizes and helps to heal each tiny cut and scrape.
3. It has a fine, fresh, manly fragrance.
4. It helps the skin in its fight against cold, wind and exposure.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture of the skin and keeps it smooth and flexible. Aqua Velva conditions your face and *keeps* it just as comfortable all day long as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Try Aqua Velva FREE. We will send you a generous sample bottle in exchange for the coupon below or a postcard.

Aqua Velva sells for 50c (60c in Canada), in large 5-ounce bottles. We will mail it to you postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

FREE OFFER—SEND COUPON

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 14, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal
Send me free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

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Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

that she treats him as if he were a stranger. Evidently then, what produces their happiness is not ordinary courtesy, but the special kind of courtesy that is due to a *stranger*.

Thus, we arrive at the inquiry: What is our courteous treatment of a stranger? Well, the answer to that isn't difficult: we meet him with a kindly manner that means a readiness to be of assistance to him; and we show him quietly that it will be a pleasure to help him make himself comfortable.

More, we are careful not to intrude upon him with any curiosity about himself. If he asks us which road is the best, we inform him; but we do not ask him where he comes from or why he comes. If he wishes to know about taverns, we give him our best information; but we do not press him to lodge at the one we favor. If we think that he is making a mistake in his choice of a road or of an inn, we explain to him why we think so; but we don't urge; and far less do we say, "You shall," or "You shall not." All in all, we try to be useful to him, and in no way do we seek to interfere with his complete freedom of action and of thought.

That is how Sam's wife treats him, then; and as he is a reasonable person, and naturally treats her as she treats him, theirs is a "perfectly happy marriage." Moreover, it is happy in spite of the fact that they have no congeniality of tastes. Sam's wife likes to read books; the "headlines" of a weekly newspaper are enough for Sam. She likes to make their cottage pretty; all Sam cares for at home, except a bed, is an oven to put his feet in while he smokes his pipe. In the summer she loves to sit in a rocking chair all evening, in the moonlight; Sam would perish of that, and spends the time gossiping with the other men down at Thompson's Garage—sometimes he doesn't come home until after midnight; but his wife doesn't worry, and she knows that he realizes, himself, without being told, how profoundly he'll hate to get up in the morning.

Altogether, it seems impossible to resist the conclusion that the happiness of their marriage rests upon what was *implied* by Sam when he said that his wife treated him as a perfect stranger. That is really to say, they are happily devoted to each other because each realizes and respects the other's right to be an "independent human being." Their happiness is due to the single element of freedom.

THUS, then, I found three suggestive instances before me: First, there was my old bachelor friend, with his "horror of marriage" as a bondage entered upon in delusion; then there was my divorced friend, whose marriage was broken for the sake of a freedom he and his wife found impossible to obtain so long as they remained bound in wedlock; and, finally, there was this contradictory happy case of Sam and his wife, to whom marriage is not a bondage at all. The bachelor could therefore have felt no horror of such a marriage as Sam's, and my second visitor might have studied Sam with surprise and profit. Remembering that sect his wife wished to join, the divorced man would perhaps be interested to learn that if Mrs. Sam should tell her husband that she had joined the "Holy Jumpers," Sam would say, "Didja?" and probably add, "Well,

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ASK YOUR BANKER

Look upon him as your Business Counsel

Ask your banker. Men in every kind of business respect his judgment. His ripe experience makes his counsel invaluable. During the whole of his business career he has been intimate with the most progressive methods of business and accounting—with every short-cut to efficiency. He is the man most competent of all to advise you on your figure-problems whether your business is large or small.

Ask your banker. He knows the value of having before you accurate figure-facts every day. He knows the advantages of modern figuring equipment and methods. Probably your banker will advise you to consult the local Burroughs man. For 98 per cent of the banks themselves find Burroughs machines the most dependable, accurate and labor-saving—a dividend paying investment. *Ask your banker.*

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MACHINES FOR EVERY FIGURE PROBLEM

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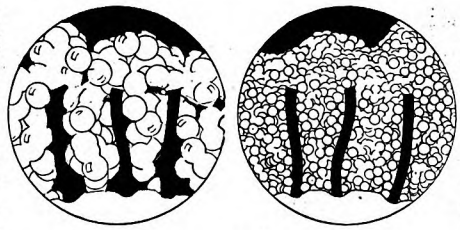
ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinaryshavingcream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right down where the razor does the work.

This "small-bubble" lather *softens every whisker*

It penetrates to the base of each hair—makes it soft and pliable, banishes pulling and dragging

THE radical difference between Colgate's and other lathers is in the bubbles. Colgate bubbles are far smaller. They contain more water—much less air, as the lather-pictures shownabove prove. And science has said that it is the water in the lather that really softens beards.

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair and floats it away.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A week's better shaves—Free

Once you try this unique "small-bubble" lather, we believe you will never go back to ordinary shaving methods. Prove this for yourself—at our expense. Just clip and send the coupon. We will send a generous trial-size tube free.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501-D, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.
Name .....
Address .....
.....
In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

some say it's a good thing. Ole Man Kinney prophesies we're goin' to have a warm spring again."

The divorced man might be critical of Sam's position here; he might say, "What! Was I to let my wife make a fool of herself?" It must be conceded that the husband's action in this instance was prompted by the desire to be helpful to the wife; he perceived that she was doing an erratic and perhaps a harmful thing. Would he have done better by her, and by their marriage, if he had let her go ahead and do it?

Here, I felt, I had come upon a question of primary importance; moreover, it is a question that at one time or another, and in one form or another, arises dangerously in most marriages, coming more or less seriously between almost every wife and her husband.

Its manifestations appear in a multitude of shapes. A wife believes that her husband smokes too much; or that he drinks too much alcohol or too much coffee, or that he is being cheated by the partner he trusts; or that he is gullible about investments; or that he is being flirted with and made to look silly by another woman; or that he has a foolish infatuation for another woman; or that he doesn't eat enough; or that he is growing lazy, or overworks, or lets his friends sponge upon him; or that he is doing harm to himself or being foolish, in one or more of a thousand other ways.

Is she to sit with folded hands while he continues his absurd or injurious progress? We interfere with children when we see them doing silly or injurious things; and our laws interfere with adults who do extravagant or unfair or hurtful things that pass beyond definite bounds. How far may wife or husband profitably interfere with the other when the other is doing a silly or injurious thing?

NOW, to interfere means to curtail freedom. We curtail the freedom of children, of criminals and of people obviously defective in mind; that is to say, we impose our will upon them for what we believe to be their own good and the good of society. Those whose freedom is curtailed do not like it; they have a powerful native instinct for liberty, which is set in revolt by the curtailment; and they have also an instinct for equality, which is outraged by the compulsion that treats them as inferior.

Much more will any sane non-criminal adult, for the same reasons, instinctively resent any curtailment of liberty or attempted interference; and between two grown-up and sane individuals the effort of one to impose his will upon the other, no matter how noble the motive, is, in its essence, an act of tyranny; and, even though the result be in the end beneficial, must tend to insult the instincts for freedom and equality in the person interfered with, though it may in some instances produce between him and the imposer the kind of harmony known between slave and master—not precisely the kind of harmony we find in what we call happy marriages.

Here let us consider a little more in detail the unhappy marriage of my friend who was divorced. To his way of thinking, his wife's affiliation with the new sect was silly and injurious; to her way of thinking, it was intelligent and helpful;

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Let 'er blow!
What does she care!

SHE patted Hinds Honey & Almond Cream on her face and hands before going out. So harsh winds have no terrors for her.

You also can keep your skin soft, and free from chapping—simply by patting on Hinds Cream before exposure. Pat on just enough to be absorbed by your skin. Then powder. And your skin will be shielded from wind, and dust, and cold.

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P. S. Hinds Cream prevents chapped knees and ankles, too. Try it and see for yourself. The coupon below will bring you a generous sample bottle.

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Send me a sample bottle of HINDS *Honey and Almond* CREAM, *the protecting cream for the skin.*

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Prevents sunburn	*Softens cuticle*
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Makes enlarged pores normal

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To work and back for one cent per mile!

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This new-type motorcycle carries you comfortably and enjoyably for one cent per mile. Less than car or bus fare! One of the most reliable means of power transportation ever developed. Harley-Davidsons are known the world over for dependability.

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Easy to buy. Ask your Harley-Davidson dealer about his Pay-as-you-ride Plan. Price complete with 3-speed transmission and full electric equipment, f. o. b. Milwaukee - - - - $235

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Lowest cost fast delivery service obtainable. For drug delivery, collectors, inspectors, messengers, etc. Single covers more ground at a fraction the cost of car or truck.

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Quick Delivery at Lowest Cost

though, after they had been wrangling over it, probably it became to her simply something she was determined to do, and to him simply something he was determined she should not do. But assume that he was right, and that her affiliation was in fact both foolish and harmful. If their marriage was to be a happy one, how far could he safely go toward preventing her from becoming a member of the sect?

Let us suppose for a moment that, unable to convince her, he succeeded in imposing his will upon her against her conviction, that by worrying her, or by commanding her, or by entreating her, he made her abandon the sect, and that later the "prophet" was exposed, and the husband thus proven to have been in the right. Wouldn't that justify what he had done? I think we must say that it would justify him as a superior person protecting an inferior; but that for a wife to be made to feel inferior is not advancing the ideal conditions of a happy marriage. True, if she be meek in her inferiority, and continue meek, that harmony of master and slave, sometimes so pleasant for the master, may so be reached.

BUT what should the husband have done if he wished the episode to advance his marriage toward that condition in which it could be known to him and his wife as a happy one? Was he indeed, if she remained unconvinced by his argument, to "let her make a fool of herself"?

My friend, in his narrative, didn't tell me whether she did or did not continue her connection with the sect. Whether she did or didn't had become so unimportant to him that he forgot even to mention it; evidently he felt no concern about it at all (or in the length of her skirts), so long as she was not his wife.

She had become, so to speak, a free stranger; and to approach the answer to our question as to what he should have done, we might for a moment imagine that they now meet as actual strangers, chance acquaintances thrown together for the first time, and that she happens to speak of the objectionable sect and of her interest in it.

He is a man of kindly disposition, and, wishing to be useful to this stranger about to become involved in error, he would probably give her—tactfully and with the most careful regard for her sensitiveness—a suggestive sketch of whatever facts he knows to be undeniable concerning the false prophet. That is to say, he would avoid any appearance of bias, or of pressure, or of controversy; he would merely present her with information to aid her in coming to her *own* conclusions. And this, it seems, is all he should have done, even when they were man and wife. In fact, it seems to be all he could safely do, if their marriage was to be a happy one.

We politely tell the stranger what we know about the roads and taverns; we do not tell him we "absolutely will not stand for" his selecting this one or that one. If my divorced friend and his wife had treated each other as "perfect strangers," in the successful manner of Sam and Mrs. Sam, it seems reasonable to believe that they might have had a friendly and helpful influence upon each other, and even that they would never have wished for a divorce.

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Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

You know that the past few years have brought marked changes in the outside appearance of automobiles. But do you know that even more radical changes are to be found inside the engine?

These changes have come gradually. They bring changed operating conditions. Smaller bore and longer stroke designs have grown in favor. Compressions have been increased. Higher engine speeds are the rule. Operating temperatures are hotter. Oil purifying devices are frequently used. Many other changes are being made. Automobile manufacturers constantly feature the changes they are making in their designs.

As the authorities in scientific lubrication, we are being asked to define the relation of these many changes to lubrication.

Every change mentioned above puts a greater burden on the lubricating oil. Every one

First announcement in an important series

of them calls for an increased margin of safety. The need is emphasized still further by today's driving conditions.

Car owners are now more numerous than telephone subscribers. City streets are congested. The need for quick acceleration has increased. Every start, and shift of gears puts added strain on the engine.

Improved highways in the open country invite faster travel for long continuous periods. Only the automobile engineer can fully appreciate what severe strains this continued fast driving puts on both the engine and the lubricating oil. Here the need for a new margin of safety is imperative.

Always in step with the developments in automotive design, the Vacuum Oil Company has constantly improved Gargoyle Mobiloil to meet changed conditions and to assure an ample margin of safety.

The correct grade of Mobiloil provides this added margin of safety your car requires and represents our professional advice as determined by our Board of Automotive Engineers.

On this page we have only hinted at the changed conditions. In later issues of this publication we will explain more fully—"Why changed motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety."

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Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

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There's more to this shave

than cutting your beard clean and close

Mennen Shaving Cream does not stop at giving you the quickest, closest and most comfortable shave you ever had. It also *soothes, tones up* and *protects* the skin after shaving.

And that's why Mennen's is *different.* You feel it in the smoother, easier glide of your razor. You see it in the clearer, healthier condition of your face.

The Mennen process—*dermutation*—so completely softens the beard that your razor cuts clean and close without the usual pulling and scraping. It flattens the tiny "mounds" around each hair so that the razor blade glides over your face without nicking the skin.

Why not enjoy the luxury of a Mennen shave tomorrow morning? A big tube of Mennen's costs only 50c—and it will last several months.

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If you want to know the deep soothing joy of a *complete* Mennen shave, use Mennen Skin Balm after shaving. Gives a cool, fresh tingle to the face and is antiseptic. Large tube 50c. Use it with Mennen Talcum for Men.

Mennen Talcum for Men is soft—luxurious—and tinted so it doesn't show on the face. Great, too, for "all-over" use after a bath. 25c.

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MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

That is to say, they would never have wished for their freedom.

Why wouldn't they have wished for it?

Because they would not have wished for something they possessed.

SO, FINALLY, in these cogitations, I came to the seeming paradox that marriage is a bond that must not be a bondage. "There is no freedom," yet without freedom marriage cannot be happy. And, to shed a contrary light upon this paradox, an undeniably happy young wife told me that she wished for no freedom. "I love being in bondage. My greatest happiness is doing what my adorable husband wishes me to, even if it isn't what I myself believe in doing, or what I'd prefer to do if I didn't care more to please him."

"That is, you're doing what you like best to do when you please him?"

"Indeed, I am!"

Whereupon I was content to believe that she had her freedom. Anybody who is doing what she likes best to do is in bondage but to her own preferences; she has freedom enough!

Then an elderly "family physician" who has seen a great many husbands and wives in opposition expressed the opinion, out of his long experience, that it isn't always possible for a wife to treat her husband as a perfect stranger. I had been telling him about my old bachelor friend and about my divorced friend and about Sam's wife.

"A great many wives can't do as Sam's wife does," he said. "And a great many husbands can't. Not with the best will in the world! One of my patients—his nerves are all upset—is a man on a ten-thousand-dollar salary. Last month, his wife signed up for a three-thousand-dollar automobile without consulting him. A little while before that she went downtown and charged a thousand dollars' worth of clothes and jewelry to him.

"How can he let her go ahead doing such things? Isn't he compelled to interfere with her freedom? Doesn't he have to impose his will upon hers? And I've got a case virtually the same, in one particular, as that of your divorced friend; you said his wife insisted upon having a visitor who bored him to the point of vertigo. Well, this case I'm mentioning is a woman who's been actually made sick—she's sick in bed and seriously—because her husband insists on having his mother live with them. The mother is peculiar, to say the least; but the husband is devoted to her, and believes she'd die if she couldn't be continually near him. Where's any freedom for the wife, compelled to live with an old lady she detests, and where's any for the husband, if his wife makes him put his mother out?

"Then I've got a third case where your freedom theory won't work, and I've known of a number of others more or less like it. A lovely girl married a man who seemed in every way attractive; she fell in love with him, and her father and mother approved of him. Until after he was married, he didn't show a trait that wasn't to his credit. But merely being married brought out a brutality in him, as marriage sometimes does, that had been latent until then. His form of brutality happened to be a perfectly unreasonable, ugly, bullying jealousy.

"Is she to submit to it, and let him go

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Telltale Arteries

"I wonder how old she really is. I don't believe she is as young as she looks."

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A NOTED physician said recently, "The woman who conceals her age is a public benefactor. Through her determination to stay young—even to the point of denying the calendar—she has set up higher health standards. Age is not a matter of years but of tissue changes. While she keeps her body and spirit young, she is young."

* * * *

If you have associated with persons past 50 or 60, you may have listened to much solemn talk about arteries—well intended, but mostly untrue. For example, "old as your arteries," "old as you look," "old as you feel," being part-truths are swallowed whole or rejected entirely, depending upon casual experience or observation.

That arteries which become thick and brittle may bring an abrupt ending to life through ruptured blood vessels is generally known. But it is not generally known that either defective arteries or high blood pressure may be directly responsible for serious changes which occur in heart, kidneys and brain.

High blood pressure is not a disease. It is a definite indication that something is wrong somewhere in the body. What causes the trouble can oftentimes be immediately discovered by a competent doctor. Again, the cause can be determined only by patient, intelligent study and observation.

Here is the message to everybody, old or young, sick or well: Your doctor can find out in a few minutes whether or not your blood pressure is normal for your age—whether or not your arteries are healthy. There is no way for you to judge your condition. At the beginning of trouble there is seldom pain or warning of any kind. The fact that one's blood pressure shows fluctuation or is temporarily high is no proof that anything is radically wrong.

Thanks to sound advice of physicians, thousands and thousands of men and women have been saved from acute or chronic trouble by removing the cause. Others, who have found the cause past correction—as it sometimes is—have lived to old age with hardened arteries, high blood pressure, or both, because they learned how to live—eating, working, exercising wisely and in *moderation*.

Sometimes high blood pressure and diseased arteries are caused by focal infection in head or body; sometimes by poisons—the left-overs of previous infectious disease which were neglected and never completely eliminated; sometimes by overweight or overwork or unhappy mental conditions—worry, fear, anger, hate, anxiety.

Above all, know the truth. Have your blood pressure read once a year at least. Keep well, keep happy, keep young.

Among 16,700 Metropolitan policyholders recently examined, 2,150 were found to be more than 20 per cent overweight; 6,900 had defective teeth with suspected focal infection; 4,370 had enlarged, septic or buried tonsils; 1,190 had high blood pressure which might have been attributed to one or more of the above, or to other causes.

It was found that the number of overweight persons who showed a blood pressure above normal was more than twice that of persons of approximately average weight.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail you, without cost, its booklets "Overweight" which tells how to reduce weight safely, and "Blood Pressure" which gives interesting information regarding the simplicity and meaning of a blood pressure test. Send for them.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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IN the morning when the time is short and the minutes count, you will feel most grateful for the ease, speed and comfort of a MOLLÉ shave.

A quick application, with the finger tips, of bland, wholesome, beard-conditioning MOLLÉ over the face; a "once-over" with the favorite razor, and the hair-growth is removed —clean and close—no pulling of the blade—no smarting or burning of the face—not the least need of lotions or talcum.

And in the evening, when special occasions demand, a second shave is just as smooth and comfortable—the same delightful after-feel and the same enjoyable freedom from the slightest soreness or irritation of the face.

At all Druggists - Price 50 Cents

Women of discrimination will find MOLLÉ and a suitable safety razor superior in every way to chemical hair removers for meeting the exacting requirements of perfect grooming.

on having the freedom of pulling her around by the hair, merely because she's spoken politely to the milkman? How does your freedom work in these cases?"

"It doesn't," I said. "It can't apply to them, and I don't think you've understood what I'm trying to discover. I'm looking for the essential element in the happiest marriages, with the idea that if we found it somebody might be able to inject it into other marriages not so happy. We might, indeed, prescribe it for brides and grooms, or at least offer it for their consideration.

"BUT I didn't mean that *all* marriages *could* be happy; and there are certain of them, such as you've just been sketching, that may not be able to contain the great element. In the infinite variety of humankind there is a proportion of fools, brutes, and freaks; and the unfortunate person who in the glamour of young love enters into bondage with one of these must suffer bondage indeed, unless he is strong enough to impose his will, and make the relation into one of master and slave, or else obtain his former freedom through divorce.

"These appear to be the only courses open to your nervous husband with the crazily extravagant wife, and to the unhappy bride with the crazily jealous husband. That is, they seem to be the only courses open to them at present, though there is a remote possibility that the nervous husband, making himself master, could so discipline and educate his wife that she would become able to enjoy the freedom that makes a marriage happy. The bride tortured by an unexpected brute in her husband might do the same thing, though the chance is slim; and both victims would probably do best by realizing definitely that they have married into the freak proportion, and by making their escape.

"Of course I have no idea that freedom can be an element in all marriages, but I am inclining to the opinion that it absolutely must be an element in happy ones; and that intelligent and well-meaning people can make their marriages happy ones by introducing it."

"What about the wife who can't bear her mother-in-law's living with them, and the husband who can't bear her *not* living with them? They are intelligent and well-meaning, and they are still devoted to each other, too; but if the wife is free to turn the old lady out, then the husband isn't free to have his mother with him. How can they get any freedom?"

"I'm not sure that they can; but it's obvious that, unless they do, their marriage isn't altogether happy. I think you ought to suggest that they move the mother-in-law next door."

"She won't go," he said.

"Then the wife might move to a house in the neighborhood and allow her husband to call when he wished. Certainly that would be freedom, and they'd all be happier, wouldn't they?"

"They might," he assented. "But how about a wife whose husband is infatuated with another woman, or a husband who learns that his wife is in love with another man? Ought married people to consent to *that* freedom?"

"A wife or husband seriously in love with a third person very probably *asks* for

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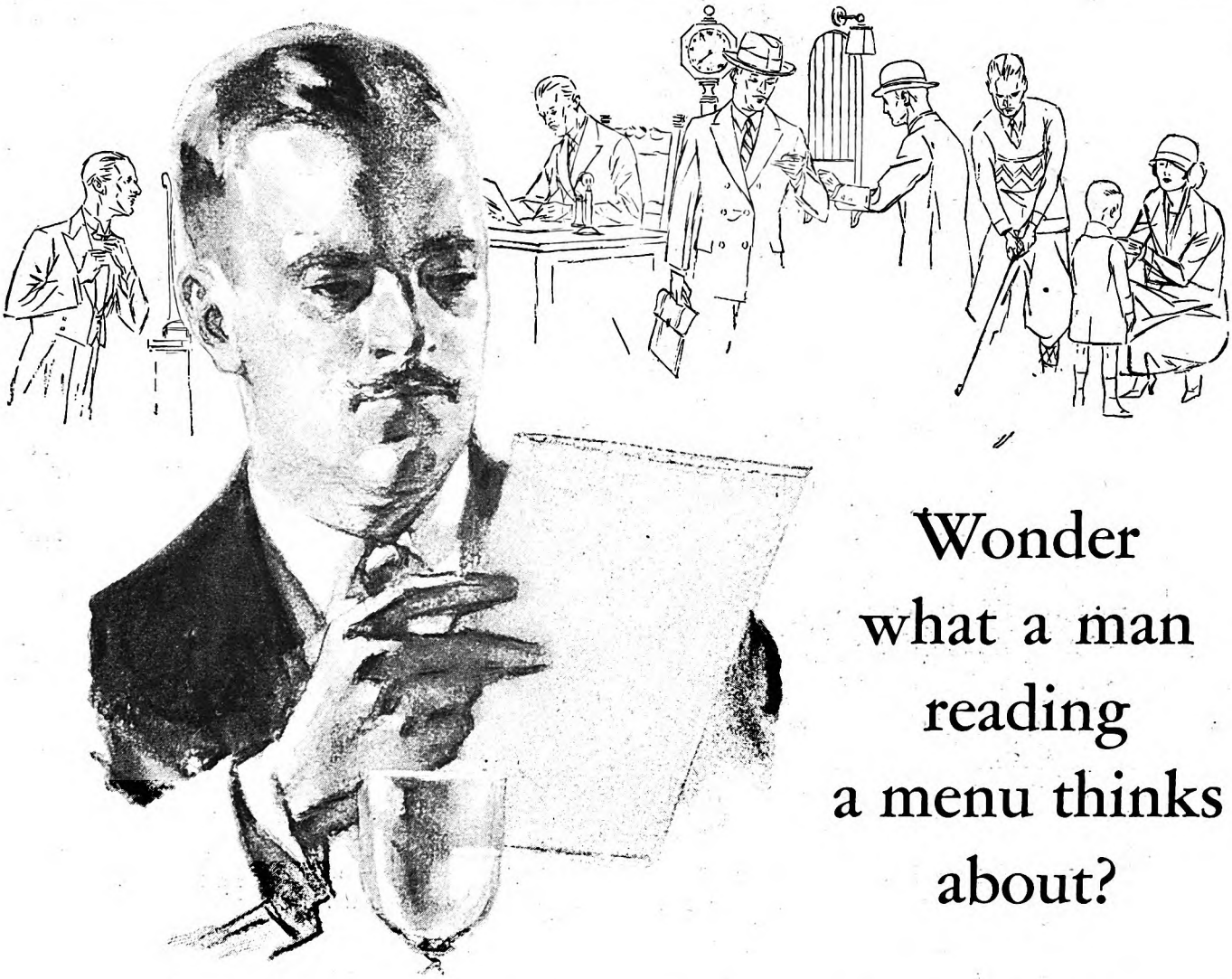

Wonder what a man reading a menu thinks about?

EVERYTHING but the menu, probably! . . . Waiting for the waitress and scanning the card that offers him today's choice of dishes, does the average man think once about *the kind of nourishment* he'll get from the meal he's going to eat? Not he! Nourishment is nourishment, and that's that! . . .

On second thought, however, it's not fair to say "average man" and let it go at that. "Average man below thirty-five" would be nearer the mark. After thirty-five the majority of men readjust their diet and their views on diet. Some do it because they have to . . . "Yes, my stomach's gone back on me!" . . . Others do it as a deliberate step in a certain direction —a move toward greater mental and physical efficiency, greater happiness and greater success.

A perfectly balanced diet is the best health-protection that can ever be devised. Scientists know that now. They are shouting it from the housetops. And the wiser part of the world is listening very respectfully.

There is a delicious modern food which can be of great benefit to you in arranging a well-balanced diet. Grape-Nuts —crisp, golden kernels, made from wheat and malted barley. By a special baking process, the tempting, nut-like flavor of the grains is developed to the utmost and ready digestibility is assured.

Grape-Nuts gives to the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with whole milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an exceptionally well-balanced ration.

The *crispness* of Grape-Nuts, too, aids health by giving to teeth and gums the vigorous exercise they require. . . . Chewing is a vital factor in perfect nutrition.

Try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning. Your grocer sells it, of course . . . Perhaps you will wish to accept the following offer:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts and
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Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free—together with an interesting booklet written by a famous physical director.

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freedom—freedom, usually, to enter into another bondage, since, except in a few extraordinary cases, only selfish people ask for this freedom, and selfish people do not readily *grant* freedom to the new partner. I suppose, however, you are referring to another type. You mean, perhaps, an instance in which a wife wishes to continue married to her husband, but displays a conspicuous sentimental or romantic interest in another man?"

"Yes," he said. "What should the husband do about it? Should he permit his wife freely to continue such an nterest?"

"That will be his nearest approach to happiness, if freedom is the great element; and it seems to be. If he constrains her, she will still care as much as before for the other man; the husband has therefore gained nothing of her *heart*, and her heart is surely the important thing. By constraining her or tormenting her, he must lose whatever he already has of her heart; and by removing the essential element, freedom, he makes certain of the unhappiness of their marriage, which may have been only doubtful before."

"I see," the doctor said skeptically. "The jealous or troubled husband must either let his wife be free, or go to court and get freedom for them both."

"Yes; that seems to be the alternative."

"But suppose he does consent to her freedom, and to her remaining his wife, letting her continue her romantic interest in the other man, and suppose that, although the husband consents, he is unhappy: there you have your 'great essential element' for a happy marriage, and yet the marriage is unhappy."

I admitted this as a possible contingency, but stood my ground. "The marriage would still be less irksome, less a bondage, and the amount of happiness obtained from it altogether greater than if freedom were curtailed. Of course I don't insist that, under these circumstances, the marriage would be a happy one, though it would have a better chance of becoming one, in time, than if the wife's freedom were curtailed by threats or any other sort of compulsion. But I have not supposed that freedom of itself creates a perfect happiness for people, married or unmarried. A man with a lively toothache is not happy, no matter how much liberty he has. All marriages having freedom may not be happy; but to have freedom is to have the greatest chance of happiness in marriage; and marriage cannot be happy, lacking it, except with the pallid happiness of master and complacent serf."

I SAW that he remained somewhat skeptical; but at least I had convinced myself, and that is certainly something. For, to arrive at a definite conclusion about anything, and especially about so puzzling a subject as marriage, is surely to make progress, even if the conclusion be a mistaken one. My definite conclusion was of the simplest possible kind: that, although the prisoner with shackles on his body may be happy if his spirit be free, there cannot be happiness in a *heart* held to bondage. Therefore, freedom is indeed the great essential element in a happy marriage. For without it marriage is bondage.

A woman neighbor, shaking her head

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THE figures given above represent the earnings of the average man. They are based on reports of the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industry, and on statistics of earnings of students and graduates of the College of Business Administration of Boston University.

They coincide with the results of investigations made from time to time by the International Correspondence Schools, and they show, beyond question of doubt, the money value of education.

According to these figures a four-year high-school course is worth $33,000 and a four-year college course is worth $72,000 to the average man. Every hour you spend in spare-time study with the I. C. S. pays a proportionately large cash return.

For this is the day of the trained man. The high schools and colleges are turning out thousands of graduates every year. You cannot possibly hope to compete with these graduates unless you increase your educational equipment and your ability to handle more important work.

Today, as for thirty-five years, the International Correspondence Schools are an unfailing source of help for men who were forced to leave school too soon or who require special training to meet the changing needs of business and industry.

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ominously, said of Sam's wife, "She lets her husband go out every night!" But this was a mistake: Sam's wife and Sam do not *let* each other do anything—not any more than one lets a stranger choose which way he will follow. They consult each other; they do not ask or grant permissions; they enjoy liberty, equality and fraternity, universal and instinctive ideals actually realized in their happy marriage.

The wisest and gentlest observer of life who ever wrote of marriage said that, like life, it is "a field of battle, and not a bed of roses." And so it is a field of battle—for those who fight. Moreover, if the horrified bachelor's view is credible, the fighters first become intoxicated, embrace, and lovingly shackle themselves to each other. And if the divorced gentleman's feeling is just, the combatants, like cats so engaged, fight merely because they *are* shackled to each other. Where the shackles are heavy there will be desperation—there will be fighting.

But always there is Sam; he is married, good soul, but not shackled at all and so not fighting at all. For with freedom, marriage can no more be a field of battle than it has to be a bondage.

What Causes Unhappy Marriages?

Prize Contest Announcement

THE specter of family "smash-ups" hits home to all of us. Every so often we learn that the household of some relative, some friend, some neighbor, has foundered on the rocks of marital misunderstanding; or else we visit homes where discord and misery seem to be the order of the day. Statistics tell us that divorce is steadily increasing.

Booth Tarkington, whose article you have just finished, has come to some very definite conclusions about the factors responsible for unhappy marriages. But what are *your* conclusions? You may agree with Mr. Tarkington, or you may not; it doesn't matter which, so far as this contest is concerned. THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE invites you to give your explanation of the most prevalent cause of matrimonial misunderstandings. Tell your opinion; illustrate it, if possible, with some incident from your own experience or observation; and suggest a remedy, if you know one. Of course your name will not be signed to your contribution, if it is among the prize winners.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words, we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes April 20th. Winning letters will appear in the July, 1927, issue.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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"For three years I dragged along —*half sick*"

"DAILY HEADACHES—*tiredness that I could not seem to throw off. Then a breaking out all over my body. I dragged along—with cathartics—until I was many pounds underweight.*

"*I had read often of the wonderful results others had obtained with Fleischmann's Yeast, but for a long time I did not think of Yeast in connection with myself.*

"*Finally I decided to make the trial. It turned out to be very easy and simple. Today I am a strong robust man. My ailments have disappeared. I weigh 186 pounds of pure bone and muscle and feel a picture of health and happiness.*"

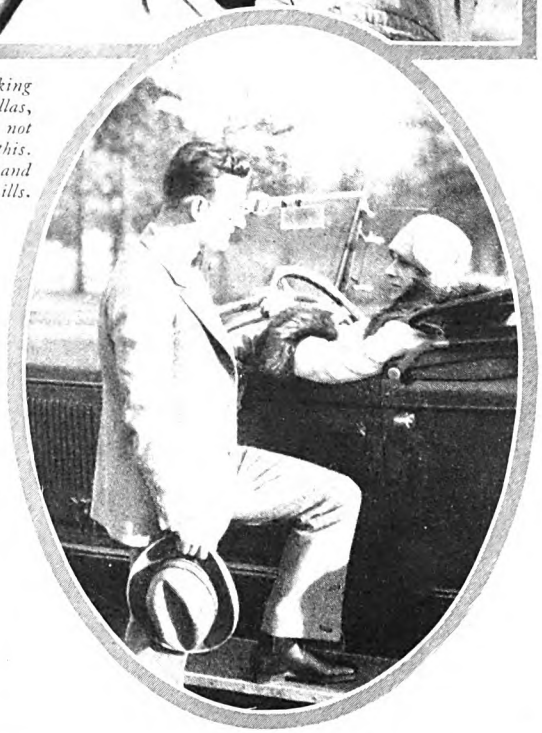
A. L. DIXON, Dallas, Texas

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—a food, not a medicine—keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake remove the poisons of chronic constipation, and restore the muscles of elimination to their normal strength. Your skin clears, your digestion becomes normal, your old listlessness vanishes. You are really well again.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the simple, natural way to counteract intestinal poisoning. Eat it regularly. You can get it at any grocer's. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Start today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. J-39, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

MR. A. L. DIXON *taking "time off" near Dallas, Texas. Once he was not able to enjoy life like this. He tells above how easily and naturally he got rid of his ills.*



SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Editor, Dept. of Foods and Household Management, McCall's Magazine.*

"I WAS of course familiar with the fact that fresh Yeast has nutritive and therapeutic properties. But, curiously enough, it had not occurred to me to eat it myself until a physician suggested it at a time when I was much run down. It proved so efficacious in correcting my fatigue, nervousness and loss of appetite that I have since taken it whenever work began to make especially heavy draughts on my vitality. By aiding digestion Yeast creates a healthy appetite."

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, New York City

This Easy, Natural Way to have your rightful, vigorous health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"GIRLS AVOIDED ME because of the unsightly pimples on my face and I was subjected to many embarrassing remarks. It was with difficulty that I could shave. I became grouchy, unhappy. I tried many suggested remedies but with no results. I was urged finally to try Fleischmann's Yeast by an old friend who had used it long before it became a national remedy. After three months I was entirely free of skin trouble just by eating two cakes of Yeast daily. My skin is smooth and easy to shave. And I have a much better disposition."

WESLEY J. PIERCE, Richmond, Va.

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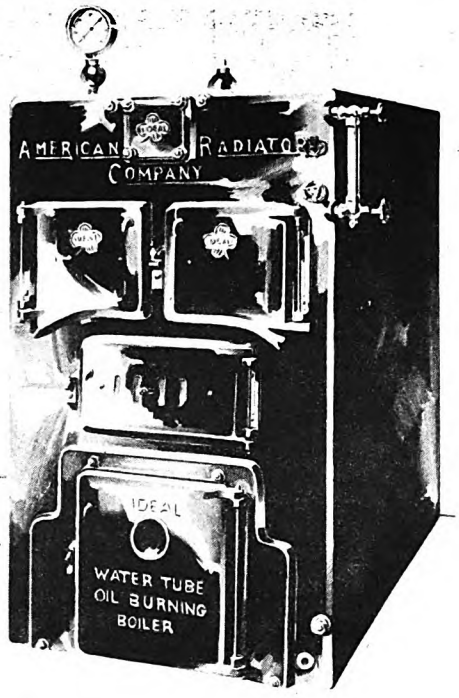


IDEAL *Water Tube Oil Burning Boiler*

For homes, apartment buildings, skyscrapers,—the IDEAL Water Tube Oil Burning Boiler is of such range and capacity that it will fulfill the most exacting requirements and will function with full efficiency during the life of any building. It is especially designed for rapid heating.

Best Oil Burner Results

In keeping with its larger ideals of public service and the obligations of leadership, American Radiator Company, from the first, have kept open the doors of its great laboratories for the aid of oil burner inventors and manufacturers.

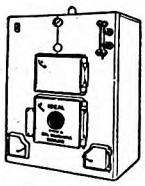
This close and continuous cooperation has resulted in the practical scientific development of modern oil burners, and the perfection of IDEAL Boilers for oil burning.

Here again, with its wealth of heating experience and its vast equipment in heat-measuring, heat-recording, and heat controlling facilities, American Radiator Company has demonstrated that it is truly a WORLD INSTITUTE OF HEATING.

IDEAL Boilers, for oil burning, are offered in three types,—scientifically proportioned and equipped to guarantee the utmost in oil burner results. These IDEAL Boilers have had their complete development hand in hand with the oil burner industry and they afford, therefore, the best to be obtained in operating efficiency, economy, and dependability.

ARCO ROUND *Oil Burning Boiler*

The most widely used heater for homes,—the ARCO Round Oil Burning Boiler is designed and constructed for efficient oil burning. It delivers satisfactory results in daily service, during the life of the building.



IDEAL *Type "A" Oil Burning Heat Machine*

Distinguished for its cleanliness and attractiveness, this boiler is the "aristocrat of home heating boilers." It is scientifically designed and constructed for efficient oil burning and is suitable, single or in batteries, for the finest residences and largest buildings.

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Showrooms and sales offices: New York, Boston, Providence, New Haven, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Chicago, Milwaukee, Omaha, Indianapolis, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Denver, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Brussels, Berlin

Makers of IDEAL Boilers for coal, coke, oil and gas. AMERICAN Radiators, ARCO Hot Water Supply Heaters, VENTO (Ventilating) Heaters, Heat-Controlling Accessories and other products for drying, humidifying, cooling and refrigeration.

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"Greater Love Hath No Man Than This—"

(*Continued from page 25*)

of men. It was a domestic insect, and not of the wilds and swamps. Proper screening could keep it from homes, and proper coverings over all water vessels, rain barrels, and wells could keep it from laying its eggs there. As soon as its breeding places are rendered inaccessible and homes screened against it, this mosquito vanishes from a city. To-day there is no yellow fever to speak of in the Americas!

Now go West with me. When the first white settlers went into Idaho and Montana, friendly Indians gave them a mysterious warning. "That valley bad place for man," they said. "Better stay out. You die there."

The settlers looked out over the valley indicated. They saw rich land, abundant water, remarkable advantages of climate. "Those infernal Indians are trying to trick us," they shrugged, and with their cattle and implements and children they moved in to establish homesteads. Then shortly, from out of nowhere, came disaster.

STRONG men went down on their backs with a fever which was as strange to them as the cause of it. Ugly spots appeared on their bodies, and in some instances seven out of ten thus stricken died. The physicians of the new country were helpless before this fever, and the word spread that certain valleys were accursed.

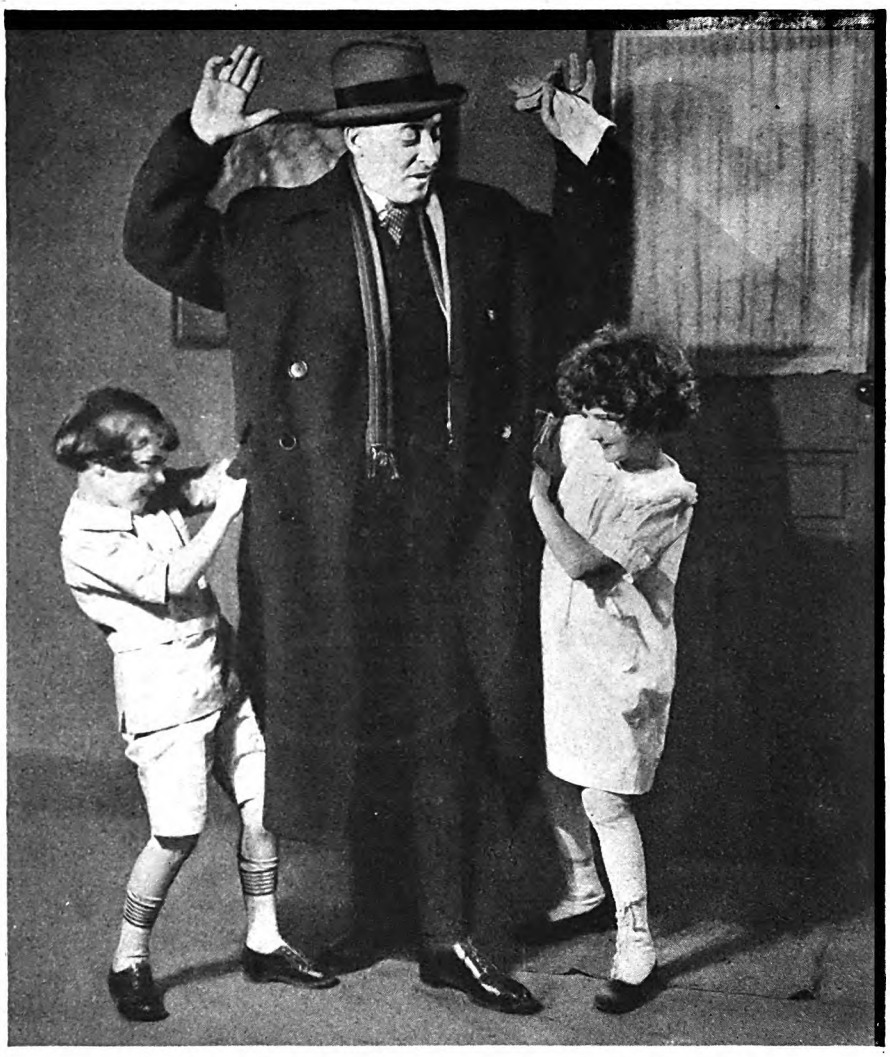
Settlers already located in them abandoned their homes and fled. Newcomers passed them by, despite their fertility and charm. As years passed, the fever cropped out in all the Rocky Mountain states. It spread north into Canada and even into Alaska, while medical men puzzled and sweated to find its cause. One mystery of the disease was that it occurred only in the spring of the year.

About this time, a young doctor, Howard T. Ricketts, was rising to fame in Chicago, where he was associate professor of pathology in the city university. He was brilliant, indefatigable, and seemed fired with an uncontrollable passion to allay in some measure the sufferings of mankind. Long hours, after his classes, he put in at the laboratory, engaged in research, driving himself mercilessly, often until dawn. At length his health broke. He was ordered to go into the outdoors and rest.

By some irony, Ricketts picked for his enforced vacation a spot in Montana. It was in the spring of 1908 that he reached there, and the mysterious fever of the mountain lands, known as Rocky Mountain spotted fever, was taking its annual toll. Forgetting all orders, Ricketts began to make inquiries, to visit sick-beds, to consult medical men who had studied this disease. What was his own health, when the health of others was at stake, when those at his very hand were suffering and dying?

"I've got to find the cause for this," said Ricketts. "We can't check the disease until we find its cause."

So he began to pry about in out-of-way



"—playful little bandits searching their willing victim."

"What Did You Bring Us, Daddy?"

Expectant ears hear Father's step at the door. Then big kisses and the resounding greeting! "What did you bring us, Daddy?"

Like playful little bandits they search their willing victim. What *did* he bring them? *That* will prove the Father's good or bad judgment.

Every growing child craves candy. Active little bodies demand sugar. But children's candy must be pure — and they should not overeat on sweets.

* * *

Life Savers, the little candy mints with the hole, (life saver shape) answer this problem in just the right way. They are china-hard and deliciously flavored.

This means that Life Savers are eaten slowly. Children suck them to make those wonderful flavors last longer. Little tummies are not upset.

They're safe and wholesome. You may conscientiously be generous with Life Savers for they are the real candy for little folks.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package everywhere.

Good for little tummies

Safe for tiny teeth

P. S.
Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors—Orange, Lemon and Lime. 5c a package.

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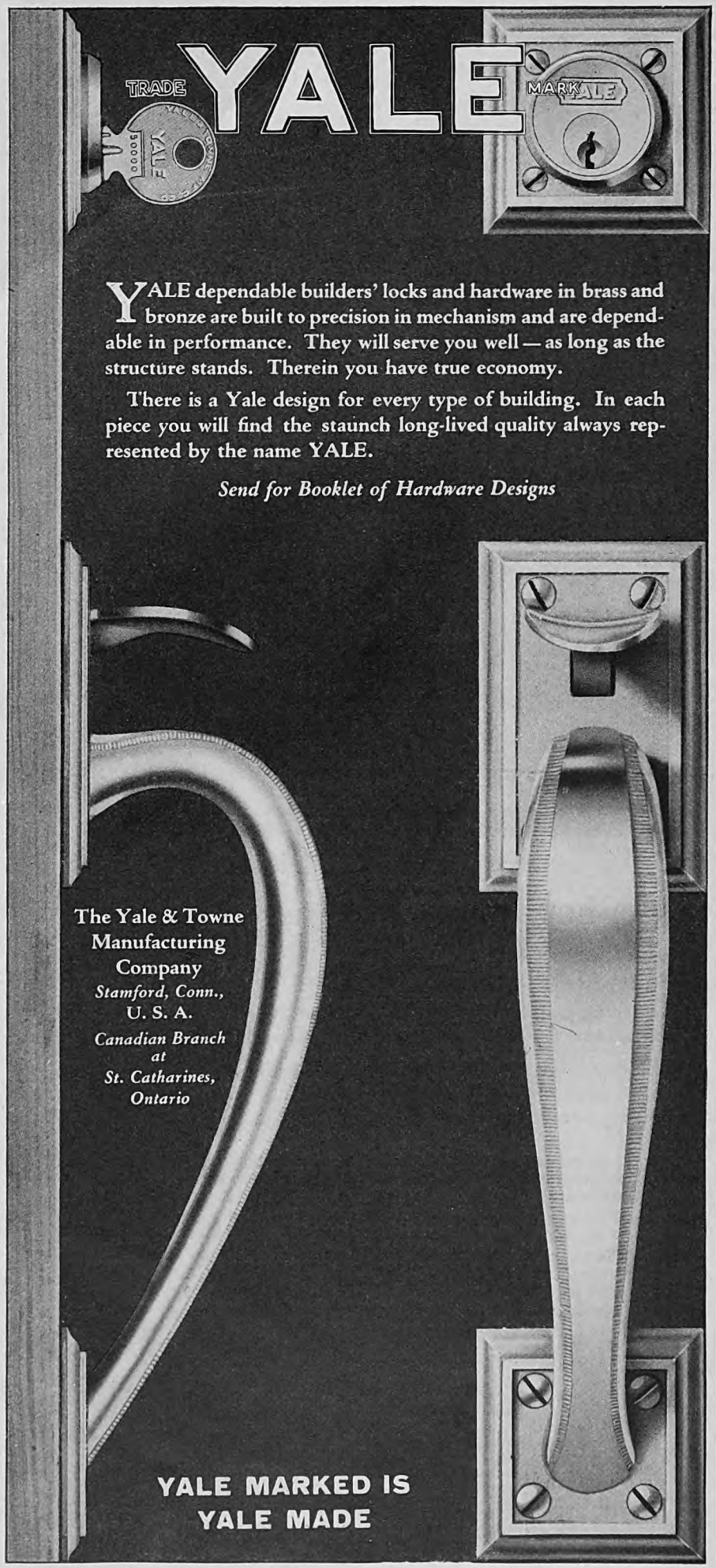

places, always asking questions, digging out details others had deemed too small to bother with. "Maybe an insect spreads the disease," he hazarded, and started searching for this insect. The fever victims were farmers, cattle men, lumbermen. This fact suggested to Ricketts that beasts might harbor the dangerous insect. Finally, after endless experiments and failures, he set his suspicion on a wood tick. Numerous fever patients recalled having been bitten by this tick.

Whereupon, Ricketts began to study and collect ticks. And he found that by means of ticks he was able to transfer the fever from one guinea pig to another. He bred ticks in the laboratory, and found that the infection they carried was hereditary, that only the adult females could convey the fever to man. Scouring the foothills with tireless energy, exposing himself a thousand times, while his own health waned, he captured and studied the wild animals of the country, and thus discovered that the gopher, the chipmunk, and the ground squirrel were the tick's most ready carrying agents.

Dangerous business this, that Ricketts was engaged in. One bite from a tick would certainly have been fatal to him in his weakened and worn-out condition. But for two years, he pushed on in this work.

RICKETTS solved the spotted fever mystery, and showed how the West could be freed of it, by ridding the foothills of the small-animal hosts of the tick, and by keeping live stock free of the pest. Between 1907 and 1911 he published fifteen authoritative papers on the disease. But he wasn't satisfied that he had done enough, which is a trait of these pioneers, such as Ricketts. They don't retire upon a single conquest. Search their biographies; you will find that even in death they don't retire!

Dr. W. W. Keen, the famous Philadelphia surgeon, tells of a letter he received once from a doctor—not a noted doctor I believe, but a plain old family physician whose life had been given to administering to the commoner ills.

"I am afflicted with a disease," he wrote, "which I know is mortal. My usefulness in this world is about at its end. But if it will be of any service to humanity, I want to offer myself for experiment. I am willing to submit to any operation, however painful, without any anæsthetic, if science will be helped by it."

I have already told you of how Jesse Lazear, fighting off the chills and deadly languor of yellow fever, held himself all night to his desk, that a written record of his work and of his symptoms might be left behind. Medicine is replete with such examples. They should be an inspiration to every one of us, regardless of what may be our work.

So Ricketts wanted to do more. The University of Pennsylvania had just called him to fill the chair of pathology; but he couldn't go to Philadelphia yet. Typhus fever was rampant in Mexico. It was sweeping through the jails and labor camps, through the congested districts of cities, claiming hundreds, threatening thousands. The cause of it, how it was transmitted, how to stop its ravages—nobody knew! It was another mystery!

Ricketts packed up, said good-by to

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He Tried Home-Study Training to Double His Salary—

In seven years it multiplied his income seven-fold!

SEEMS too good to be true—that a man can double his income just by devoting a few spare hours each week to home-study training—

"But—maybe it *is* true," said B. J. Mertz to himself—*and within seven years home-study training had increased his income better than 700%!*

Mertz was principal of a rural high-school in Texas, at $80 a month, when the idea came to him to enroll with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy.

Upon completing the course, he first took a place as Assistant Bookkeeper, in Chicago—then joined a firm of Certified Public Accountants, chiefly to get experience. Then he became Office Manager and Acting Secretary of a foundry in southern Ohio. *Already—in only four years—his salary had increased 500%.*

Today, he is Comptroller of the Buckeye Union Casualty Company, Jackson, Ohio, and in addition conducts a private accounting practice which brings him back the entire cost of his training every month in the year.

Why not resolve just to *double* your salary? Get the training—grasp your opportunities—and the future will take care of itself!

Your biggest opportunity is as near you as the point of your pencil. If you are determined to make progress, clip and mail the coupon now!

Two books placed B. J. Mertz on the path to greater earning power. They are "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—and "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays." LaSalle will send them to you *free*.

You want to make more money—but are you willing to do your part?

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon NOW.

THE BUCKEYE UNION CASUALTY COMPANY
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LaSalle Extension University,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

One hundred and sixty dollars a month may look small to some men, but when I enrolled with your institution for training in Higher Accountancy, it looked as big as a mountain to me. I was then principal of a rural high school in Texas, at $80 a month.

I wanted to double my salary. That was the goal I set.

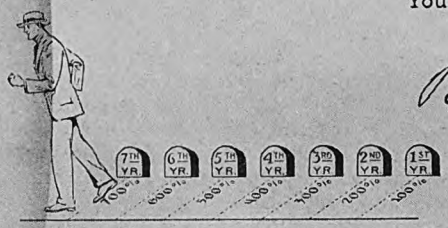
Now I find, at the end of seven years, that your training has increased my income more than 700 per cent. What is even more gratifying is the fact that I am now doing work I like and can see ahead of me a real future.

Your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," gave me the inspiration that decided my future career.

Yours very truly,

B. J. Mertz

Comptroller



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I shall be glad to have your 64-page booklet about the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
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- ☐ Banking and Finance
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IS YOUR WATCH CHAIN "IN CHARACTER"?

YOUR watch chain plays an important role in your daily appearance. Always it is out in front. How important then for it to reflect you—your personality—your style. In the language of the stage—it should always be "in character."

It is so easy to find the chain *for you* when you look over an assortment of Simmons Chains. There are conservative designs, ultra-modern designs—designs suitable for all ages—all occupations—all occasions. And every one is made by Simmons' famous patented process of drawing natural gold, green gold and white gold over a stout base metal. For the money you pay, you couldn't find a more serviceable and handsome chain anywhere.

Your jeweler has Simmons Chains in the four standard styles—Waldemar, Dickens, Vest and Belt. Let him help you choose the chain which is best suited to you and your occupation. Prices $4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

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The swinet says it's a Simmons

the comfort and security of his home, and went to Mexico City, center of the disease. I don't believe he ever did take that vacation the doctors recommended.

Into the jails he went, into the fever-stricken camps, into the contagious wards of the hospitals. Again he was on the trail of an insect, an insect that thrived on uncleanliness, the body louse.

In April, while Mexico waxed hot, he and an associate, Wilder, announced a vital discovery for medical science. They had been able to transmit typhus fever by the bite of the body louse from man to monkey, and from monkey to monkey! This was only a beginning, of course; but Ricketts was on the way to something. He was a seer who had peeped behind the veil of the mystery—and he was only thirty-nine years old; years of labor were still ahead of him.

But one morning before that month was out, this doughty searcher after truth failed to rise from his bed. His thin face was flushed and his pulse raced. The chills of fever racked his body, worn out and weak from days and nights of unbroken, unselfish work for others; the lice to which he had traced the disease had gotten to him, in spite of his precautions. He died less than a month after announcement of his discovery, a martyr to the cause of man's well-being if ever there was one!

DURING the latter quarter of the past century there were mighty discoveries made on both sides of the Atlantic in electricity.

It was quite natural, therefore, for the scientists to search electricity for possible weapons against disease. And at Wurzburg, a Prussian professor of physics, Wilhelm Konrad Röntgen, accidentally discovered the X-rays. At first, Röntgen had no idea what those rays were, or what they would do. They were unknown quantities, and in algebra the unknown is represented by the letter *x*. So Röntgen named his discovery the X-rays, and a new door was opened to science, and a marvelous new instrument given to our hospitals.

The X-ray machine soon became a part of the equipment in every hospital of consequence, and medical men worked daily with its rays, of which little or nothing exact was known beyond the good they did. The machine was a boon to mankind, and yet it held a terrible menace to every doctor who used it—a menace which only grim experience, and pain, and death itself could disclose.

Almost every big city and big hospital can lay claim to one or more of these heroes of the X-ray. The story of Mihran Krikor Kassabian, an immigrant, is perhaps the most picturesque, but in the main it is only typical of what dozens of other medical men went through, here and abroad.

Kassabian was born in Cappadocia, Asia Minor. As a boy he experienced earthquake, was exposed to epidemics of cholera, and was surrounded by the horrors of massacre. His early education was received in the American Missionary Institute, and that turned his eyes toward the New Land of the West. He went to London—as far as his savings would take him—resolved to be a missionary himself. He had that fire which burns in some men, to help, to give, to sacrifice, that his fellow men might live more happily. In London, he studied theology and medicine; he also became interested in photography. From photography to the X-ray was but a step for a medical student.

A year in London, working his own way, gave him means to complete his journey to America. He became a student at the Medico-Chirurgical College, in Philadelphia, and for the next four years waged that battle of every poor immigrant student, in which ambition pits itself against discouragement and want. He was never idle, and dared not be. His only money was what he earned, after classes, between classes, nights, and during vacations. In 1898, even as McKinley declared war, he received his degree in medicine.

A WAR on, danger about, there was no holding Kassabian in civilian pursuits. Besides, he felt he owed something to this land of his adoption, America. So he enlisted in the medical corps of the Regular Army, was assigned to a hospital, and helped fight that enemy which took a bigger toll than Spanish bullets—disease. In 1903, a civilian again, he was appointed director of the X-ray laboratory of the Philadelphia Hospital. It was not the wealthy that he attended here: his patients were from the congested districts, the narrow back streets, and the stuffy tenements.

Now there is a mysterious thing about the X-ray of which I have already hinted. The rays, used upon a sick or injured man for the purpose of diagnosis or treatment, are harmless to him. The patient is exposed to them only for a brief time, but the X-ray specialist, exposed to those same rays in case after case, day after day, for months on end, plays with almost certain death, unless he has a means of protection.

But Kassabian and those others knew nothing of this. They did their work with bare hands. And one day Kassabian detected a small ulcer on the back of one of his hands. Other ulcers soon appeared, until both of his hands and wrists were covered with them, ugly spots from which came the most excruciating pain. The usual treatments did no good whatsoever; instead, this malady of the skin grew worse. Then Kassabian knew: The wonderful rays by which he was able to save the lives of others were literally eating him away.

I won't torture you with what Kassabian went through, with what those others of that early band went through. It would be cruel. The only remedy, and that a passing one, was the surgeon's knife, applied again and again. Not a day passed that Kassabian, this missionary self-made, did not endure untold agony. But what was agony before a vision, before that inner fire to do? Quit work? No, not Kassabian!

While his life was being eaten away, he rose to eminence. He studied, he wrote, he went back to that machine to let it do its worst on him. Famous medical societies heard of his work and honored him by offices. He became X-ray expert to the Tuberculosis Congress, represented the American Medical Association at international meetings abroad, and back in Philadelphia kept up his work in that laboratory, a doomed man, but one still with his boots

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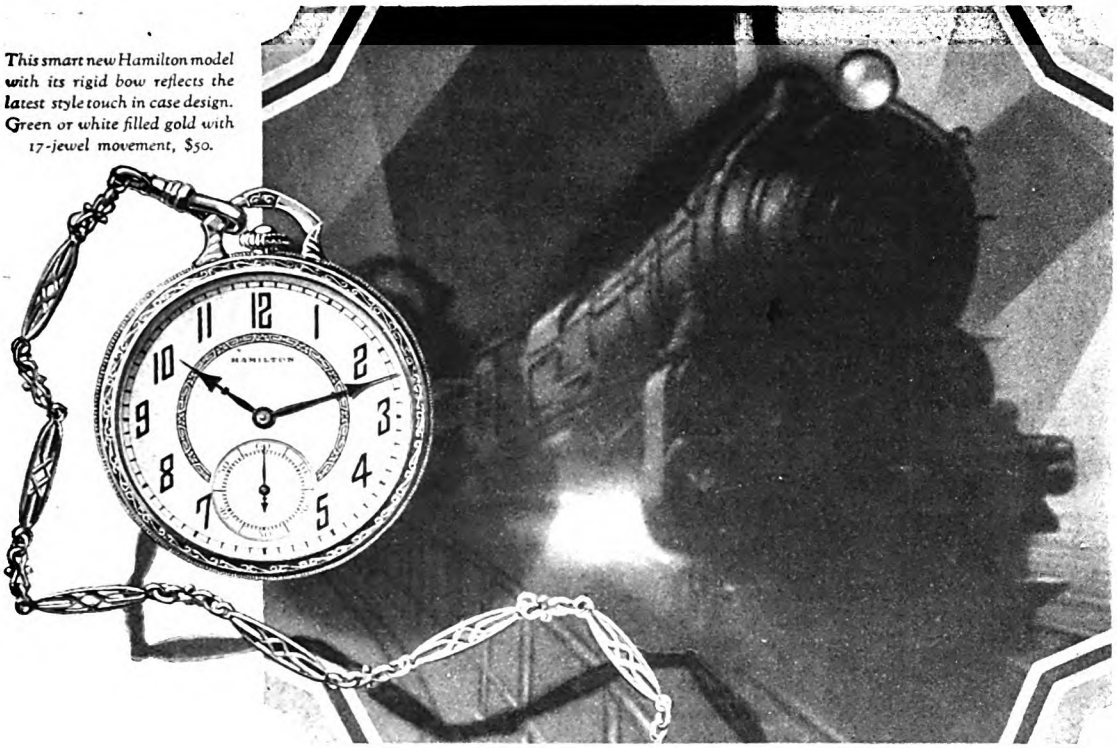


This smart new Hamilton model with its rigid bow reflects the latest style touch in case design. Green or white filled gold with 17-jewel movement, $50.

HAMILTON offers a splendid selection of 17-jewel thin models in cases of white or green filled gold, plain or chased. The prices range from $48 to $57, with a particularly attractive group at

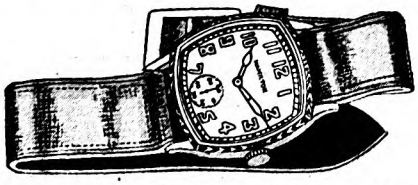
$50

Accurate ~ ACCURATE ~ Accurate

The watch that times America's famous trains

WHENEVER you see some great train like the Broadway Limited or the Century, the Olympian or the Californian, start on its thunderous trip across the country, you may know that a dozen quietly ticking watches have confidently given the time to the dispatcher, the conductor, the engineer. And other watches, accurate to the second, will check and guide it in its onward way.

The watch so used by a large proportion of the men on the railroads throughout the country is the Hamilton Watch, for it is built with such infinite precision, and regulated with such patient and exact care, that it has come to be called "the watch of railroad accuracy" by thousands of those whom it has steadfastly served. In a watch there can be no substitute for accuracy—and none is recognized by those who make the Hamilton Watch.



Hamilton Engraved Cushion-shaped Strap Watch—in green or white filled gold, $52 or in 14-carat gold, $77.

The new Hamilton Fillmore has a touch of elaboration through the gracefully chased bow. In white or green filled gold case with 17-jewel movement . . . $50

Hamilton accuracy is based upon right design. It is founded upon infinite accuracy in machining, upon skilful and delicate adjusting, upon exact timing and testing. Hamilton accuracy is built up in each watch, over months of time, until its dependability is established beyond question.

The Hamilton Watch is priced from $48 to $685 for pocket models; strap models $50 to $88; women's wrist models, $48 to $60.

We should be pleased to send you on request our two interesting booklets, "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch." Write for them to Hamilton Watch Company, 883 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa., U.S.A.

Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

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Love Sends Convert to pipe-smoking on Tobacco Hunt

Of course a young man in love will do anything to win favor in the eyes of his lady fair. And pipe-smoking seems to be one of the credentials that admit young male America into the graces of the fair sex.

But while smoking a pipe seems to solve the feminine problem, finding the right tobacco evidently is the male problem.

Probably that is what prompts such letters as this:

New York, N. Y.
June 30, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I started smoking on cigarettes, but after meeting a young lady for whom men who smoked pipes had a greater charm, I promptly switched to one.

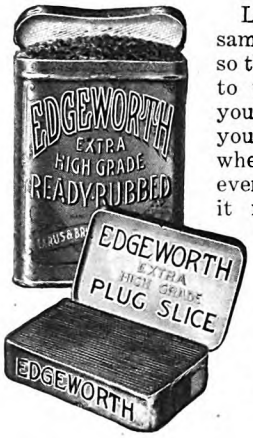
Then my agony began. I tried one brand of tobacco after another, always working on the theory that the more you paid for tobacco, the better it would be.

Then came the day I tried Edgeworth. It was at a ball game. I had run short of the certain brand I was smoking, and a casual acquaintance offered me a pipeful.

Imagine my delight when after the first few puffs, I did not feel the old familiar bite. I puffed on, inhaling the delightful aroma, and oh, boy! it was sweet right down to the bottom.

Nothing has separated me from my pipe, or my pipe from Edgeworth since then.

Yours very truly,
(signed) David Freedman, Jr.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3-P S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.*]

on. Death, with which he had raced for a half-dozen years, overtook him in 1910—when he was not yet forty years of age.

Lead, the metal which the X-rays cannot penetrate, protects the roentgenologist of to-day. He isn't asked to endure what Kassabian, and more than a score of others, went through. These were the trail-blazers.

But as long as germs and microbes are studied by men in laboratories, as long as surgeons operate, as long as disease remains an ordeal of mankind, there will be dangers just as deadly for men of medicine to face, sometimes to win, sometimes to lose. The hero does not always rise to fame. He may be just "the doctor around the corner."

Dr. John H. Hartwell was one of these, of that legion to which belongs your doctor. He was first a teacher of physical culture, and was in his thirties before he won his medical degree. A kindly man, an able physician, a dynamo of energy and enthusiasm for his work, he rapidly built up an enormous practice in one of the northern residential districts of Philadelphia. His patients worshiped him, and Hartwell never said "No!" when a patient called. In his late forties, he was at his height, unsparing of himself, going night and day, regardless of season or weather. Many a night he had to do with only an hour or two of rest. It was a grilling work. Of wonderful physique, nevertheless it told on him. He was not the first of that army of family physicians to forget self and burn the candle at both ends.

ONE afternoon Hartwell was called hurriedly to the bedside of a little girl, the daughter of one of his old patients. The child was writhing in pain. His experience told him there was only a single chance to save her, and that a slender one. An abdominal operation was that hope. The child was rushed to a hospital, and Doctor Hartwell made ready his instruments. Skillfully he made his incision that would relieve the sufferer of the deadly poison pus that was taking her life. Perhaps, in the vital emergency of that moment, he was not as careful of his own safety as he might have been. Perhaps an all night and day of work without sleep had dulled his usually keen perception. Anyway, in the middle of the operation, the surgeon pricked his thumb with the knife. The cut laid open the protecting cover of his rubber glove.

Every surgeon faces this danger. Any man who operates on a case of infection exposes himself to deadly peril. And Hartwell, feeling the sting of that tiny cut, seeing the rent in his glove, knew full well that he was as near to death as a man who has swallowed poison. Unless he stopped the operation and gave attention to himself at once he knew the certain consequence—loss of his hand, loss of his arm, maybe loss of life.

But in that split second of realization, Hartwell realized also the danger to the child. He *couldn't* stop, and leave to that little girl one chance in ten thousand. The operation which he had started *had* to be done! A split second, I said, for he hesitated no longer than that. With steady, sure hands he finished the task. And on a cot in that same hospital only a day or two later he bade his wife good-by and smilingly faced the Beyond which claimed him.

Dr. J. Chalmers Da Costa, Professor of Surgery at Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, and one of the greatest authorities on surgery to-day, though he is so crippled by rheumatism that he no longer is able to operate, once said to me:

"In my career of forty years, I have known only one physician who shrank from his duty. He declined to dress a pus case after the surgeon had operated upon it. It is true that there were no rubber gloves in those days, but the surgeon had operated without gloves. Yet the assistant would not touch the case. One instance! And one instance only in forty years!"

"WHAT of the country doctor?" you ask.

I haven't forgotten him. Whenever the country doctor is mentioned, I think of stanch old Doctor Jones. Maybe his name wasn't Jones. It might have been Miller, or Brown, or Smith. But what does the name matter, for the world did not even know him when he lived?

Old "Doc" Jones was a village doctor in Ohio. With his old mare and rusty buggy he scoured the whole countryside about, through spring mud that slushed up to his axles, through snow, through rain, and scorching days of mid-July. Sometimes he collected a dollar for a visit. Just as often the dollar went down in the old doctor's book. He never claimed to be much of a business man, and his landlord swore that "Doc" Jones was a full year behind in his rent.

Many a broken bone old "Doc" Jones set while a gaping farm hand held the kerosene lamp for him to see by. Many a blizzard he braved with that tired, sleepy mare to bring a new baby to town. Many a shabby account book he filled with many an entry of unpaid fees, only to toss the book eventually into a cluttered drawer to let the dust of years seal it forever. And after forty-seven hard years of practice he died—at his desk, his hoary head cradled in his arms while he snatched a mite of sleep in his dingy little office on the second floor.

The whole village, and folks from the hills and valleys for twenty miles about, turned out for the funeral. A few of those who knew raised a little fund among them to pay for the cemetery plot and the plain oak coffin. The fund wasn't sufficient to buy a monument.

But after the others had all gone, and the humble grave had been filled, one mourner lingered there alone. He was the new young doctor who recently had come to the village. He stood, head bared and bowed, before that unmarked burial spot.

Presently he left to return with a weather-beaten, faded bit of oblong board on which a message in dim gold letters was still distinguishable. It was the sign which for almost a half-century had directed the ailing and sick to the office on the second floor. And that, as a monument, he placed reverently on the mound of fresh earth:

Doctor Jones
Upstairs

What finer epitaph could any man want? Who could write a nobler elegy?

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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"That's a Bear of a Bar, Jim!"

Rugged grown-ups with hearty appetites find in **Baby Ruth** a candy that both delights and satisfies.

To those who love good candy, it brings more than sweetness—more than deliciousness. There's unusual food value—wholesome nourishment and health-giving energy in every bar.

That's why **Baby Ruth** is eagerly welcomed at the firesides of millions—of all ages and appetites—of both masses and classes—as America's Favorite Candy.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO

NEW YORK
BOSTON

Otto Y. Schnering, PRESIDENT

LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO

Candy Makers to the American Nation

5¢

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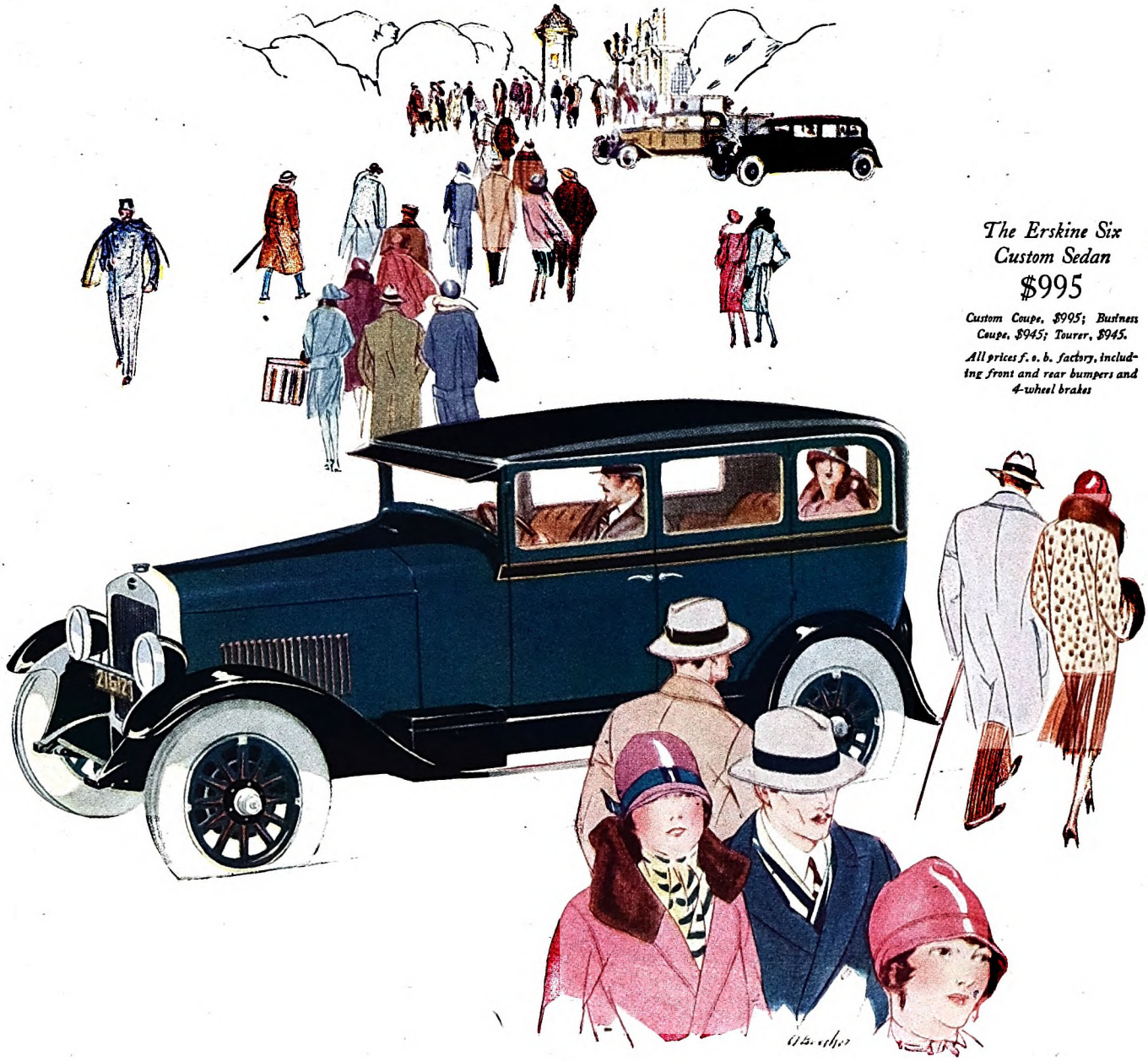

The Erskine Six
Custom Sedan
$995

Custom Coupe, $995; Business Coupe, $945; Tourer, $945.

All prices f. o. b. factory, including front and rear bumpers and 4-wheel brakes

THE LITTLE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTORDOM

THERE are many small cars. There are many fine cars. But there is only one small car that is also a fine car—the Erskine Six.

Owners of the most expensive motors are driving Erskines—men and women who would not consider any other car so small and low priced.

Dietrich has given this little gem of a car beautiful, sophisticated lines, comfort and luxury which make a millionaire feel at home.

Sixty miles per hour effortlessly. 5-25 miles an hour in 8½ seconds. Climbs an 11% grade in high, fully loaded. 25 to 30 miles per gallon of gas; 1000 miles per gallon of oil. 18-foot turning radius—slips through traffic like a motorcycle.

The supreme motor car value of the decade—a luxurious fine car, economical in first-cost and upkeep—a car of inbuilt stamina and surprising performance. See it now at your Studebaker dealer.

Equipment—Erskine Six Custom Sedan: 4-wheel brakes; full size balloon tires; two-beam headlights; bumpers, front and rear; oil filter; rear traffic signal light; cowl ventilator; one-piece windshield; thief-proof coincidental lock to ignition and steering; automatic windshield cleaner; rear vision mirror; hydrostatic gasoline gauge on dash; instrument board compartments; dome light; robe rail; broadcloth upholstering with broadlace trim.

ERSKINE SIX

Studebaker's New 2⅓ Litre Car

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"Nevada"

(*Continued from page 65*)

An' you, Rose, buck up. Why, you're both showin' yellow after as game a fight as two kids ever made. . . . That's right. Let him lean against you. Wal, wal!"

Marvie, with eyes starting, cried out, "Oh, my heaven! . . . It's you—Nevada!"

"Shore is, boy; an' glad to meet you again."

"Mr. Lacy . . . do . . . you . . . know Marvie?" faltered Rose.

"Wal, I should smile. Me an' Marvie are old pards."

"'*Lacy*'?" cried Marvie, starting up incredulously. "But . . . you're Nevada."

"Son, the Nevada you knew was Jim Lacy."

"My heaven! What will Ben say? . . . An' Hettie!"

"Reckon they'll say a lot—when they know. But promise me you won't give me away."

"Aw, Nevada, if you only knew how Ben—"

"Marvie, I'm not askin' you to keep it secret forever," interrupted Jim hastily. "But for a little while. Promise, old pard."

"I . . . will," replied Marvie, choking.

"An' you too, Rose?"

"I can keep secrets."

"Shore. An' now, Rose, let's get this confab over. I reckon my hunch is correct. But I need to know shore."

"I'll tell you anythin'," she replied, under her breath.

"YOU know who is haid of this Pine Tree Outfit?" queried Nevada, bending down to the agitated face.

"Yes, sir," replied Rose. "Some of his men called him Campbell. But he told Cedar his real name was Ed Richardson. He's from New Mexico. He figgered in the Lincoln County War, an' was close to Billy the Kid. He fetched rustlers here with him. An' he got hold of Cedar, an' Burt Stillwell, an' Stewart, an' other Arizona riders whose names I never heard."

"Rose, how'd you happen on this?"

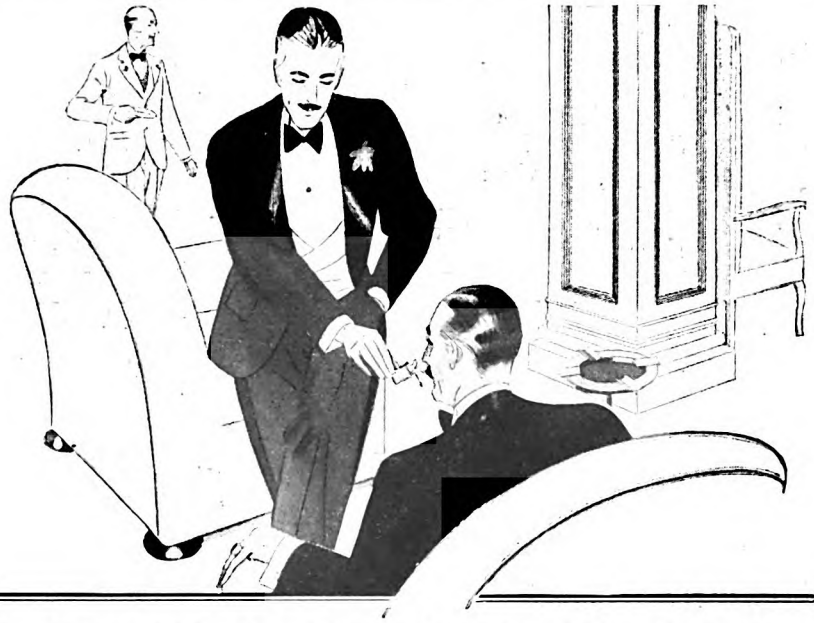
"Cedar fetched Clan Dillon to our ranch, an' he tried to make up to me," went on Rose. "I liked him first off. But I soon saw what he was up to. An' I had no use for him. Well, one day Cedar threw me on a horse an' rode me off to a cabin over here in Piñon Brake. Dillon was there. He tried makin' more love to me. But I bit an' kicked an' clawed him. Then the men they was expectin' rode up, an' I got thrown in the loft. Some of them were drunk. They all had money. An' they gambled an' stayed up all night. In the mornin' they had a pow-wow, an' I heard it. Then Cedar fetched me back home, an' swore he'd kill me if I squealed."

"Clan Dillon, then, is Ed Richardson—haid of this Pine Tree Outfit," said Nevada. "An' Ben Ide's foreman."

"Yes, sir," replied Rose bravely, with lips that trembled.

"Good lord!" ejaculated Marvie. "Ben swears by Dillon. He's gone against Raidy, his oldest hand. . . . I wouldn't want to be in Dillon's boots when Ben finds out!"

"Wal, Marvie, it's likely that Dillon's



THIS MATCHLESS AGE

At the Clubs

SHEDDING the mantle of the commonplace, assuming the prideful ease that is his right of membership: So enters a man his club.

The world is his, and he would banish bother from it. Seizing upon appurtenances that befit this matchless age, he waves away the old and bunglesome.

He discarded matches for a lighter—and when the Douglass appeared last winter it found his pocket first. For the Douglass is automatic. No gadgets to fumble, no wheels to thumb; it lights at the mere press of a trigger.

To possess such a simple, practical lighter had long been the hobby of Leon F. Douglass, one of the founders of the Victor Talking Machine Company. He tried out lighters of every land Then he set his own creative genius to the task—a versatile genius for which he has been granted nearly half a hundred patents.

Press the trigger there's your light

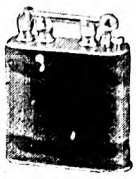
The first Douglass Lighter was for his personal use, the next for a critical crony.

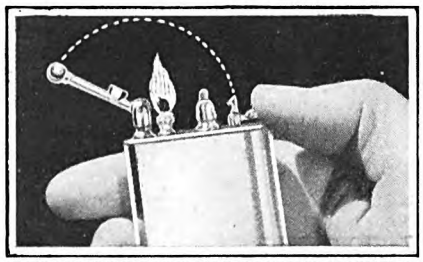
Now the Douglass comes in many styles—in gold and silver and rare leathers. And each is made with a precision that insures unfailing service.

If the Douglass isn't on sale at your club, or you do not come handily upon a jeweler, tobacconist or such who can show it to you, write Hargraft & Sons, Wrigley Building, Chicago. They will direct you, and send you, too, an informative leaflet called "This Matchless Age." THE DOUGLASS CO.

DEALERS who have not yet stocked the Douglass need reminding that there is no closed season on matches for smokers, therefore none on Douglass Lighters. They should write Hargraft.

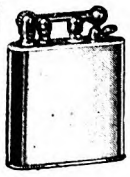
For slender fingers a Douglass cased with lizard, water snake, ostrich, or colored calfskin. More rugged leathers—pigskin, tooled morocco, for men





LOOK FOR NAME DOUGLASS ON BOTTOM OF LIGHTER.

Douglass Lighters are also offered in metal cases with a pleasing variety of finishes. The prices start at $5 and vary according to the finish selected.



The Douglass Lighter

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT

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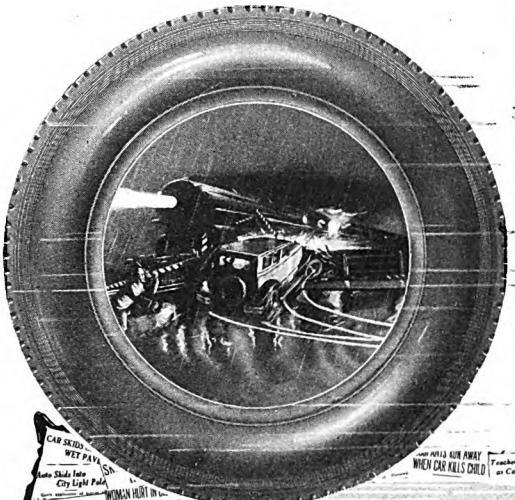
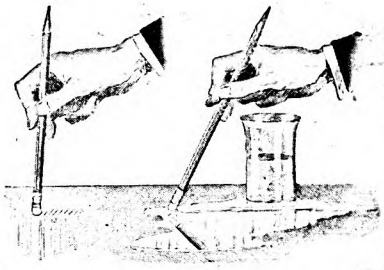
WET RUBBER *slips*

Friction, and friction alone, prevents skidding. Friction between tires and road. The best brakes are helpless when friction fails. Without friction on the road, tires slide, car skids forward and sideways. *And friction fails whenever rubber tires get wet.* To illustrate how wet rubber slips:





Take a rubber pencil eraser

Hold the pencil firmly and try to slide it over a glass surface. Note how the rubber sets up a friction against the glass—how it adheres.

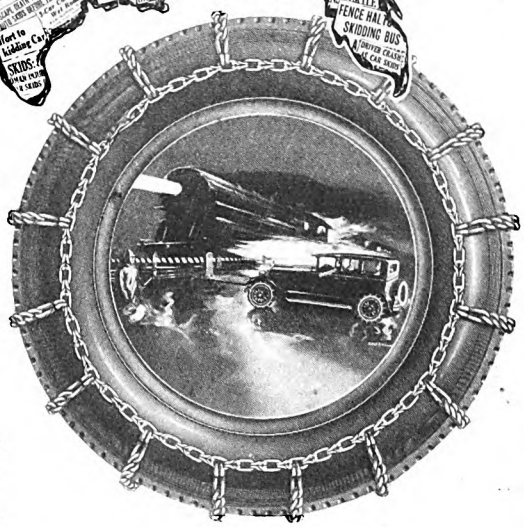
Now wet the glass and try it again. Note how the rubber slips and skids the instant it reaches the wet area.

(After every rain newspapers bear mute testimony to the hundreds of skids that could be prevented by WEED Chains)

WEED Chains are the most dependable preventative of forward and side skids. For wet rubber slips while the hardened steel WEED cross chains grip wet roads and give dependable traction in mud. Put them on whenever roads are wet. It takes only a few minutes.

You can identify genuine WEED Tire Chains by their red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains and brass plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook.

ACCO
A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc. in business for *your* safety



WEED CHAINS *grip*

"There can be no compromise with safety"

boots will be stickin' out straight when Ben heahs the truth. . . .

"Marvie, get your horse, an' put Rose on hers, an' leave heah pronto for the Ide ranch. Look sharp, an' don't run into any riders. When you reach home turn Rose over to Hettie; an' both of you keep your mouths shut!"

Marvie had started to lead Rose away, when he espied Cedar Hatt's gun lying on the brown pine needles.

"Nevada—can I take it?"

"What? Oh, Cedar's gun? Shore, you take it."

The girl turned with lips parted. "Mr. Jim—Nevada—we'll see you again?"

"I reckon. Remember, I trust you to keep mum. Look sharp now, an' hurry along!"

Nevada did not linger to watch them find and mount their horses; however, as he started up the slope he heard them, and felt that now all would be well with them. Reaching his own horse, he tightened the cinches, leaped astride, and rode up to the level, where he faced north with a grim smile.

The afternoon had not far advanced. At a steady lope he covered the miles of forested ridge, down-hill and easy going until he descended into the brakes. Here his horse toiled for an hour, at last to crash out into the trail. One glance at the bare ground showed him that Marvie and Rose had not yet come so far. He preferred to reach the Ide ranch before them.

Five miles of travel, now slow, now swift, and then a hard climb took Nevada out of the brakes into the beautiful, stately forest, where the pines thinned and straggled to the desert sage.

The trail grew broad and sandy, so that his speeding horse thudded almost noiselessly on. Clumps of spruce and low branches of pines obscured the bends.

Nevada rode around an abrupt green curve almost to run down a horse coming toward him. He pulled his mount to a sliding halt. He heard a cry. The rider was a woman. Hettie Ide!

IT WAS two days before that secret drama in the forest that Ben Ide came out on the porch where Hettie was sitting. He spread his arms to the glorious beauty and color of the Arizona landscape.

"Hettie," he said, "I once thought Forlorn River in the fall was pretty close to heaven. But Cedar Springs Ranch has it beat a mile."

"It's very beautiful," replied Hettie. "If only everything were as fine as the weather, and the scenery!"

"Well, Tom Day says things must grow worse before they get better. Heigho! But I'm not lettin' disappointment sour me, anyhow."

"Disappointment? You mean—about ranching in Arizona?"

"Between you an' me, Hettie, I wasn't thinkin' of cattle at all," replied Ben sadly.

Hettie suffered a contraction of her heart. If Ben knew what she knew! She prayed that he never would.

"Hettie," Ben said, "do you still think of—of—*him?*"

"Always," she replied, quaking inwardly—if only she had the courage and the wit to keep her secret hidden!

"I'm afraid I've given up hope," went on Ben somberly. "An' it's taken the sap out of me."

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5-Pass. Sedan $1750

Hudson Miles Are Master Miles

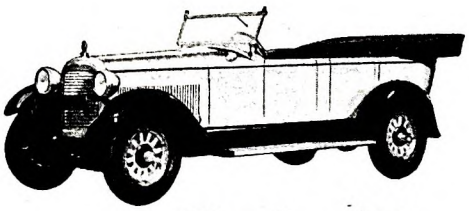
With the Super-Six Principle Freed to the Limit

The smoothness with which the Super-Six glides from standing start to high speed is totally different from the violent lunge with which high-powered cars usually get under way.

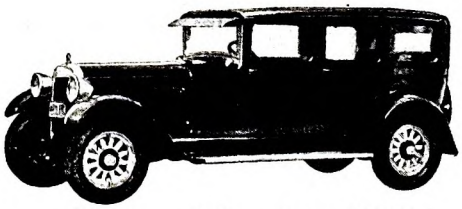
Acceleration even from high speed is always available. The flow of power comes in a smooth stream of energy as it does from an electric motor. This is a notable mark of smoothness that is available only to the Super-Six principle—now freed to the limit of its capacity.

When you examine either Hudson or Essex, you will realize how their chassis have been specially designed to make full use of these new limits of speed, power and safety. Economy in fuel and oil and in maintenance is assured in ways that mark the finest engineering practice.

Ride in either Hudson Super-Six or its brilliant companion, Essex Super-Six. There is nothing like it in the world.



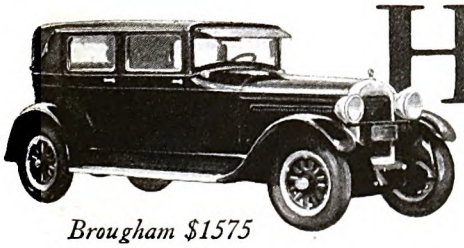
7-Pass. Phaeton $1500



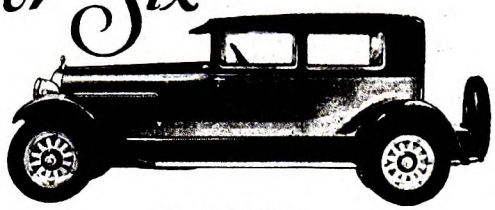
7-Pass. Sedan $1850

HUDSON

Super-Six



Brougham $1575



Coach $1285

Other Hudson Models

Custombuilt Roadster - -	$1400
Custombuilt 5-Pass. Sedan -	1750
Standard 5-Pass. Sedan - -	1385

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

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For *care-free* travel

Test your tires *every Friday*

Guessing at your air pressure causes doubt and worry, and soon proves costly.

Own a Schrader Gauge and keep your mind free from tire-worry by using it every Friday. Schrader Gauges have been standard for years.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN
Chicago Toronto London

"Given up hope of what?" murmured Hettie.

"Of ever findin' Nevada," he replied, simply. "That's why I came to Arizona. Once, at Forlorn River, when I asked Nevada what he'd do if anythin' separated us, he said he'd go to Arizona an' take to hard ridin'. I never forgot. . . . Well, I reckon every cowboy on these ranges has hit me for a job. But sure not one of them was Nevada, nor had they ever heard of him. I reckon he's dead. Don't you ever think that, Hettie?"

"Yes. . . . Dead to us, surely," she returned, with dry lips.

"How could Nevada be dead to us if he were alive?" queried Ben, sharply. Then he lifted his head.

"I hear a horse . . . comin' lickety cut! Hello, it's Dillon! . . . Darn the luck. There's somethin' up."

HETTIE sustained a sharp quickening of her pulse. A horse and rider bobbed up over the bench. At the moment Ina came out of the house to begin some speech to Ben, which did not materialize. Ben strode off the porch to meet Dillon, who rode up like a whirlwind, scattering gravel all over the porch; and he leaped out of the saddle with the lithe grace of one to whom such action was habit.

"Mornin', Boss," he said, and tipped his sombrero to Hettie and Ina. "You're late. So I rode up."

"Bad news?" asked Ben.

"No, it ain't bad; but it's disturbin'. Cowboy just in from Tom Day's range. Name's Laskin. He rode a hoss to death gettin' here. I gave him another hoss, an' soon as he'd swallered some drink an' grub he rode off for Franklidge's ranch."

"Yes. Well, what was he ridin' so hard for?" queried Ben, as if prepared.

"Yesterday he was in camp near Silver Meadows," went on Dillon. "Another rider with him—whose name I didn't get. Some men rode down on them. Laskin said they wasn't drunk. Just keyed up over a big deal. They made no bones about the deal—at least their leader didn't. An' he was no other than Jim Lacy."

"Jim Lacy bobbed up again! Go on, Dillon."

"Lacy said he was goin' to rustle the stock at Silver Meadows, an' sent you his compliments. Pretty nervy, wasn't it?"

"Nervy? Yes; if it's true," retorted Ben. "But I don't believe it. Jim Lacy or anybody else would be a fool to tell such a plan, before pullin' it off."

"Reckon that seems so," replied the foreman, smoothly. "But sometimes these desperadoes like Lacy do queer things. It's not braggin'. Such men don't brag. It's just sort of a cool defiance of law—an' honest ranchin'. . . . Well, Lacy has twenty-four hours' start. There was a big bunch of cattle at Silver, so Laskin said. The last of your stock, an' some of Day's an' Franklidge's. We were figgerin' on a big round-up pronto. But we're too late, Boss."

"Too late! Why, man, if it *is* true, we can stop that drive before it gets down to the road," declared Ben.

"Stop nothin'. Lacy's outfit won't drive this way. They'll drive up over the Rim; and I'll gamble there's a bunch of five thousand head on the way now."

Ben sat down as if suddenly weighted.

"If it's true, I'll—I'll run down this Jim Lacy an' jail him! I don't care what it costs," declared Ben. "But I reckon we're gettin' all riled-up over cowboy guessin'!"

"Give me a couple of days off, Boss?" asked Dillon, in strange eagerness. "I'll find out."

"No. Some of the rustlers will plug you; an' then I *would* be out of luck," replied Ben, decisively.

"But I want to go," declared Dillon, with the blood rising under the tan of his handsome face.

"I appreciate the risk you'd take for me, Dillon. But, no. I'm givin' you orders to take Raidy with six cowboys an' go to Silver Meadows. Hurry back to report. Then we'll see."

Dillon had difficulty in repressing some kind of agitation that did not owe its source to respect and regard for Ben Ide. What an intent, almost derisive glance he gave Ben! Then, without another word, he mounted and rode furiously down toward the corrals.

"Girls, did you hear all he had to say?" asked Ben, appealing for sympathy.

"We couldn't very well help it," replied Ina, putting a hand on Ben's shoulder. "Dear, I—I haven't confidence in this man Dillon."

"Huh! Nor in me either," retorted Ben, shaking her hand off.

That action hurt Ina's sensitive feelings, and she drew away haughtily.

"Very well, Ben Ide," she declared. "But when the crash comes don't you look to *me* for sympathy."

With that she went back into the house. Ben gazed helplessly up at his sister.

"There! Can you beat that? My own wife gone against me!"

THEN Marvie appeared, black in the face. Alas for Hettie! Her heart sank.

"Ben Ide, I've a bone to pick with you," he burst out.

"Pick away, you young rooster," returned Ben wearily, but he was interested. Marvie had never before bearded the lion in his den.

"Did Dillon tell you a cowboy named Laskin rode in with news about a cattle drive?"

"Sure he did."

"Ha! That's what he told Raidy. He's a liar!"

"Marvie, take care. You're no longer a kid. Would you say that to Dillon's face?"

"Would I? Huh. I *did*, an' I cussed him good," rejoined Marvie hotly. "Listen. I saw that cowboy. He wasn't no rider named Laskin. He was Cedar Hatt!"

"What?"

"Cedar Hatt, I tell you. I *know* him!"

"Marvie, you're not only loco, but you're always sore at Dillon. You'll go too far. Take care."

"Care, thunder!" shouted Marvie, beside himself with rage. "It's you who's loco!"

"Marvie Blaine, you're fired," replied Ben curtly. "You can't ride for me any more. Now, get out of my house an' go over to Hettie's, till I can decide what to do with you."

"Aw—Ben!" gasped Marvie.

"Don't 'aw-Ben' me," said Ben, furiously. "Get out of here now—you round-eyed, freckle-faced four-flush of a cowboy!"

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Marvie started as if he had been lashed.

"Ben Ide, you'll be sorry for that," he declared solemnly, and stamped away.

Ben stared at the erect, retreating figure of the lad.

"Marvie too!" he said huskily.

Hettie felt something of a sneak herself, as she stole away, back to her own cabin, and the seclusion of her room. Was she not betraying Ben, herself, by withholding facts she alone knew? Yet how impossible to crush him utterly! Jim Lacy was Nevada! She would never have the courage to tell him that.

As for herself, the last hope had fled, the last doubt, the last shred of stubborn faith. Nevada was a rustler. He had fallen so low, so base, that he could steal from the friend who had once succored him. The thing was so vile that Hettie writhed under the shame of her seemingly indestructible love for this impostor Nevada, this fugitive horseman who had won her under another guise, this Jim Lacy, killer and thief. But though everything else seemed dead—hope, faith, interest in life, will to go on fighting—she knew her love survived. It was the very pulse of her heart.

A long hour she lay there on her bed, until collapse and tears came to her relief. And when again she rose to face herself in the mirror she shrank aghast. But there was her mother to live for, and poor blind Ben, who had loved this traitor Nevada, even as she.

TWO days went by, with the Ide households under considerable strain of uncertainty.

Raidy and Dillon, with their riders, returned on the third day. Raidy found Ben in the living-room.

"Howdy, Boss," he said, in greeting, and bowed quaintly to Hettie and Ina.

"Took you long enough Where's Dillon?" replied Ben, gruffly. "Did he return with you?"

"Not exactly. He left us at daybreak this mornin', an' beat us in."

"Is he here now?"

"Sure. I told him he'd better come along with me. But he said he'd see you later. . . . Boss, Dillon is in purty bad humor. I never seen him like this. Black as thunder, an' sore as a kicked pup."

"That'd be natural for anyone who had my interests at heart, as Dillon has. But it's odd he didn't come to report. . . . Well, out with your bad news."

"I'm sorry, Ben. It couldn't be no wuss. You're rustled off the range. The last of your stock, except some stragglin' steers an' yearlin's, is gone—along with a thousand head of Tom Day's."

Ben Ide made a flashing, violent gesture, as if to strike. He paled. His eyes shot fire.

"They've cleaned me?" he demanded fiercely, as if still doubting.

"Yes, Boss. I made sure, because I wasn't trustin' Dillon to give a full report."

Hettie, standing back of Ina's chair, felt both hot and cold; and she stared at her brother fearfully, expecting him to break into an ungovernable rage. She had reckoned without her host, however, for, although Ben turned white to the lips, he suddenly became calm and cool.

"Ahuh. So your hunch has come true," he said, almost with sarcasm. "Wal, I

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TODAY, with twenty million cars crowding our highways . . . . with every city congested with traffic . . . . with accident records showing an alarming increase, a new responsibility faces automobile drivers in America.

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Because of its new principle of design the Whippet will do 55 miles an hour in safety. It will stop in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles an hour. It has more leg room than any car of this type ever created.

And in addition the Whippet offers you the outstanding economy of 30 miles on a gallon, which no other light car can equal.

It is available in six distinctive body styles. Four-wheel brakes and oversize tires standard equipment at no extra cost.

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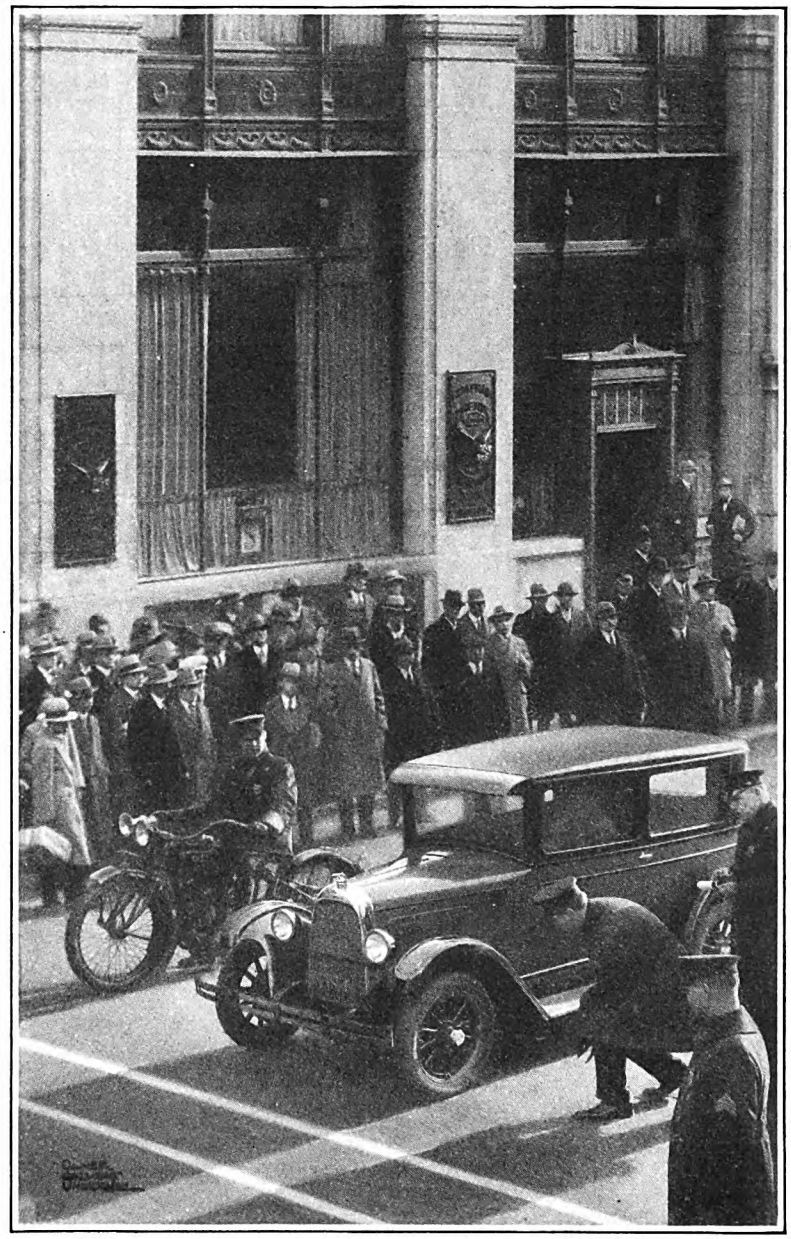

This remarkable photograph shows Whippet Braking Test. 4-wheel brakes enable this car to stop in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles per hour. The Whippet has 192 square inches of braking surface—far more per pound of car weight than any automobile of this type.

OVERLAND Whippet

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reckon you'll get a lot of satisfaction crowin' over me an' Dillon. Give me the facts, short an' sweet!"

"Wal, Tom Day an' his riders were at Silver Meadows when we arrived. A sheep herder had tipped them off to the drive. We split up an' rode all around the Meadows. Only a few cattle left. Them rustlers made a slick job of it. Day an' Franklidge lost over a thousand head, an' you lost all you had left. A matter of three thousand head. We took the trail up the canyon. An', say, it was a bowlavarde clear to the Rim. . . . I was for trailin' the rustlers to a finish fight. But Day wouldn't let any of us go down in that hole. We'd have been ambushed, an' some of us killed. Besides, he said we could never have recovered the cattle. Once turned loose in that jungle of scrub oak, manzanita an' cactus, them cattle would have vamoosed like ticks shook off a leaf. So we turned back."

"You told Tom Day, of course, that Jim Lacy made this drive?" queried Ben.

"Tom knowed all about it from the sheep herder. Seems thet Lacy sent Tom word he was goin' to make this big steal. Sent his respects to Tom an' Judge Franklidge, an' said he'd drop into Winthrop some day."

"By heaven, this Lacy is a cool one!"

"Cool? Wal, Boss, you might call Lacy thet; but I reckon he's a mixture of hell's-fire an' chain-lightnin'!"

"I'll hang him," said Ben, with deadly calm. "He's the leader of the Pine Tree Outfit."

"Wal, me an' Tom Day reckoned so. An' for once Dillon agreed with us," replied Raidy. "Tom said Lacy jest got tired of layin' low an' bein' mysterious. So he comes out in the open. I'll bet you he'll ride right into Winthrop."

"Raidy, I'm glad Lacy cleaned me out. I'm through waitin' around to see what's goin' to happen next. I've sent for Sheriff Macklin an' a posse. This mornin' I got word from Struthers, the Phoenix sheriff who's made it so hot for rustlers in southern Arizona. Struthers is in Winthrop at my request. They'll arrive here not later than to-morrow. I'll have Dillon get twenty-five of the hardest men he can gather. I'll offer ten thousand dollars reward for Jim Lacy, dead or alive. I'll spend every dollar I have to run down Lacy an' his Pine Tree gang!"

"Wal, Boss, you're talkin' high, wide, an' handsome," replied Raidy. "But it's not for me to offer opinions. This ranch—an' for that matter—this whole range ain't big enough for me an' your man Dillon. I just have to quit."

"Very well, Raidy. I'm sorry you see it that way," returned Ben, coldly, and with a wave of his hand terminated the interview.

HETTIE fled. As she ran out she heard Ina deliver a stinging rebuke to her husband. Then a door slammed. Hettie hurried home in a state of mind bordering on a breakdown.

"What's all the row over at Ben's?" her mother inquired placidly from her comfortable chair.

"Rustlers, cattle, foremen, sheriffs, and heaven only knows what," replied Hettie distractedly. "Mother, have you seen Marvie to-day?"

"Marvie went away yesterday, and hasn't come back. At least, he didn't sleep in his bed."

"Oh dear! That wild boy! Here's more to—to worry over. . . ."

Hettie went to her room, with the motive of indulging her grief. But sight of her riding boots acted powerfully upon her, and she decided to take a ride. Not for days had she been on her horse. Perhaps a long, hard ride would be good for her; and, moreover, she might meet Marvie on the trail. Could something have happened to him? It might very well have, Hettie concluded, with a tremor. He and Rose might have been discovered by that Cedar Hatt, of whom Rose had such great fear. The very air 'round the Ide ranch seemed congested, heavy, sultry, ominous with menace.

HETTIE passed the quarters of the riders at some distance, not caring to be accosted by Dillon or Raidy. She saw some saddled horses, dusty and tired, that had evidently just come in. There were a number of men bunched in a circle, conversing so earnestly that none espied her. Gaining the stables she found Pedro, and had him saddle her horse. Soon she was riding fast, with the wind in her face.

But neither a gallop nor a run sufficed to change Hettie's mood. She rode into the woods, and let her horse walk at will down the shady trail in the direction from which Marvie always returned.

And here, alone, under the impelling influence of the forest, Hettie realized that she was a most miserable and heartbroken girl, with a terrible sword hanging over her head. How hopeless her situation! What good to think? There was not a thought nor an action that could help her in her extremity.

A purple haze like smoke hung in the aisles of the forest; the only sound was the faintest of breezes murmuring in the pines; the thickets were on fire with golden and scarlet flame of autumn leaves; the westering sun caught the glint of falling leaf and pine needle.

Nature seemed so pitiless this day. It went on—calm, sweet, beautiful, inscrutable, unmindful of the poor little lives of human beings. Hettie could not derive any solace, any strength from forest or range or desert. Arizona had killed her dream, as it had ruined her brother.

Suddenly she caught the rhythmic beat of swift hoofs ahead 'round a green curve of the trail. That must be Marvie's horse. A rush of relief swept over her. The pine boughs spread. A big black horse was upon her before she could pull a rein. She cried out. But the rider hauled the black on his haunches. And that rider was Nevada!

Hettie clutched the pommel of her saddle. An awful, stunning shock suspended, for an instant, all her faculties, and every sensibility except the physical instinct of holding her equilibrium. Then emotion burst the dam.

"*You!*" Hettie felt the word leave her stiff lips; but she heard it only as a whisper.

Nevada swept off his sombrero and bowed low, to the mane of his horse. And as he rose erect he remained bareheaded.

"Wal, shore it's Hettie Ide," he drawled, in the cool, leisurely, Southern accents that cut into her heart like blades.

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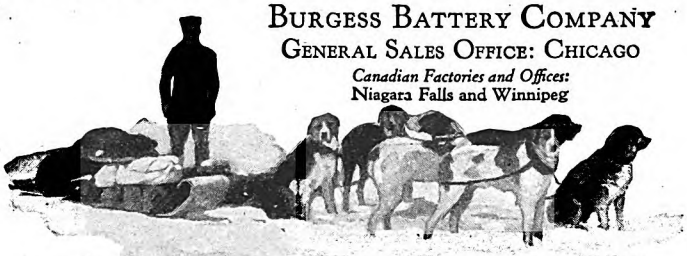

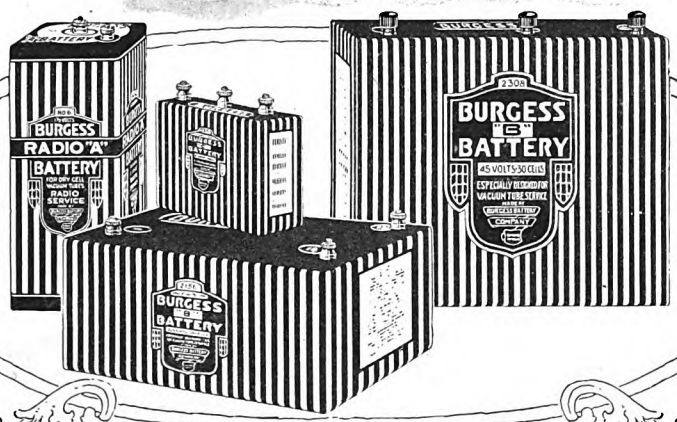

BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

Then they gazed at each other, as if sight were trying to reconcile the face of dreams with the reality. The face Hettie looked into had the same lean outline, the dark blue-black shade of beard against the clear brown tan, the intent, light hazel-flecked eyes. But it did not have the soul with which her imagination and memory had invested it.

"I . . . saw you . . . in Winthrop," began Hettie, as if to find relief from oppression. Silence was impossible.

"Shore. I reckoned you might," he replied. As he spoke, he rolled a cigarette with steady fingers. No surprise, no emotion that Hettie could read, manifested itself in look or manner. "Too bad you had to run into me heah!"

"Too bad! . . . It's terrible! But I'm glad," exclaimed Hettie, quivering, shaking all over.

"Thank you; an' I'm shore sorry I cain't return the compliment," he said, and bent his head to light the cigarette.

His cool nonchalance, that she remembered so poignantly, seemed now to inflame her.

"*Jim Lacy!*" she cried, in scornful, sad haste to acquaint him with her knowledge of his infamy.

He thrust his sombrero on, tilted back, and his penetrating, inscrutable eyes studied her face.

"Why didn't you trust me? Oh, why?" she went on, slipping further toward an emotional outbreak.

"HETTIE, there was a time, long ago, when I'd rather have been daid than let you know I was Jim Lacy."

"You were ashamed?"

"I shore was."

"Long ago, you said. . . . Then you're *not* ashamed now?"

"Wal, it cain't matter now," he rejoined, with a gleam of a smile.

"Why can't it matter now?"

He made an expressive gesture, and then gazed down through the open forest to the colorful desert. His horse rubbed noses with Hettie's, and gradually backed it across the trail.

"Ben doesn't dream his . . . his old friend Nevada is you . . . the notorious Jim Lacy."

"I reckon not. . . . Too bad he's got to find out pretty soon!"

"Must Ben . . . find out?"

Nevada dropped his head. His horse, nosing Hettie's, brought Nevada closer to her, so that she might have touched him.

"How can you be so cool, so hatefully cool?" burst out Hettie. "Ben loved you. I—I— What did he care who you were? Why didn't you always stay Nevada? Ben left no stone unturned to locate you. Failing that, he came to Arizona, because he hoped you might turn up. . . . You *have* turned up. But as Jim Lacy—as a rustler who stole from him. Stole from a friend who once saved and succored and loved him! Did you not know those cattle were Ben's?"

"Shore—I did," replied Nevada.

"Oh, it was a dastardly thing to do!" cried Hettie, covering her face with her hands. "It will cut him to the quick. . . . And it will kill *me!*"

His silence, his imperturbability, in its unnaturalness, roused her to a sudden furious passion that burned away her tears and dyed her face scarlet.

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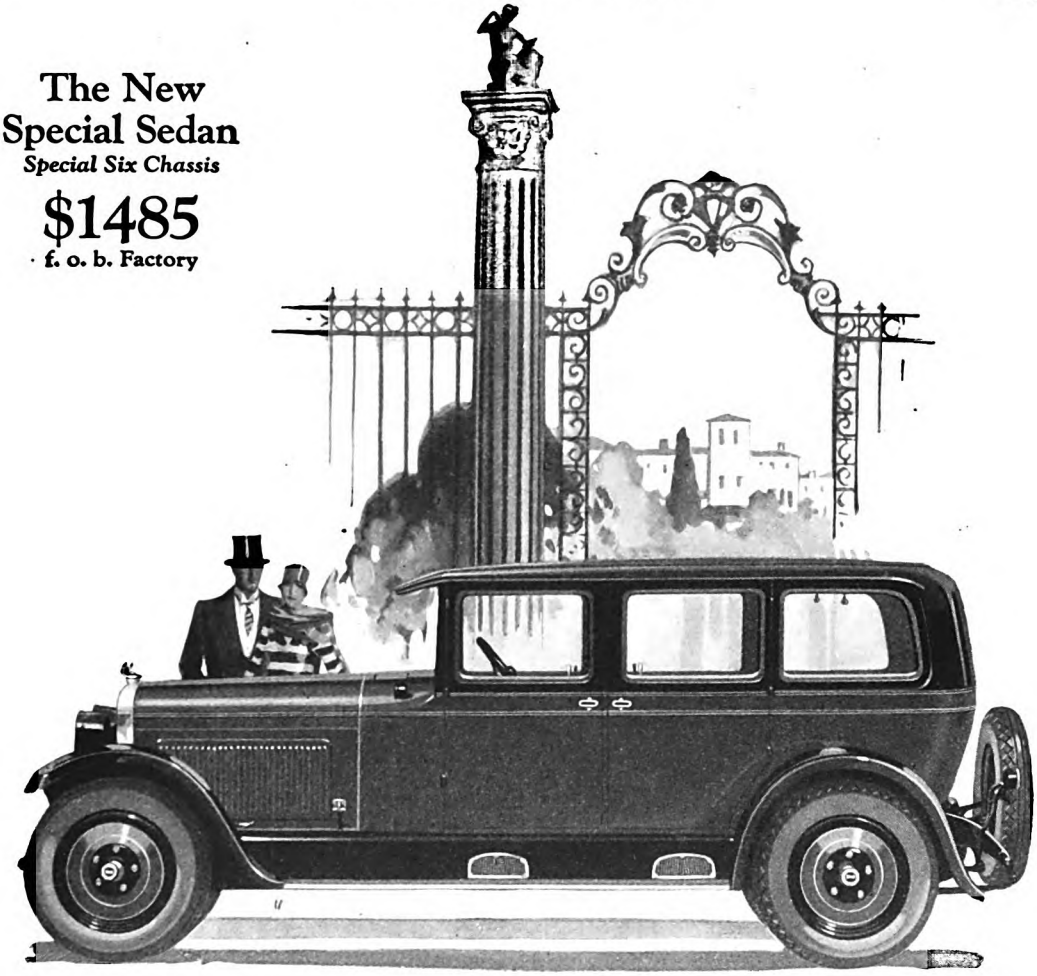

A New Body Style Reigns in America

Created by Nash

Revealing an alluring French-type rear contour, this ultra-new and arrestingly original body design has now entirely changed American ideas of motor car style.

First exemplified by the new *Ambassador* and *Cavalier* models, this unique body conception was immediately hailed as the most important creative achievement in the history of American enclosed car craftsmanship.

Today this inimitably distinguished body mode is available in the new *Special* Sedans just introduced on both the Special Six and Advanced Six chassis at prices of wider popular appeal.

The *Special* Sedan on the Special Six chassis, colorfully finished in an exquisite new blue tone, is pictured above. The extreme luxury of its interior is emphasized by the gray tufted genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet upholstery, real walnut steering wheel, and select hardware, in chaste pattern.

All inside window moldings and door panels are of walnut finish, as is the instrument board and the crowned panel above the instrument board.

The same fittings and appointments grace the larger Advanced Six model and both are powered with the big Nash 7-bearing motor—*the world's smoothest type.* 4-wheel brakes and 5 disc wheels are standard equipment. (4802)

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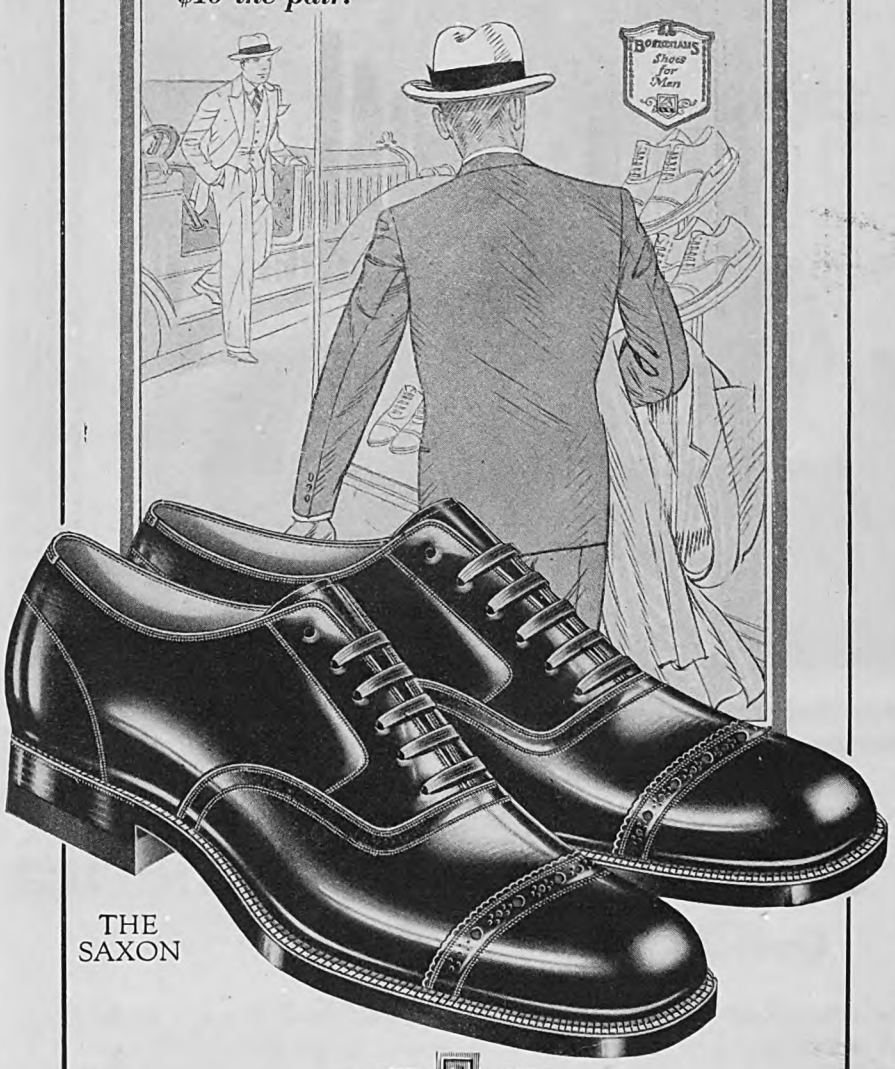

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"Wal, you're a mighty healthy lady after so many years of dyin'," he drawled, tossing away his half-smoked cigarette. "Hettie, you always was pretty; but you've grown into a plumb handsome woman. . . . Reckon the cowboys are sweeter'n ever on you. Dillon now. *He* was. He's shore a handsome hombre. Devil with the women, I heah. . . . Why don't you marry him?"

"I . . . may yet," replied Hettie, somberly. He baffled her. In his cool, inscrutable presence she felt like a child. And a deep, unplumbed emotion seemed to swell at the gates of her self-control.

"Hettie, if you do, you'll be changin' your mind considerable from what it was that night at the dance in Winthrop."

"What do you know about that?"

"WAL, I happened to heah you tell Dillon a few things, an' I saw him try to get you in his arms."

"*You!* You were there?"

"Shore. An' after you flounced off, I introduced myself to Dillon, an' invited him to draw. But he didn't have the nerve; so I took a punch at his handsome face."

"You struck Dillon on account of me!" murmured Hettie, softening.

"Wal, yes, partly. But I had it in for him before. . . . By the way, is he at the ranch?"

"Yes. I saw him, at the corrals as I came out."

"Good! I'm shore a lucky hombre—since I took up with Jim Lacy again."

"You were going to our ranch?" queried Hettie, quickly.

"I *am* goin', Miss Hettie Ide."

"What . . . for?"

"Wal, reckon my prime reason is to shoot out one of Dillon's handsome eyes. But I've another—"

"You'll—you'll *kill* him?"

Nevada's flashing eye and sweeping gesture were the first indications of passion he had evinced.

"Reckon if you hadn't held me up heah he'd be daid now. An' that stands for me, too."

"Ah! Then Dillon is a—a dangerous man—as you—"

"Hettie, he's a bad hombre. Come from New Mexico. Name is Ed Richardson, once with the Billy the Kid outfit. . . . I'll kill him, shore; but he might return the compliment."

"Hush!" Hettie reined her horse closer, so that her stirrup locked with Nevada's. "Do not do this terrible deed. For Ben's sake, if not mine. Give up this outlaw, rustler, gunman life. . . . Take me away with you to some far country. I have money. You can start over again. I will cleave to you—live for you!"

"In heaven's name, Hettie Ide, are you crazy?"

"Not yet. But I will be soon—if this—goes on," she panted, and slipped her gloved hand to his shoulder. "Nevada, I—I still love you. I've always loved you. I don't care who you are—what you've been. All I ask is that you save Ben this horror; that you take me away and give up this life. . . . We can plan quickly. I will meet you at some point on the railroad. . . . Say you will!"

"No," he said hoarsely.

"Nevada! . . . Don't you love me—still?" And she leaned to him, overcome,

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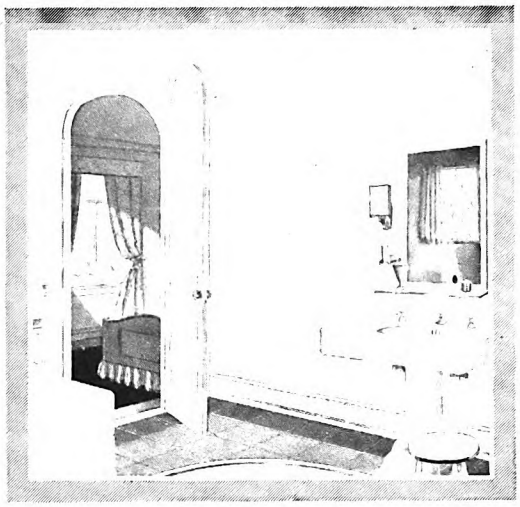

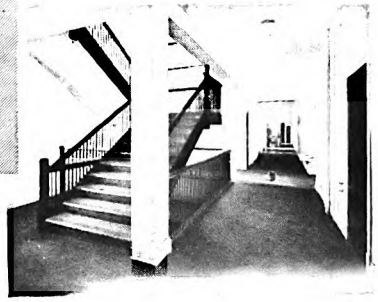

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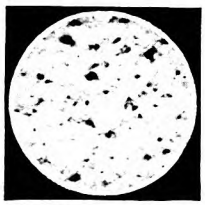
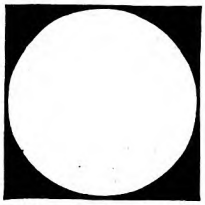


Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



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betraying all her woman's soul of love and hope for him, for Ben, for herself. "Say you love me—say you'll take me!"

"Yes, I love you, mad woman! But I cain't accept your sacrifice. I cain't ruin you. . . . Good lord, Hettie, you forget I'm Jim Lacy!"

"It's because you *are* Jim Lacy!"

"Hettie, don't tempt me. I cain't—I won't!"

"You lie, then. You do not love me. You have taken some—other woman. You don't love me!"

Hettie saw him loom over her. She felt herself seized in iron arms and dragged from her horse. Then she was lifted over the pommel and crushed to his breast. He kissed her mouth, her cheeks, her eyes, her brow, her hair, and then again her mouth. (*To be concluded*)

FRAUDULENT or worthless stocks, "get-rich-quick" schemes, and the like, cost the people of America millions of hard-earned dollars every year. There are always unscrupulous or visionary "promoters" who live off the savings of the gullible. Inexperienced investors fall for the glib talk of the ruthless money hunters—and experienced investors sometimes fall for it, too. But if you will read "What to Do with Your Dollars After You Get 'Em" you will be less likely to make unsound investments. This article next month is by an expert on investment, a man who for long years has been chasing fake promoters out of the field. He tells you how some of the crooks operate, and gives you many rules to follow before you put your fountain pen and your check book into action.

I Cultivated a Sense of Humor

(*Continued from page 19*)

understanding. I was encouraged in this weakness by the circumstances of our lives. My parents were handsome, talented, and original. They attracted to themselves people of distinction. Writers, painters, editors, scientists, and teachers came to our house. I listened to them talk.

Unconsciously, I established my own little Bureau of Standards. And it never occurred to me that I was privileged; that, under other circumstances, I might have been one of the illiterate, ill-mannered, ignorant, poverty-stricken people who made up the "rest of the world." Yet, strangely enough, I was surrounded by this sort of people. They lived in the crowded flats and tenements of the city. They pressed against me in street cars and elevated trains. They waited on me in shops. I could escape them in my dreams; but in my waking hours they shared my world with me; it was theirs as well as mine.

Then something happened to postpone the awakening.

I had finished high school, had been graduated, wearing a high-necked "prin-

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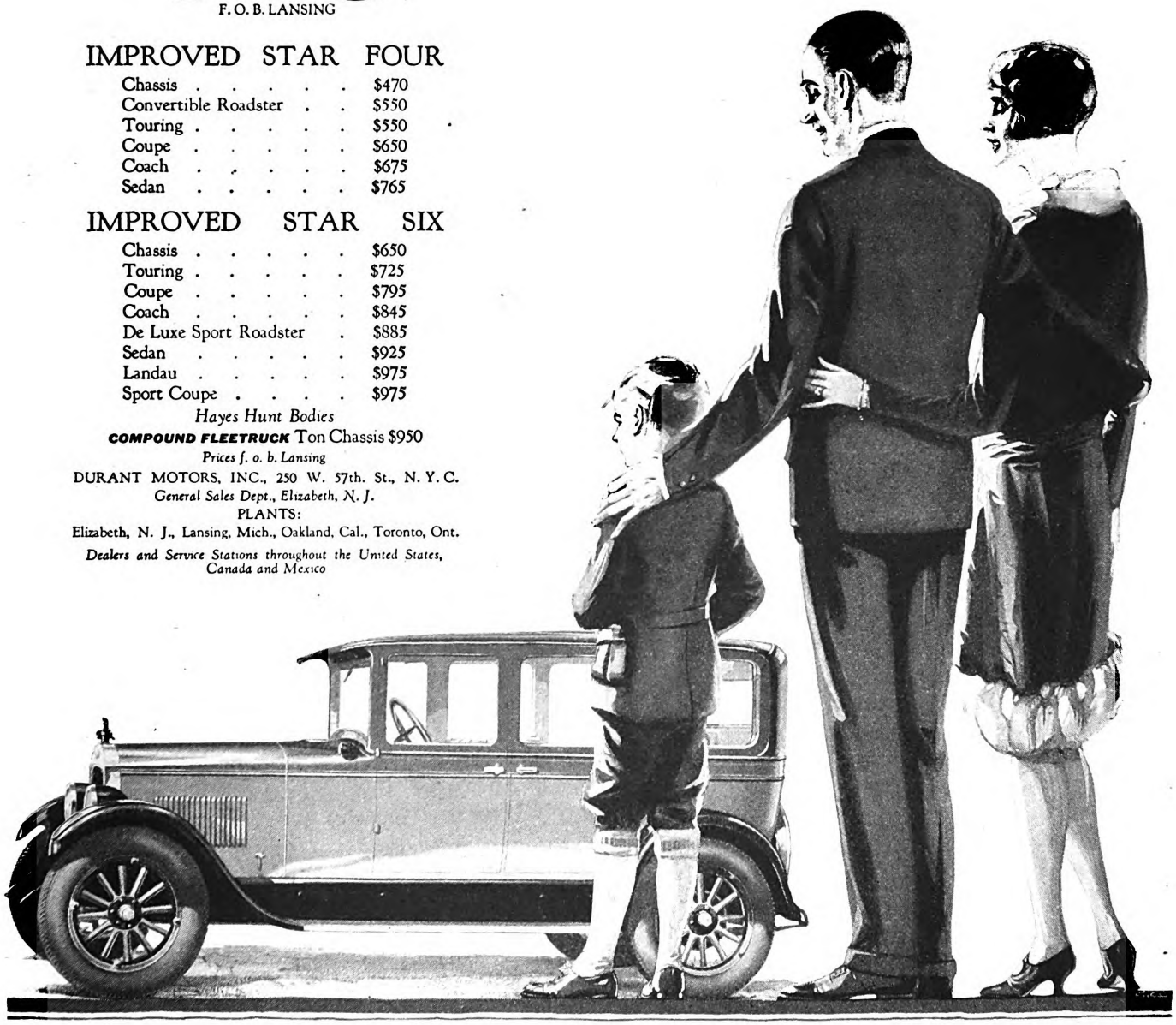

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cess" gown, had received, on the platform of the old Æolian Hall, a lovely parchment diploma. My father asked me whether I wanted to go to college or "abroad." He offered me four years in Europe or four years at Vassar. It took me less than two minutes to decide on Europe. I detested study and I had a passion for learning. Besides, I was secretly romantic.

My father was a poor man. But he gave me the chance to do what all his life he himself had longed to do: I realized his dream, and I went to Italy!

Mother, who went with me, appreciated the quality of his generosity. She wrote to him every day, long letters in which she tried to capture for him all the thrills of our journeying, so that he might share it with us as much as possible. My brother stayed in America to study painting with William M. Chase. We went first to England, then to France, then, slowly, by way of Switzerland and the Lakes, to Florence.

And then, for six years, dreams were reality and reality was a dream. It is often impossible, in Italy, to tell where one leaves off and the other begins. Blue skies and soft air, olive and cypress, palace and fountain, deathless beauty, immortal loveliness! Another tongue. Great imaginative literature. Heroism. Art. Poetry. Asphodel and crocus. Legionary, saint, and emperor. The pathos of distance. The blissful unreality of heroic men and women long vanished. Six years of this! Life just brushing my elbow, and murmuring politely, "Excuse me, please. I do not mean to intrude."

To intrude!

Long months of idleness in places like Capri, where there was nothing to do but watch the sea, and dream. People met, but not taken into my heart because of the barrier of tongue and cus·om. And, all this while, America becoming more and more remote, like a book read and half-forgotten!

UNTIL one day, strangely, unexpectedly, America summoned me. Called to me. Demanded that I return to her, that I understand her, that I accept her for better or for worse: "You are wedded to Italy. You! A Yankee! What is Italy to you? You'd better come home." I won't pretend that America cabled me to return because it wouldn't do without me. No. It was like this: I wasn't really a fool. I was ready. I knew I'd have to face the music. Work. Earn my salt. Learn to understand people. Wake up.

So I said, "Bring on life!"

I rolled up my sleeves, cabled to Father: "We are coming home," and took the first boat out of Genoa for New York.

Ahead lay the long-postponed future. I was twenty-three years old, and a snob. Oh, worse than a snob! For now I was also an expatriate.

It would have been easier to have remained in Italy, living extraordinarily well on very little money, doing nothing, until, like so many expatriates, death left me on the Hill of San Miniato, beneath a foreign cypress! I think, in that case, I should have been a mournful ghost, seeking, seeking an elm tree or an oak! A lost ghost. A homeless ghost.

No! I cabled: "We are coming home."

And there I was! Twenty-three. With a careful, cultivated accent. A loathing

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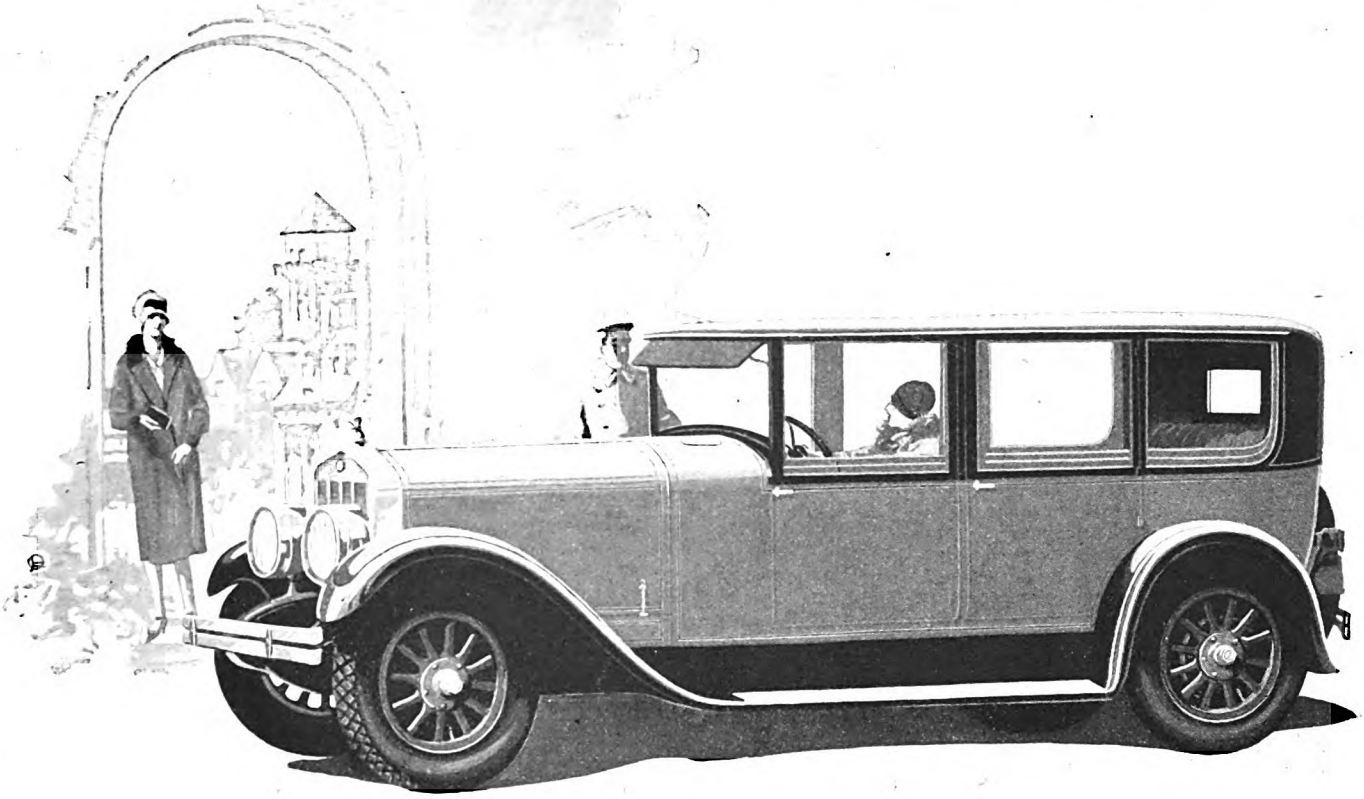
FRANKLIN



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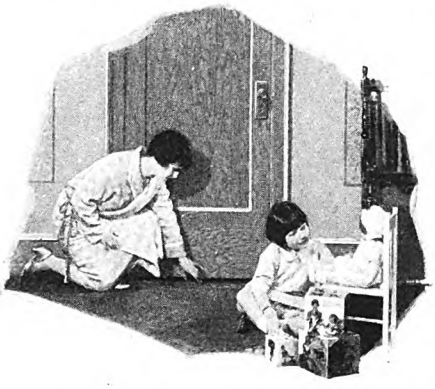

~ stop those Under-door draughts

that you can feel at bedroom doors when bedroom windows are open and which so often chill off your entire house. With In-Dor-Seals you no longer need to endure uncomfortable morning temperatures in your dressing room, bath room or dining room. Nor need you force your heater and waste fuel to quickly make every part of your home comfortable. These In-Dor-Seals are ingeniously hidden in door bottoms where they operate silently and automatically. A thick but soft felt strip does the work—it rises clear of rugs when the door opens and drops snugly to the floor when the door closes. You need Chamberlin In-Dor-Seals all through your house. For, besides barring dust and under-door draughts, they deaden sounds and at kitchen doors prevent the spread of cooking odors.

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of reality. And with no talent, no profession, no training. Worse, no special longing, no definite ambition. I had wanted to sing. Once, in Florence, old Lombardi, Caruso's teacher, had said to me: "You have a pretty voice. But you will never be an opera singer. You are too refined." He used the word *gentile*. He was not being complimentary. He meant that I lacked that touch of vulgarity, that warmth of heart which makes the world akin. He could not see, of course, that I was *gentile* because nothing had ever happened to shake me out of it.

IT TOOK poverty, in the end, to point the way. From Italian villas to Washington Square. From a smart little carriage to the subway. From obsequious servants to no servant at all! And I became acquainted with the mysteries of the dumbwaiter, the push button and the shrieking summons of the janitor: "Garbage! Garbage!"

Soon after our return, my father was taken ill. Never strong, it soon became evident that he could not live, and that I must make ready to carry on in his place. He had saved nothing. This was as much our fault as his. We were all improvident, extravagant, and willful, never giving a thought to the future, and disliking the discipline imposed by economy and forethought. My brother had married. He was already climbing the long, difficult road to success as a landscape painter. Children. Poverty. Ambition. . . . He had his own problem!

And so I got in full measure what I had asked for when I said, "Bring on life!" I found myself up against the vast, powerful antagonist at last. Ill-equipped as I was, my first impulse was to run for mental shelter, there to cower in the dark with my hands over my ears. What should I do? What *could* I do? Measure ribbons in a department store? Scrub? Cook? Tend someone's children? Go into the chorus? I thought I was the unhappiest girl in the world. And perhaps I was. Now, for the first time, I realized my pitiful inadequacy.

What if the world didn't want me, after all?

There were no relatives to fall back on. I had had no time to reëstablish the old friendships lost or scattered by the years. I can understand the blind terror of the very poor. I know what it means to be thankful for the roof over my head.

Poverty is a good thing, provided it serves as a springboard for ambition. To know any man or woman truly you must know them in relation to adversity. Happiness is no test of latent power. We can do no greater harm to those we love than to protect them from suffering, since it is through pain that we reach, step by step, security and wisdom.

I began to write. Nowadays, when I hear a youngster say, "I'm going to be a writer," my impulse is to utter a solemn warning. "Write? Why on earth do you want to write?"

"Well, you do, don't you? And you make a very good thing of it."

"Yes. But—"

I am thinking of the difficult beginnings. Everyone wants to write. Men and women already established in other professions confess to a longing for a literary career. "I've always wanted to write. I know I could, if I tried. My head is simply bubbling over with great ideas. If I just had the time to put them down!"

If time were the only ingredient necessary to putting a story down on paper!

I wrote my first story in one day. I had tonsillitis. I sat in bed, alternately spraying and scribbling. It was the story of a French throat-specialist who operated on a soldier under fire, saving a life and getting, for his pains, nothing but abuse. The story was called "The Victory" and, strangely enough, it was my first victorious effort, for I sold it to "Scribner's Magazine." One hundred and fifty dollars! A fortune!

I shall never forget the letter of acceptance, the brief words of praise that seemed to burn themselves on my heart. They are still there, indelible. I carried the letter about with me for months. I was committed irrevocably to literature. It was sink or swim.

To close the door on dreams, after my father's death, was a simple matter; but to face the reality of "business" required courage, because I knew nothing about it. The rent had to be paid; we had to be fed and clothed. Whether I liked my fellow man or not, I had to understand him in order to write about him. But the development of sympathetic understanding, like tolerance, keeps pace with the development of character, and character is made, like a sculptor's wax model, by resistance here and compliance there to the molding fingers of experience. Sometimes a series of hard knocks will destroy the model; again, the hardest knock will produce unexpected beauty in the formative and malleable clay.

LOOKING backward, it seems to me that for every misapprehension, every false standard, every intolerance, life arranged a lesson. Where I was wrong, I was set right. Back of this there must be some extraordinary purpose. For why should all this trouble be taken to shape souls if it is not for something more practical than just growing old and dying? By the time we have learned what idiots we are, it is generally too late. Let us hope that we take our working model of life with us when we step out into the unknown.

I should like to have written on my diploma this recommendation: *She acquired a sense of humor.*

Of all life's lessons, this was the hardest.

For I was serious. Serious. Serious.

For several years I free-lanced. I wrote theatrical criticisms, sob stuff, recipes, essays on manners; I translated from the Italian, from the French, at half a cent a word, or less. I wrote travel articles about places I had never seen, advice to the lovelorn, to mothers, to sons. I pretended, in print, that I had witnessed the triumphs of Barrett, Booth, and Réjane. I wrote under three pseudonyms, and as an Italian of ironic wit and extreme worldliness appeared in a famous monthly for several years. I sat in editor's anterooms with a beating heart, cold with fear and self-distrust.

But then, out of this fear and self-distrust came, at last, joy in the game I was playing. To be a little quicker than thousands of others, thousands of young, clever, artful writers. To succeed in New York—winning a championship against enormous odds! I was a puny human engaged in a

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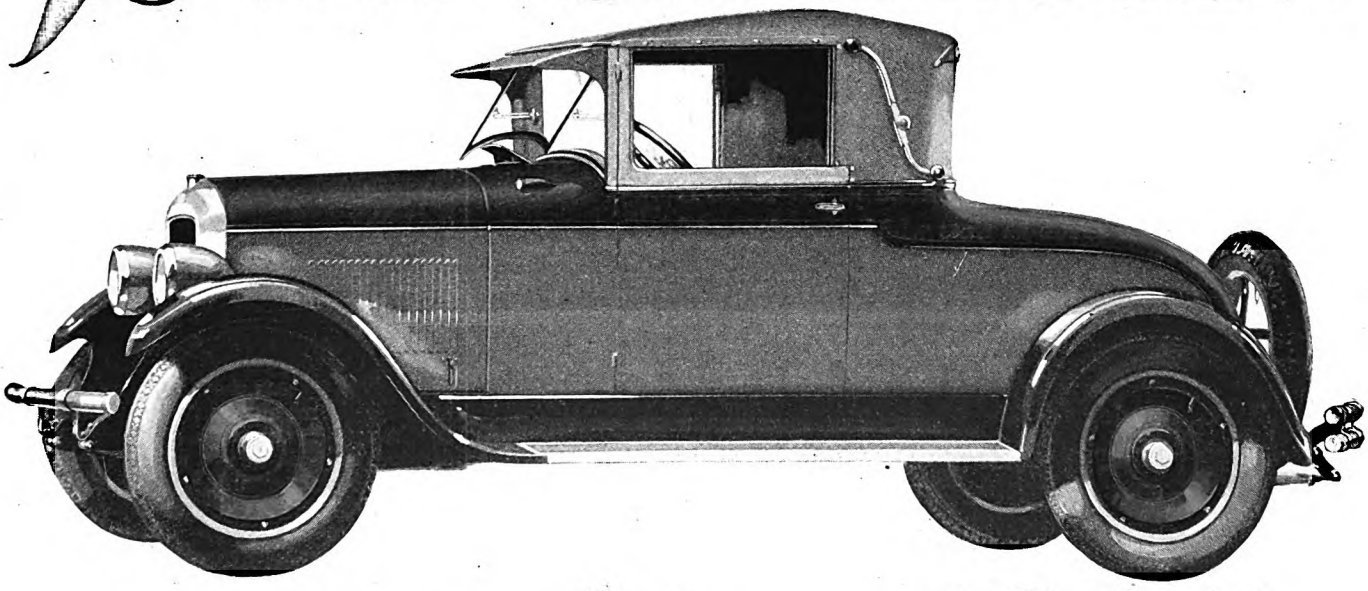

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life-and-death struggle with a giant! Suppose I could stop being sorry for myself long enough to swat the giant in the eye? Right then I saw what I needed most: a sense of humor. I set out to acquire one. And I have been at it ever since—seriously!

I had been writing stories of tragedy, lugubrious tales that reflected my own uncertainty. Editors who read them shook their heads. "How about a little human stuff? The girl next door and her boy friend? Something our readers will recognize as true and real? How about an occasional laugh?"

SO I borrowed five hundred dollars, abandoned free-lancing, and went to Maine. The war was on. The magazines weren't buying lugubrious fiction. It was up to me to cultivate a sense of humor before the five hundred dollars was gone.

I took a fisherman's shack for the summer. The tidal river ran in and out under the kitchen. The floor sagged and the roof leaked. But I made window boxes out of wooden shoe boxes, planted a garden, and set to work.

When I went back to New York in late October, driven out by frost and storms that flooded the shack, I had only fifty dollars. The country was in the grip of the flu epidemic. Peace was not dreamed of. We went to a hotel—still faithful to our weakness for the best—and I started out with my wares. Stories about human beings. Poorly written. Childish. But there must have been in them some of my own groping for laughter and tolerance, for the first editor who read them bought them. They made him laugh.

Since then, there has been no turning back. It is written that I shall go on trying to interpret human nature. The artist's business is not to make a photograph of what he sees. It is rather his duty to get at the inner meaning, to bite down to the kernel of life, and then, if he is wise enough, to make sense out of it for more hurried, less sensitive people than himself. He pays the penalty for feeling more deeply by suffering more deeply; but there is a compensation in success.

I have had to remake myself. This is perhaps a universal experience.

The demon illness reached out and tapped me on the head at this juncture. It seems that I had taken health for granted. I had not reckoned on the havoc wrought by overwork and worry. Cultivating a sense of humor was too much for me. I continued to write; but for four years I had to fight tooth and nail for health. Otherwise, perhaps, having been born with a strong body, I could never have had compassion. . . . People helped me. They talked to me. They brought me hope, and books to read and friendship and sympathy. Once a stranger, asking admission, came for a brief moment and spoke to me of faith. When he had gone, I was dedicated to a new quest. A new struggle. A new goal. Harder and harder! I must cure myself.

As, little by little, I grew stronger, I allowed myself to dream one more dream. I wanted to go to California. Now, at last, I was selling my short stories as fast as I could write them. But it was a risky business to cross the continent, to go so far away from my market. After all, I was a merchant, peddling stories! And

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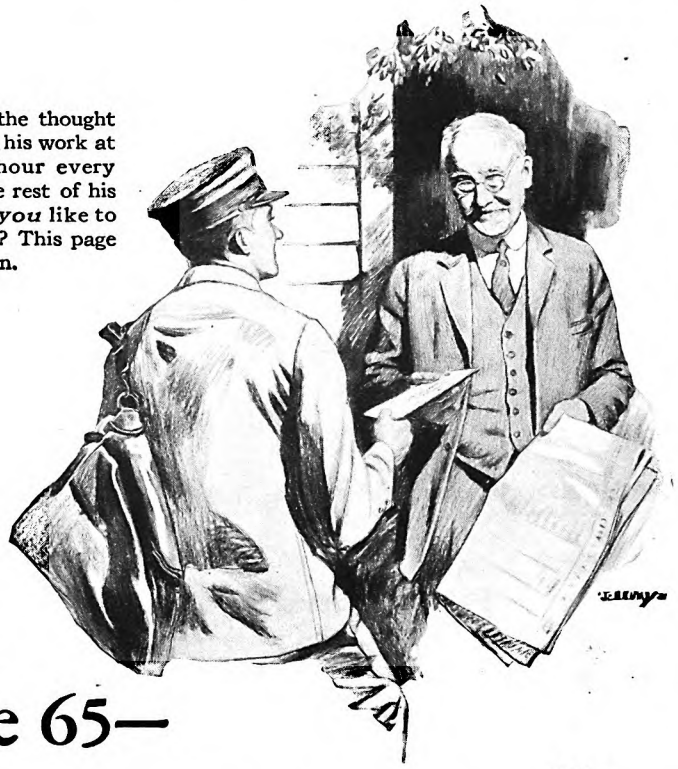
NOBODY likes the thought of appearing at his work at the same old hour every morning for the rest of his life. Wouldn't *you* like to retire sometime? This page tells how you can.



When you are 65—

we put you on our payroll!

WHEN would you like to quit business and receive a monthly income for life? When would you like to ease up a bit and enjoy the leisure and travel you have earned?

We'll put you on our payroll any time you say. You begin by depositing a few dollars a month with us. Then when you are 60, 65, or 70—any time you specify—our checks start coming to you as regularly as the salary checks you now receive. And they will *keep right on coming* just as long as you're here to use them.

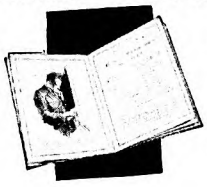
FOR EXAMPLE

Suppose you are 30, and begin by depositing about $28 a month with us. (Obviously, this amount depends not only upon your age but what you want to accomplish, and after the first year the use of dividends reduces the deposits appreciably.) Then, on the day you are 65, your postman will greet you with our first check for at least $100, and you will have the satisfaction and the comfort of knowing that a similar check will come to you *every month* as long as you live.

In addition, you will always know that if you should die before you are 65, the tidy sum of $12,750 will be immediately paid to your wife and family.

That's what the Phoenix Mutual "Income-at-65" Plan will do for you. It is the sort of plan that makes for freedom from worry, for more fun in living. It is a safe, profitable investment, protection for your dear ones, and an income for your leisure years—all in one!

We have just published an interesting little book that tells the whole story. It is called "How to Get the Things You Want." Retiring at 65 is only *one* of the many things it tells about; some of the others are listed at the bottom of this page.



Read the list. These are the things you want, aren't they? The booklet tells how to get them. Send for it *today*.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Offices: Hartford, Conn. • First Policy Issued 1851

TO GET THESE . . . MAIL THIS

HERE are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1 RETIRE with an income when you are 60 or 65.
2 REALLY own your home.
3 SEND your children to college.
4 CREATE an estate.
5 MAKE sure your income will go on even though you become totally disabled.
6 LEAVE an income for your family.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
230 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book, "HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

NAME .....

BUSINESS ADDRESS .....
OR
HOME ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

DATE OF BIRTH .....

most of the editors, who might or might not buy them, were in New York.

And, right then, destiny arranged a surprise. As if my dream had been broadcast, opportunity answered. One of the women's magazines wanted a serial. The editor invited me to write "a novel concerning a woman of fashion." I signed a contract to deliver the work within a year, disposed of the book rights to a publishing house, and took the first train to California, headed West toward what destined to be a time of realization and happiness.

Our ticket read: "La Jolla." I had five thousand dollars. I was young. And the roughest stretch of road lay behind.

It is hard to be temperate about California. It means many things to many people. To me it meant equilibrium. If this has an ambiguous sound, it is because there is no word for the recovery of lost balance, mental and physical.

California . . . space! Where I had looked out from my windows upon fire escapes and factories, now I looked out upon a mountain called Soledad, "the lonely one," and upon the sea, changing, changeless. I could hear the clapping of cormorant's wings at night and the sound of the waves reaching up the cliffs. Winter and summer I could dig in the garden. I could have as many cats and dogs as I wanted. But best of all there was space—lots of it! Miles of mesa, sweet with sage. Miles of beach, deserted, good for the soul! Miles of road and, for the first time, a second-hand car of my own! I drove seventeen thousand miles the first winter and thirty thousand the next. Over mountains and across deserts. Not once did I regret New York, except when I remembered my friends there.

I HAD been a minnow in a little glass bowl, swimming 'round and 'round, bumping my nose on the transparent confines of my prison. New Yorkers are all like that. They are so accustomed to swimming around and around that they forget the rest of the world. They take for granted their immunity, and in the enjoyment of very special privileges forget the farmer, the planter, the builder. Surrounded by turrets and towers, secure in their moated city, they are as isolated and as insular as we imagine Martians to be. Nothing is as good for a confirmed New Yorker as going away from New York. It is so easy to fall into local habits of thought, and to feel, think, and talk just like everyone else. Where popular intellectuals meet almost daily and exchange ideas, it is inevitable that they should infect one another, and literary measles break out as a result. War novels. Negro novels. Sex novels. Business or mystery novels. Until the man who lives on the other side of the moat, and who has problems of his own, must wonder why he and his kind so seldom figure in the literature of to-day.

The most interesting men and women in the country seldom get between the covers of a novel. I mean the workers, the professional men, the teachers, the scientists, those who build the bridges, sail the ships, plant and harvest. Most of our modern heroes and heroines of fiction are pathological cases fit for the madhouse. The decency of the average man, fighting his fight against many great odds,

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fallible, bewildered, blundering, is not considered good literary material, whereas the exceptional man's sin and failure are exploited as picturesque, as if sin and failure were the only truths. The longer I live, the more I respect my fellow humans. The galloping thirties, hustling us willy-nilly toward middle age, bring most of us to the realization of life's appalling brevity. Then, on looking about us with new sympathy, we see men and women playing the game, working, educating their children, facing bravely the hazards of poverty and sickness, growing old—with no absolute assurance of life beyond death. If this is not courage, then, I ask, what is courage? If this is not faith, then there is no faith. Sublime, magnificent, daily courage, faith beyond words!

I take off my hat to humanity. I give it the old Roman salute, palm forward, arm uplifted.

CALIFORNIA is not alone responsible for this change in me. And no one cares a tinker's cuss except myself. But to me it matters a lot that by ceasing to listen to what other people had to say about mankind, I found out for myself that goodness is not a rare virtue after all. I might never have come to this conclusion had I remained in New York, unaware of the fact that quite a few people live somewhere else. Travel is a cure for provincialism. I was surprised, and at first a little taken aback, to discover that the rest of the country is civilized. The snob in me died when I found myself an unknown in a little California town, after being quite a big duck in my own small puddle in New York.

And now, as the wife of a naval officer, I am learning another lesson: to be a member of a family of several thousand! And to be, not myself, but my husband's wife. Naval officer's wives know, when they marry, that they must meet certain definite hardships with good nature. They have no permanent home. They must face long separations. They must be willing to go at a moment's notice to the ends of the earth, tumbling their travel-stained household goods into trunks and boxes, and hurrying from Boston to China, or from Cavite to Pensacola. Like their husbands, their first duty is to their country! The Government commands; they obey.

I have been married three years and already I am a veteran Navy woman. I talk their lingo and am one of the family. No longer Miss Cram. The Captain's wife. And this is a fine lesson in impersonality, in patience. To-day I am living in a fine big house in a navy yard near San Francisco, but to-morrow I may be at Pearl Harbor or Seattle or Samoa. Fortunately, I can carry my job with me, and, on the sly, continue to be Mildred Cram in print, even while I am the Captain's wife in fact.

I am beginning to be curious as to what lesson Fate is keeping up her sleeve. For it is written that wherever I am wrong I must be set right, until the time comes to take the working model, the road map, and the little lonely light of the spirit and step out into the next experience, whatever that may be.

I have learned, at last, to laugh at myself!

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Yes your baby's growing up

But in this she needs you still

When she was a baby your first thought was for her. Your days—long days, tired days—were filled with the busy routine a baby makes necessary.

And now she goes to school! Your most anxious years are past . . . Yet school authorities have found that your little school girl has certain special needs only you can supply.

One thing they point to as of particular importance is the *school day breakfast.*

Test after test on all kinds of children has convinced them of this: That the children who do the best school work in the mornings are the ones that have *a hot cereal breakfast.*

In 42,000 school rooms today you can see this Breakfast Rule displayed on the wall:

"Every boy and girl needs a HOT *cereal for breakfast"*

Here is where she who was your baby still needs your guiding hand. She cannot be left to the whims of her own appetite. *You* must see that every school morning she gets the benefit of a well cooked cereal—Cream of Wheat.

The reasons why for 30 years authorities have recommended Cream of Wheat as the ideal cereal for children are these:

First, children love its creamy deliciousness, so easy to vary by adding raisins, dates or prunes when you cook it.

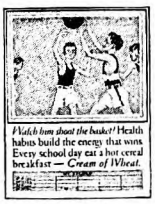
Second, it is chock full of just the mental and physical energy your child's success in school demands.

Third, it is so easily digested that its wonderful store of energy is quickly released. Cream of Wheat contains none of the indigestible parts of the wheat which make extra hard work for the stomach.

There is probably a box of Cream of Wheat in your pantry now. Won't you begin tomorrow morning the *regular* serving of this favorite old food? You will see for yourself the benefits that follow—new energy for study, for play.

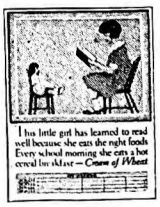
Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English Address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. I.

To mothers and teachers



Watch him shoot the basket! Health habits build the energy that wins. Every school day eat a hot cereal breakfast — *Cream of Wheat.*

Do you want to get the enthusiastic interest of your children in forming the hot cereal breakfast habit? If so, send for attractive colored poster to hang in your child's room. Posters are designed to make a "personal success" appeal both to boys and to girls of different ages. There is a 4-weeks' record form which the child keeps himself by pasting in a gold star every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast. We will send posters and gold stars free, also booklet on children's diet and sample box of Cream of Wheat to mothers. Quantities for school room use free to teachers. Mail coupon to Dept. P-4, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.



This little girl has learned to read well because she eats the right foods. Every school morning she gets a hot cereal breakfast — *Cream of Wheat*

Name..... © 1927, C. of W. Co.

Address.....

Girl?.....*Boy?*.....*Age?*.....*If teacher, number?*.....

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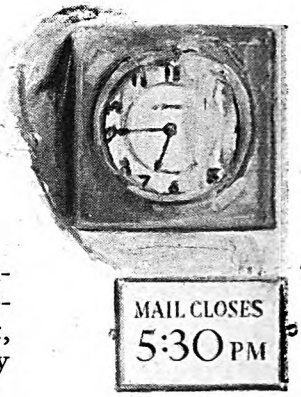
Is this a partial portrait of you?



WHEN you look at this fellow dawdling while the work waits maybe you'll see in him something you wouldn't admit in yourself—laziness.

Yet it's a curious fact that most of us (whisper it, maybe all of us) are lazy about some things.

For instance, men:

Do you always get your suits pressed the minute they look baggy? Do you ever make a shirt "do another day" because you are too lazy to get out a clean one?

How about your housework, women? Do you always do it when you should? Shampoo your hair when it needs it?

If you are like most of us, you put off these and similar matters as long as you can.

Tooth brushing for example. Of all the little tasks people are lazy about, this one heads the list. In the morning we are in a hurry. At night we are tired. And always we lose sight of the pleasant after effects in contemplating the task itself.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people—for in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

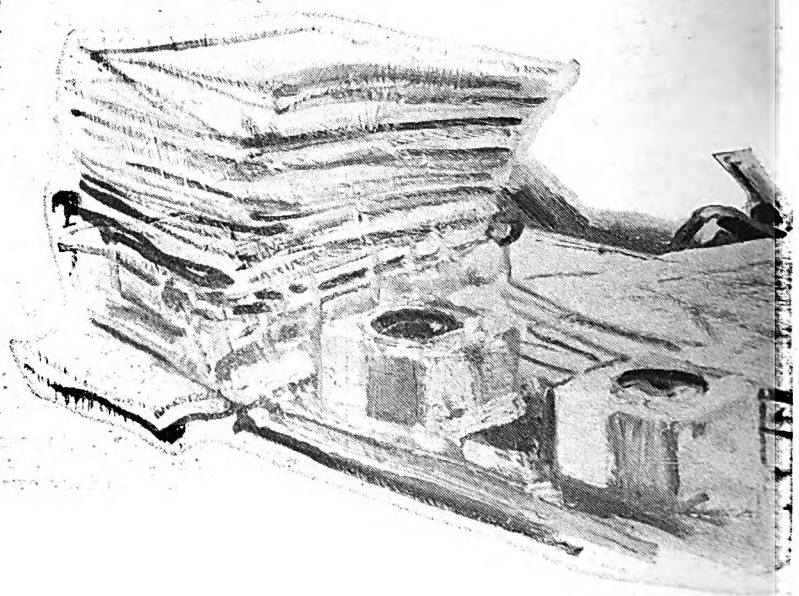
Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use*. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made! It contains a specially prepared cleansing ingredient —entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.
Is your pocket book tired? Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.



**This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth decay.

LISTERINE

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TOOTH PASTE

-- over in a minute

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When life's at stake

or for just a blistered finger

Prevent suffering and infection from burns—ward off scars . . . *with this surgical dressing*

THE TOUCH of hot metal—the swish of boiling water—a little one's screams:—the agony of burns and scalds every family knows. And, without proper care, a greater tragedy may come—infection, with its legacy of hideous scars . . .

Today you need never stand by helpless—in your own home you can keep the same dressing hospitals use—the surgical dressing your own doctor would prescribe—Unguentine.

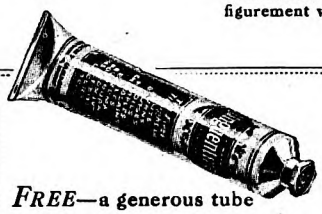
Ease the pain at once—with Unguentine. Prevent deadly infection of sensitive tissues—promote healthy healing—ward off needless, hideous scars. Minutes are precious—Unguentine, quick!

Spread Unguentine on thick. For severe burns and cuts, spread on gauze and apply, bandaging lightly. You will find many uses for Unguentine, with active children especially. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y. At your druggist's, 50 cents.

"My three-year-old daughter set fire to a box of matches and her dress caught," reports one mother. "Her arms and face were terribly scorched—all her lashes were burnt off. I believe Unguentine saved her life. I used it liberally. Now I can't find a trace of the burns."

"I was careless," says a housewife, "I should have replaced the cord for my old electric toaster. The worn connection caused a short circuit. My arm was pitted with tiny bits of molten metal. I applied Unguentine—the pain stopped at once. In a week I couldn't find even the slightest scar."

Livid scars are all too often the legacy of burns. And appearance is so important. Thousands have been spared disfigurement with this famous dressing.



FREE—a generous tube *Unguentine*

The Norwich Pharmacal Company,
Department A-3, Norwich, New York

Please send me a free trial tube of Unguentine and "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Norwich —*a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations*

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

"That Darned Literary Fellow Across the Lake"

(*Continued from page 59*)

a job in his publishing business at Boston, I accepted.

"'There are just two or three little things I want to do first,' I told him. 'They won't take long. Then I'll be ready to start in with you.'

"The two or three little things which weren't going to take long," laughed Dewey, "kept me busy for seven years.

"Among the small matters which I expected to settle in short order were spelling reform and the introduction of the metric system of weights and measures. Everybody admits that we ought to have both. But after fifty years I am still fighting for them.

"However, with the other 'little things' I had on hand, the story is a different one. This was in 1876, the Centennial year, and I had been asked to get together a library exhibit for the Exposition at Philadelphia. I did; and it was the best one that ever had been seen in this country.

"I had started the American Library Association; and if it wasn't to 'die abornin',' I must nurse it into health and strength. In connection with the A. L. A., I started the 'Library Journal.' It had to be nursed too! So that also was on my hands.

"I arranged to have a meeting of the A. L. A. in England; took a delegation over there, and succeeded in getting our infant 'Library Journal' accepted as an international organ for librarians everywhere.

"MEANWHILE, decimal classification was being widely adopted, and I was compiling and publishing successive d. c. bulletins. As a convenience to librarians, I started making the slips to be used for card catalogues; and that was the origin of the Library Bureau business.

"At first it was called the Library Supply Department—and I was the department. The Library Bureau business was sold for several million dollars two or three years ago. I didn't get the money, for I had sold my stock, a little at a time, to pull this club through the crises of its early years.

"But I don't regret those millions!" he said, looking out of the window at the great central clubhouse, the roofs of cottages rising among the trees, and the magnificent panorama of mountains beyond.

"Last year," he went on, "there were more than fourteen thousand registrations at the club. These people were built up in mind, body, and spirit. That, and not money, was the goal I wanted to reach. The club has earned much money. But it has all gone back *into* the club. Our plant is estimated by outside appraisers to be worth five million dollars. But I never think of it as belonging to me! It belongs to the *purpose* for which I created it.

"Well," he said, "to go back to the

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story: By 1883 I had got my various projects on their feet—and consequently off my hands. At least, I could shunt most of the responsibility onto others. So when I was asked to be librarian at Columbia University, I accepted."

Yes, he accepted, and immediately began to play his usual rôle of "irritating cause." He cleaned house: literally and figuratively. First, he swept out the human dead wood in the library staff and hired a new lot of assistants.

One of the rules in force was that these assistants should take a sort of civil service examination, and be hired on that basis. Dewey had been training librarians in his own methods. He was determined to have his helpers from among these people whom he had trained. So he fixed up an examination which only *they* could pass.

He started a library school for teaching his methods. This conflicted with some other tradition. So he cleaned out an attic somewhere, set up his school there, and admitted women students to that school.

When the directors opposed him on this point, he dug up the original statutes of the university, so old that others had forgotten what was in them, and found a clause on which he could stand and defy his opponents.

He stayed at Columbia six years; completed and equipped a library building in which he incorporated his own ideas and methods; made his library school famous all over the country; roused all kinds of opposition and gradually changed that opposition to loyal support.

THEN Whitelaw Reid asked him to go to Albany, as head of the University of the State of New York. This is a union of all higher educational institutions in the state, and is in full charge of the State Department of Education. Reid was a regent of this state university. He had good reason to know that Dewey was a man who would fight to a finish for whatever he believed in. Reid was also in politics. The position he offered Dewey was a political appointment, and he controlled it.

When Dewey accepted this appointment, in which he would be pitted against the shrewdest politicians in the state, his friends didn't know whether to be shocked or grieved. They believed he could not survive, except by becoming tarred with the political brush. They would be sorry to see him sink. But they would be shocked to see him swim in that current.

However, they didn't know him so well as they thought. As he told me of those years at Albany, the light of battle was rekindled in his eyes.

"When I went to the State Capitol," he said, "I soon found myself as welcome, in that bunch of politicians, as a thorn would be in a sore thumb. They vowed they would get rid of me inside of a year; and they did their best to carry out their threat.

"I stayed *seventeen* years! And it was a Seventeen-Years War, from start to finish. During that time, I was cordially hated and detested by a legion of enemies. I had many a pitched battle. But I won often enough to succeed in doing most of the things which I knew *ought* to be done.

"Some of these victories were so long

Start them on whole wheat during the first year

—Eminent child specialists

Growing children need the hearty unrobbed nourishment of Wheatena

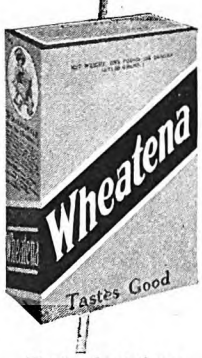
Doctors recommend Wheatena among the first solid foods for infants, because it contains in an easily digestible, most delicious form, whole wheat nutriments so essential to growth and health.

Health authorities advise hot whole wheat as a definite part of the child's daily diet because it contains valuable mineral salts, vitamins and the other vital nutriments nature provides in golden wheat.

Give your child the benefit of *the unrobbed, whole wheat nourishment of Wheatena.* No more coaxing—when you serve Wheatena for breakfast. Children love its delicious flavor and welcome it eagerly day after day.

Wheatena is whole wheat at its delicious best—chock full of nature's health-building nutriments: Protein for strength; Carbohydrates for energy; Mineral Salts for bone and tissue; Vitamins B and E for growth and protection, and Bran for safe regulation.

Ask your grocer today for Wheatena, in the yellow and blue package. Treat *every member of your family* at breakfast tomorrow.



Recipe for infants—
Pour half cup of Wheatena into four cups actively boiling water. Cook three minutes over flame, then place in double boiler and cook slowly for two hours. Strain and serve.

Wheatena

The delicious whole wheat cereal

Cut out and mail this coupon to The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J., for free sample package of Wheatena and recipe book.

Name .....

Address .....

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At noon—each day

JAPAN TEA

Restful as a noonday nap

Just a cup or two of Japan Green Tea to finish off your luncheon.

Ten minutes' relaxation as you drink it slowly, every mouthful fully savored, *lingered* over to prolong the joy of its delightful flavor.

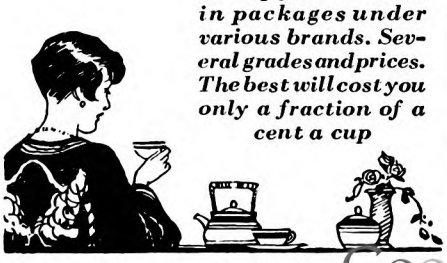
You'll feel its restful influence in every single nerve.

You'll get up refreshed and full of energy, ready to enjoy a better afternoon of work or recreation.

You'll make it daily practice after just a trial or two!

Japan Green Tea is tea at its best—the *natural* leaf, uncolored and unfermented, with all the flavor-laden juices preserved by immediate sterilization.

Specify Japan Green Tea when you buy. Put up for the home in packages under various brands. Several grades and prices. The best will cost you only a fraction of a cent a cup



ago that people have forgotten them. For example, it used to be as simple to get the degree of Doctor of Medicine as it is to get a chauffeur's license nowadays.

"Just think of it! Here was a profession which had the health and the lives of people in their keeping. Yet it was as easy to become a physician as to become a blacksmith.

"If a young fellow thought he'd like the job, all he had to do was to 'ride with a doctor,' as they called it, for a few months. He would hitch up the doctor's horse, and blanket it when a call was made. Perhaps he was allowed to go in, listen to the account of the patient's symptoms, and hear the doctor's directions. He read—and fell asleep over—the doctor's scant supply of medical books. And finally, after paying some state official a hundred dollars—or *ten* dollars, if that was all he had—he could hang out his own shingle and practice medicine himself; *practice* it until he perhaps learned a little by his experimenting!

"This sounds incredible, but it is a fact. It seems more incredible that we had to fight for a better state of things. That is one of the victories which most people have forgotten.

"Then there were the dentists. When I raised the standards for admission to that profession, a delegation of dental practitioners came to me to protest.

"I said to them, 'Gentlemen, you are going to have a chance, here and now, to decide whether you will be simply a lot of sublimated blacksmiths, or members of a scientific profession!'

"I said that, but it wasn't true," laughed Dewey. "They *didn't* have a chance to decide! The decision already had been made—*by me*. In spite of themselves, their profession was put on a scientific basis.

"The alleged 'degrees' given by business 'colleges,' and by some other so-called 'colleges' and 'universities' were then a disgrace to the state. We had a law enacted forbidding the use of the words 'college' and 'university' except by *bona fide* institutions of higher learning. Immediately, the heads of a lot of these fake colleges swarmed to my office, to protest against the bill.

"'It's no use!' I told them. 'That law has got to be obeyed. If you are willing to put yourselves on a sound basis, I will stand by you and help you. If you won't do that, you will have to leave this state.'

"In ways like these, we raised the standards of education all along the line. But I had to fight every inch of the way.

"Meanwhile, I had moved the library school from Columbia to the State Capitol. I had charge of that, and also of the State Library itself. I was as busy as a cricket on a hot griddle. And there was always the necessity of keeping a sharp watch against the would-be grafters.

AS I said before, this went on for seventeen years. In the meantime, I had started the Lake Placid Club. During the summer vacations, my wife and I used to travel in search of a place where we could be free from hay fever and rose cold. But that wasn't the only purpose we had in common. We wanted to devote our lives to the cause of education; and one way of doing this was to help the educators. If we could give them an opportunity to find health, strength, and inspiration, at moderate cost, we knew we *would* be helping them.

"The first time we came to Lake Placid we believed we had found the ideal place; but they wanted $1,000 an acre for land. We came back three years later, only to find that the price had gone up to $2,500 an acre! Finally, we found a house and five acres which we bought for $3,500 on what were then the usual terms: a ten-year mortgage for the entire amount. We lived in that house the first summer.

"The next year we bought a farmhouse close by, with five acres of land. The price was $5,500; we paid $500 down, and gave notes for the rest. We organized the Lake Placid Club, hired a housekeeper, and had thirty guests that season. Rooms were from fifty cents to a dollar a day, and the board was seven dollars a week. Our business last year was 844 times what it was that first season. That shows you how the club has grown. But it never has *out*-grown its original purpose.

"SOME people seem to think it is a playground for the rich. We do have a great many wealthy people among our members and guests. Their money has helped to build up this enormous institution. But people cannot *buy* their way into the club. They must be the kind of people who belong in this atmosphere.

"Our original plan never has been altered. Our rates differ at the different clubhouses; they vary according to the time of year; and in some specially deserving cases *they vanish completely*.

"The financial business of the club is conducted by the Lake Placid Company. Five years ago we organized the Lake Placid Club Education Foundation; and I turned over to its permanent endowment fund every share of our common stock.

"The entire net earnings of the club must be used for educating carefully chosen boys and girls, and for needed vacations, at less than cost, to teachers, clergymen, librarians, and other social workers. In the real sense of the word, these people are the 'educators' of the nation. The club was organized to serve them; and by means of this permanent endowment fund they will continue to be served.

"No matter what a guest pays—whether it is twenty dollars a day or not one penny—every advantage of the club is open to him. He eats the same quality of food, has the same recreations, enjoys the same music, lectures, and other forms of entertainment. The other guests do not know, unless he tells them, how much he is paying, or whether he is paying anything at all.

"The one motive here is *service*. We apply this, not only to our members and guests, but to our neighbors in this whole region. Two years ago, we started an annual Adirondack Music Festival, which is held at the club. We have competitions among the choirs and the schools from different communities. During the festival week, we give these visiting neighbors a chance to hear the best symphony music and distinguished soloists.

"We have organized, also, the Adirondack League, with a dozen committees to promote the best interests of this region.

"We have what we call 'Adirondack members,' for people of this section living

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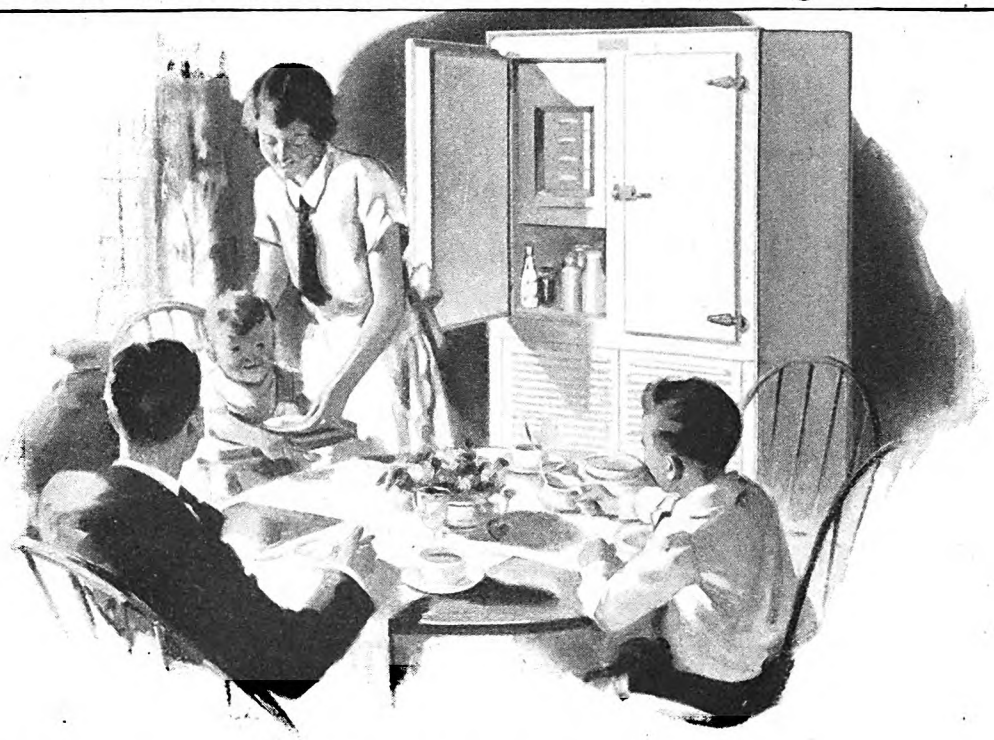
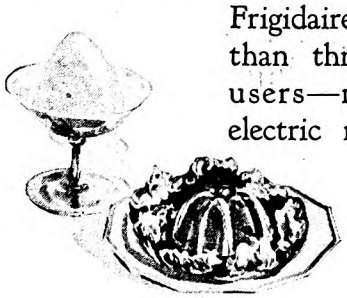
FRIGIDAIRE · · *Low Cost Refrigeration*



CLEANLINESS *that safeguards health*

ABSOLUTE cleanliness is one of the qualities that make Frigidaire a highly appreciated improvement in any home.

The constant low temperature prevents food spoilage, protecting and conserving the health of the family. And the Frigidaire cabinet, the finest development in refrigerator construction, is made exclusively for electric refrigeration. It is lined with gleaming white seamless porcelain enamel, is spotlessly clean, and easy to *keep* clean.



Yet delightful cleanliness is only one of the advantages of genuine Frigidaire. Adequate food storage space, generous ice-making capacity, fine finish, quiet operation, low operating cost, and low price, too—these have made Frigidaire the choice of more than three hundred thousand users—more than all other electric refrigerators combined.

Today new prices make the value of Frigidaire greater than ever before. And the General Motors deferred payment plan affords a very easy way to buy. Visit the nearest Frigidaire Sales Office for complete information. Or mail the coupon below.

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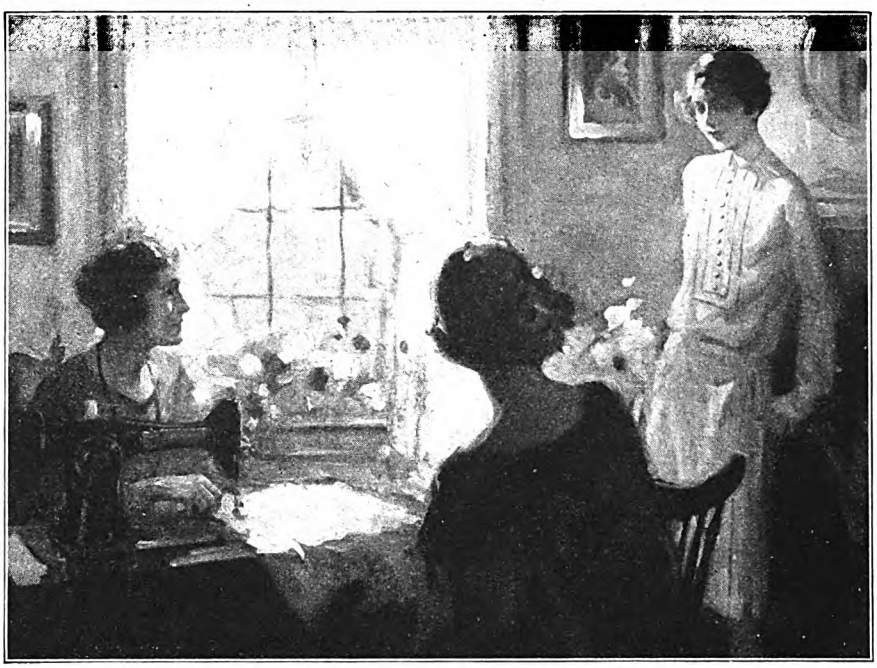

"The best decision we ever made"

"I *GUESS* we're like most families. We always seem to want more things than our income will provide. Bob wanted a radio. Marion was going to college and needed a whole new outfit. I had been hoping to get a new sewing machine, but everything else seemed more important.

'Can't you wait another year?' the family asked.

"Then I had an inspiration. 'Let's get the Singer first!' I said, 'I can make all of Marion's clothes and mine and save enough that way to buy the other things.'

"They all saw what good sense that was. So we got the Singer at once, and it was the best decision we ever made. I've never enjoyed sewing so much. I've done work I never dreamed could be done on a sewing machine. And we've saved so much that there is going to be no money problem after this."

Maybe you, too, have been putting off getting a new sewing machine because other needs seem to be more urgent. If you have, remember that a modern Singer is not an expense but the best investment a family could make. Get the Singer *first* and the money it will save and earn will go far toward providing the comforts and luxuries you long to have.

There is an easy way to prove to yourself what a modern Singer will do. The nearest Singer Shop will gladly send a machine to your home to use for a few days in doing your own sewing. You may have your choice of the widest variety of models —electric, treadle and hand machines. Any one of them may be yours on a convenient plan by which you will receive a generous allowance for your present machine, and your new Singer will pay for itself out of savings on the clothes you make.

The Famous Singer "S"

You will find it on the windows of 6,000 Singer Shops, in every city in the world. It is the identifying mark of sewing machines of enduring quality. It means, too, that every Singer Shop is ready always with instructions, repairs, supplies and courteous, expert service. When the Singer representative comes to your home let him tell you about this service Singer maintains in your own neighborhood.

"Short Cuts to Home Sewing"

This interesting practical book shows you how to save time in a hundred ways on your sewing machine — how to do all the modish new details of trimming — no matter what make of machine you may have. The book is free. Phone or call at the nearest Singer Shop [see telephone directory] or send for a copy by mail, to the Singer Sewing Machine Co., Dept. 48-R, Singer Bldg., New York.

SINGER
SEWING MACHINES

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ten miles, or more, from the club. If they meet the conditions applied to all our visitors, they can enjoy the entertainments, sports, and other attractions offered here.

"In 1925, we opened the Lake Placid School for boys. One of our basic ideas always has been to cater to children! Most hotels frown on them; but we welcome them. From our point of view, they are immensely important. It is better to put up a good new building than to repair an old one. Children are new buildings! We believe in helping to make them sound and serviceable.

"Our new school is part of this plan. It is an effort to find *the millionth man!* Do you realize that it is 'the one man in a million' that is leading in all the big work of the world? Our idea is to search out the boys who might become some of these millionth men, if they were given the necessary equipment in health, and in mental and moral training. These are the things they ought to have: and they are the things we are trying to give them."

There, again, was Dewey's familiar phrase, "ought to have." It seems to be the text of his life; the cornerstone on which he has built so extraordinary a structure.

Marion Scores a Knockout

(*Continued from page 33*)

Marion to the dance—she had seemed so pale, and helpless, and brave. What if she *had* been a little unreasonable? Women were entitled to that. It was unbelievable, how much that normal protective instinct could hurt when it was snubbed.

The following night Fred, finding no solace in his law books, decided to go for a walk. His undirected feet strayed to Summit Avenue, where the grounds of the Milford Club were located. From atop the hill a river of multi-colored lights flowed down to greet him, and he wondered at the beauty that could be extracted from a hundred electric bulbs and a cloudless night.

Strange that he had never noticed such things before! Could it be that he was like a victim of amnesia brought back to realities by a sudden blow? Deep in thought, he plowed ahead until he could hear the distant violins. What was that they were playing? He wasn't much on dance music, but this piece had a familiar ring. . . ."I lo-ove you, I lo-ove you, I do-o!"

That was the point where Fred turned and started down the hill again.

Two weeks of unendurable misery passed, and each one brought a Friday night with Adela's customary party, but without Marion. At last he could suffer in silence no longer. "Look here, Adela, why doesn't Marion come here on Friday nights any more?" he demanded.

Adela looked at him with sweet serenity, and yawned. "I expect it's because *you're* here," she remarked.

Fred decided that sisters were of very little use, and, hauling down his proud flag, telephoned Marion. No, Marion assured him, she wasn't staying away

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because she was angry with him. The fact was, she was fearfully busy. No, she was sorry to inform him, she couldn't possibly go out with him on Monday, or Tuesday, or Wednesday, or Thursday. In fact, the only other days on which she couldn't go out with him were Friday, Saturday and Sunday. . . . The telephone clicked, with ever so gentle finality.

MAY and June passed, and Fred was duly graduated from law school, comfortably near the top of his class, but by no means as brilliantly as he had seemed destined to. He won a coveted appointment in the ancient firm of Satterlee, Mabee, and Dykes, which was like drinking the nectar for which his lips had been thirsting for years—and also discovering that it tasted like dishwater.

And then Adela convinced him that there was, after all, a sisterly heart in her bosom. "Marion and I are going on a canoeing party with the gang on Saturday," she announced. "Do you want to be our ferryman?"

"Sure, I'd like to," said Fred, which is what is known as the exaggeration of under-statement.

Adela proceeded now to prove that that heart of hers was constructed of 22-carat gold, and that it was more than just a highly efficient pump—for she discovered at the last minute that she wouldn't be able to go on the river after all. She was sure, Adela continued, that Marion would be disappointed if the arrangements had to be called off, and hoped Fred wouldn't mind. . . . After that, there was always a special suite arranged for Adela in Fred's castle in Spain.

On Saturday, Fred made a still further revision of the program by separating bright and early from the rest of the noisy Milford party. Marion raised no objection as he floated into a backwater, waited for the procession to sweep by, then vigorously paddled up-stream.

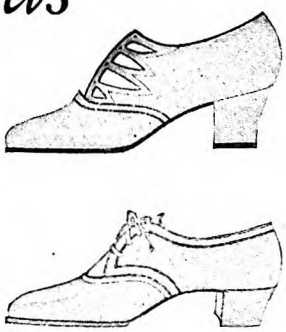
Marion was in a lazy mood to-day, and she was content to let Fred do most of the talking, as well as all of the paddling. Trailing her fingers in the rippling water, she lay placidly on a heap of cushions in the bow, and her pert face might have been a figurehead carved on the prow—only figureheads don't freckle in the sun. Fred cut the stream gallantly with his dripping blade, and told her of his wonderful luck in securing that appointment with Satterlee, Mabee. and Dykes; and of how old Dykes himself, in that canny way of his, had remarked that there was a bright future with the firm for a lad who knew his textbooks, and knew a bit of life as well. And of how very much more enjoyable it was to paddle a canoe up-stream than down.

And Marion replied graciously, "Uh-huh," and "Um-hum," and trailed her fingers in the water.

It was over their lunch, which they took in a delightful, cool inlet shaded by overhanging green, that Marion made up her share of the conversation. What she talked about, Fred scarcely knew, for it was all music to him, and the words didn't matter. All that he was aware of wasthat she was bringing up old days at the Milford High School, and that it was an exceedingly pleasant subject. Brave memories, those of old Milford High, he reflected, as he lit his pipe. He didn't

COMFORT THROUGH FLEXIBILITY

Thousands are finding it in these smart oxfords



So many interesting things to do, so much to be accomplished—why must feet tire and ache? They needn't. There are good-looking shoes that will help you, as they are helping many others, by freeing the feet, increasing your ability to walk without tiring, giving you all-day comfort and supporting the arches of your feet with a wonderful buoyancy that does not restrict foot action.

In these smart Cantilever Oxfords your feet will be thoroughly comfortable. For they are natural shoes; natural in shape and *natural in action.* When you walk, Cantilever Shoes follow every foot movement, because these shoes are flexible from toe to heel like your feet. They are shoes that harmonize so closely with the shape and action of your feet that you forget you are wearing them. You only know that your feet feel fine and that you can do more without tiring.

The springy, all-leather arch of the Cantilever Oxford can be laced up snugly to fit the exact undercurve of the foot, giving you support without restriction. Your arch muscles can exercise and strengthen with every step. Circulation is free.

Cantilever Oxfords and Pumps are sold from coast to coast and are within easy shopping distance of almost every reader of this magazine. If you do not find your local Cantilever store listed in the 'phone book under the name "Cantilever", write the Cantilever Corporation, 402 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and they will send you the address.

Cantilever Shoe

MEN · · WOMEN · · CHILDREN

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Actresses favor Resinol Soap for daily cleansing

They find that its Resinol properties tend to prevent dryness and roughness of the skin

"*It is very easy to understand why Resinol Soap is so popular since it has special properties to keep the skin soft and natural,*" says Viola Dana, much admired F. B. O. star who is now being featured in "Home-struck."

With every trace of make-up to be removed daily if she is to care for her skin properly, the screen star must decide what will accomplish this cleansing most thoroughly without injury to the skin's delicate texture. Resinol Soap offers a solution of the problem, and women in all fields of activity are adopting its use.

To daily increasing numbers of women the name Resinol means a product with ingredients of particular benefit to the skin. In the abundant, creamy lather of Resinol Soap these properties are carried deep into the pores, and they make possible thorough cleansing without the smarting, dry, red, flaky condition of which so many complain.

Get a cake of this soap from your druggist now and use it regularly as directed, but note the softness, radiance and general improvement in your skin which follows the *first* treatment.

If you are at present annoyed by some skin irritation—a minor rash, a facial blemish, or one of the more serious forms of skin disorder—apply a bit of Resinol Ointment. It relieves burning and itching promptly and rarely fails to clear the trouble away. Prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

FREE OFFER:—*Mail this coupon today*

Dept. 7-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....

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City.....State.....

remember exactly what Marion had looked like then, but he was vaguely aware of glossy yellow pigtails; and he knew that she *must* have been beautiful, to have been Marion.

Paddling gently down-stream, Fred discovered later, was, after all, quite as pleasant as the more vigorous going the other way. Besides, it gave him more time to think, and there were certain things that Fred wanted to figure out. Marion was being kind, ever so much kinder than he had deserved or dared hope; but he felt, as he watched her enigmatic face, that there was still a barrier between them—the barrier of that heart-snatching, mandolin-playing fraud, his brother Jim.

"Jim and Anna got back the other day," he remarked, ever so casually.

"Uh-huh," said Marion sleepily.

"Darned nice place for a honeymoon, the Thousand Islands."

"M-m, yes—I s'pose."

Fred rested his gleaming blade for a moment, and allowed the canoe to drift gently toward the shore. "I've often thought," he remarked, "that that scrap of ours was about the funniest sort of quarrel any two people ever had."

Oh, tactful Fred, riding past all danger signals with the throttle open and the engine at full steam! He did not see the ominous glint in Marion's blue eyes, and continued, "Gosh, if you knew how sorry I've been all these weeks for what I said that day, about you and Jim!"

THERE were no further warnings to guide so reckless an engineer. His fate was on his own head now. Marion seemed to wake up with a start, as from a bad dream, and her body flew upright with a swift jackknife motion. Then her hands came out of the water, and gripped both sides of the canoe. There was a single, very deliberate, jerk, and Fred found the cool water rising up to meet him. Unable to believe what he had seen, he spouted mouthfuls of the Milford river as he came up and circled the overturned canoe with desperate quick strokes. His agonized cry went over the water, "Marion! Where are you?"

Over by the bank there was the passing flash of a wet green garment, then it was camouflaged in the thick shrubbery. Simultaneously, the answer to his question drifted back mockingly:

"On my way home!"

A dozen tremendous strokes, and he had reached the shore. Frantically he followed the trail of broken bushes, dripping water from his sleeves, oozing it from every pore, spouting it from his shoes in little geysers that sounded a protesting, "Squ-ush! Squ-ush!" A clear path opened up through the shrubbery, and across it a wet green streak was shooting. It took his last breath of wind to catch her, the last ounce of strength in his arms to hold her when she was caught. Now he was aware only that she had attempted to push him off the rim of her world into bottomless space, and he was holding on grimly.

Marion's mouth opened pathetically, but no sound came from it. The inexorable arms closed still more tightly about her. She relaxed, resigned herself to them, and drew a heaven-sent breath—just in time, for Fred's lips had found hers.

A long time later, Fred called a truce for breathing purposes, and they sat together on a dry mossy hummock, while they dried in the sun.

Marion was the first to break the long silence. She surveyed the limp ruin of her dress ruefully, and said, "I *swore* I'd tip the canoe if you mentioned Jim again!" Then she smiled; and added innocently, "Do you *still* want to talk about Jim?"

"All I want to know," replied Fred, exercising his newborn firmness, "is when we are going to be married."

At the second Regent wedding of that year no shoes were thrown.

NOW, the chronicler of this tale would like to be able to add, as is customary in such cases, that the bride and groom lived happily ever afterward. But the fact remains that during the honeymoon, and for some time to come, there was one little black speck in the otherwise flawless bliss of the husband. That was the gnawing thought, to which he dared not give voice, that perhaps—only perhaps—Marion still cared a little too much for Jim.

Apropos of that question, Marion and Adela had a very frank talk one evening. "Marion," said Adela sternly, "there's something you've been holding out on me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I saw you throw that shoe at Jim's wedding. And I've seen you throw a baseball. And if you'd been aiming that shoe at Jim you wouldn't have missed him by quite that much."

"Young woman," retorted Marion, "do you realize that I've pretty nearly drowned people for just *mentioning* the subject of Jim?"

"All the same," Adela continued relentlessly, "if I were you, I'd tell Fred."

"Tell him what?"

"Well, for instance, that Jim proposed to you maybe a dozen times, and you turned him down flat. Correct?"

"Entirely, Doctor Holmes."

"And that you've had a crush on Fred ever since your hair was in pigtails. Correct?"

"Disgustingly."

"And that you threw the shoe at him because you were furious with him for taking no more notice of you than the heathen of China. And—"

"Well, I ask you—wasn't I justified?"

"Absolutely—but aren't you going to *tell* Fred, before he curls up and dies of jealousy?"

"Um-hum, I am—some day. But I've only nine tenths forgiven him yet."

"Marion, you heartless, hard-boiled little flapper! If you don't tell him tonight, I swear I will myself!"

Marion looked up in swift alarm. "Adela Regent, if you do, I'll—I—I'll—" she paused, despairing of thinking up any threat that would be sufficiently terrible.

Adela's wistful face confessed her defeat. "Oh, well," she said resignedly, "*you* know I'm not the one to squeal. But why on earth—"

"Well, you see," Marion interrupted, "when I tell him, it's got to be over at old John's lunch-room. . . . There's a sentimental reason for that."

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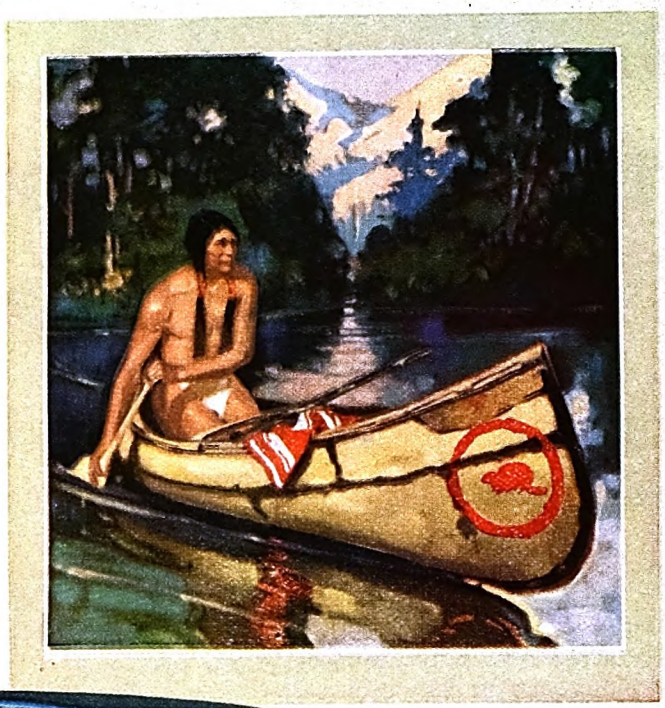
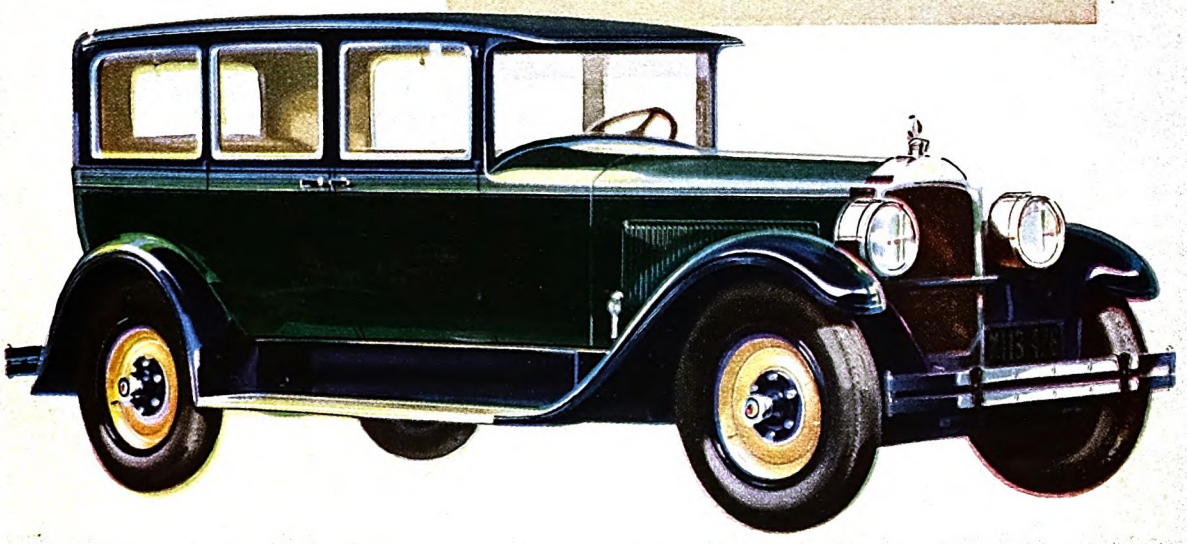


"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."



SILENCE

If any one quality above all others distinguishes the truly fine car it is quietness of operation. For silent ease of motion results only from fine designing and fine craftsmanship—the utmost precision in every part of body and chassis.

The Packard is the supremely silent car. For it is designed and built to standards of precision expressed in terms of even one ten-thousandth of an inch. And Packard power—unsurpassed in any motor car—is so much more than ample that response to the driver's need or whim is instant, smooth and silent.

The practical result is true luxury of transportation—comfort of body and mind—the constant assurance that fine mechanism in perfect adjustment is operating smoothly and without strain.

Silence is a permanent Packard asset throughout the car's unusually long life. For the precision of Packard parts is protected anew each day by an almost automatic lubrication system.

Ask The Man Who Owns One

PACKARD

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Hidden in a crumpled paper
New wall beauty for your home

BEAUTY hidden in crumpled paper? Yes, it is there, and paint brings it out. Glance at the beautiful Crumpled Roll finish shown at the right. Notice the soft, feathery design—the blending of the colors—the uniqueness of the figures. Unusual—but only one of the many distinctive wall finishes that can be obtained with an all-lead paint made of Dutch Boy white-lead and Dutch Boy flatting oil.

Perhaps the greatest reason for the popularity of the Crumpled Roll finish among those desiring distinctive wall effects is the absence of a planned design. The finish has the appearance of the free-hand work of a craftsman in wall painting—a finish without repetition of a set design anywhere. And Dutch Boy white-lead is the ideal paint for producing it. This paint can be tinted to any desirable shade or tint—simply because it is *mixed and tinted on the job for the job.*

A new booklet on decorating the home shows and describes the Crumpled Roll and other unusual wall finishes. This booklet will be sent to you together with a decorator's data form from our Department of Decoration. Use this form if you desire our color specialists to help you select a color treatment for a particular room, or to aid you in decorating the interior of your whole house. These men can help you as they have thousands of other property-owners. Send your request for the booklet to our nearest branch, asking for "Booklet E." You incur no obligation thereby.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway — Boston, 800 Albany St.
Buffalo, 116 Oak St. — Chicago, 900 West 18th St.
Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave. — Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.
St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St. — San Francisco, 485 California St.
Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.
Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

This Dutch Boy is the trademark of pure white-lead which makes an all-lead, all-purpose, all-color paint. Such a paint both protects the outside of your house from the attacks of the weather and enhances the beauty of its interior. It is employed on plaster, stucco, concrete, brick, and stone, as well as wood. Professional painters and house-owners have used and specified Dutch Boy white-lead for many years. It saves the surface. It emphasizes the beauty of the entire decorative scheme. Its durability makes it a lasting and economical investment that no property-owner should overlook.

The Crumpled Roll finish should be applied over a fairly smooth wall. The first coat of paint is applied. This is allowed to dry thoroughly and a top coat, either lighter or darker than the first one, is then put on. While the top coat is still wet, crumpled paper is firmly placed against the wall and rolled downward. This lifts some of the wet paint and allows the undercoat to show through. Tissue paper, wrapping paper or old newspapers may be used. If newspapers are used, be sure the print on them is dry; otherwise it will come off and mar the paint job. Each kind of paper gives an entirely different design.

DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

for CLEANLINESS *for* BEAUTY *for* DURABILITY

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Why I Quit Thinking About Myself

(*Continued from page 29*)

my father hated farming and wanted to be a lawyer. He was disappointed in that ambition by the family's lack of funds. Being a shrewd trader, he began to buy the eggs and vegetables of the farmers in the surrounding territory, and hauled them into the Chicago market. After a time he had enough capital to move to the city and open a wholesale establishment. He prospered reasonably, owned his own home, and occupied a position of respect in the community. But he had wanted the law, with all its possibilities of political preferment, and, instead, he was only a wholesaler of produce. His chief determination was that his boy should occupy a more distinguished position.

As I read the works of the modern psychologists I keep running across the term "inferiority complex," and I imagine that this is the term which one of them might have applied to my good mother. She would have resented it indignantly, but the very intensity of her denial would have tended to confirm his diagnosis. She continually impressed upon us children that we were "as good as anybody." And in almost the same breath she would urge us to "get to know the best people." And by "best people" she meant those who had the most money, and got their names in the society columns.

WHAT I am trying to make clear is that the whole atmosphere of our home was one of strain and worry. We were all striving so hard to succeed that we overlooked some of the very best chances for success. Father was forever impressing on me that a man must "have a plan for his life," which is all very true; but one can be so busy planning that he loses the help of the greatest forces in the world—friendship and the good will of others. Mother urged me to read the biographies of great men, a form of reading which I enjoy and have commended to young people all my life. But she did not teach me to discover the one most important lesson of all great biography. To that fact I shall have occasion to refer fully later on.

Otherwise, my boyhood was quite normal. My first big disappointment came in college, and since it illustrates the principle which I am trying to set forth, I shall tell it just as it happened. My roommate in my freshman year was a sophomore. He was a writer, and had already won a place on the college paper. His people were wealthy, and he, being blessed with an easy social grace which makes men popular everywhere, was naturally a member of the best fraternity. I had been pledged to a smaller fraternity, so that a good many of our interests were divided; but this did not keep us from getting on very comfortably as roommates. Indeed no one could fail to get on comfortably with Bud.

There was a senior society at the college known as "The Pyramid." The membership in this organization consisted of eleven men who had won the most distinction in college activities during their

How is your family classified by physicians and nurses?

Many proud and enlightened households would be humiliated to know how backward are their ideals of health and cleanliness in the eyes of modern science

WHEN the physician steps through the door, do you realize that your household is, in a sense, immediately placed on trial? When a trained nurse is called, your family standards become an open book. There is nothing hostile . . . simply the natural attitude of the scientific mind. You are judged not by clothes, manners or interior decorations, but by your *hygienic standards*.

And properly so. Every member of a family, every member of a community, is under a moral obligation *to maintain and raise* the health standard. So it matters a great deal, just how you rank in the opinion of those who know.

Zonite marks the enlightened home—and protects it

The first step toward a higher sanitary standard is disease-*prevention*. This calls for an antiseptic or, far better, a genuine germicide. And right here has always arisen the difficulty. All the known germicides were poisons. Carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury—these were a menace in the house, especially if the family contained children. Furthermore, the uses of these preparations were very limited. For the nose and throat, it was necessary to depend on less effective antiseptics—weak mouthwashes which might retard germ-growth temporarily but could never even pretend to stamp out germs entirely.

Now comes Zonite, the Great War Antiseptic grown into the Great Family Antiseptic. Alone and single-handed, Zonite can perform all the services hitherto performed by a large number of different products. Because it is tremendously powerful it can do what the poisons can do, and with *no harm to the human body*. Because it is harmless it can be used as peroxide of hydrogen is used—and Zonite is *more than forty times as effective* as peroxide.

Zonite gives a *surgical cleanliness*. It is safe in the hands of a child. It is available everywhere. So is Zonite Ointment, invaluable as a deodorant and as an antiseptic vanishing cream.

Many in one:
Emergency antiseptic
Dental cleanser
Mouthwash
Nasal spray
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Sunburn relief
Dandruff corrective
Body deodorant
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Feminine hygiene

In bottles: 25c, 50c and $1

Full directions in every package

Zonite the Great family Antiseptic

Use Zonite Ointment for chapped hands, cracked lips, cold sores, and windburn. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.

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Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home ☐ Feminine Hygiene
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Profit by his Lesson

Majestic Coal Window

The Mark of a Modern Home

An ordinary **basement window never fails to bring grief and repair bills when used to receive coal. But a Majestic Coal Window—guaranteed break-proof—protects your house when coal is delivered—and protects your pocketbook, too! When you buy or build, profit by the lessons of others and see that you get a Majestic Coal Window—with its Certified Malleable Iron and Keystone Copper Steel construction. More Majestics are in use than all other coal windows.**

ANOTHER MAJESTIC PRODUCT
You'll Want in Your Home

A new convenience **that costs but little—the Majestic Milk and Package Receiver. It receives deliveries from the outside—you remove them from within at your convenience. Saves steps—protects from annoyance, intrusion and theft. Outside door locks automatically when closed. Easily installed in old or new homes.**

Write for catalog describing all styles of Majestic Coal Windows, Milk and Package Receivers, and many other Majestic Quality Products you will want in your home.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
1200 Erie Street, Huntington, Ind.

first three years. It was understood that the captains and managers of three major teams would be chosen, together with the editor of the weekly paper and the president of the senior class, so that the elections for the most part were forecast long in advance. But always there was tense interest on the day when the "tapping" took place, for the society had a tradition that there should always be an element of surprise. Some one man was usually selected who had not held office but who, by his character, was considered a potential leader, or who exemplified qualities that were regarded as worthy of public recognition. And, on the other hand, a very important officeholder was sometimes omitted, because, though outwardly successful, he was thought to have fallen short of his best.

SITTING one night in our room, discussing things in general, I confided my secret ambition to Bud. "There's only one honor in college that really counts," I exclaimed, "and that's The Pyramid. Believe me, I'm going to begin right now to lay my plans for that." It was a foolish but rather natural boyish boast. Bud made no comment on it, and I forgot it completely until long years afterward.

We went through the regular processes of college experience. Bud became editor-in-chief of the paper, and I played two years as a scrub on the football squad, won my letter in my junior year and, joy of joys, was elected captain of the team. It was a foregone conclusion that I would be chosen for The Pyramid.

The day came in May when the new members of The Pyramid were to be chosen. The ceremony of election was impressive. After the morning chapel, the classes filed out onto the campus, and the juniors marched over and perched on the college fence, while sophomores, freshmen, and seniors stood around expectant. The chapel bell gave forth a single solemn stroke, and then from the little stone Pyramid House the members of Pyramid came forth in their caps and gowns. In stately file, they marched over to the fence and halted; one after another stepped forward and tapped on the shoulder the junior who was to be his successor.

I sat that morning with my classmates, while my heart thumped so loudly that it seemed to me the men on either side must hear it. I saw the dignified procession approach. I saw the president of the senior class separate himself from the others to tap the president of the junior class. I saw Bud Wilkins tap the new editor-in-chief of the paper. One, two, three . . . eight, nine, ten, the new men were chosen. Only one selection remained to be made, and I had not been tapped.

Slowly the eleventh man moved toward us. The whole student body fixed its eyes on me, and I felt the hot blood mounting to my cheeks. For a moment, he came straight for me, then, swerving suddenly, he passed me without a glance and stopped in front of a big, awkward, Lincoln-like fellow named Midgley, a chap whose character everybody respected, but who had never had time to distinguish himself in undergraduate activities because he was working his way through.

Instantly, the crowd was in a tumult. Friends of the new members rushed up to shake their hands, and my friends and fraternity brothers gathered around me, offering condolences and denouncing the injustice. Somehow, I managed to get away from it all, and fleeing across the campus with the feeling that the eyes of every man were upon me, I hid myself in my room. Even now after all these years, I can feel the agony of that next hour; and I am not ashamed to admit I cried like a kid.

Why had I, who had worked four years on the team, rubbing my nose in the mud and giving up my afternoons for the glory of the school, been passed over for an unknown who had never done a thing? Whom had I offended? What fatal defect was there in me that should make such a blow possible? For days I plagued my spirit with these questions; but it was not until ten years later that I learned the true answer. Then, at our tenth reunion, under the spell of the good fellowship which prevails on such occasions, one of my fellow graduates, who had been a member of The Pyramid that passed me over, slapped me on the back and said, "Joe, did anyone ever tell you why you weren't elected?" Even then I flushed and stiffened, but I pretended to take it as a joke.

"Why, no," I said. "What was the reason?"

"I'll let you in on the secret," he answered. "You roomed with Bud your first year. Remember? And one night, when you were a freshman and he was a sophomore, you confided to him that you intended to be elected to Pyramid, and that you were going to shape your whole college course to that end. The years passed, and Bud was elected, and it came time for us to elect, and of course we figured on picking you. But Bud spoke out in the meeting and told that story. And he made quite a speech, saying that Pyramid ought to choose the men who had done something for the college because they loved it, not because they wanted to be rewarded by an election. There was a hot argument about it, for you had some stanch good friends in the bunch. But Bud was all steamed up, and the rest of us were sort of influenced by the old tradition that there must always be a shock in the election, and we finally let him have his way."

IF THIS explanation had been tendered a few years earlier, it might perhaps have made my first years in business easier, though I am not sure. I was so self-centered, so completely dedicated to personal success, at whatever cost, that a pretty serious jolt was needed to change my point of view. There were four hundred employees in the bank in Chicago, and I began as nothing more than a number on the time clock. I remember punching that clock the first morning, looking at the long rack of cards which represented my fellow clerks, and saying inwardly, "Somehow I've got to push my head up above that bunch." To this problem I devoted all my days and most of my evenings.

I arrived at the office before the opening hour and stayed late, making it a point to pass through the front way, where I might be seen by any of the officials who happened to be at their desks. I formed the habit of sending little notes to my immediate superior, suggesting improvements. In the evenings I canvassed the Y.M.C.A. building where I lived, soliciting

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I'm Keen For *its* Flavor..

and it does me good because I eat it daily

VERY few of us eat a food solely because it's "good for our health." Of course, it's natural to want foods that are good for us. But it's just as natural to eat regularly *only* the foods that tempt us regularly.

That's the very reason that millions of people eat delicious Post's Bran Flakes every morning. They make it a daily habit *because they like it*. They know it's doing a lot to keep them fit.

Bran is one of our best sources of natural bulk. But bran does good *only* when eaten regularly. And morning after morning your appetite will welcome Post's Bran Flakes with fresh delight.

"Now You'll Like Bran"

Millions of people have formed a new daily health habit since the Postum Company made bran so good to eat. Millions now get the required amount of bulk every day because they have found a "bulk food" they really like.

In addition to bulk, this delicious health cereal also provides: phosphorus, iron, protein, carbohydrates, and the essential vitamin-B. All are elements important to well-being.

Start now and get in the habit of eating Post's Bran Flakes every day as an "Ounce of Prevention." Enjoy it plain, with milk or cream. Try it with various fresh fruits and berries. Have it served in the form of inviting cookies, muffins and bread.

Delicious . . . in any form!

Start eating Post's Bran Flakes tomorrow morning. You'll like it!

Send for an "Ounce of Prevention" package: At your request we will send you free an "Ounce of Prevention" package of Post's Bran Flakes and a booklet that has important bearing on health.

Postum Company, Incorporated, Dept. B-54, Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Postum Cereal, Post's Bran Flakes, Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Chocolate and Instant Postum. In Canada: Canadian Postum Company, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto, 2, Ontario.

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Try

Everybody—every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

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Is it worth a few hours' Practice?

POPULARITY PLUS! The glad hand of welcome everywhere, and the smiles of those whose smiles are worth while, all yours when you learn to play a

BUESCHER

True Tone Saxophone

Would you clip the coupon below if you were sure that it would bring to *you* these things? It will! With just a *little* effort on your part. Just a *few hours' practice, a few quiet evenings* at home, and you will be *playing* popular tunes. It's so easy, even for people who *think* themselves musically dumb.

Here's a Test for YOU

Can you whistle or hum a tune? Can you keep step with the band? Could you walk up to the piano and thump out a tune with one finger? Then *you can learn to play a Buescher.* It is not uncommon for such beginners to master scales *in an hour* and play tunes *the first week.*

Only Buescher Assures Success

Only with Bueschers, easy blowing, easy fingering, perfectly tuned, is rapid progress assured. No expert lipping required. Just open the key and *blow normally.* It's almost as easy as your "one finger" piano solo. *But oh! how Beautiful.*

Take One Home on Trial

Try any Buescher Instrument for six days *at home.* If you decide to keep it pay a little each month. Easy to Play, Easy to Pay. Send coupon today for catalog of your favorite instrument. No obligation. Tear out coupon now.

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Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
1974 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Buescher easy playing Trumpets and Trombones are the choice of the world's leading artists. Mail coupon for special catalog of your favorite instrument.

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Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature. Mention instrument interested in.

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new accounts for the savings department. When one of the clerks above me was fired, I went in boldly and asked for his job, and got it. The cashier, in promoting me, commented on my hard work, which gave me a thrill; but the boys over whose heads I had been jumped were openly resentful.

This was one of the penalties of progress, I said to myself; a man couldn't forge ahead without creating some ill feeling, and I dismissed the matter from my mind. Later, I learned how foolish it is to leave any enemy in the rear, no matter how seemingly unimportant.

By what I am saying I do not mean to cast any reflection upon zealous effort, nor discourage anyone who is earnestly seeking to render extra service in the hope of special recognition. Such zeal and effort are praiseworthy, *provided* a man does not squeeze all the juice of human kindness out of himself in the process nor lose the big prizes of life by fixing his eyes too intently on the immediate promotion.

I MADE steady progress through the various stages of the organization until, at twenty-nine, I became an assistant cashier, and felt secure enough to marry and undertake the purchase of a home. That I was not popular in the bank I knew very well, but I attributed it to jealousy. As long as the men above me were sufficiently impressed, I cared very little about the opinion of those below or on the same level. I joined two of the best clubs in the city. The home which I purchased was somewhat out of line with my immediate income, but it was not half equal to my opinion of my prospects. For by keeping my ears open and poking my nose into all sorts of conversations, whether I really belonged or not, I was managing to pick up some very good tips which proved profitable. There was no more satisfied or self-confident young man of thirty in Chicago than yours truly.

Then like a thunderbolt came the panic of 1907. Banks closed their doors, merchants failed. My own speculations crumbled in the dust, leaving me with nothing but an equity of fifteen thousand dollars in a house which nobody wanted to buy. To cap the climax, I lost my position.

The president of the bank, himself, did me the honor of firing me. It was quite a crisp, businesslike interview. He was kind enough to say that my energy and ability made them regret losing me; but that I was, after all, one of the younger men and better able to shift for myself than the men who had been there longer and had heavier responsibilities. Whether he knew about my speculative losses I could not tell, but I suspected that he did. At any rate, he could see clearly enough that he was talking to a very crushed young man, and his heart softened a trifle.

"I'd like to talk things over a little further with you, Joe," he said. "Could you come back here after dinner this evening? I have a dinner engagement at the club, but I'll be here at nine o'clock."

Grasping gratefully at any straw, I said that I should be there. At nine o'clock promptly he came in, offered me a cigar, lit one himself, and thereupon treated me to the most useful conversation of my whole career. It began curiously enough. He reached down into the lower drawer of his desk, pulled out a very worn little volume, thumbed it over for a minute, and then passed it to me, opened in the middle.

"I wish you would read those two pages," he said.

What I read was the following, which I have condensed somewhat in the interests of brevity:

> I propos'd that we should all of us bring our books to the club-room, where they would not only be ready to consult at our conferences, but become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as he wish'd to read at home. This was accordingly done, and for some time contented us.
>
> Finding the advantage of this collection, I propos'd to render the benefit from books more common, by commencing a public subscription library. . . .The objections and reluctance I met with in soliciting the subscriptions made me soon feel the impropriety of presenting one's self as the proposer of any useful object that might be suppos'd to raise one's reputation in the smallest degree above that of one's neighbors, when one has need of their assistance to accomplish that project. I therefore put myself as much as I could out of sight, and stated it as a scheme of a *number of friends*, who had requested me to go about and propose it to such as they thought lovers of reading.
>
> In this way, my affair went on more smoothly; and I ever after practic'd it on such occasions; and from my frequent successes, can heartily recommend it. The present little sacrifice of your vanity will afterward be amply repaid. If it remains a while uncertain to whom the merit belongs, someone more vain than yourself will be encouraged to claim it, and then even envy will be disposed to do you justice by plucking those assumed feathers, and restoring them to their right owner.

I LOOKED at the title of the book which was, of course, Franklin's autobiography, and, as I handed it back to the president, I could feel a flush mounting my cheeks.

"A great book," he said. "I never went to college as you did, and I'm not much of a reader. But I keep old Ben Franklin right here in the office as the hardest-headed adviser that any business man could have. I don't know what you thought of the paragraphs you have just read, but they made a tremendous impression on me as a young man."

He stopped abruptly and seemed in doubt a minute as to just how he ought to proceed. Then he rose and closed the door.

"I like you," he continued. "I know something about your present worries, and I want you to believe me sincere when I say that they can be, if you will make them, the greatest benefit that has ever come to you in your whole life. I am going to ask you to treat what I say as confidential, and I shall begin with a straight question: Do you regard me as a successful man?"

"Why, yes, sir," I finally managed to stammer. "Of course, you are one of the half-dozen biggest men in the city."

"Thanks," he answered crisply. "If I asked you to tell me by what methods I had become successful you would probably try to flatter me, but your secret thought would be, 'By being shrewder than his competitors. By always looking out first for Number One.' I sha'n't undertake to say what proportion of truth there is in that thought, but I shall say this: It is not the whole truth. The biggest advantage I have had over other men in this city is that I read those paragraphs at the beginning of my career.

"Let me give you one or two examples: Why do we have the account of the X

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NEW!

Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, the Heavy-Duty battery that should be specified for all loud-speaker sets.

The Layerbilt patented construction revealed. Each layer is an electrical cell, making automatic contact with its neighbors, and filling all available space inside the battery case.

DIFFERENT!

For greatest economy all loud speaker sets require the new Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries

IT WILL pay you, in convenience and reliability as well as in dollars and cents saved, to use this remarkable battery.

The reason for the Eveready Layerbilt's surprising performance lies in its exclusive, patented construction. No other battery is like it. It is built in flat layers of current-producing elements, making practically a solid block. The layers make connection with each other automatically, and occupy all available space inside the battery case. Layer-building packs more active materials in a given area, and makes those materials produce more electricity.

Every loud-speaker set should use Heavy-Duty batteries, for they alone offer economy on modern receivers. When you buy new "B" batteries, be sure to get the Heavy-Duty size, and remember that the Eveready Layerbilt has proved to be the longest lasting, most economical of all Heavy-Duty batteries.

Our laboratories are continually testing batteries, and in all our tests we have yet to find a battery that is equal to the new improved and radically different Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. The development and perfecting of this remarkable battery is an outstanding battery-building achievement. It is the result of many years' experience plus the facilities and resources of the pioneer manufacturers of all dry cell batteries.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

WEAF–*New York*
WJAR–*Providence*
WEEI–*Boston*
WTAG–*Worcester*
WFI–*Philadelphia*
WGR–*Buffalo*
WCAE–*Pittsburgh*
WSAI–*Cincinnati*
WTAM–*Cleveland*
WWJ–*Detroit*
WGN–*Chicago*
WOC–*Davenport*
WCCO {*Minneapolis* / *St. Paul*}
KSD–*St. Louis*
WRC–*Washington*
WGY–*Schenectady*
WHAS–*Louisville*
WSB–*Atlanta*
WSM–*Nashville*

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Your gums need calisthenics, too!

MANY of us find time for regular exercise to keep our bodies in trim. And even when the "daily dozen" is omitted, our muscular tissues in the course of a busy day get some work and stimulation to keep them healthy. But our gum tissues get none.

They are robbed of exercise by our modern diet. For these soft, delicious eatables we prize so highly have lost their invigorating properties. They are stripped of their roughage. They fail to keep the blood within the gum walls in lively circulation.

That is why gums soften and become prey to disease. "Pink tooth brush" is only a fore-runner of more stubborn troubles.

How Ipana and massage offset the harm that soft food brings

Very logically, the dentists turn to massage of the gums as the remedy. And, further, thousands of them direct that the massage be performed with Ipana Tooth Paste *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana.

For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well-known to the profession. Its special properties enable Ipana to aid in the toning and strengthening of the weak, undernourished tissues.

Switch to Ipana for one month

You'll find Ipana's flavor a delicious surprise. And Ipana will keep your teeth white and brilliant. The ten-day trial tube will readily prove these things. But the better plan is to get a full-size tube at the drug store. Use it faithfully for a whole month, and see how your gums respond to good care!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J47
73 West Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

B.-M. Co., 1927

Manufacturing Company in this bank, do you suppose? You know it is one of the most desirable accounts in the city, and that hardly a week goes by without one of our competitors soliciting it vigorously. Yet it sticks to us through thick and thin. Why? Because twenty years ago, when that company was going through a very serious period of reverses, and every other bank ran to cover, I stood by and helped the company through. That's why our competitors waste their time and breath when they go over to argue how much better they could serve than we do.

"Take the Y Company. Its regular balances with us are more than half a million dollars. That company started in a kitchen, with two boys and their mother, and a kitchen stove. I knew those kids, and believed in them. I lent them a thousand dollars, and guided them along the first mile of their business journey. One of our competitors sent a vice president to Florida last winter just to brush up against those boys and try to get their business. But I did my brushing up against them when they needed it.

"IF YOU'VE got the idea from what I've been saying that I've been doing decent things all my life just to get people to do good things for me, I've expressed myself clumsily," he continued. "Perhaps I kid myself. Perhaps I am much more selfish than I imagine. But what I think is that I really *do like* people, and that doing things for them is the grandest game in the world."

He looked at me searchingly.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded.

I told him I had no idea: I was crushed and bewildered, all my handsome plans tumbled about my ears.

"I'll make a suggestion," he offered. "I'll lend you five thousand dollars on your equity in your house. You take your wife and baby and go away for three months. Rest; learn to play golf; don't read the financial pages, and try to forget everything, yourself most of all. Practice a little this game I've been telling you about, by doing things for other people. At the end of three months the financial skies will be clearer.

"I don't think you ought to come back into the bank," he added quickly, and my spirits shot down to zero again. "There are too many people here who don't like you, and you'd be starting under a handicap. But I have some friends in —— (naming a thriving city) who are planning to start a bank just as soon as business picks up. If you come back from your vacation in the spirit which I think you'll have, I'll send you there with a letter. They'll need a man who has been trained in a big city bank."

He rose, gave my hand a vigorous shake, and before I could muster a word of thanks he had managed to get me out of the door.

Thus it was that I came here as vice president of a baby bank, at half the salary I had been getting in Chicago, but with considerably more than twice the opportunity. We worked and made progress, and the bank to-day is as nice a property as any institution of its size in the country.

I say "we worked;" but there was something more than work in our formula. From the day of my arrival, I began deliberately to practice the program which the president of my former bank had described to me. Indeed, I began before my arrival. On the train which carried us into town was a woman with two half-grown children and a crying baby. I helped her get food from the diner, and amused the older children while she put the baby to sleep. I never supposed I should see her again. You may imagine, then, my surprise, at the first reception to which I was invited here, to discover her as my hostess, the wife of one of the ablest young lawyers in the city.

To give a detailed account of my career would cause me to be discovered in the rôle of author, which I can hardly afford; also, I should be going over very much the same ground covered in the talk with my old boss, the Chicago bank president. All that he had suggested that night I endeavored to carry out.

I gave instructions to have my salary check divided into three parts, when it reached a figure large enough so that it *could* be divided. Forty-five per cent went into an account from which my wife paid all bills. Forty-five per cent went into a savings account, and was used for investments in local enterprises, run by young men, and giving promise of a big future. The remaining ten per cent went into a fund which I called my "Down-but-not-out-club fund." Of the payments that were made out of that fund, and what they did for the men who needed just a little help at a very critical time, I have neither time nor space to tell now. But I should hate to try to figure out how much has been added to the growth of this bank by the friendships of powerful men in this city who once were almost down.

At first, it was hard work to forget myself. I had been so long introspective, self-centered, envious of others' successes, restless for fear I was overlooking some chance, that I found myself repeatedly slipping back into the old ruts. But always, on making that discovery, I pulled out with a jerk by deliberately seeking a chance at once to help somebody else. Little by little, the kindliness, which at first had been hard and mechanical, became second nature. There was so much fun in it that I forgot to consider it as a matter of possible profit. And at that point, the real big profits began.

I HAVE seen amazing things take place in my business experience. Let me tell you just one: I know a man who made a tremendous sacrifice to stay with the business which was demoralized by his father's death, because he believed it his duty to clear off the debts and remove any possible criticism from his father's memory. He plunged into the task, forgetting every personal consideration, and not only saved the business but also developed a new process which has made him immensely wealthy. If he had accepted the position which looked so promising, he would still be a salaried officer, and nothing more.

All of which means, as I understand it, that if a man practices doing things for other people until it becomes so much a habit that he is unconscious of it, all the good forces of the universe line up behind him and whatever he undertakes to do.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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"Now's our chance. I'd rather listen to the Radiola any day, wouldn't you?"

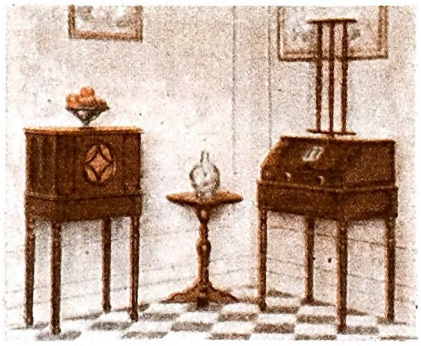
Radio that scored a musical triumph

A GROUP of famous acoustical experts came together for a hearing—before this new type of radio was ever shown to the public. After ten or twenty minutes of listening, a quiet hand switched off the new and on the old. And the men jumped from their seats!

Even their trained ears had been so accustomed to the older type of reproduced music that they could not grasp the great difference in this new radio, until they *heard the two together.* But when they heard it, they applauded.

This new thing in radio—and in music—was developed into Radiola 28 with the RCA Loudspeaker 104. Power was employed, not primarily for use in big rooms—though it can fill a hall with the music of a great orchestra. The real purpose of the new power in this home radio set was for its remarkable effect on *tone quality*—even in the softest music.

Radiola 28 with RCA Loudspeaker 104 made possible new perfection in musical reproduction.



Radiola 28, eight tube super-heterodyne. Particularly fine for apartment homes in crowded broadcast areas, for it needs no antenna, and is extremely selective.
With 8 Radiotrons . . . . . $260.

RCA Loudspeaker 104, complete, $275. A. C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for use with Loudspeaker 104, for operation on 50-60 cycle, 110 volt A.C. lighting circuit, $35.

Do what these experts did. Listen awhile to this RCA combination . . . . then tune in any other. The difference *is* startling! With this development the engineers of RCA—with their associates in the laboratories of General Electric and Westinghouse—added one more triumph to the list of their many basic radio improvements.

Tune in Radiola 28 . . . . with the motion of a single finger. The loudspeaker is across the room—plugged in on the house current. Tune to a fine orchestra, and hear the music of each instrument clear and true!

Today—thoroughly tested and perfected—this combination has won many musicians to radio. And it has made possible great music at home, as it never could be heard before.

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RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

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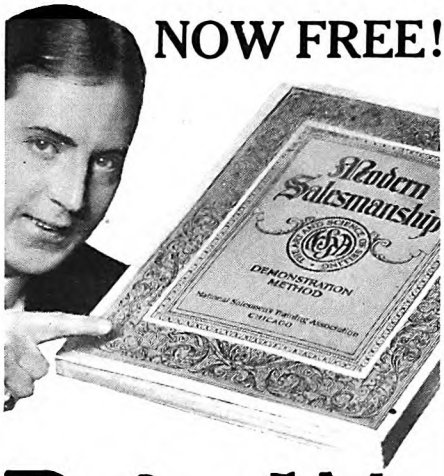
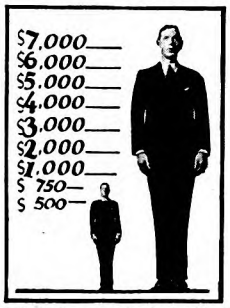


NOW FREE!

Raised My Pay 700%

This Book Showed Me How



How would you feel if your salary suddenly jumped seven times greater than before? That is exactly what happened to O. A. Jones of Missouri after reading this amazing book—now sent free to everybody. An unusual case? No. E. L. Palmer went from $3 a day to $4000 a year. F. J. Walsh went from $20 a week to $7285 last year. C. V. Champion became President of his company at a salary exceeding $10,000 a year! And all of them started by reading this free book!

The Secret of Big Earnings

Many of the successful men in the world today are successful salesmen. And every man is a salesman. if you want to make big earnings, you must learn to sell yourself. You must absorb the methods of saying and doing things that make men act as you want them to act. There is no more false statement made than the old saw about "salesmen are born—not made." Salesmen are made—not born! This free book shows how!

Big Demand for Master Salesmen

Master Salesmen are at a premium in American business today. They are never out of work. They can command their own salaries and their own time. They travel and see the country—the world. They dress well, live in the best homes, drive their own cars. Aren't these rewards worth going after?

How We Help You Succeed

For nearly twenty years, N. S. T. A. training has been developing Master Salesmen. The National Demonstration Method—an exclusive feature—gives you the equivalent of actual experience while studying at home. Our success in training inexperienced men into powerful salesmen is so world-famed that thousands of leading business houses have called on us to supply them with salesmen. This service is free—and we have placed thousands of men in good-paying positions.

Send for This Free Book

Don't say "I can't sell" until you find out whether you can or not. This free book, "Modern Salesmanship," proves that master salesmen can be made, regardless of personality, education or previous selling experience. Send for this free book right now.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST Exclusive SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept. D-23, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. D-23, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your free illustrated book, "Modern Salesmanship." Also tell me how your training can increase my income. This does not obligate me.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Age ..... Occupation .....

Riders of the Gale

(*Continued from page 37*)

Akron, and has been with them ever since.

Within three months, he made his first flight in a balloon, and it was the forerunner of many others. In 1919 he participated in his first national balloon race as aid to Ralph Upson, a veteran pilot; he flew again as Upson's aid in the 1920 race. They won. In 1921, and every subsequent year, Van Orman has piloted a balloon himself, and for the three years, 1924, 1925, and 1926, he has won first place.

He participated in the international races first in 1920, again as aid to Ralph Upson. In four subsequent years also, 1921, 1924, 1925, and 1926, he took part in the international. In 1926, in a race where the conditions were extraordinarily severe, he won by flying twice as far as his nearest competitor.

"THE popular notion of a balloonist," Van Orman says, "is a man who makes parachute jumps at county fairs to give the visitors a thrill. No doubt it is a shocking thing for me to confess that, although I have made thousands of balloon ascents, I have never made a parachute jump in my life, and never expect to.

"Scientific ballooning is a wonderful sport—and much more. It is serving important scientific ends. By means of it, we are learning many hitherto unknown meteorological facts, and are accumulating facts which promise to be of incalculable value. We are testing and experimenting, and preparing for what may become one of the important methods of passenger transportation of the future.

"Heavier-than-air craft have played a great part in the recent history of aviation; the function and possibilities of lighter-than-air ships have not been fully appreciated. Some men who have given the matter much thought believe that the trans-oceanic passenger service of the not remote future will be lighter-than-air aërial service. This, of course, will be an air*ship* service; that is, motorized balloons, and they will be huge affairs, capable of carrying six million cubic feet of gas or more. The largest free balloons carry less than one tenth of *one* million cubic feet of gas, therefore you can judge what enormous affairs they will be. Free balloons are those which have no motor or means of locomotion other than being blown by the wind.

"The sensation of flying in a free balloon is similar to that of riding in an airplane in that, in leaving the earth, you have no sense of motion; rather, the earth seems to sink away beneath you. But once you are in the air, there is no sense of motion at all, for you move *with* the wind, and at the same speed as the wind. There is absolutely no noise. We hear the wind 'whistle' on the ground only because it strikes against something that offers resistance to it. The balloon does not resist. Only once did I ever hear wind in the rigging, and that was when we were ascending from one air current traveling at a certain rate of speed in a certain direction, to another current traveling at a different speed in a different direction. At that time, too, there was a slight swaying, the only motion you ever notice in a balloon in the air.

"In spite of the fact that the balloonist has to go wherever the air currents take him, success in flying is not a matter of luck. Sometimes luck is a factor, and a few important races have been won by flukes; but consistent winners, men like Lieutenant de Muyter, of Belgium, and Captain Honeywell, of the United States, do not depend on luck, but on their knowledge of air currents and meteorological forces, and their ability to manipulate their balloons to take the best advantage of conditions.

"In the 1924 national race, to cite one little example, San Antonio, Texas, was our starting point. I reckoned Captain Honeywell was our most formidable competitor.

"That year, for the first time in any race, I carried an excellent radio receiving set. Toward the afternoon of the second day, having traveled in a generally northerly direction for eight or nine hundred miles, I felt we must have gone nearly far enough to assure us the victory; but about then we picked up the news on the radio that Captain Honeywell was still in the air, and had covered more distance than we had!

"From statements of his position, I surmised he must be following the same general storm movement, or air currents, in which we also were moving. These storms travel roughly in great circles; and, as in any other circle, the nearer you get to the circumference, the more remote you are from the center or any point of the other side of the center. I saw in this fact our only possible chance to wrest victory from the captain.

"Releasing enough ballast to rise to seventeen thousand feet, we fell in with another set of air currents traveling in an easterly direction. They took us fully one hundred miles to the east of the point where we had picked up the news about Captain Honeywell. We then released some gas, and descended to our former altitude of about ten thousand feet, and encountered the former storm currents; but by now we were on their outer circumference. We rode there until the next afternoon, when we had to descend.

"We learned we had won the race. Our margin of victory was a scant *twenty* miles. We could never have won at all had we not been able to make good use of those upper air currents.

"ONE of the merits of free ballooning is what it teaches about air currents and meteorology in general. Practically all that we know about the topmost air areas, where there is too little oxygen to support human life, has been learned by the use of free balloons sent up with no passengers, but with self-recording scientific instruments. These instruments are equipped with parachutes that automatically open when the balloons burst. One of these balloons has been known to rise to a height

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Ask *me* how I like Prince Albert!

IF YOU want to hear a speech that will put the silver-tongued boys to shame, get me started on *that* subject! You're talking my language when you bring up pipe-smoking. I've got diplomas in that! How do I like Prince Albert? First of all, I like it *frequent!*

"Frequent" is right. I start in the minute I've folded my breakfast napkin and stay with it until I snap off the light for the night. No matter how often I load up and light up, P. A. never nips my tongue. It is cool and consoling. Every puff is a genuine joy.

Cool as a tax-collector. Sweet as an extra dividend. Fragrant as the flowers that beckon the bees. Mild, too, with a mildness that lets down the bars—yet with that full, rich tobacco body that spells Satisfaction with a capital S. That's Prince Albert, Men!

I say to you in all seriousness, that what you get *out* of your pipe depends on what you put *into* it. If you have never smoked P. A., you have never really experienced 100-per cent pipe-pleasure. Buy yourself a tidy red tin of P. A. today and make up for lost time!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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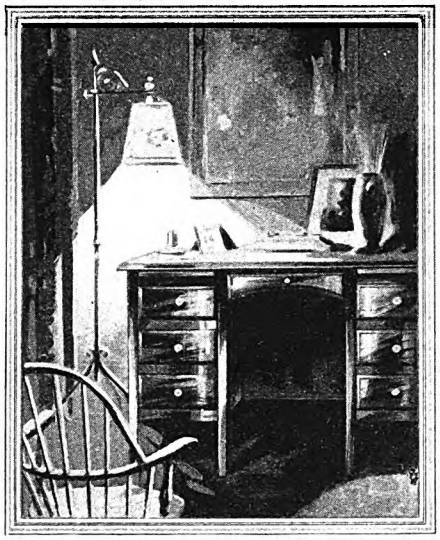

Taking *the* Drudgery out of night work

UNDER the urgent pressure of modern business, there are inevitable occasions when a man MUST "Take his office home with him at night." Here, in the quiet hour of release from office pandemonium, he can THINK wisely and well. Such men "get ahead."

"Your Private Secretary" at home is your Globe-Wernicke home desk. Here system-inspiring partitioned drawers—large correspondence drawer with steel letter compressor holds your filed records erect, tabbed, handy—all eager to pitch in and help.

Here is a beautiful desk that will win the lady of the house herself—its sure-footed, sturdy, practical features make it a permanent part of every home. Its price, too, is amazingly attractive.

Your study corner is a reality when you see this new home desk at your dealer's store. Ask him about it—or mail the coupon today for the booklet, "Your Private Secretary."

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Gentlemen:

I'd like to make my evening more productive—can the G-W Home Desk help? Mail me a copy of the booklet, "Your Private Secretary."

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of one hundred and six thousand feet, or nearly twenty miles, which is about three times as high as the highest altitude ever reached by man. If any purpose would be served, with a satisfactory means to supply the oxygen to keep us alive, there is no mechanical reason, so far as is known, why we should not ascend in person to similar heights in free balloons.

"The dangers of ballooning are so few as to appear almost negligible. Perhaps the one danger greater than all others is lightning; yet this the balloonist can easily avoid. Electrical discharges from the clouds to the earth are not likely to hit him, but only discharges from cloud to cloud. The area of danger, when there is any danger, is roughly in the region from three thousand to eight thousand feet above sea level. Below three thousand feet, and above eight thousand feet, there is practically no danger at all.

"Only once was I ever in any real risk of my life, and that was not from lightning or anything of that sort, but was entirely due to a foolish mistake of my own. During the war, when I was busy training balloonists for the Navy, and thought I was badly needed, I was taken down with typhoid fever in spite of all inoculations to the contrary. It made me furious to think I had to lie in bed for nine long weeks, and I got up and around at the earliest possible moment.

"For a week I puttered around, trying to regain my strength; by the end of that time I imagined I was a good deal stronger than I actually was, and decided to make a flight. A certain man in training was ready for his *solo*, as we call it; that is, he was to take up a balloon and bring it down all alone. Three of us climbed into a balloon and flew with him to a place some little distance away, where we planned to get out and let him do his stuff.

"The idea was that, as each of us stepped out of the basket, he would hold on to it until enough sand was piled aboard to make up for his weight; otherwise, the balloon would leave the ground before we were ready. As I say, I had greatly misjudged my strength. It came my turn to hold on to the basket, but I suddenly found I could not hold the balloon down. It started up. I went too, clinging to the outside of the basket!

"This would have been of small consequence if I had had my customary strength; I would merely have pulled myself over the edge. As I was, it was utterly beyond me to do that, and, in fact, it was all I could do barely to hold on.

"The man in the basket went white.

"'What shall I do?' he whispered.

"I summoned all my strength and replied, 'Pull the valve cord.'

"He did as directed, gas escaped, and we began to descend. I managed to hold on until we touched ground.

"I CURED my wife of feeling any special concern about my safety when I am in the air by taking her for a balloon ride. We had a beautiful trip, flying for eight hours from Ohio into New York; and when I decided it was time for us to come down, she begged to keep on going!

"A race, of course, often involves a lot of strenuous work. You may be in the air as long as thirty-six or forty-eight hours with little sleep, or none, and perhaps with a lot of hard work on your hands in handling the balloon, in addition to developing your strategy of the race. It is amazing to me, however, what a difference the radio makes. It is one of the greatest aids to ballooning developed in recent years.

"A race used to be a long, weary grind, in which two men, absolutely cut off from communication with the world, were constantly being worn down, until their vitality reached almost the breaking point. Success, even in a balloon race, may depend largely on the physical condition of the contestants, and their ability to think clearly and take advantage of every possible condition of air and weather. Sleep is the great reconditioner. In a balloon race, however, the amount of sleep you can get, if any, is sure to be limited. But with a good radio receiving set along, even if you cannot sleep you can listen to music. I will leave the explanation of the effect to psychologists, but it is a fact that you can do a stiff twelve- or fifteen-hour trick, after twenty-four or thirty hours of constant going, and a concert afterward seems to refresh you almost as if you had slept.

"I SHALL never forget one night in 1925, in the national race of that year. It was a moonless, starless night, black as the inside of a cat, and near midnight. We seemed to be utterly alone. Suddenly a voice spoke in the corner of the car. It was my wife!

"I had known she was going to broadcast a message to me at that time. But the sensation of actually hearing her under those circumstances was eerie. The radio on the ground is wonderful, but somehow it is impossible to free your mind of the idea of wires, or waves through the ground, or some other tangible physical medium for carrying the messages you hear. But at ten thousand feet in the air in a balloon, you have the sense of being cut off from all physical ties with the world. Then it is that you realize the real wonder of the radio.

"In the 1926 international race I carried a fine receiving set, and might almost say it won that race for us, not merely by keeping up our spirits but also by rendering a more tangible service. The weather conditions in that race were terribly bad. We left the ground in a gale of wind so strong that sixty soldiers were required to keep the balloon from leaving the earth before we were ready to go, whereas fifteen are ordinarily enough. Four of the balloons entered did not leave the ground at all, and four more merely rose high enough to fly over Antwerp, shout a couple of '*Vivas!*' and drop down on the other side. Once, before we received the order to go, our own bag was blown to within six inches of the ground. Rain fell almost incessantly for eleven or twelve hours after we took the air. In the clouds and fog we could hardly see fifteen feet. As we went higher, the rain became snow, and icicles formed on the ropes.

"We were well outfitted with means to determine our location; we had a list of all lighthouses, so that if necessary we could count the flashes, and tell where we were; we also had plats of principal cities of that part of Europe, so that we could tell from the street layouts what the places were; and of course we had the finest maps it was possible to procure.

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Clean, Smooth Streets
OF LASTING BEAUTY

The lasting beauty and even surface of concrete pavement, combined with its remarkable durability under the heaviest traffic, make it the ideal material for downtown streets as well as for residential districts. Write Portland Cement Association, Chicago, for a booklet which tells all about concrete streets.

WHAT impression does your town make on visitors — on you? Of course you who live there want it to be beautiful and attractive — because it is good business, and for your own happiness.

Consider your streets. Are they crumbling under motor traffic which must pick its laborious way around ruts and holes in a street designed for the horse and buggy? Or are they smoothly paved — clean and attractive — a good advertisement? Do they make the visitor wish to return?

Concrete is the ideal pavement for this motor age — in roaring metropolis or prosperous rural town. It is economical both to build and maintain, distinguished in appearance and — the safest pavement wet or dry.

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"Touch and go" is the motto of Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil the moment its smooth, even-writing lead is pressed against the paper.

Higher on the Pacific Coast.

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"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
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But with the fog and rain we could not make use of any of these for direct observation, and even our sextant was useless. It was at this point that the radio, employed as a compass, came to our aid.

"The principle of the radio compass is that when you are receiving from a certain station, messages come loudest if the loop of the receiving set is turned directly toward the sending station; you can very nearly tune out a station some distance away by turning the loop so it faces ninety degrees away from the station. Your receiving set, therefore, enables you to determine very accurately from what corner of the compass a message comes, and you can draw a line on your map through the city where the sending station is, in the direction indicated by the compass; you know that you are located somewhere along that line, but of course you may be a hundred or a thousand miles away.

"That information by itself is practically useless. The next step is to get a similar line on another sending station, and draw a second line on the map; and the point of intersection of the two lines, barring errors, is your location.

"On the night of the 1926 race, while we were completely 'blind' in the fog and rain and had not the least idea where we were, I tuned in, and got Bremen. I drew my line on the map, then tuned in with Hamburg, and drew a second line. I assumed that we must be somewhere near the point of intersection of the two lines, but I wanted to be quite sure. I tuned in once more, and got Madrid, Spain, and drew a third line on my map. It was almost startling to see that it crossed *within one mile* of the spot indicated by the first two lines. Five minutes later the rain forced us down to five hundred feet above the ground; and the city of Bremen, verifying our position, appeared through the fog below us. Nothing during that race reassured us so much.

"Our landing point on this race was a potato patch near the little town of Solvesborg, in Sweden, and we had the misfortune to knock over a telephone post, an accident that ruined nearly all of my instruments.

"AN AMUSING incident followed this particular landing. The police met us upon our entry into town with a demand from the telephone company for pay for the post we had knocked over. They took us to the station and, after they found who and what we were, had us come back two or three times, making a circus of us, until I got thoroughly tired of it. Of course during this time we had no news as to the outcome of the race.

"That afternoon we visited several shops to buy souvenirs we wanted. At the first store we entered, a little man, wearing, to my intense disapproval, a brown derby hat, came in and addressed us. He could not understand English; and we knew no Swedish. However, he addressed us in great and growing excitement, and finally got so wild that he fairly jumped up and down. But it was no use; we couldn't understand a thing. At last, I impolitely turned my back and visited another shop.

"He followed. Again he talked and gesticulated, and jumped up and down. This continued in the next store, and the next, and was a great nuisance. I thought the stranger was from the police, and at last I sent for a man who had done some interpreting for us earlier in the day.

"'Tell this chap,' I said, 'that I'm not going to call on the police again. If they want anything more, they can refer to the American consul.'

"The interpreter conversed with the little man; then turned to me.

"'He is trying to tell you,' he said, 'that you have won the international balloon race!'

"I instantly lost all prejudices against little men in brown derby hats!

"ROUGH landings, such as ours in Sweden, are not common in ballooning. In fact, a balloon landing is a good deal like an airplane landing, as we can come down at practically any place we choose, no matter what the condition of the wind may be. A kind of landing place I often look for is an open field beyond a woods. The trick of landing in such a place is to descend fairly close above the trees and drop the drag rope. This rope, which is from one to two hundred feet in length, depending on the size of the bag, drags among the tree tops and offers enough resistance to slow down the balloon. If still more resistance is required, we descend a little lower and let the basket itself brush along among the tree tops. By the time we reach the far edge of the woods, the balloon is traveling very slowly, and it is an easy matter to let a little more gas escape, and drop down into the field in the pocket of still air which the trees, acting as a windbreak, create.

"A couple of pontoons attached to the basket serve a dual purpose in landing; they act as shock absorbers if you descend on land, and prevent you from sinking if you come down on the water.

"A successful landing may produce hardly enough of a jolt to spill a cup of water. If no trees are handy, your drag rope runs along the ground.

"It is usually possible to land within a hundred feet of any spot you select. Once, to avoid a wetting, I had to do it in considerably less than that. It was during the international race of 1924, and we were forced down in Holland near the North Sea. The ground was netted with canals flowing between gardens, and they were not more than fifty feet apart. We didn't get wet, but we practically ruined a Dutchman's pea garden!

"In one race we missed our guess a little, and landed at a spot in southern Minnesota right across a railroad, with the bag on one side of the track and the basket on the other. Just as we touched ground, I heard the whistle of a locomotive! We had barely time to run down the track and, with the aid of a section crew, flag the train. Even at that, after nearly everything was clear, a second train came along, and cut our guy ropes in two!

"In the national race of 1926, when the starting point was Little Rock, Arkansas, we flew very nearly to Norfolk, Virginia, and had enough gas and ballast left to carry us several hundred miles farther than we actually went. But I decided to sacrifice the few remaining miles to the Atlantic, even if I risked losing the race. We had left Little Rock on April 29th.

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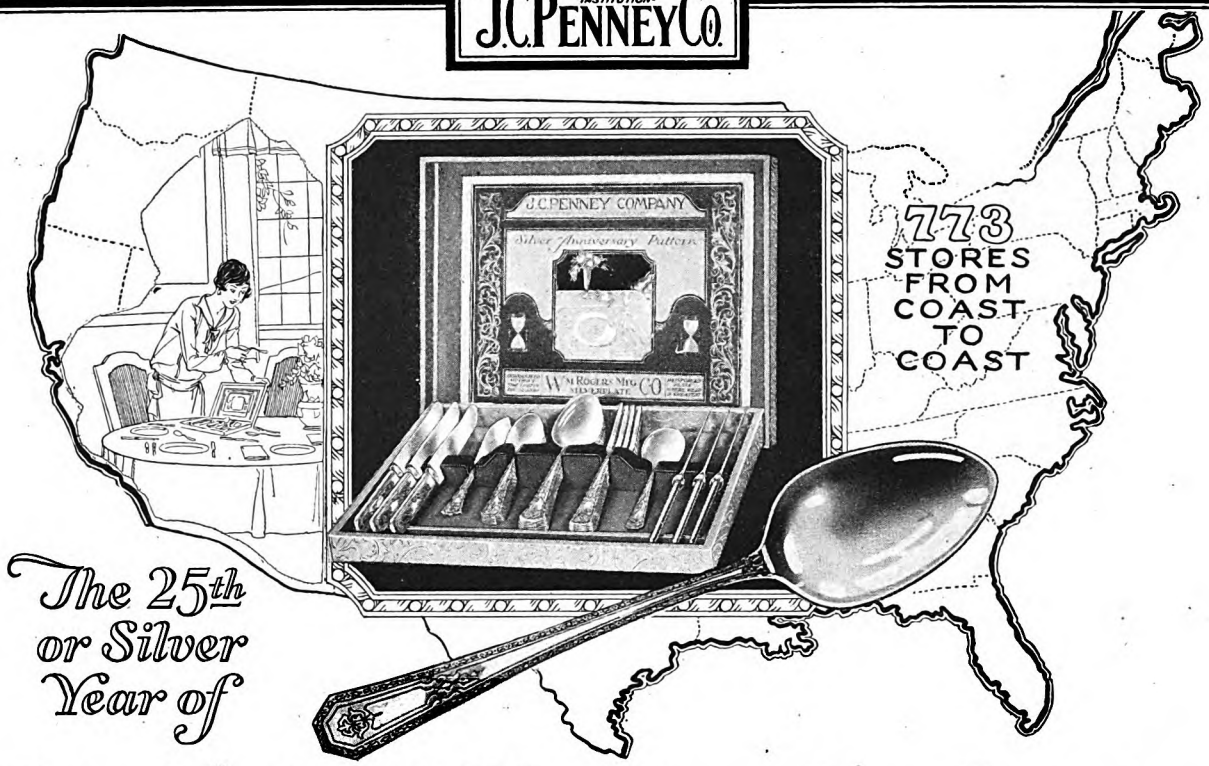

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FOR a quarter of a century the J. C. Penney Company Department Stores have been solving the shopping problems of American families through utilizing their tremendous cooperative buying and selective power.

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The convenient location of our 773 Stores, distributed over 46 States, gives everyone the advantage and pleasure to be had from personal selection. If there is not a J. C. Penney Company Store near you we would like you to write to us.

26-PIECE SET

Original and Genuine Rogers' Guaranteed Electro Table Silverware

6 Forks	6 Tablespoons
6 Knives	1 Sugar Shell
6 Teaspoons	1 Butter Knife

$5.90

Per Set, In Artistic Box
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PROMINENT among our Silver Anniversary offerings is an extraordinary saving in 26-piece sets of original and genuine Rogers' guaranteed electro Silverplate Tableware.

One of the largest makers of quality silverplate has liberally collaborated with us in providing this Silverware in a new original "Silver Anniversary Pattern," as illustrated above. Its chaste lines and beautiful design will always be in good taste in every home and for every occasion. It is made of the highest quality nickel silver metal with a heavy deposit of pure silver. Knives have quadruple silverplated handles with steel blades that will not corrode or stain. Forks and spoons have reinforced plate where wear is greatest.

The manufacturer's certificate of guarantee accompanies every set. The price—$5.90—is so low as to bring this Silverware within reach of all for everyday use.

This remarkable Silver Anniversary offering is a high spot in our long, enviable history of Value Giving. Whether you buy one of these beautiful sets for yourself or for a gift, it represents one of the most extraordinary savings ever offered.

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beautifully illustrated by rotogravure, showing you how to save large sums on Dry Goods, Clothing, Furnishings, Shoes and kindred lines — standard quality goods! A post-card will bring it.

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experienced in our lines, to train for Co-partner Store Managers, providing for the continuous growth of our Company and especially the expansion planned for 1927. Write for particulars.

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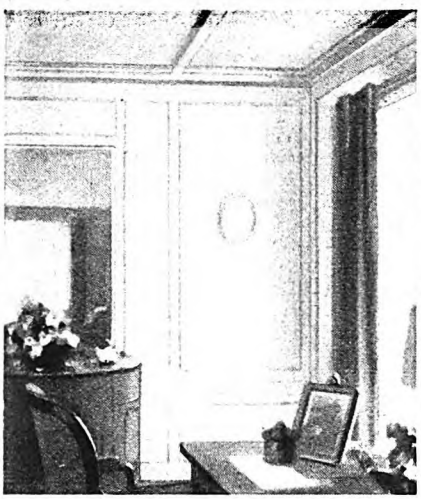

$2500 in cash prizes

$1000 for best ceilings

UGLY ceilings with sprawling cracks can now be easily transformed! *Upsonize.*

Then you have *safe* ceilings that even ordinary leaks will not injure—*paneled* ceilings that decorators unite in saying are most-pleasing.

Upson Board goes on in ⅓ the time of *re*-plastering—without irritating muss or confusion. It can never crack—properly applied, should never warp or bulge. Mail the coupon for facts about the $1000 ceiling contest.

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Reclaim your attic and cellar with Upson Board! Build in an attractive maid's room—bedroom, playroom, or workshop—valuable new living space that should pay for itself by saving heat. $1000 in cash for the best uses of waste space.

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Your way may win you part of $500 in cash. Mail the coupon or ask your Upson lumberman today.

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THE UPSON COMPANY
427 Upson Pt., Lockport, N. Y.
Please send me FREE, booklet giving rules of the $2500 Prize Contest, Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile samples and name of nearest Upson lumberman.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Identify genuine Upson Board by its blue-center edge.

The international race was to be held in Belgium on May 30th. That left us a month to pack up, sail, and get ready for the international race, in which we would be qualified to enter if we took one of the first three places in the national race.

"My maps showed a terrible swamp around Norfolk, and we were headed straight for it. I knew, if we landed in it, it might be ten days before we could get out and bring our balloon out, and that would mean giving up the international race, even if we won the national. So I decided to come down. We actually landed at two A. M. in the moonlight, less than half a mile from the edge of the swamp. And, luckily, we did not lose the race by sacrificing those last few miles.

"If you land on private property, you may do some damage, and of course we always offer to pay.

"THE strategy of balloon racing consists in knowing as much as possible about air currents, so you can take advantage of those that are helpful and avoid any that may hinder you. Sometimes everything sets in against you.

"In the 1924 international race, our balloon left Brussels on the afternoon of June 15th, and, flying at a height of about ten thousand feet in a general southeasterly direction, we finally found ourselves over Kaiserlautern, Germany, at a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles from Brussels. At that point we were becalmed. We sat there without any perceptible movement until evening; I anticipated that at about sunset the wind would spring up again.

"It did so; but in exactly the opposite direction. That is, we found ourselves moving back in almost a straight line toward our starting point of the day before. The question was, What should we do?

"We could have descended where we were, and I felt sure we had flown far enough to claim at least third or fourth place in the race. But I feel in a race that there is only *one* place, and that is first. Therefore, I decided to see if we couldn't maneuver in the air and strike a current that would take us on in our original direction.

"We descended, however, as low as one thousand feet and less, and rose as high as seventeen thousand feet, and found an extremely rare condition: at all altitudes, the wind was blowing in the same direction.

"Finding that we could not go any farther in our original direction, I decided not to land, even then, but to go back, and take a chance on being able to go far enough in the opposite direction to make a decent record. I hoped we might even be able to reach England, and, if we did, I concluded we would still have a chance at first stake. Toward the second morning, after forty hours in the air, we reached the North Sea. Beyond was England.

"But England was two hundred miles away; and we had ballast enough to carry us only ten. Discretion finally seemed the necessary choice, and we came down.

"Our balloon, owing to this freak of the air currents, had flown first in one direction and then back over the same route, covering approximately five hundred and seventy miles: Yet we were officially credited with a distance of ninety miles, for our landing point was only that far from the starting point. In a balloon race, it's not how far you travel, but how far away you get, that matters.

"THE 1926 international race was, on most counts, the hardest one I ever entered. One of the most disagreeable features was the rain. From the time we left the ground until half past eleven o'clock at night, it rained steadily and hard, and, unprotected as we were in the basket, we were drenched and thoroughly miserable. However, we had the satisfaction of knowing that the other contestants no doubt were fully as miserable as we were; furthermore, the rain probably helped us almost as much as any one thing to win the race. We made good use of it.

"At the very top of a balloon is a valve controlled from the basket by a cord; you allow gas to escape through the valve if you are too high and want to descend. This valve is a little heavier than the fabric of the bag, therefore it makes a slight depression like a crater, on top of the balloon.

"Water collected in this depression during the rain. Adding its weight to that of the valve, it automatically increased the size of the depression and collected more water, so that every so often we had an appreciable weight on top of our balloon. It was as if we were carrying so much additional ballast, and the tendency was to bring us down toward the earth.

"Ballast is precious to the balloonist. Even a handful thrown overboard makes a difference in the equilibrium of the balloon, and causes it to rise a little. When the ballast is all gone, the end of the flight is in sight. This is true, because there is a necessary relationship between the amount of gas in the bag and the amount of ballast you carry. Ballooning, in fact, requires continuous juggling of gas and ballast to keep yourself at the altitude where you want to fly.

"There is a natural loss of gas, due not to leakage but to the fact that the sun's rays superheat the gas and cause it to expand, and you have to let some out or the bag would burst. As the gas escapes, you tend to lose altitude; to maintain it, you have to throw some ballast overboard. This process is repeated many times throughout the flight, and if you are up for a long time, your bag, because of losing so much gas, finally comes to look like an old, tired, badly-wrinkled man; and your ballast is nearly gone. Not long after that, you have to hunt a place to land.

"NOW, in this 1926 race, the water which collected near the valve was in effect so much free ballast; and it kept accumulating. When we wanted to rise, instead of throwing out any of our precious sand, we merely pulled the valve cord for a few seconds. Not much gas could escape until the water that covered the opening had poured through; then we quickly closed it. The water came on through the open bottom of the bag, deluging us like a cloudburst. But the process saved us a lot of ballast in the early hours of the contest, enabled us to remain at the altitude we wanted to keep, and probably of itself gave us enough margin over our competitors to win.

* * * * *

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When March winds and fire sirens blow

On the nation's fire records, listed among the partly preventable causes of fire, appears the word "Exposure". Against it is written a staggering total in millions of dollars, representing the property lost as a result of fire originating on adjoining properties or in different parts of the same property.

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Eau de Quinine

How Life Looks to Me at Forty-five

(*Continued from page 53*)

family are very long and very real. I am always conscious of the fact that it is a day's journey back to them. They are in Detroit and I am somewhere else. I cannot imagine them with me; but with my father it is no longer that way. I have but to think of him to have his spirit very near me.

I used to think forty-five was the very threshold of old age. I have changed my mind about that, and I am wondering just when old age does begin. What it is like to feel old, I cannot tell, for I have never felt old.

I married in 1906. Mrs. Guest may not have known it then, but she knows now that she was taking a boy to look after. I still do foolish things; still hanker for pie and cake and candy and ice cream. I am still fond of bats and balls and pigeons and goldfish and puzzles. I am still careless about my clothing. My wife finds in my pockets the disgraceful handkerchiefs of boyhood. I toss my hat on the first chair I come to in the hall; she picks up after me as she must pick up after Bud. Apples on a tree still look better to me than apples in a store window.

I gave up playing baseball some years ago, not because I had ceased to love it but because I had ceased to play it well. In the last game I played, I found myself shirking the hard chances. The boys were getting base hits through me which should have been easy put-outs. I wasn't holding down my job as third baseman. I missed the first hot grounder which came my way, by inches, and I knew that I should have had it. Three years before, I would have handled it without an effort. When another came sizzling my way and my hands flinched, I knew that my baseball days were over.

"Old boy," said I to myself, "you're slowing up. You're missing the ones you ought to get. You've played third base for the last time."

AND now, looking back, I wonder if that isn't what getting old means. Don't we all gradually find ourselves slowing up a bit in the game of life. And then, one day, we suddenly realize that we can no longer handle the fast balls with ease. But so long as the spirit of boyhood survives in us, we can never be really old.

My father was older at forty-five than I am. In his day, there was a marked difference between a boy and a man. A boy was supposed to have his fling, come to manhood, and settle down. And the settling-down process seemed to include an elimination of the boy spirit. Games were for youth, but the burdens of life were for adults. Being a man meant being grave and serious-minded.

Personally, I have never thought it important to be dignified or imposing. I have never grown used to the title "Mister." I have been called by my first name so long now that any other form of greeting seems awkward and unnatural. Only the other day, one of the caddies at our golf club, trained by a caddie master to be respectful to all club members, called out:

"Here's your ball, Eddie."

The other members of our foursome were a little shocked, and one of them even suggested to me that the boy needed a lesson in manners. I took his camaraderie as one of the finest compliments that could be paid me. He was thinking of me not in terms of age, but in terms of boyhood. I am forty-five years old, but I was considered a boy by a boy. That in itself is an achievement.

IT SEEMS to me now that I am constantly discarding price tags. Things which once loomed large and magnificent when viewed through the eyes of vanity and personal pride now look trifling and inconsequential. The more I shop around for the real values of life, the more I realize that most of the things we fret and worry over aren't worth it. Much of our discontent and unhappiness is silly, if we only knew it. Wisdom, it seems to me, consists largely in the discovery of the shams of life. I should say that I am wiser at forty-five than I have ever been before, mostly because I have learned that so many things are not worth bothering about.

What does it matter that the rich people on the other street ignore us? We still have our own good friends, haven't we? We can be happy with them if we will, and we could be no happier with all the rich in Christendom.

What does it matter that some people seem not to recognize our worth or position? We know best our own good qualities. They are neither increased nor diminished by what others may say of us.

I believe that the greatest happiness in this life comes from living for others, and the greatest unhappiness is caused by living to please the whims of others. To grieve that you are not "taken up" is to admit that you have not the ability to get up by yourself.

I long ago made up my mind that I could never see everything, do everything, or share in everything. If I were invited to all the great events in the world, I could not attend them all. Not to be among those present at any gathering creates in me no bitterness or regret. I am living my life as best I can, grateful for what comes to me of pleasure and delight. And I am determined, as far as is compatible with good friendship and good feeling, to reserve some of my time on earth for myself, to do those things which best please and satisfy me. I will not go to dinners and balls and the so-called big events, merely to be seen there. I will go for friendship, not for vanity.

At forty-five, after half a lifetime of sifting values, I have come to the conclusion that there are very few things which really affect a man's usefulness and happiness in this world. I would list six. They are:

Character
Gentleness
Faith in God and Man
Industry
Straight thinking
A willingness to suffer a little that others may suffer less.

Take character: No human being can

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Where do you think she'll find them?
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achieve contentment or even tranquillity without it. It is one of the few human possessions which commands universal recognition, and which will always sell at par at any time under any conditions.

Here is an incident which illustrates what I mean by character: Some years ago, in Rochester, New York, an important will case was to be tried. Witnesses and heirs had come from Europe for the hearing. The value of a piece of property was in question. An appraisal must be made, and it would require time to make it. The judge suggested a two-months postponement. This would have meant a great hardship for the foreign witnesses. One of the lawyers arose, and said:

"Your Honor, if we can get him, there is one man who can tell us at once what this property is actually worth."

He named the man, and the attorneys for the other side readily agreed to abide by his decision.

"If he will serve," said one of them, "we will accept whatever price he sets. He has never been known to do an unfair act in all his career."

The next morning, the man came into court, the property was appraised, and the case was settled.

That citizen of Rochester has character —the sort that must be earned, not by one act but by a lifetime of acts. It cannot be bought at any price. It is developed slowly and, once attained, it is more precious than anything else on earth. It is possible to the many; but it is achieved only by the very few. Men can get rich without it, and many do; they can become famous without it; they may have skill, without character; they may win fame, and still be lacking in personal honor. But they will come at last to know that the far more satisfying thing would have been to earn and keep the respect and good will of all their fellow men.

ONE of the qualities that I believe to be essential to full living is gentleness. So many of the things which irritate us to desperation don't really matter, after all. Just a little more patience and good nature would make most of us far happier than we are.

By a strange coincidence, I have just had a chance to practice my own preaching along this line. This article was finished a few days ago. I had put almost a week of time upon it. The morning I was preparing it for the mail, I laid it upon my desk, happy that the task was finished. I had only one copy. I stepped out of my room for a few minutes, and when I returned the manuscript had disappeared. A blazing fire on the hearth told the story. The wind had blown the papers from my desk into the wastebasket. In the few minutes of my absence the maid had entered the room and carried the papers to the fire. Thus a week's labor was lost in one careless moment.

It was a pretty stiff loss. But would anger improve my situation? Could I recover a single page of that manuscript by resentment or ill feeling? I could storm and rage and work myself up into a fury of temper, but I should still have all that work to do over again. I could make the maid miserable and unhappy, and upset the entire household with my wailings, and all to no purpose. At thirty-five, I should probably have acted just that way. At forty-five, I simply said, "From now on, everybody stay out of my room, and leave my papers alone. I'll empty my own wastebasket in the future."

Then I went back to my typewriter and started in again. As a matter of fact, I suspect that this is a better article than the one which was burned. And out of the incident has come this thought: To bewail an accident is pure waste of time. It is better to get busy on what is to be done than to spend a minute deploring what has taken place. Life is to be faced always as *it is*, not as we should *like it to be*. And all the ill temper we display and all the harsh words we speak will not alter any situation for the better.

AT FORTY-FIVE, I know that I could not be happy without faith in my fellow man. I don't believe that you can be, either. Understand, I am not urging anybody to drink in the smooth talk of every fellow who comes along with a gold brick, or a bunch of oil stock for sale. I'm not even suggesting that we should drop in a quarter every time the hat is passed. What I am arguing for is a little more faith in the motives and aims of the chap next door, and a little more charity toward the one at the next desk.

We cripple our neighbors and ourselves when we suspect them of littleness and selfishness. On the other hand, if we stubbornly believe in their generosity, and high-mindedness, and loyalty, they are pretty likely to exhibit these qualities sooner or later.

Faith in God and in the eternal and everlasting purpose of the soul is vital to contentment and peace. Without it, we should be no better than the beasts. Indeed, without faith in God and the hereafter, life on this earth, at its best and longest, would be hopeless and a futile waste of time. If he does not possess such faith, man is doomed from the start; doomed to disappointment and despair; doomed to lose everything he gains; doomed to unhappiness, wherever he may go. If love finds him, it is only to bring him the pain of giving up that love. If everybody believed as he does, he could have no rest and no pleasure. He would be in constant battle. What he gained by fighting, he would have to fight again to keep. The strongest would be the richest.

The folks who scoff at religion to-day are safe only because most of us are believers. The majority of us are decent and kindly and forbearing and forgiving, not because the law says we must be but because we have faith that this life continues; that the spirit progresses and goes on. And in that faith we find consolation for our griefs and strength for our burdens.

I have listed straight thinking and industry as necessary to a happy life. It seems to me that before anyone can do anything well, he must first see the need for the task. And to do that, he must think straight. The most irksome tasks are those beyond which no vision arises. The unhappiest man on earth, I think, is he who is doomed to labor from which he gets no ray of hope and no touch of joy.

If I could have my life to live over, I am sure that I should be more industrious. I have not wasted all my time, but I have neglected many an opportunity, and I have shirked many a task which I wish now that I had performed. Given a sec-

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Mountains of precious minerals . . Power of

THE giant buttresses of the Continental Divide form the western bulk of Montana. A dazzling mass of enormous mountains, capped with glaciers, blanketed with primeval forests, with torrents of blue water rushing down their slopes and out upon the vast sweep of open plain to the eastward. The western slopes open into enormous valleys scoured by swirling rivers that rush away through Idaho, Oregon, Washington to the Pacific.

Raw, magnificent country, hardly touched by man, though its potentialities are staggering. Vast areas of unprospected mountains packed with immeasurable mineral wealth. Great timber resources lightly touched. Warm rich valleys of extraordinary beauty.

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GAS, OIL: One of the largest natural gas reserves. Geological reports now indicate Montana will be among greatest oil-producing centers. Over a hundred companies already operating.

TIMBER: One of the three great bodies of soft timber left in the world extends through Idaho into Montana.

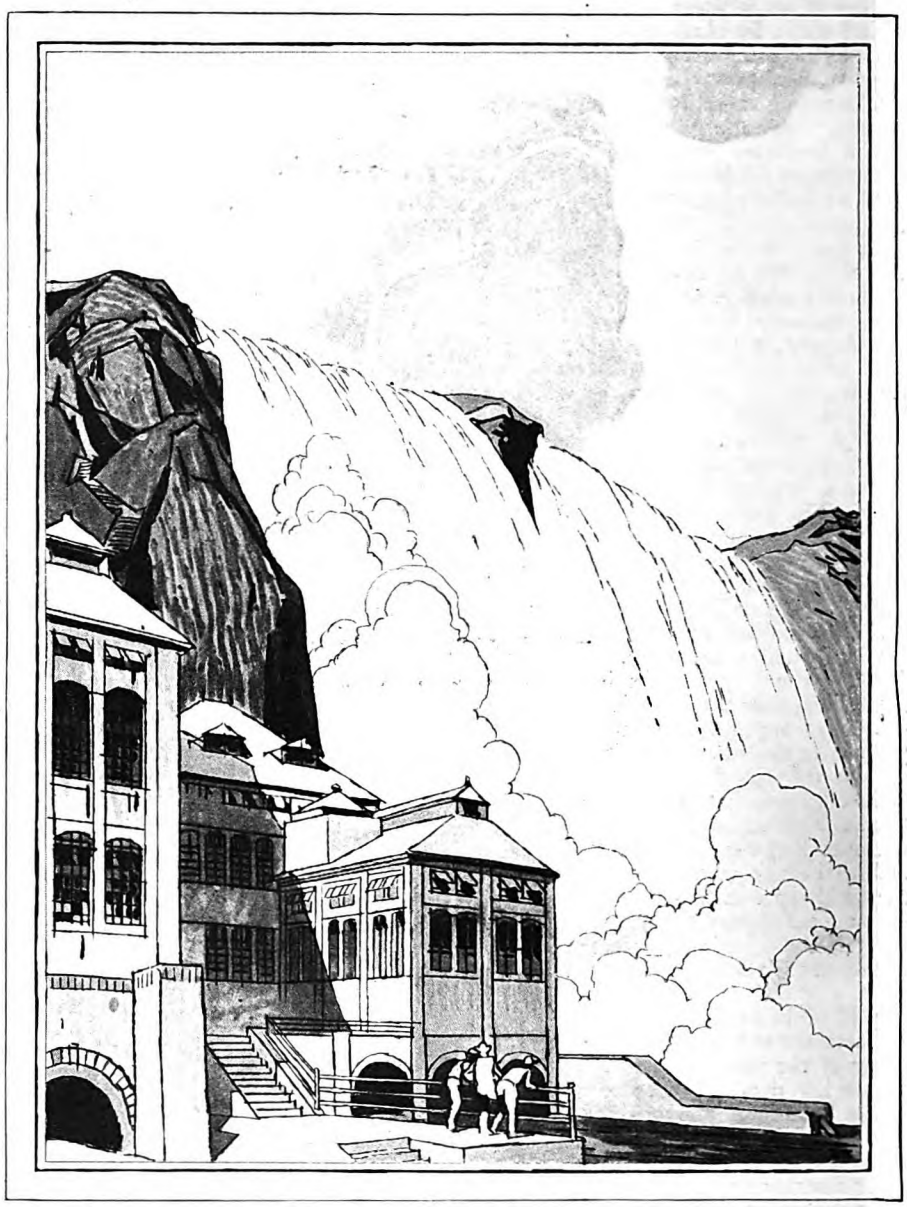
AGRICULTURE: Agricultural Montana occupies chiefly the fertile plains watered by the Missouri and Yellowstone and numerous tributaries. But the warm valleys of industrial Montana are also extremely rich in diversified crops and livestock.

On top of the world

More great national parks are embraced in this mountainland of romance and adventure than anywhere else in the country. It forms the shoulders of the Nation with hands stretched east and west. Its great resources, converted by cheap power into commercial products, are finding rapidly expanding markets on the Pacific. As the Appalachian Mountains dominate the Atlantic Region with their great resources of coal, iron and water-power, so this colossal mountain region is destined to dominate the Nation.

Life is at its best in Montana. Its wine-sparkling climate has reduced the human death rate to one of the lowest on record. It is a big and wholesome country where wild game, mountain trout, indescribable natural beauty add much to the joy of daily existence. It is a land, too, of startling contrasts, where beautiful modern cities are rising rapidly.

One of the proudest boasts of a man of the Northwest is that he is a Montanan!



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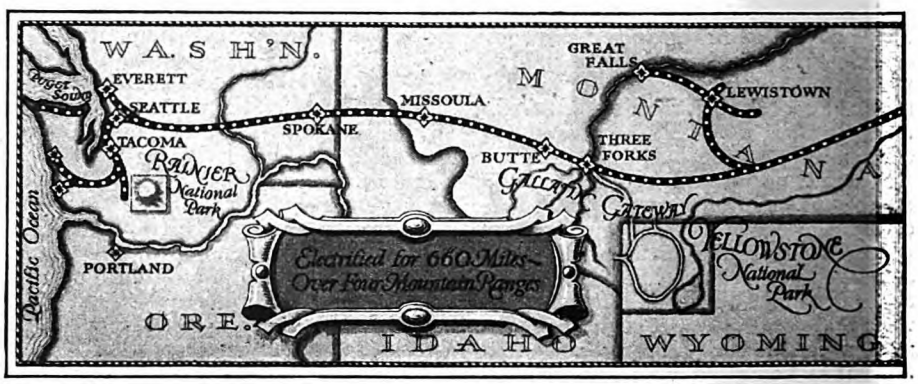

The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

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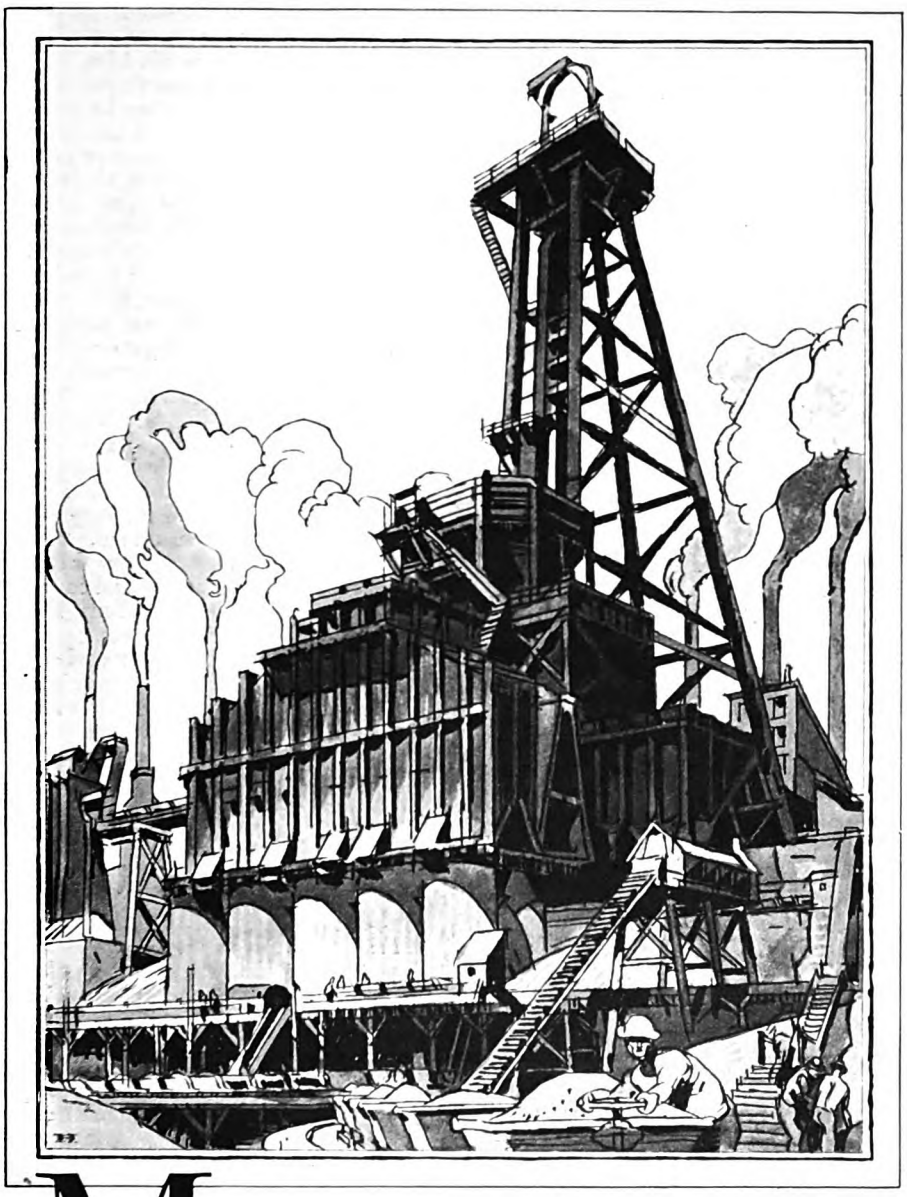

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This great artery, 11,000 miles long, employing 60,000 people, brings life and energy to the great body of all the Northwest. Machinery, tools, manufactured products, pure-bred stock, high-grade seeds, and people, pour in an endless stream along its tracks. Raw materials come pulsing back to the great industrial centers both east and west.

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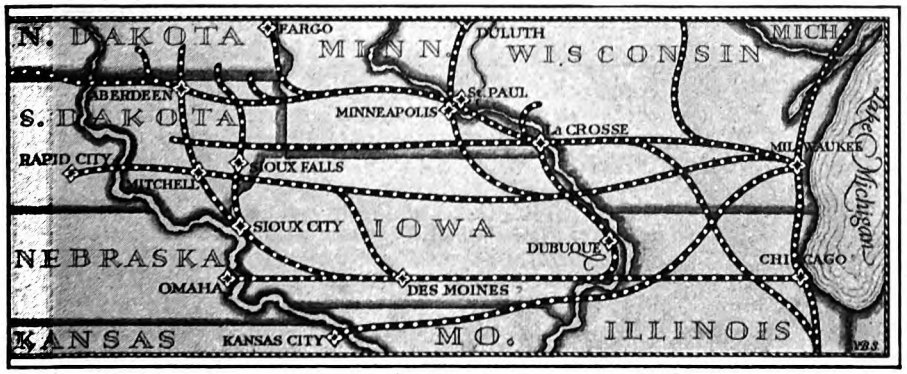

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ond chance, I should think more about my job, and know more about it. But knowing how to do a thing is only half the battle; the other half is in performance. He who knows what should be done, and fails to do it, causes more damage than the untrained man who attempts to do the work and blunders. Knowledge is power only when it is put into action. The world is always afraid of the man who is afraid of himself. The world cannot guess what is in a man's head. The timid man may know much; but unless he demonstrates his wisdom, it will remain forever useless.

In every institution, there are men who know more than the leaders. I know several minor employees whose minds are rich treasure-houses of information. They have tools, but they don't use them. They are afraid of responsibility. They stay in the background when they should be in action at the front.

IF I had to start over again, I should learn everything I could, and, once having learned it, I should put my knowledge into service. I should welcome every task as an opportunity to show the stuff I am made of; I should work hard and willingly; I should be keen for responsibility; never too forward or pert or smart, but always on hand ready to be of service. I should not only know my own job, but also the job just ahead of me.

I was driving with some friends in Detroit one day last summer, when we passed the handsome home of a man we all know.

"That's Joe's home," said my friend, who is well over middle age. "It's a beautiful place, isn't it? I'd like to have one like it."

"You could," chuckled his wife, "if you had worked as hard as Joe has."

And that, I think, is the answer. The sentence which she so lightly uttered in jest is as fine a rebuke to envy as I have ever heard.

All that we have at the last stands out as a symbol of what we have been. We get out of this life just about what we are willing to earn. Hard as it may sound, the measure of our possessions—especially our spiritual possessions—is likely to be an accurate measure of our earning capacity.

The longer I live, the more clearly I see that the fine souls are the ones who bear the little inconveniences most gracefully. In the big tests of life, most of us measure up fairly well. But how easy it is to fall down miserably in the small tests. We can all sympathize from a long distance. We can all do nice things when they do not inconvenience us greatly. Most of us, however, are too busy to visit the sick; we are too much occupied with our own affairs to go out of our way to be friendly and kindly and thoughtful. We would like to say a word of comfort and hope and encouragement to the friend who is in deep trouble; but too often we take it for granted that our friend will know that we are thinking of him, without any evidence from us.

It takes time to be a real friend. Friendship is founded on sacrifice. Affection must be earned, and none of us will get any more than he has worked for.

Here at forty-five, I understand clearly what my father meant when he used to try to tell me that beauty of character is not accidental. He was trying to picture for me all that he had found in his journey through the years, trying to show me what he had discovered. But I insisted on burning my fingers to learn that fire is hot. And I had to throw a few stones in order to learn that window panes are easily broken.

Perhaps these experiences have been good for me. I am making no complaint now about my lot. I have much to be thankful for. To me, this has been a kindly and gracious world. But I do know now that I have had the opportunity to be better and finer than I really am, and the fault is all mine that I am not. I have shirked many an inconvenient duty which I wish now that I had performed. I could have filled up the niches in my life with countless little deeds of grace and courtesy which would have brightened my life as well as the lives of many others.

Most tasks are inconvenient and many of them are irksome. Care never comes when it is welcome; duty seldom chooses the hour when we have nothing else we would rather do. Tasks fall to us when we want to play. But it is well to remember that he lives best and is happiest in the end who faces his duty ungrudgingly and bravely, and thoroughly, and with good grace.

TO BE a good friend is never easy. Friendship cannot be achieved without effort and sacrifice. The good man among us stands out because he does the little things so graciously. He comes to us when we are in trouble, as though he were just passing by. Yet he has dropped his own interests and his own business to come out of the way merely to comfort us. The love which we give him for that little service, he has earned. The selfish man could have had it too, but he was too busy to turn aside for us.

At forty-five, this is the picture I would like to pass on to my children: Their lives are rich with opportunities for achievement, but their destinies lie within themselves. They will become exactly what they are willing to make themselves. They will get no more than they are willing to earn; and they will receive from others no greater love than they have been willing to bestow.

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Martin's Tree

(*Continued from page 23*)

bobcats screeched. And in the long Vermont winters, gray twilight after gray twilight, starry night after starry night, the empty cabin stood buried to its eaves in snow.

Few persons came to the clearing: a group of Boston hikers now and then in the summer, deer hunters in November. Occasionally old Jake Tierman would stop there as he roamed that part of the mountains in search of a bear whose pelt might buy much liquor. It was one of those lost mountain clearings which remain the same, generation unto generation, like the lordly elm on its western edge.

The years seemed to have no effect on that tree except to enhance its majesty. It was first to put out its leaves in the spring; last to drop them in fall. Thunderstorms whipped and clacked about it, mountain winds lashed it to fury, a rumor spread that its higher branches held an eagle's nest. Old Man Tierman's eldest boy tried to climb it one year to find out. He soon gave it up. Its area was too vast, its foliage too dense, its height too terrifying.

AND with the years the War came and ended, and the Peace came, and did not end, and the world took up its addled way once more. But the man who had paid this forest king's ransom from a beggar's purse remained away, and no word returned to tell us of his fortunes.

No word, I say. But the man himself came back—as it was inevitable he would come back.

One hot July night the light screen door of my newspaper office slapped shut behind a fellow whose appearance alarmed me at once. Not until he spoke did I recognize Ellen Bell's one-time lover. Then compassion overwhelmed me.

He was not a derelict. That is, physically. His clothing looked rumpled, but that might have been from his lengthy ride in a sooty train. His soft felt hat was pulled low on eyes that I thought at first were burning with fever. But the old, old ache of loneliness was on his deeply-creased countenance until now it showed itself terrible.

"Martin!" I cried. "What's the matter, Martin Brewster?"

"Thought I'd look in on you a minute, that's all. I'm going . . . up in the woods."

In my private office I closed the door and we talked as men will talk. It was nearly midnight when we finally broke up.

He'd been "all over" as he expressed it, "though places were all much alike." He'd been first to enlist when the war began, last to come from France when it ended. No; there hadn't been any more women. And wearied of wandering around strange cities, he had finished his trek with our town that night. He was going up in the Green Mountains, to the clearing he had purchased, to the tree he remembered, "to end it."

I was jolted by that "end it." Did the fellow mean end the trek, or did he mean suicide?

After he had departed, I began to

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worry. It was a hot July night in a week of bad thunderstorms. I tossed on my bed and longed for cooling rain. And next morning—"I'm going after him!" I told my family. "The Lord only knows what he may do to himself up there in the solitude of Camp Eleven clearing."

IT WAS long after sunset when I finally arrived in the clearing, sixteen miles northeast of town in the mountains which were slowly being mantled in mauve. Dew was falling on the woodlands, making them doubly fragrant. Somewhere off to the southward a wood thrush sang its peculiar fluted note. Little clouds of gnats rose and fell in the quiet air. And the solitary tree never looked more venerable, more regal.

There was really no cause for my worry of the previous night. I saw Mart's ruddy cabin light, and hallooed from the edge of the trail.

We shared the evening meal and talked. To keep away the mosquitoes, we built a big smudge in the yard. Then we sat out in front of the shack with pipes, for the heat inside was oppressive.

And gradually the stars were blotted out. The low northwest showed intermittent flashes of lightning. Heat lightning, I thought it first. But when faintly borne to our ears came ominous growls of thunder, I knew we might face a storm.

We arose at last and went inside. Steadily the storm came on from the northwest quarter. Martin laid his great hand on my shoulder.

"I think you've worried about me," said he. "Please don't any longer. A summer up here with the Tree will fix me. There's a lot a man can learn from a tree. For one thing, patience. For another, philosophy."

The storm was upon us in another quarter-hour. The night outside had grown black as ink. A storm in these mountains is doubly elemental; never had I seen such blackness, never such gigantic whips of lightning. For ten seconds at a time the clearing blazed with great white radiance, seething sky-flares that prickled the scalp. Every stump and briar patch stood out as though etched in silver. It passed directly over our head, that storm, the thunder smashing at our very doors. Then came the awesome barrage of rain. . . .

We dropped our windows and wedged a log against the one door. In pauses between all that driven fury we could hear the golden trout brook becoming a swollen torrent. In a dozen places our cabin leaked water. It dripped to the floor, hissed on the still warm stove that had cooked our supper, ran rivulets through the bunks.

"Clackity-clack! . . . Boom-m-m! . . . Zip! . . . Zip! . . . Crash! . . . Clack-ity-clack! . . . Boom-oom-oom-mmmmm! . . ."

"Lord!" gasped Mart. "I hope this lightning doesn't hit the Big Tree!"

I shuddered as he said it. We were close enough so that if a bolt did wreck it, our cabin would be crushed like matchwood.

"Listen!" cried Mart hoarsely, "do you hear a peculiar noise?"

"I hear the thunder. What kind of noise?"

But his answer was drowned out by a

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jarring roll as of a mammoth bowling ball directly overhead where Titans played at tenpins.

"I hear something that sounds like a lawn mower," he finally bellowed. And catching up the lantern he sprang toward the window. He held it up in front of the glass.

"A lawn mower! What on earth—?"

And then a woman screamed!

A woman screamed, I say—long drawn, agonized, mingled with cascading of torrential water.

"A bobcat!" cried Martin. "They sound like women—when they're hurt!"

"But that sounded just outside. No cat would venture so near our lights." A booming roll of thunder drowned my voice.

Gradually it quieted. Nervous chills played down my spine. Mart turned from the window. "I can't believe—"

"Listen!" I begged him. "I heard a voice!"

We stood, straining our hearing above the roar of wind and water. In that interval a faint cry came distinctly:

"Help! Oh, help!"

Martin caught up the lantern and sprang to the door. He kicked at the log and it fell on my foot. No matter. A wild wash of rain swept into the cabin. Both of us were drenched at once. Our lantern made a sickly light in a void of darkened immensity. Only the lightning could assist us in our search.

The lightning did assist us, long serried flashes of electric magnificence that showed distant mountain peaks against bloodcurdling thunderheads. Yet we scarcely saw distant thunderheads. . . .

"There's a woman over there," bellowed Martin. "Over by the tree!"

I caught a flicker of the picture before the world snapped black. Something white lay beneath the elm. But in those flashes I had seen something more.

The tree's great trunk had been riven open!

I followed Mart somehow. Blinded by the rain, caromed by the gale, our lantern whipped blue, we slipped and stumbled across that tract.

AT THE foot of the fissure we found a young woman.

She was a comely girl with body that seemed partly nude, because of filmy, diaphanous garments made half invisible by rain. Her coal-black hair was a sodden mass, she was bleeding in a dozen places, and her eyes were glazed with shock.

I took the lantern. Mart slipped strong arms beneath her and carried her back to the cabin.

"She came from the tree," whispered Martin as I refastened the door with the log. "Look! . . . her clothes . . . splinters of fresh wood!"

"Nonsense! The bolt opened the tree while she stood beneath it. She was showered with slivers. But why she wasn't killed herself is something I can't understand."

Somehow, I felt Mart didn't believe me. "She came from the tree," he persisted. "The elm gave her to me—my elm!"

"Don't lose *your* sanity, too."

"Well, I'd like to think—"

Suddenly, however, the girl collapsed. Flesh and blood, unable to stand further tension, went limp and flaccid. Her eyes turned upward. Her face paled grue-

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somely. With an awful qualm I thought she had died.

But she did not die. It was only unconsciousness. I shall never forget our night in that cabin.

We covered her with such blankets as we had. We bathed her wounds and bandaged them as well as we could. And she continued in her unconsciousness. We forgot the storm. It rolled off southeastward. By two o'clock the fine, cool night was lighted by a mammoth moon.

Mart and I crossed over to the tree. It had been wounded down twenty feet of its lower trunk. Yet the bruise was by no means fatal. I had seen trees survive worse gashes than this one.

"You see," said I, capriciously, "the opening isn't large enough to have produced our lady of mystery."

"Won't you let me enjoy my little myth?" he asked, with a choke in his voice.

"Well, why in thunder was she ever wandering around these woods in such clothes? And who on earth can she be?"

"I don't know and don't care. My tree gave her to me—for saving its life. That's my explanation, and I'm going to stick to it!"

ALL through those early morning hours the girl's trance continued. I stood by the side of the bunk and looked down in her face. Certainly, I had never seen her before. Mart came and stood beside me.

"Which one of us goes down to fetch the doctor?" he said.

"I'll start at the first signs of daylight. I'm afraid of losing the trail in the dark."

Two hours later I left him seated on a box beside the bunk, a shapely feminine hand in his own, all the hunger of his manhood showing in the eyes with which he watched the sleeper's every breath. . . .

I got down into town at half-past ten. Locating old Doctor Johnson, I drove back with him through Hebron and North Foxboro. We got into the tract by the back road. One of the doctor's nurses accompanied us, bringing a suit case of clothing.

We found them almost as I had left them, the girl still stricken, the big blond giant with his head dropped on his wrists at the bunk edge, asleep from sheer exhaustion.

It was half-past four in the afternoon before Doctor Johnson succeeded in arousing her. But her mind was clouded. She was weak and childlike and piteous. And she remembered nothing. Her eyes remained fixed on Mart's face. At length she whispered:

"You're kind and good, aren't you? You won't hurt me, will you?"

As if he would! He looked at me with a pathetic expression. . . .

He picked her up tenderly at length, as though she had been a child, and carried her down to the doctor's car. He held her all the way around Hebron Four Corners and down the long drive into Paris. The two of them were taken to my home. But the shock had pathetically hazed the girl's brain. Not exactly an idiot. Just helpless.

The story spread over the valley. Nearly everyone had his pet theory. Some said she must have been living clandestinely in the mountains, and the garments in which we found her the vestiges of night

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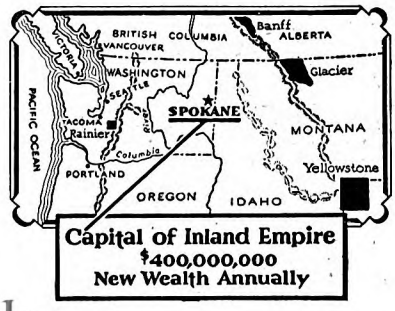

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clothing in which an aberration of sleep drove her forth. Others claimed she must be a summer camper lost from her party, wading down the brook when night and the storm came upon her. But no reports reached us of such a woman missing. Time must solve the mystery. She could not even recall her name.

"She came from the tree. My tree gave her to me," contended Mart whimsically. And though he knew it to be a fancy, he always added: "Anyway, I want to think so!"

THE days passed. The nameless girl recovered her strength. Her wounds healed, and she began to go about. But always Mart was near to assist her. It was heart-pinching, the way he served her. And the manner in which she accepted his ministrations was equally tender and beautiful. She was a girl of amazing grace, though she came only to his shoulder.

"I don't know," she mused piteously as we sought to help her recover her memory. "I remember lawns . . . a lot of people . . . someone I dreaded and was always trying to avoid. Was it something he made me drink? . . . It's all a blank, what happened, except I was falling into someone's arms, and then . . . the awful, awful thunder and lightning. . . . I don't know. . . . I wish I could . . . it's worse than a hideous dream!"

But Mart was no hideous dream. He was very much a reality. And his devotion again grew doglike. He had the right type of woman now, however, the girl he had needed from the first, because she needed him, and his quiet strength, his steady devotion. They appeared on the streets much together that autumn. They made a pretty couple. We hoped they would marry. Dolly Wendell she finally called herself, though she wasn't sure whether that was her name.

She could not recall that she had ever been married, and Mart took the risk. Gradually she would recover her memory and tell us about her past, Doctor Johnson said.

But the physician was wrong.

The last day in October they became man and wife in Calvary parsonage. They left at once on a motor trip honeymoon. They planned to tour autumnal Vermont, down through Rutland, Manchester, Bennington.

Down the long wide street of Manchester village they came the third day of their trip—Manchester, with its Colonial homes, its lofty maples, its white granite shaft in its business center. And just before they reached the hotel where they would stop for the night, they passed a residence set high on their left. The wife looked about her with sudden keen interest. Then she uttered a sharp cry of panic. She clutched Mart and pointed:

"That's the house! But where are the awnings, the lights, the musicians? . . . Oh, where am I, anyhow?"

"In Manchester, dear, with your husband."

"There were musicians. They came up with us from New York. We were dancing—the troupe. And wild Bill Seelley managed to follow." She was perfectly rational now. The haze had lifted. She seemed surprised Mart couldn't know all about her.

"Wild—Bill—Seelley?"

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"He swore he'd get me, Mart, in the end. Maisie said if he bothered me much more, she'd tell La Due."

"Who's La Due?"

"The manager—who taught us our steps. Mrs. Van Spiegal hired him to bring us all up . . . her lawn fête . . . don't you understand? . . . Greek dancers . . . Corinth troupe. . . ."

"You remember your name?"

"Of course I remember my name. Why, I'm Dolly Wendell!"

MART had nosed the roadster in at the curbing. "But how did you get away up in Camp Eleven?"

"I suppose Bill took me up there. I saw him watching from the circle of the guests . . . the dancing ended . . . I tried to get back to the cottage that was our dressing-room. He led me off to a little table and pleaded with me to go with him. I couldn't refuse him without making a scene. I felt faint. He persuaded me to drink something he had in a flask. Next I remember . . . it was thundering and lightning in an awful void . . . and Bill seemed sobbing crazily, 'I only see one light—I only see one light—it's a chance in a million—I've got to take it!'"

"He only saw one light—he had you up in those mountains? You mean the light from our cabin window?"

"I don't know. I was drugged. I couldn't think. It was raining frightfully and I seemed terribly hurt, and falling . . . falling. . . . Then you were carrying me . . . and the light was very close . . . even glaring in my eyes."

"Dolly—you've never been married before?"

"Married? Of course I haven't been married—only to you."

"But what became of this man Bill Seelley?"

"I haven't the slightest idea in the world."

"He tried to abduct you? What sort of a man?"

"Rich—spoiled—reckless. I was afraid of him from the first time I saw him."

They completed their honeymoon, and Martin Brewster brought a normal wife back to Paris. In time she wrote to her friends in New York. They had not troubled to search for her when she vanished that night in Manchester; they had assumed she had eloped with the rich boy to Canada. It was really none of their business.

"It sort of hurts—the explanation," stammered Mart to me one night in late November. "I wanted to believe the tree gave her to me!"

"Perhaps it did," I finally told him. For I was familiar with Dolly's explanation in Manchester. "At least our lighted cabin windows were just beneath it, and he saw them. Otherwise, it might stretch the long arm of coincidence too far."

I spoke queerly and he saw it. Happily married though he was at last, the mystery disturbed him.

"You know something you're not telling me."

"Yes. I do."

I took him into my office and supplied the missing detail:

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"Good lord!" he cried. "*What's that?*"

The elm was now naked of foliage. And up in the topmost boughs, hidden completely from sight while the leaves still clothed them, was the tattered wreck of something the like of which Jake had never encountered during all his life in those mountains.

Heaven only knows what had become of the tiny airplane's pilot, Canada-bound that night with his victim; heaven only knows how the girl got to the ground alive. But it was certainly the tree, towering in the darkness above the lighted cabin windows which had stopped the mad prank. The tree had repaid its debt to the big blond woodsman who had bought its life for six hundred and fifty pieces of silver.

As Jake left the clearing to spread the news in the village, the thing in the tree top which had sought for a landing that night near the cabin light, swayed rakishly in the first rugged winds of oncoming winter.

SCATTERGOOD appears again next month—shrewd, calm, hard-headed, soft-hearted old Scattergood. And along with Clarence Budington Kelland's story about the famous hardware merchant of Coldriver, you will find other short stories of distinction: Octavus Roy Cohen's "The Feud in Hell's Kitchen" is a powerful yarn; "The Grateful Lunella," by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, is an unusually appealing love story; and "Free, Wide, and Handsome," by Stewart Edward White, is a remarkable picture of a man who was given another chance at life. These and two serials are fiction offerings which promise you many hours of fascinated reading.

This Earth We Live On

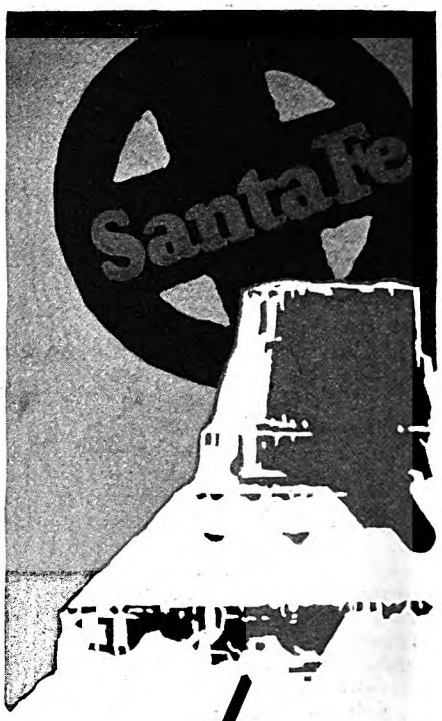
(*Continued from page 28*)

of the internal heat of the earth are hot wells, such as the geysers of Yellowstone Park. In Italy, not far from Florence, there is a large electric power plant operated by the natural steam which spouts up through vents in the ground. The steam is caused by the flowing of an underground river over the heated rocks. Similar steam-springs exist in California, Nevada, Alaska, Chile, Bolivia, New Zealand, and Japan.

"The temperature grows hotter as we descend into the earth from the surface, but it does not continuously increase one degree for every sixty feet of descent. If that were true, we would have hundreds of thousands of degrees at the center of the earth, temperatures greater than exist on the surface of the sun.

"The judgment of the leading geophysicists to-day is that the earth is solid from surface to center, and of about the same rigidity as steel.

"These authorities say that if the earth's core were a mass of hot liquid, the gravitational pull of the sun and the moon would cause such tides within the interior as would burst the crust. It is the pull of



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the sun and the moon that causes the tides of the ocean to rise twice each day. Recent measurements show that this attraction of the sun and the moon also causes a slight rising of the crust, a tidal pulsation of the solid earth. A liquid interior would rise to the pull of this gravitational force like a gigantic hydraulic ram, and the earth's crust, even if hundreds of miles thick, would burst like the overstretched membrane of a toy balloon.

"EARTHQUAKES give additional proof of the solidity of the interior. Most earthquakes occur within five to ten miles of the surface; but they frequently set up vibrations which pass through the interior and are felt thousands of miles away. It is known, by experiment, that the transverse vibrations, which thus pass through the inner core of the earth, cannot pass through a liquid.

"And so, our best information to-day is that the earth is made up of a series of solid layers. After you get through the crust, which is predominantly rock, you pass into layers of mixed rock and metal, and finally to a central core, which is iron with a slight alloy of nickel. The inner core is estimated to extend more than halfway to the surface. This core probably is the hottest part of the earth, and very likely has a temperature near the melting point of iron, around 3,000 degrees."

"And it takes only 212 degrees to boil water! Well, 3,000 degrees is hot enough to make a pretty realistic inferno, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's hot, hot enough to crisp any living tissue in a few seconds, hot enough to melt most metals; but not a core of liquid fire," answered the physicist. "Of course the iron and nickel are subjected to unknown conditions down there. The pressure at the center of the earth is computed to be about 22,000 tons to the square inch. Whether the metals retain their familiar structure under this squeezing, or whether they assume different forms, as in meteorites, we can only conjecture.

"The composition of meteorites is another of the strong evidences for the nickel-iron theory of the earth's core. The metallic meteorites that fall on the earth are predominantly of iron, and the iron is always mixed with a small alloy of nickel. The earth is presumably an immense meteorite—or the thing that meteorites were before they broke up. The density of meteoric iron is between seven and eight times that of water, which is about what we would expect for the density of the earth's core."

"So, iron is our principal ingredient, is it?"

"Yes, by far. Dr. Henry S. Washington, of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution, recently stated that iron constitutes forty per cent of the earth. The next most abundant element is oxygen, nearly twenty-eight per cent; then comes silicon, less than fifteen per cent; magnesium, under nine per cent; nickel, a little more than three per cent; calcium, two and a half per cent; aluminum, one and three-quarters per cent, approximately.

"Each of the remaining elements contributes less than one per cent to the whole. Carbon, for example, the element that enters into every form of life, both

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animal and vegetable, constitutes only four one-hundredths of one per cent of the material of the earth. If the earth lost this minute fraction of carbon, life, as we know it, would probably perish from our planet."

"Can the earth lose any of its substance?" I asked. "For example, do the gases which rise into the air escape into outer space?"

"The upper air is almost as unexplored as is the interior of the earth," answered Doctor Heyl. "Light gases, like hydrogen and helium, rise very rapidly when released, and are not found in our lower atmosphere. Whether the earth's gravitation is able to hold hydrogen we do not know. It may be that hydrogen, the lightest of all known substances, escapes into outer space, and passes off to join the sun, or other stars, or nebulæ. Or it may be that it remains and forms the extreme outer layer of our atmosphere, fifty or one hundred miles above the ground.

"But I don't think there is a likelihood that anything else escapes. The moon long ago lost its atmosphere through the escape of its gases into space. But the earth's mass is eighty times that of the moon, and because of this larger mass the force of gravitation here is sufficient to hold on to what we have. The only thing that would affect the earth's power to hold would be an increase in its velocity of revolution."

"YOU mean that if the earth turned more rapidly on its axis, the force of gravitation would be reduced?" I asked.

"The force of gravitation would continue to operate unchanged; but the centrifugal force, the force which throws mud off a cart wheel, would be increased, and to just that extent it would counterbalance the pull of gravitation.

"There is no centrifugal force at the poles. Suppose a man stood on a square foot of territory centered at the north pole. He would scarcely seem to move. It would take twenty-four hours for that square foot to turn him around. But suppose the same man stood on a spot at the earth's equator. The equator is 24,900 miles around. Each point on the equator travels that distance in twenty-four hours. The equator may be imagined as a gigantic cart wheel whirling at the rate of more than 1,000 miles an hour, and any unattached object, like a man, is subject to the centrifugal force generated by that velocity of revolution.

"This force is easily detected and can be measured. If you should take a set of spring scales and weigh a ton of material, say coal, at the north pole, you would find that it weighed exactly 2,000 pounds. If you could then transport the coal unchanged to the equator, and weigh it there, you would find that your spring scales showed only 1,994 pounds. Centrifugal force, tending to throw the coal off at a tangent, would overcome the gravitational pull of the earth to the extent of six pounds.

"Every object at the equator is affected in like degree, in proportion to its mass. As you come north or go south from the equator, the centrifugal force decreases, because the speed of the earth's revolution decreases, and at the poles it disappears.

"All these weighings must be done on a

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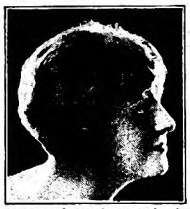

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spring scale. If you use balances, the difference would not appear, for the force of gravitation would act equally on both sides of the balances.

"Weight is affected also by distance from the center of the earth. A body on the top of Mount Everest weighs less than the same body at sea level. When you go up to the top of the Woolworth Building, you weigh less than you did down on the street. These differences, however, are so slight that ordinary scales cannot indicate them.

"Centrifugal force remains, however, the most conspicuous factor in reducing weight. The difference in avoirdupois between a weighing made in Portland, Maine, and one in Key West, Florida, is quite noticeable, provided, always, that spring scales are used."

I asked how fast the earth would have to revolve in order to develop centrifugal force sufficient to equal gravitation.

"It has been computed that if the earth were to turn seventeen times more rapidly than at present, the force of gravitation would be exactly matched by the centrifugal force. Under these conditions, nothing at the equator would have any apparent weight. A man couldn't walk or run—he'd have no pressure on the ground, his feet couldn't get a grip. Automobiles couldn't move, they'd simply spin around on wheels that could get no traction. If a man jumped, the only thing that would limit the height of his ascent would be the friction of the air. But it is doubtful if there would be any air, under the conditions we have imagined.

"There is no likelihood that the earth's rate of rotation is going to increase. Observations indicate that the change will be rather in the other direction. In fact, it is generally believed by authorities to-day that the earth is being slowed down by the gravitational influence of the moon. The moon's continual dragging of the liquid part of the earth against the natural tendency of the earth to rotate as a whole, serves as a brake. It has been computed that the effect of this tidal action is lengthening our day by about a thousandth of a second in a century.

"This need not worry us—nor our heirs for many generations. For at that rate it will be thousands of years before the longer day will be appreciable. But the fact is important and, to scientists, very significant.

"The drag of the moon upon the earth is credited with responsibility for other peculiarities. It is responsible, for one thing, for the wobbling of our sphere in its course, and, for another, for the movement of the poles."

THE curious fact that the north pole is not stationary was discovered simultaneously by astronomers at the Harvard Observatory, in America, and the Berlin Observatory, in Europe, between 1884 and 1885, when they found that the latitudes of their observatories had shifted. These determinations were made by observing the fixed stars. Later, an International Geodetic Institute was organized to study the movement of the poles. Charts have been drawn, showing the curious wobbly path which the north pole describes in its meanderings. It seems to keep, however, within a space about fifty feet in diameter.

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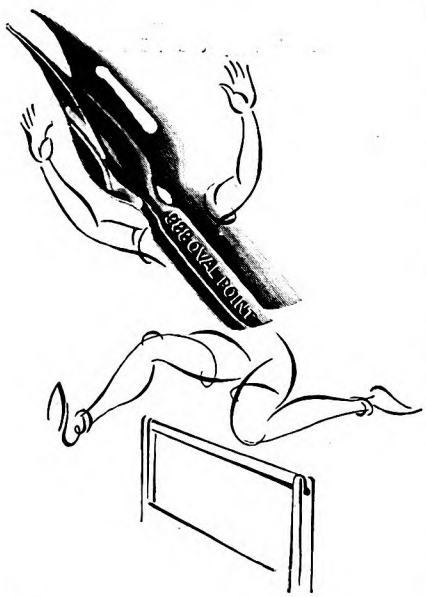

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axis of the earth, move in this way, but also the earth itself is shifting its inclined position in space, and eventually the north pole will point, not to the North Star, but to the brilliant first-magnitude star, Vega. Ten thousand years hence, it is reckoned by astronomers, Vega will be our pole star and the familiar North Star will assume an insignificant position in the heavens.

"But these are not the only movements, nor the only poles, of which our earth is possessed," went on Doctor Heyl. "We have, in addition to the north and south poles, the two magnetic poles. They are the spots on our globe to which the mariner's compass points. They are about a thousand miles distant from the other poles, the north magnetic pole being, at last accounts, on the Boothia Peninsula, in Hudson Bay, a point due east from Point Barrow, Alaska, and due north of Omaha, Nebraska.

"Columbus discovered not only America but also the variation of the compass needle on his first voyage across the Atlantic. It is said that when he saw the needle of the compass shifting, and no longer pointing toward the North Star, he tried to conceal the fact from his men. Finally, it was noticed by them, and there was consternation, and threats of mutiny. Columbus pacified them by explaining that the needle, like the stars, revolved around the pole. That was a pretty lame explanation, but he seems to have been able to make it sound real.

"We judge from this circumstance that back in 1492 the magnetic pole was so situated that in Europe it coincided with the true north position. To-day that is not the case. The magnetic pole is continually moving about, and it is necessary to make surveys to determine its new location about every ten years.

"The south magnetic pole, which attracts the compass needle south of the equator, is not at a point exactly opposite to that of the north magnetic pole. If it were, it would lie directly south of the point of India. Instead, it lies south of the easternmost point of Australia, somewhere on the great Antarctic Continent.

"BUT the earth has still another pair of poles," continued Doctor Heyl. "They are called the poles of cold, by which is meant the coldest two spots on our planet. You might expect that the north and south poles would be the places of extreme low temperature, but such is not the case.

"The northern pole of cold is in Siberia, about two hundred miles inland from the mouth of the Lena River. The usual temperature during January is around 60° below zero, but 94° below has been known there. Compared with this, the north pole is mild and pleasant. The fact that the north pole is on an ocean no doubt keeps its temperature down. Water absorbs and retains heat better than land, and there is probably an under-current flow of warm water from the Southern seas.

"We have few temperature records for the south polar region, but the southern pole of cold is supposed to be in the highlands of the Antarctic Continent, probably not far from the south pole."

I asked Doctor Heyl what effect the melting of ice at the poles, the fall of snow, and atmospheric storms has on the motion and mass of the earth.

"Hardly any appreciable effect," the scientist answered.

"One of the poets has pictured the universal sway of the law of gravitation in these words:

"All things, by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linked are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star.

"Is that science, or is it just poetry?" I asked.

"Oh, it is science as well as poetry," answered Doctor Heyl. "Everything that stirs on the earth, or inside it, or in the atmosphere—every movement, every rise and every fall of bodies, has its effect. The balance is so perfectly adjusted among all the things of the universe that one object cannot be displaced without disturbing others. Undoubtedly, the bonds of gravitation reach through starry space, and bind our solar system to the whole universe of stars. But we have no instrument delicate enough to detect any force of gravitation exerted by any celestial body except our sun and its train of planets and satellites.

"A great snowfall over Canada and the northern United States might affect the motion of the earth and displace its center of gravity somewhat; but the effect would be infinitesimal so far as our measuring instruments are concerned.

"THE whole atmosphere of the earth is estimated to weigh five million million tons. That looks like a big figure; but the earth weighs more than a thousand million times as much, and in comparison the atmosphere sinks to an incredibly small fraction.

"If you were weighing a ton of coal, for example, do you suppose your scales could detect the loss or gain of one thousand millionth part of the ton? That would be a minute fraction of a gram. You would need to use jeweler's scales to determine such microscopic parts. And you cannot use jeweler's scales in weighing a ton of coal.

"The same principle applies here. We are dealing with a body of enormous mass. The whole population of the earth does not weigh one four-hundred billionth part of the earth. Every man, woman, and child, and all the animals, might move to Mars in a body, and their departure would not lighten our scales a trifle nor affect one figure of our result.

"Yet," added Doctor Heyl, his eyes twinkling, "we are aiming for the most exact result ever attained in answer to this question of the earth's mass. We expect to achieve accuracy to one ten-thousandth part. The present figures for the earth's mass are accepted as accurate to one seven-hundredth part."

And now for the actual method of "weighing" the earth! It is so obvious, in principle, that you must smile at the nonsense of puzzling over such fantastic questions as how to construct a set of scales large enough, how and where to support the scales in the firmament, and how to quiet the earth long enough to get it on the scales.

The method is simply to set up a minia-

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ture system of earths and moons in the laboratory, and measure the attraction of these bodies for one another. By determining how and to what extent the force of gravitation acts between the baby planets in the laboratory, the physicist arrives at the gravitational constant. When he has determined the gravitational constant, it is a simple problem in mathematics to apply this constant to the earth, and compute its mass.

Thus, indirectly, but with the utmost delicacy and precision, the earth is being weighed in that underground room in Washington.

"Why must you do the 'weighing' underground?" I asked Doctor Heyl, as he was leading the way through one of the long interconnecting tunnels to his subterranean laboratory.

"The apparatus is very sensitive," answered the physicist, "and to function right must be kept at the same temperature and out of the gravitational range of any moving bodies. Down here, thirty-five feet below the street level, the temperature never varies, summer or winter. And down here there is no possibility of an automobile driving up and parking. The force of gravitation exerted by a car, or even by the body of a passer-by, is sufficient to affect this delicate apparatus. The laboratory planets would be deflected in much the same way that the sun and its planets would be affected if some large star should suddenly move into the solar system. By working underground, I am safe against these disturbing factors."

The first effort to "weigh" the earth made use of a mountain. Plumb lines were let down on opposite sides of the mountain; the mountain attracted the bobs of the plumb lines toward it, and by measuring the shift of the lines from the vertical the degree of gravitational force was computed. Of course this method could get only a rough approximation, for the density and volume of the mountain had to be estimated, and the experimenter could not be sure of the accuracy of his estimate.

THE idea of setting up a miniature planetary system, and measuring the gravitational force existing between small globes of metal, was first carried out by Cavendish, the great British physicist, in 1798. As Joseph Bertrand said, "He made a balance to weigh the earth." Doctor Heyl's method is an adaptation and refinement of that used by Cavendish.

The apparatus looks complicated, but in reality it is simple. Its main parts are two cylinders of solid steel, weighing 140 pounds each, and two balls of platinum, weighing 1½ ounces each. The steel cylinders may be regarded as the "earths" and the platinum balls as the "moons" of this experimental system. And the "weighing" consists of moving the "earths" about, so as to change their distances from the "moons," and accurately observing and recording the motions of the moons in response to these changes.

There are many details that seem to complicate the apparatus. For example, the platinum "moons" are attached to the ends of a small aluminum bar, and suspended by a tungsten filament, thus making a pendulum; and they are suspended in a bell jar from which the air is exhausted, thus leaving them free to swing in a vacuum; and the steel "earths" are suspended from a movable turn-table, and they hang outside the bell jar; and the bottom of the bell jar is thick glass, through which the image of the swinging "moons" may be observed. But all these, and other complexities, are simply refinements to insure the greatest possible sensitivity of operation, and the greatest possible accuracy in observing.

The swing of the "moons" is very small at its maximum, not over five millimeters. To magnify this, a mirror reflects the image of the "moons" through the glass bottom of the bell jar to a graduated scale some yards away, where Doctor Heyl observes through a telescope. It takes on the average about fifteen minutes for the "moon" to return to center, and the task of the observer is to time this appearance exactly.

He does not trust to an ordinary clock or stop watch. The thing is done electrically. In the same room with the observer is a chronograph, or time-recorder, operated by an astronomical clock. Its pen writes continually on a moving tape, one nick for every second of time. Poised by the side of the pen of the chronograph is another pen, which is actuated by an electric switch at the observer's hand.

The instant the reflection of a "moon" appears in the telescope field, the observer presses his switch, and he keeps pressing it at intervals until the image has passed out of his field. Every time he presses the switch, the pen makes its mark on the chronograph tape. Experiment shows that thirty-one marks represent the passing, or "transit" as it is called, of the "moons." By taking the average of these, the exact time when the body was in the center of the field is determined to a split second.

ONCE a week Doctor Heyl spends his day observing. He arrives at his underground room at 8 A. M., and starts the apparatus. By 10 o'clock, usually, it is swinging sufficiently to keep going all day. Until 5 P. M. the scientist sits in his chair at the telescope, and observes and records the transit of his miniature planets.

"I can't move around the room," he explained, "because if I did the mass of my body would exercise its gravitational force from changing directions, and there would be serious deflection of the swing of the platinum balls. So long as I keep in one place this factor is constant, and therefore makes no disturbances."

"But when you've eaten your lunch, haven't you changed your mass?" I asked, and the scientist laughed.

"Well, the lunch is there in a small package beside me at the beginning, and its transfer to my stomach doesn't make any appreciable difference to the platinum balls."

At five o'clock Doctor Heyl calls it a day, takes the chronograph record off its machine, swings the steel "earths" around to near position, and goes home. For the next three days he is busy computing, figuring the results which are tied up in that one day's observations. After the period of computing, he spends three days getting the apparatus ready for the next "weighing." Thus, it takes full weeks to weigh the earth.

And not only the observer's weeks but

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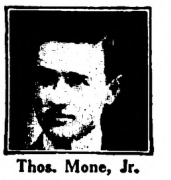
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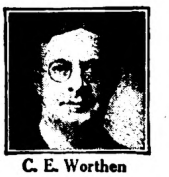
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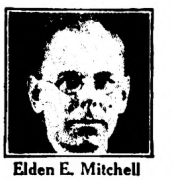
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WILDROOT
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also those of a Bureau computer, whose entire time has been concentrated on this work for more than a year. You may wonder why so much figuring is necessary. If it is merely a matter of observing and timing the movement of toy planets, why so much bookkeeping?

If you could see the sheets that have already been filled with figures, the original formulæ, equations, and other pyrotechnics of higher mathematics that had to be worked out, you would decide that the task of weighing the earth requires, not so much an Atlas or a Hercules, as a Euclid or an even better mathematician.

"TO MAKE our apparatus required about one year," said Doctor Heyl. "I intended to make the steel 'earths' globular, but our machinist said that he could guarantee greater accuracy in cylinders. So we adopted the cylindrical form, and I spent some months reducing the cylinders to theoretical globes.

"We started with gold balls as the 'moons,' but after six months of observing I found that the gold had seemingly turned to silver. We examined the balls, and found that they had taken in quicksilver—absorbed it from a mercury trap which we used as a valve to keep the air out of our vacuum.

"That was a surprise. I didn't expect it, but I couldn't blame anybody but myself. Nature always answers correctly the questions we ask. The trouble is that sometimes we put a question we didn't intend to. What I really asked was not, 'What is the mass of the earth?' but, 'Will gold attract quicksilver?' And nature answered, 'Yes.'

"That mistake cost us six months' work. I substituted platinum balls for the gold ones, and since then we have had no serious interruption. Our plan is to get what we call five values of results. The first series of tests is designed to get the whole figure we want. Then we repeat that series four times. That gives us five values, and the average of the five will be our final figure.

"The figure that we are seeking first is the 'gravitational constant,' which we accept to-day as .0000000665. This figure was determined thirty years ago by two European scientists, working independently, and using slightly different apparatus. These men were Professor Boys, of England, and Dr. Karl Braun, of Bohemia.

"A few years later an American, Dr. G. K. Burgess, while studying at the Sorbonne, in Paris, began experiments looking toward a redetermination of this constant, with a view to correcting and eliminating some errors which Doctor Braun had recognized as existing. Because of time limitation, Doctor Burgess did not complete these experiments. But he kept the problem in mind as one of the things that needed to be done, and when he was appointed director of the Bureau of Standards, the opportunity came to do it. It was in 1923 that the work was assigned to me. The apparatus was completed in 1924. Since then, we have been observing and computing."

Knowing the gravitational constant, the task of computing the mass of the earth will be simple, comparatively. For the force of gravity follows a very definite and universal law. The only factors that

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affect gravitation are mass and distance.

So, as soon as the constant is determined to the last possible figure, all that a physicist will need to do in order to learn the mass of the earth, will be to take a body of known mass down to sea level and weigh it. His body may be a pound weight or a ton weight. Whatever it is, he can compute the earth's mass by a well-known formula. For he knows (1) the distance from sea level to the center of the earth, he knows (2) the mass of the comparison body, and, thanks to the Bureau of Standards, he will have (3) an accurate gravitational constant to use as a multiplier. The rest will be a simple problem in mathematics—simple, that is, for a mathematician.

"Can you tell, by your computation thus far, what the earth's weight promises to be?" I asked Doctor Heyl.

"The present accepted figure for the earth's mass is, in tons, 5,997 followed by twenty-one ciphers," answered the physicist. "That is five thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven million million million tons. We expect that our results will not alter the first three figures, but we are confident that we shall change the fourth figure. The '7' will give way to a new quantity."

This underground laboratory has become a center of curiosity to visitors to the Bureau. Many people, who have read somewhere that here a man has set up "a balance to weigh the earth," make the long trip out to the Bureau in the outskirts of Washington, to see this marvelous instrument.

Usually, they come away somewhat mystified and, in many cases, a little disappointed. For, what is there marvelous or spectacular in a pair of steel cylinders and a pair of platinum balls!

But, the law of the universe is on exhibition there, in those delicately moving bodies—the central law by whose control our sun rolls along its stupendous path through space, and under whose command our precious earth whirls and travels on around its star and among the stars.

Our night and our day, the four seasons, the silvery lantern of the moon in our evening sky, and the whole firmament of stars—all these are there, bound up in the universal law of gravitation which moves the platinum "moons" exactly as it rules our moon and the eight moons of Jupiter.

Spectacular?

Why, it is the pageant of the universe if only you look beneath the skin of things.

"THE Great Cascade Tunnel," a new chapter in the romance of railroad building, will be the subject of an interesting and dramatic article next month. It tells how engineers are digging a great hole through the Cascade Mountains, why they are digging it, and how they live while engaged in this Herculean task. A record is being made in the drilling of this short cut for the trains of the Great Northern Railway. You will read more than the story of a big tunnel; it is also the story of how men work when they see their labor as a grand adventure.

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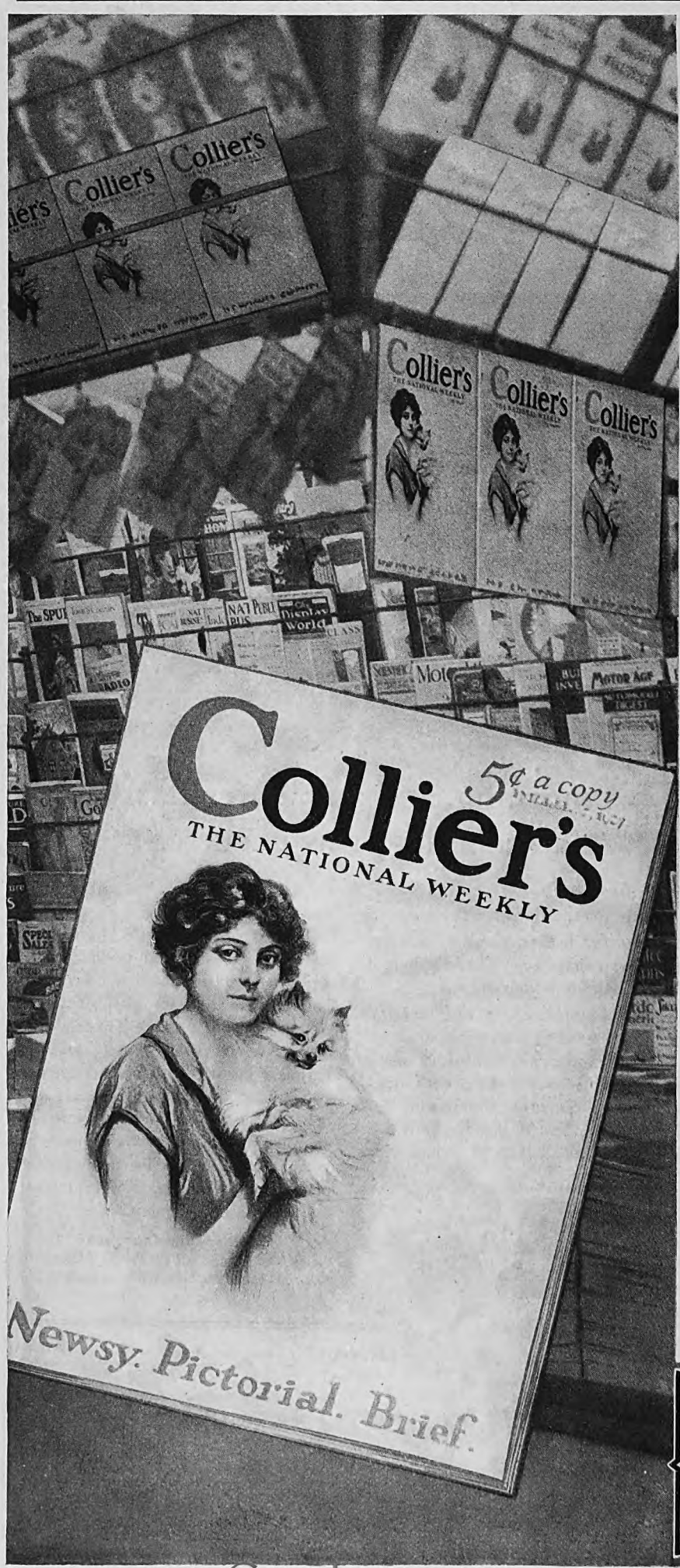

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"The Amateur of Crime"

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Infernally convenient," admitted Lang, with a certain tenseness. "Well—" This time his hand fell definitely upon Scarlet's shoulder, and the latter permitted himself to be led back toward his own wing of the house. Mr. Lang paused outside a door halfway down the Ruritanian corridor.

"Well, here I am," he said. "Good night, Scarlet. And I wouldn't go wandering about at night if I were you. It isn't done—take the word of an older man."

Scarlet seemed entirely unperturbed by the rebuke. He walked noisily back to his own room and waited there for some time. Then he emerged again, slipped up to the third floor, retraced his way to the Ruritanian wing, and concealed himself on the third-floor balcony. He had hardly done so when the tall figure of Baron Kossovar ascended from the second floor and entered his quarters. Scarlet smiled, and devoted his attention to another point. A little while later his vigil was rewarded by a curious sight that gave him much food for thought. But it was not until half an hour at least had passed that he heard the scream from the second floor.

Twenty seconds later he was outside the door of Prince Mirko's suite—but the mysterious Mr. Lang was there before him, now rapping upon the door with a sort of muffled fury, now trying to force the lock with what looked suspiciously like a skeleton key.

He saw Scarlet and wheeled. A revolver glittered suddenly in his other hand. "You infernal meddler—" he began furiously, motioning him back; but Scarlet continued to advance.

"Oh, shut up!" he said, somewhat tiredly. "I know you're a detective—known it for hours. You get in that room—I'll keep the others back!"

LANG gave him one sharp, very searching glance, then turned back to his work with the key. After a moment the lock yielded—the door flew open.

Scarlet, glancing in at the room over Lang's shoulder, felt the bristles at the back of his neck begin to rise. Prince Mirko of Ruritania lay on his face in the middle of the luxurious sitting-room, dead, with the hilt of a silver dagger protruding from his neck. The princess knelt beside him. Her hands were stained with his blood, her eyes were staring, and the silver dagger ornament was gone from her hair. A tiny handkerchief lay on the floor, and a little white dog ran in circles about the body, moaning and whining.

As Scarlet was turning away, the princess succeeded in rolling the body over on its back. There was a curious incision on the dead man's forehead—two little slashes that formed a capital T.

When the initial confusion of the event had somewhat subsided, a strange court of inquiry met in the disfigured sitting-room. Luckily, Mrs. Culverin's house was huge, and many of the guests had not been aroused at all. Those who had, Peter

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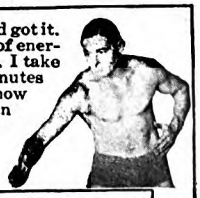

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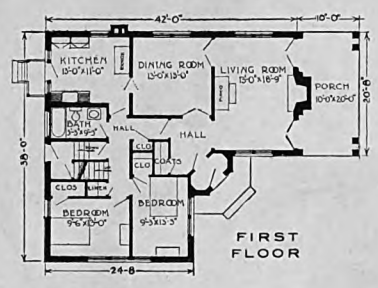

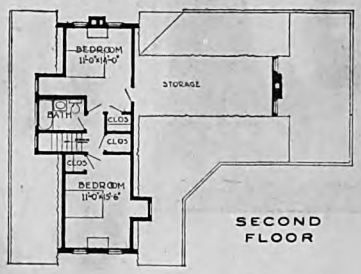

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Scarlet sent back to bed again, with the news that Princess Mirko's maid had suffered a minor accident. As for Mrs. Culverin herself, she had risen to the crisis astonishingly, and she now sat patting Princess Mirko's limp hand with a certain sturdy kindliness that made Peter Scarlet like her better than he ever had before. Baron Kossovar, Lang, and Scarlet completed the party.

Mrs. Culverin rose at last. "Well, Mr. Lang," she said, "the matter is entirely in your hands. I'll do and say whatever you tell me. Meanwhile, I'll go back to my room, unless, Your Highness, you—" She turned to the princess.

"No," murmured the latter weakly. "No, thank you. You are very kind. But—"

"I know," said Mrs. Culverin. She gathered her wrapper about her. "Oh, one thing," she said to Lang, "if I might make a suggestion?"

"Yes, Mrs. Culverin?"

"You'll find that young man useful," she said, indicating Scarlet. "His talk about murders may be all bosh—but he knows Ruritanian." She swept away.

Lang turned to Scarlet. "You do speak and understand Ruritanian?"

Scarlet nodded. "Yes, I've kept it up fairly well."

Lang considered. "Well, I suppose you'd better stay," he said at last. "Only—no interference—no amateur detecting! And, naturally, if your father was in the Service, you understand the gravity of—"

Scarlet's face was very grave. "I do. And I shouldn't think of—interfering. But—I could make a suggestion? If one occurred to me?"

"You could," said Lang grimly. Scarlet's spectacles blinked.

LANG turned to the baron and the princess. "I have no wish to put impertinent questions," he said, with a good deal of dignity. "But you must realize, as I do, the very delicate position in which this murder has placed, not only everyone in this house, but the Governments of two countries. Prince Mirko was in this country under the protection of the United States. He was murdered while under that protection. Naturally, in view of the diplomatic issues involved, this inquiry cannot follow the normal course of such inquiries. But—I take it you both are willing to help me in finding the murderer?"

The princess stared at him, dry-eyed. "My husband's murderer must be found," she said in a dry, toneless voice.

Baron Kossovar stiffened. "Prince Mirko was my political enemy," he said; "but I am no less anxious than you, Mr. Lang, to find his murderer."

Lang received their statements gravely. "Thank you," he said. "Now—you'll pardon me if I'm frank—there are three ways in which Prince Mirko might have been murdered: He might have been murdered by an intruder from without. He might have been murdered by a servant or a guest. Or—"

"Say it," said the princess, in a dry, terrible voice. "He might have been murdered by me, his wife."

"Or me," said Baron Kossovar rigidly.

Lang made a little bow. "I regret the necessity," he said; "but we must take every supposition into account. First: the

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intruder from without. In the first place, my men—and they're skilled men—have been guarding the gates and so forth since Prince Mirko's arrival. It would have been practically impossible for an intruder to get past them. In addition,"—he stepped toward the window—"the windows of this room and of Prince Mirko's bedroom were all locked on the inside when we found the body; and it is a sheer fifteen-foot drop from the windows to the ground."

"Also," said the princess, still in that toneless voice, "I had locked the door from my part of the suite earlier in the evening. When I unlocked it again, it was to find my husband dead." She shuddered.

"I remember," said Lang noncommittally. "You wished to be alone!"

"For a time, yes—my husband and the baron were talking business; I did not wish to disturb them. Then later, I heard the dog barking and came to say good night to my husband—and then—"

"Yes," said Lang. "But even supposing the intruder had flown through the walls and gotten in—how did he get out? We made a thorough search. Of course he might have jumped from one of your bedroom windows, Princess, supposing you did not lock the door as you say you did."

"I did lock the door," said the Princess. "And—my maid, and myself, of course, were in our part of the suite the whole time. He could not have concealed himself or escaped."

"Exactly," said Lang. "Therefore, if there was an intruder, he is still here. But he isn't here. Therefore, Prince Mirko was not murdered by an intruder from without."

HE PAUSED. The logic of his explanation seemed inevitable. Scarlet took the opportunity to emerge from his silence.

"May I ask a question?" he said diffidently. Lang nodded.

"You didn't hear any sound of a struggle—a fall—either you or your maid?" he queried owlishly.

The princess seemed greatly perturbed. "No," she muttered. "That is strange—strange—yet the door was thick."

"Very thick," said Scarlet agreeably. "I wonder you heard the dog through it. Yet you did hear the dog barking."

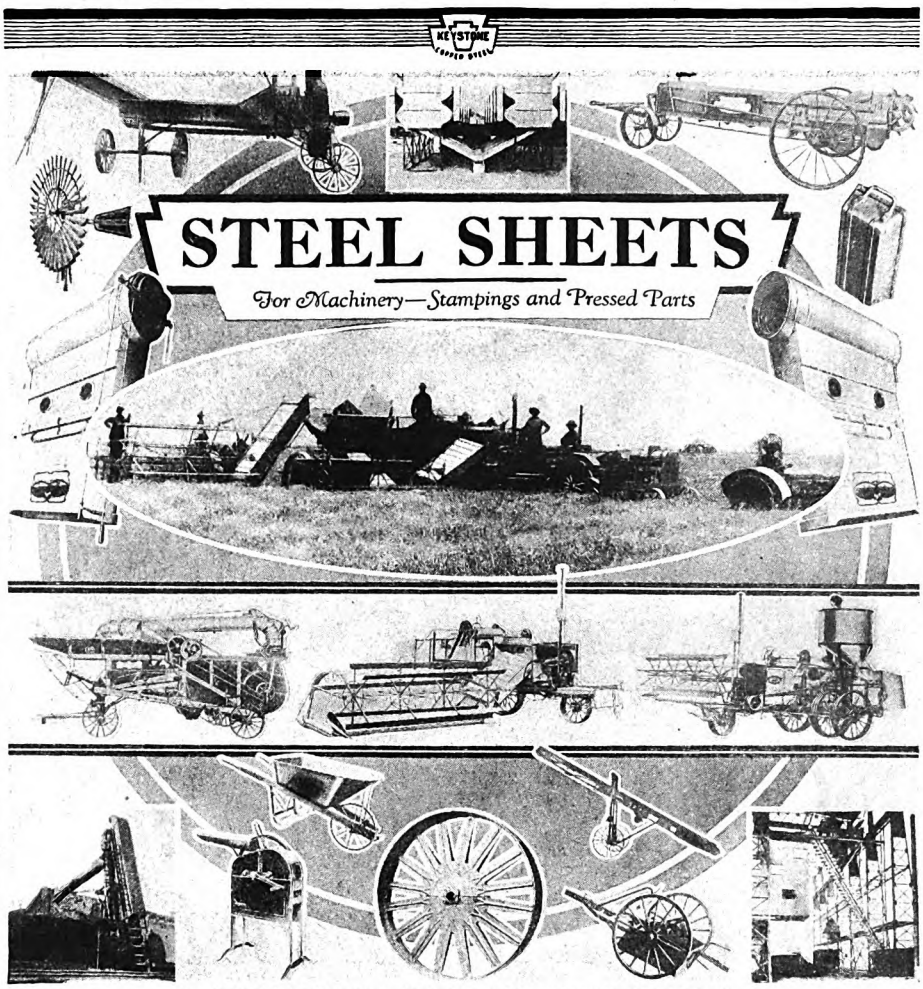
The princess moved her hands. "Yes," she said weakly. "But that was the first we heard. It is—strange—yes, strange!"

It did not seem so strange to Lang. By the expression on his face it obviously seemed either impossible or untrue. But he resumed his questioning, with a scrupulous, heavy fairness.

"Then," he said, "we come to the valet and the maid. The valet's room did not communicate directly with the rest of the suite. I saw him go out before Baron Kossovar came to talk with Prince Mirko. He could not have entered again without my seeing him. So we may dismiss the valet. As for the maid—you insist, Princess, that she was under your eye all the time?"

"I do," said the Princess, in a ghost of voice.

"Very well," said Lang. "Then we must dismiss the maid. As for another guest, or servant, getting in from the corridor—I was there on guard. I would have



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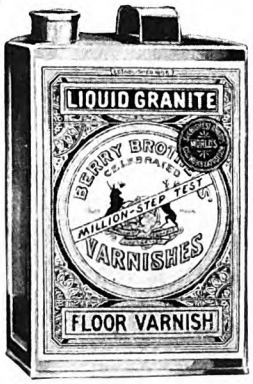

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stopped and questioned anyone who came."

"Yes," said Scarlet; "you stopped and questioned me."

"And so you come to us," said the princess bluntly. Her voice rose. "Oh, it is terrible—terrible!" she said. "You suspect me—you have reason to suspect me! My husband is killed with the little dagger I wear in my hair—I do not hear him killed, though I hear a dog bark afterward—you find me beside his body when you come—you find a handkerchief too, a woman's handkerchief—you find—" her voice broke—"the mark on his face—And yet, I swear before God, I did not murder my husband!"

BARON KOSSOVAR rose, his eyes burning. "But if you must suspect her, you must suspect me more!" he cried. "I was with him, and we were talking, sometimes angrily, till half an hour before you found him dead. I had reason to kill him if I wished. I might have killed him—pretended to say good night to him at the door, so you could hear me and think he was still alive, and then gone back to my room, to be aroused by the news of his murder!"

"Only," said Scarlet quietly, "in that case, after you had said good night to the dead man, the dead man got up and locked the door after you."

"Well, he might have had strength enough left to do that," said the baron impatiently. "Or it might have been done somehow else, or—" Then his head drooped suddenly. "No, it is useless," he said; "I did not kill Mirko; I cannot pretend I did. But you should not suspect her, when you have better reason to suspect me."

"Ah, my friend, you are very noble," said the princess, lightly touching his hand with hers.

"You're both noble," said Scarlet dispassionately; "but you're both very silly. There is another possible murderer that Mr. Lang has not mentioned."

"And that is?" said the latter with a dangerous calm.

"Mr. Lang," said Scarlet demurely. "He might have got in with his master-key after the baron left, murdered the prince, relocked the door, and—"

"But what reason would I have to murder Prince Mirko?"

"Oh, you might have had a dozen reasons," said Scarlet airily. "But you didn't. Because you wouldn't have used a dagger. You'd have shot him—or killed him with your hands—in the good old Anglo-Saxon way.

"On the other hand," he continued reflectively, "Madame is a Ruritanian, and might very possibly use a dagger—especially this one." He lifted the stained weapon delicately from the table. "But Madame asserts that she lost her dagger-ornament earlier in the evening, and did not see it again till she found it in her husband's body."

"Yes," said the princess desperately, "that is true. The dagger fell from my hair. I do not know where. I do not know how. But at first, when I found it again"—she shivered—"I did not see how it could be mine."

Scarlet blinked. "I see. And then—the handkerchief." He replaced the dagger and took up a tiny square of fine linen. "Obviously not a man's handkerchief.

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from its size, and"—he sniffed it—"scented. But Madame asserts that the handkerchief is not hers, that she found it beside the body."

"Yes, I have never seen it before. It is not mine," said the princess, in the voice of an automaton, staring down at her feet as if she saw them already enmeshed in the net which Scarlet's diffident sentences slowly wove about her. Scarlet went on:

"Third point. The slash on the prince's forehead—the slash like a capital T. Well, that rather points to the baron, on the whole. At least, Mr. Lang, who has had great experience with Italian criminals, has informed us that a similar T-shaped slash is a common occurrence in political assassinations—the "T" being for 'Tradditore' or 'Traitor.' Now, the baron's political views might easily lead him to consider the prince a traitor to their mutual country. On the other hand, the T might be a blind—employed for the purposes of argument by Madame. Curious clues all of them; and yet the most curious thing of all is—that every one points in the same direction—"

"I'm afraid they do," said Mr. Lang heavily. "Princess Mirko—" he began in an official voice.

"But I did not murder my husband!" said the princess, with a terrified gasp.

"One moment," said Scarlet bashfully. "Think of the nature of the wound. The prince was a tall man—the wound was high on his neck and slanted down—such a wound as would suggest a tall assassin—woman or man. Now the baron and madame are both tall, but—"

"STOP!" said the baron suddenly. He turned to the princess. "It's no use, Nadja," he said. "One of us must speak to protect you. Gentlemen—Prince Mirko's wife was not even in this suite when her husband was murdered. She was on the balcony of my suite; I had asked her to come there—to talk of a private matter—"

The princess put her head in her hands with a gesture of utter defeat. "Oh, Stanislas, Stanislas!" she sobbed, "you have ruined everything. They will never believe me now!"

"Yes; I think that clinches it, if that's true," said Lang with austere triumph. "Gives a better motive than politics. And they both killed him. Princess Mirko—"

But Scarlet cut in before he could finish his sentence. "Oh, what the baron says is true enough," he said briskly. "I saw and heard them from the other balcony. Only your deduction's wrong, Lang. It wasn't a love affair—she went because she was worried about her husband. But why do you keep on calling her 'Princess Mirko'? She isn't really Princess Mirko, you know," he went on in tones of shy patience.

The princess raised terror-stricken eyes to his. Lang gasped.

"You mean that woman isn't the prince's wife?"

"Oh yes; she was the prince's wife, right enough—she merely isn't and wasn't Princess Mirko. Have you never heard of a morganatic marriage? If she had been a princess," he concluded thoughtfully, "the murder, most probably, would never have been committed."

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"I don't see why?" said Lang, with the air of a baited bull. "And I don't see why it makes any difference whether the princess was a princess or not. Someone murdered Prince Mirko—if it wasn't this woman here—what woman was it?"

"NO WOMAN murdered Prince Mirko," said Scarlet quietly.

"A man, then? What man? The baron?"

"Nor was the murderer of Prince Mirko a man, as we think of men."

"Well then, in heaven's name, what was it?" cried Lang, in a sort of fury. "A ghost that walks through the walls? A gorilla? An act of God?"

Scarlet's eyes, behind his spectacles, danced with little points of light. "On that point," he said, with deceptive meekness, "I should like to take the evidence of the dog." He turned quickly to the princess. "The little white dog your husband was so fond of," he said. "The dog we found running about when we came in—do you remember when he was brought back to your suite this evening?"

"Why, yes," said the princess, with obvious bewilderment. "Stepan, the valet, brought him up from the kennels when we came back, after the dancing; my husband liked to have him in his room at night."

"Ah," said Scarlet, obviously laboring under some mounting excitement. He flung open the door of the princess's room and whistled. The dog came bounding in, ran about for a moment, sniffing, then, lifting his head toward the ceiling, gave a long, doleful howl. The princess burst into tears.

"What in thunder do you think you'll get from the dog?" queried Lang. "And we know he's tracked up the carpet," he added as Scarlet stooped to examine certain dull red paw marks on the floor.

Scarlet straightened up, his whole body alive and tense. "Yes, we know he's tracked up the carpet," he said, in a voice like a trumpet; "but what we don't know is how he tracked up the wall!" And he pointed at a spot on the glazed wallpaper above a tall painted wardrobe—a muddy spot, near the ceiling, that looked singularly like the imprint of a dog's muddy paw.

For a moment none of the others could believe their eyes—and the world seemed to slide and alter into a distorted and monstrous cosmos, where a little white dog could run up a wall like a fly, and a tall prince might be struck dead with a dagger wielded by neither a man's nor a woman's hand. Then Scarlet threw open the doors of the painted wardrobe. There was nothing there but an overcoat on a hook, some hats on a shelf above, and a large leather hat trunk beside the hats.

"We've looked through that wardrobe already," called Lang.

"No," said Scarlet; "you've only looked at it. For instance,"—he shook out the overcoat—"here are the same kind of paw marks there are on the wall, only here the marks are bloody. While, as for the hat trunk—"

The dog burst into a fury of barking that drowned the rest of the sentence.

"For heaven's sake!" shouted Lang, in a final exasperation, "you don't expect to find the murderer of Prince Mirko inside a brown leather hatbox, do you?"

"That," said Scarlet, quite unruffled, "is precisely what I expect to find!"

He started gingerly to lift the hat trunk down from its shelf. As he did so, its lid popped open like the lid of a Jack-in-the-box, and something bright and tiny struck at his eyes. There was an intense little scuffle for an instant; then Scarlet was holding out for Lang's inspection a kicking, fighting little creature hardly three feet high. The thing was grotesquely disguised in the stage-garb of a midget Beast, and its distorted lips poured forth a stream of denunciation in a hissing, clucking language that Lang did not understand.

"Permit me to present the murderer of Prince Mirko," said Scarlet, with a boyish flourish.

"Well, I'll be—" said Lang, with a long whistle. "One of those Russian midgets that played the pantomime! But what is he talking—Russian?"

"No," said Scarlet pensively, "Ruritanian. He's telling the princess—if we may give her her title—that she was always a bad sister to him, and he's glad he killed her husband; and she's telling him she hopes he hangs, if he *is* her brother. You see, the whole was what one might call a family affair," he added, with a touch of embarrassment.

SOME time later, over cigarettes and full glasses, Lang and Peter Scarlet watched the dawn brighten the window of the latter's chamber, and discussed the extraordinary events of the night.

"But I don't see yet—" said Lang, and paused.

"Oh, I was very lucky," said Scarlet. "Very. Knowing Ruritanian—and some of the previous story. And then, hearing the princess and the baron on the balcony. Though, of course, the minute I saw the weapon I knew the baron hadn't committed the crime."

"Why?" said Lang, with heavy patience. Scarlet considered. He flushed.

"Sounds absurd—my trying to lay down the law to you," he said. "But—the baron had motive enough; but he wouldn't have killed that way. He might hack his enemy to bits with a cavalry saber; he wouldn't stab him with a toy. It wasn't in his character—as I'd heard of it, and knew it in other Ruritanian nobles of his sort."

"The princess might have stabbed, though," said Lang thoughtfully.

"Oh yes—she'd be a stabber, if she'd be anything," agreed Scarlet promptly. "But I also happened to know that she was devoted to her husband. In fact, she'd as much as told me that she was worried for his safety, earlier in the evening. I know now she was worried on two counts: Baron Kossovar, and the brother she thought she'd recognized among the midgets. She wasn't quite sure it was he—she hadn't seen him for years and he was made up as the Beast in the play. That was the real reason she had her talk with the baron above—though the baron used to be in love with her, right enough. She wanted to try and find out if the baron had recognized any of the midgets, either. She didn't dare ask her husband."

"Why not?"

"Well, that's a long story. I'll cut it as

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short as possible. But they *are* blood brother and sister."

"That beautiful woman and that little deformity? It seems incredible."

"Not as incredible as it sounds. There have been numerous cases—one or two normal children in a family of giants or dwarfs, and vice versa. But Nadja was the only normal one in her family, except for a brother who died. The other two were midgets—two brothers. The family were small farmers, but proud as Lucifer. They'd been great people, long back. Well, Mirko came along and fell in love with Nadja, so much in love he was ready to make her his morganatic wife; but he couldn't stick her family—one can see why. And she was in love with him; so she married him. But her being willing to be his morganatic wife struck her family in their sorest point—their pride."

"They got ready to make trouble; and Mirko, very quietly, had them shipped to England—saw they got an allowance, but were never to come back to Ruritania. This was just the midget brothers, the old people were dead. So the midget brothers—they hadn't thought much of Nadja when they had her; in fact, they'd been pretty spiteful to her; but now she was their wronged sister—they were going to get Mirko if they ever had a chance. Then the war came along, and one brother died. The one who was left organized a troupe of performing midgets—when Mirko's allowance stopped coming after Ruritania was invaded by the Germans—and brought them over to America after the war. They called the troupe 'Royal Russians' because they came at the height of the Russian craze; but that was just a name."

"And—he got into the room—"

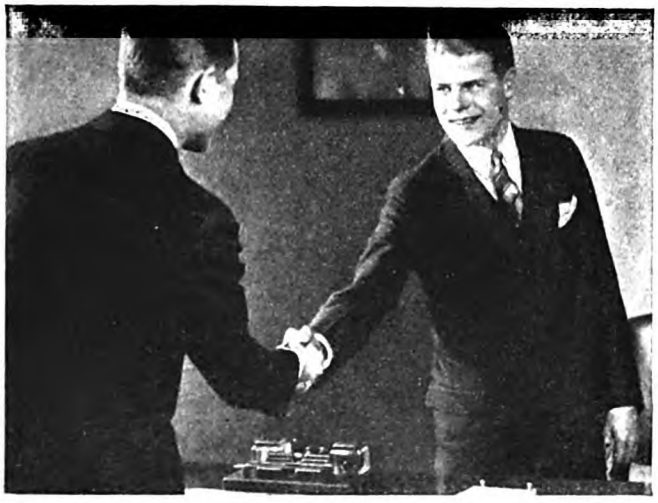
"With the help of the others. Bribed them, probably. You saw them do their living tower on each other's shoulders. Well, they did it for him under the window, and it was just high enough to get him up to the window sill. The window was open—the valet locked it later. Then our friend hid on top of that wardrobe—he's an excellent acrobat for his size—and he probably swarmed up to the shelf by way of the overcoat and so on. That was how he got the mark on the wall. It looked like a paw mark because he was still wearing his Beast's costume from the pantomime—perhaps for a blind, perhaps because he didn't bother to change."

"WHILE the marks on the carpet?"

"Were some of them his and some of them the dog's. The handkerchief was his, too; it was scented, because, like many midgets, he was very vain. And the dagger that actually killed Mirko was his—one of a pair of family heirlooms. The princess was speaking the truth when she said she lost hers—it fell from her hair while she was on Kossovar's balcony. She got up there without your seeing her, by the same sort of little stair there was on the balcony you and I visited. And her maid was waiting for her on her own balcony. That's why neither of them heard the prince fall when he was killed—or cry out, if he did."

"I see; and, of course, the actual attack was entirely unexpected."

"Entirely. The little fiend waited with monumental patience till the prince was alone. Then, at some moment when the



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prince passed fairly near the wardrobe, he jumped at the back of his neck like a striking snake. You see, we deduced that, because the wound was high and slanted downward, it must have been made by someone tall. But put a short man on stilts, and he's as tall as a giant. Our friend, with the aid of the wardrobe, was much taller than the prince. Then, when he'd killed his man, he marked him with that T—used his own pocketknife that time."

"T for traitor?"

"No; that was where your Italians misled you. The Ruritanian word for traitor begins with a J. But the Ruritanian word for seducer does begin with a T—and that was what he meant. That was what finally put me on the right track—that and the dog."

"I couldn't see why you made so much fuss about the dog!"

"I didn't see it for a long time—and then everything hitched together, with a sort of flash. The dog hadn't been there when the midget first got in the room, he was brought into the bedroom by the valet when the Mirkos returned. And he stopped our little murderer from getting away by the bedroom window—his friends must have been ready to catch him in a blanket or something. Your men wouldn't have found them, except by great luck; they were too small.

"Well after the murder, the midget made for the bedroom, and the dog jumped at him—there are paw marks on the bedroom door. He couldn't get to the window—the dog wouldn't let him—so he scuttled back to the wardrobe, climbed up the overcoat and stowed away in the hat-box. The dog found his master's body and stopped to whine at it; then he turned back to the midget, who had shut the wardrobe doors from the inside and was safe. But the dog kept barking—and the next minute or so, the princess came back and heard him. Then—you know the rest."

Lang smiled a trifle dubiously. "And I used to have a fairly good conceit of my own reasoning powers," he said somberly. "Well—but there's just one more thing—"

"Yes?"

"For heaven's sake tell me how I gave myself away to you—on the big-game-hunter stuff. It passed everyone else."

Scarlet blushed to the tips of his ears. "Well, there had to be somebody like you guarding Prince Mirko," he said. "And you were the likeliest candidate—the rest were too old or too flabby. So I tried you on the murderee idea. Naturally, if you were what I thought you were, you'd run into more chances of being murdered than the rest of us. And you played up marvelously—but you couldn't help blinking for just a second. So then I asked you about Lipmann's gazelle—and when you said you'd shot a couple I knew, whatever you hunted, it wasn't African big-game!"

"But what the dickens is the matter with Lipmann's gazelle?" queried Lang heatedly. "Isn't it an animal you shoot? It sounded all right."

"Old man," said Scarlet a trifle sadly, "it isn't an animal at all, at least to my knowledge. I made it up that minute—out of my own little head!"

A Rare Little Dog

(*Continued from page 39*)

growth of bittersweet, twining high about a great sycamore. I tried to secure a cluster but failed. Later, we returned with a light ladder. It was a twenty-foot ladder, and, standing upon the topmost rung, Bob reached the lowest limb of the sycamore and climbed up. He was cutting away the yellow berry clusters when I noticed Roddy. The little dog was half-way up the ladder. Fully extended, he was scarcely longer than the space between the rungs, but he was climbing up. I called to Bob, and stood beneath to catch Roddy if he fell. Steadily the puppy climbed and, swarming down to reach him, Bob lifted him from the ladder top to the limb above, where Roddy clung until the last bittersweet cluster fell and he rode down in his master's arms.

A large dog might have climbed that ladder, but it was a surprisingly difficult feat for one so small as Roddy to accomplish.

I returned home with the memory of my irritation over Roddy's puppy peccadillos buried under a warm affection for a brave little pal. Later, I was to understand that I comprehended Roddy as faintly and did him as scant justice, when I believed him to be only brave and companionable, as when I considered him only a nuisance.

Before I saw Roddy again he went through a hideous experience. He was struck and severely injured by an army truck. The wheels did not pass over him and no bones were broken but he was dreadfully hurt. For forty-eight hours he remained unconscious, and for weeks he lay motionless and helpless. He had been at once taken to the post veterinary hospital, and the verdict had been that nothing could be done, beyond making him as comfortable as possible. For days only his eyes seemed alive, but even then it was apparent, his master told me, that he was unhappy in his strange surroundings, and Bob carried him home.

It was weeks before Roddy stood upon his feet, and weeks longer before he could take a step without falling. As his strength came back, the little dog solved his own problem. When he fell it was always to pitch sidewise to the left. Roddy crawled to the wall and stood, leaning against it. In time he was walking, leaning against and scraping along the wall. For months he was able to walk only as he leaned against the wall. But continually he kept trying, until at last, bracing against the wall for a take-off, he could accomplish a few steps to the support of a chair, or the legs of a table.

When I first saw him after this experience, he was out of doors, but moving about in a succession of short rushes. He could stand, and he could plunge ahead in a run for varying distances, but he could neither turn from his course nor walk, unsupported, without falling. It would have been a courageous human who would have

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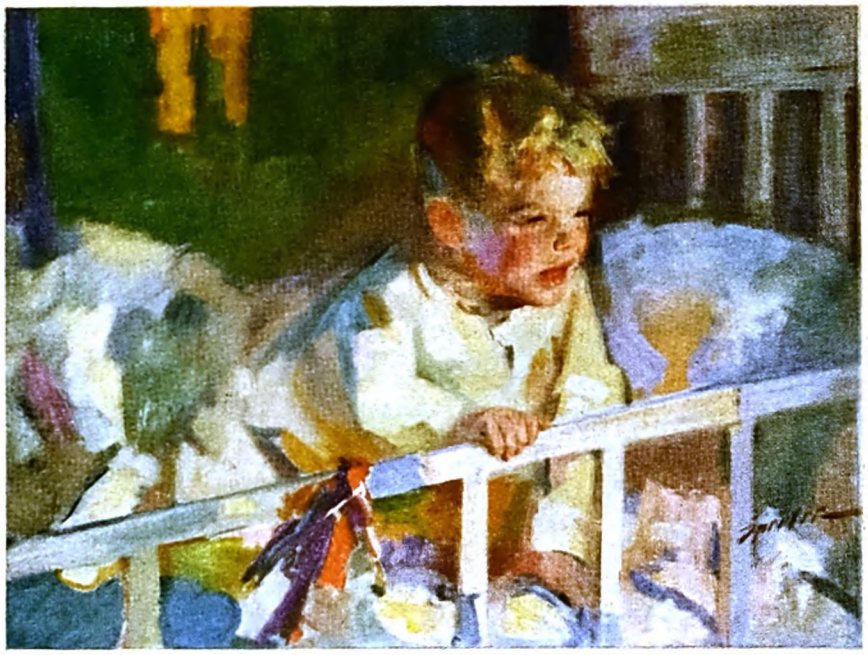

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taken half the falls Roddy got and kept trying. It was more than a year from the time he was hurt before he was steady again upon his feet, and then there was a new member of the little family.

From the first Roddy was thoughtfully interested in the baby. Perhaps dogs do not think—that is, arrive at a conclusion by mental processes—but I should hate to believe it. At any rate, his attitude and demeanor were suggestive of thoughtfulness. He never approached the baby to touch her; but he watched her with quiet attentiveness whenever she was visible to him. It plainly distressed him to hear her cry. When she was tucked away in the nursery to sleep, he lay at the door, and he abandoned his usual place and slept there at night. Perhaps it all just happened, but his conduct was so marked as to attract attention. He was credited with watchful interest in the baby.

When the baby grew old enough to be wheeled out of doors for a daily nap in her carriage, Roddy's purpose became unmistakable. The little dog stretched beside the carriage for whatever time the baby was there alone. He never wandered away, and he would permit no stranger to approach. He had assumed a responsibility, and he was faithful.

THEN came the transfer to another station, this time to West Point, and later there was another baby. It is blustery on the heights along the Hudson, even when comparatively mild in New York. When the new baby went out for her daily nap, bundled up from the cold, Roddy went too. Daily, for hours at a time and in all sorts of weather, Roddy remained with and guarded the new baby, as he had watched over her sister in a milder clime.

When warm weather came and the two little ones spent the sunny hours outside, Roddy was always near. No stranger could pass the little dog to where the children played. And yet, Roddy never romped with the children. Always he evaded the clutch or pat of the baby hands. When they came where he lay watching, Roddy quietly moved to another spot. But he never left them far.

Then we planned to have the family with us for a time—the mother, the two babies, the little dog, and the father over week-ends. We acquired a rambling old house at Inwood, in New York City, with wide shaded grounds, and sand piles, and a swing, and we acquired with it a cat and a great mongrel dog. Some people are surprised to hear that all of New York City is not built up. But it is an extensive city, and within its borders are all sorts of places. The locality we had selected for a home was one of the spots that had not been "settled up."

I am no lover of felines; I have yet to discover an admirable trait in a cat. But we were assured that in this place a cat was a necessity, and that this animal was a doughty ratter. At the same time, we were warned that her temper was evil. I anticipated trouble from these additions to our ménage, that included, also, an English bulldog.

Due, perhaps, to some hidden chapter in his experience, Roddy had ever displayed a wholesome respect for cats; but I anticipated no trouble between Roddy and this one; he would give her a wide berth. The bulldog was a different matter. He scorned to attack or even to retaliate upon a small dog; but the cat that stands against a bulldog is lost. However, I hoped for the best in regard to the cat, though I entertained little hope that our two dogs would accept the strange mongrel and dwell with him in amity.

But there was no trouble in the beginning. The cat spent most of the day curled up on her cushion in a kitchen chair, and the dogs paid no attention to her. The great mongrel appeared a friendly, inoffensive animal, and our dogs, while they did not fraternize with him, made no hostile demonstrations.

FOR a month all had been peaceful, when one day the youngest baby toddled over to where the cat lay upon the floor and bent to pat her. The cat snarled viciously, and struck with a flashing paw at the baby hand. With a rush, Roddy, who was afraid of cats, was upon her. There was no warning as there was no hesitation. Roddy saw and, regardless of consequences, he sprang to the defense of one whom he had ever guarded. I would not have believed that a dog so small as Roddy would have had a chance against a cat of the size and temper of this one. But Roddy would have killed her—very nearly did before I could tear him away.

It was a subdued and apprehensive cat thereafter, though Roddy made no effort to molest her further. But when, as happened, the children and the cat were in a room together, Roddy's eyes never left her. His intent watchfulness was something to see. The cat never endured it long.

It was one of the wonderful Indian summer days we were favored with that fall, when Bob drove down for the week-end. We were all out, thronging around the car to greet him. The great mongrel lay upon the grass at the edge of the driveway. We had accepted him, in that no decision had been arrived at as to his future; but the children had not been permitted to come in contact with him. There was no warrant for my suspicion, but I did not trust him.

Now in the laughter and chatter and confusion of greetings, Baby Barbara, who displays a vast fondness for animals, toddled to the great mongrel's side. The cur growled and snapped at her.

Standing less than a dozen feet away, I heard the menacing growl, saw the jerk of the great brute's head topple the baby over, frightened but unhurt.

But one quicker far than I saw it, too. With a choking snarl Roddy hurled himself upon the cur. Swinging clear of the ground he was clinging to the great brute's neck when I snatched up the frightened baby. Again, watchful, faithful Roddy had struck in defense of his charge.

Thereafter, I lived in fear for Roddy. His enmity toward the great dog was unappeasable. Doughty little battler that he was, he would have stood no chance with the gaunt brute that measured three feet at his shoulders to Roddy's scant twelve inches, and whose formidable jaws could have torn the life out of the smaller dog in a single bite. But Roddy, whose dauntless spirit had never considered odds, remembered the other's offense, and yearned for battle.

I shall always regret that I temporized. But the great dog was Karo. He had be-

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Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

longed to my friend Jesse R. Grant. Mr. Grant had requested me to keep him if possible. He had considered him kind and harmless, a gaunt, friendly dog whose greatest failing was the inexplicable habit of absenting himself for days upon end. In consideration of my friend's wishes I would give Karo every chance.

Karo was a descendant of the "wild dogs of Inwood." Before his birth, his mother left the pack for the seclusion of a fastness under the barn here, and there Karo was born. One night when out foraging the pack attacked her. The gateman at the Inwood Station has told that there were five or six dead dogs on the River Road that morning. Karo was the sole survivor of the litter of puppies left motherless under the barn. Mr. Grant adopted him, and he grew a tall, gaunt dog, solid dark brindle, almost black, his short thick coat surprisingly soft. In size and conformation he was suggestive of a great Dane.

A neighbor has told me that his father was a German police dog, and the breeding of his mother an insolvable mystery. She is reported to have been a great shaggy animal, who led the pack.

"The first time I saw her," said my neighbor, "was at twilight one summer evening. She came over a ridge, and ran diagonally down a weed-grown slope, the pack behind her. At first I thought it a sheep the pack was chasing, until, through a field glass, I saw that it was a dog."

I HEARD many tales of the wild dogs of Inwood, before and after we came here, tales at which I smiled incredulously. There is a dearth of legendary lore about New York City, and I considered the stories of smugglers at Inwood, before the Americans built Cock Hill fort and the British took it, of a prehistoric cave dwelling, and of the wild dog pack, all part of a fanciful fiction, pleasing enough to read and not too incredible to find space in the Sunday supplements.

But wild dogs, really—absurd! Inwood is a part of New York City; far within its northernmost boundaries. And in New York City dogs are required to be licensed and muzzled and led upon a leash. Perhaps there were wolves here once; but wild dogs—never!

And I thought this, even after I knew that no wilder section exists within fifty miles of New York than this unknown corner of Manhattan that stretches north from Dyckman Street and along the Hudson to Spuyten Duyvil.

Here a narrow dirt road wound along the river, weed-grown and close bordered by jungle growths of sumac, alder, and wild cherry, while higher up, along the precipitous sides and uneven ridges of tumbled hills, oaks and maples, pines and hemlocks, and great tulip trees reared above the matted underbrush in scattered patches of woods, between which grew impenetrable tangles of bushes, weeds, and briars.

There was an Indian settlement here when Henry Hudson came, and in the striated cliffs at the upper end are caves, in which Mohawk relics have been found. Fateful things have happened here, and it is wild enough, still, for almost anything to happen; but just around the corner is a busy city street. Wild dogs? I did not believe it, and for weeks after we came here, I saw nothing that looked like a wild dog.

But the days passed, bringing to me no increase of confidence in Karo. Always he fawned upon me. Frequently he appeared beside me as I strolled about, unconscious of his presence until the great jaws would close upon my hand. They never closed to pinch, but always his tail was carried low and it was never wagging. It impressed me that there was a speculation in the act, a conjecture in his mind as to just what would happen if he closed the great jaws down. Then I would withdraw my hand, and a moment later Karo would be gone, disappearing as quietly as he had come.

Comfortable quarters were provided for Karo in the stable. The other dogs slept in the house. Frequently he would sleep there through the entire day; but he would not remain through the night. If shut up at night, sooner or later he would begin to howl, and continue until released. Then from time to time he would disappear and we would not see him for days. And always he was gaunt and thin, his hip bones standing up, the ribs ridging under the soft coat. But he seldom appeared to be hungry, and frequently he rejected the food the other dogs ate greedily.

But Roddy's hatred of the great dog increased as the days sped by. He had never displayed such bitter antagonism toward another dog. Several times I intervened to break up Roddy's attacks, until I came, almost, to believe that the indomitable little warrior had the great dog cowed.

Then the gray days of late fall and early winter came, and I saw, from time to time, strange dogs—nondescript, unkempt animals, their common characteristic their great size, and, in two or three, a strong resemblance to Karo. These appeared about the place, and always Karo was with them.

These dogs, with the exception of Karo, were evidently homeless. They could not have come from the city streets beyond, for collarless and unmuzzled they would have been quickly gathered up there. I began to wonder. And my wonder increased as it became daily more evident that among these dogs Karo was a sort of leader.

When the strange dogs were about, Roddy, close guarded inside the house, became almost frantic. Individually and collectively they stirred in him the fierce antagonism he displayed toward Karo. Our English bulldog remained indifferent, and no precautions to safeguard him were taken. We considered him abundantly able to care for himself in any company. Commonly, he wandered at will about the place. Then, one afternoon, the bulldog returned, horribly mauled. After a night of suffering, and when nothing further could be done, he was mercifully put away. When Karo reappeared, after an absence of two or three days, he was limping badly.

THEN came the first light fall of snow. It melted as it fell upon the city streets, but at Inwood it lay a thin blanket through which the grass and weeds stuck stiffly. It was not heavy enough for a tracking snow, but it was the first harbinger of real winter.

There is a thrill, a tingle in the blood, a lift to the spirit, in the first snow of

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winter. I was writing near a window, often pausing to look out across the wide, snow-sprinkled slope and across the river to the reddish-brown ramparts of the Palisades beyond, almost tempted to abandon work for a long walk, when a pack of six or eight dogs swept over the hill and across the level space between the house and the stable.

At their head ran Karo and, close beside him, a white bull terrier. They kept on down the slope beyond but, turning before they reached the hedge along the River Road, they ran diagonally back up the bank to the level outside my window. Then I saw that the white bull terrier at Karo's side was a young female, sleek and shiny, with a studded collar around her neck, from which dangled her license tag. The others, all but one, were the unkempt, collarless dogs that I was beginning to think of as "the pack." The other exception was an Airedale that, also, wore a collar. In that motley company the bull terrier and the Airedale stood out sharply, two pure-breds in a pack of mongrels.

Somebody's pets that have wandered away and fallen into bad company, I thought regretfully, striving to recall where, if ever, I had seen either of them.

The Airedale was running close behind Karo. Suddenly, as I watched, Karo whirled and slashed at him. Instantly the pack stopped, gathering around in a circle. He was a large Airedale, though smaller than Karo, and he fought bravely. But I never saw a dog fight as Karo fought. Darting in and out, slashing down and sidewise, silent, with a persistent activity that made his movements difficult to follow. He also fought with his feet, striking and pawing, striving plainly to overthrow the other.

But the Airedale, too, was a battler, and strong and courageous. He kept his feet; but his movements appeared halting and sluggish beside Karo's flashing attack.

Then from the circle of watching dogs, one moved closer to the fighting pair. This was a huge dog, not unlike Karo in color and appearance, but heavier and plainly much older. Slowly the old dog edged in, while the rest of the pack kept their distance. I thought of the bull terrier and looked for her, but she had disappeared. I saw the old dog draw closer, moving about stiffly, watching for a chance to strike. Suddenly, he darted in. I could not see just how it was done, but Karo and the old dog swung the Airedale clear from the ground, between them. Fastened upon him now, they jerked him back and forth as they might have worried an old coat. For the first time, the Airedale howled, a shrill cry of terror.

THE howl awakened me to realization of the Airedale's danger, and I ran to the door. A broom stood on the porch, and as there was nothing else I seized it as I ran out. As I turned the corner of the house the two, as at some understood signal, dropped the Airedale to the ground, and as he floundered for an instant, helpless, his legs in the air, Karo slashed at his unprotected belly. I jabbed the broom in Karo's face, and he sprang back with a snarling growl. The pack had fallen back at my approach, the old dog with them. Again I stabbed at Karo with the broom, and this time he ran back to the circle of watching dogs. The Airedale staggered to

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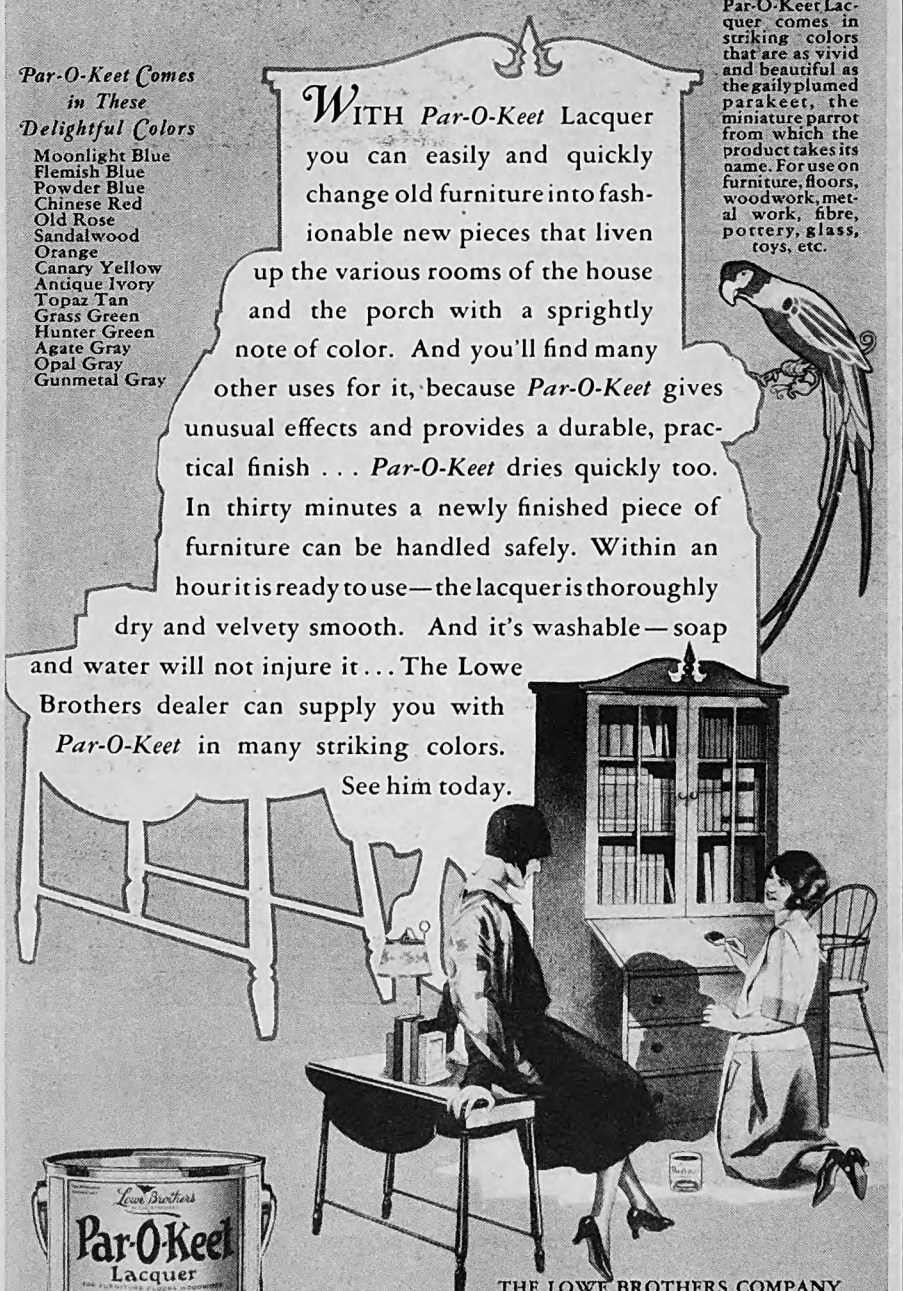

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his feet and ran. With my threatening broom I held back the pack until the fugitive had gained a start of fifty yards or so, when they broke past me in pursuit. The Airedale was headed toward Dyckman Street, and running for his life. A white streak came around a corner of the stable, and the pack was in full cry, Karo at their head, the bull terrier running at his side. The Airedale escaped.

It turned warmer after that first snow, and later there were two days of rain. For two or three days after the Airedale's escape, Karo did not come to the house. I saw him several times at a distance, and always the bull terrier was with him. Late one afternoon I entered the stable and found both Karo and the bull terrier asleep in Karo's bed. Then came the rain. Looking out from the sun parlor I saw the two dogs cross the orchard below Bolton Road, skirt the garden, and disappear over the ridge beyond. The once spotless bull terrier was sodden with rain and splashed with mud to a grimy slate color. Her collar was gone. But wet, bedraggled, an object of pity, she ran gayly at Karo's side.

Then came the heavy snow. The official weather report called it an eleven-inch fall. It appeared deeper than that at Inwood. The ravines and gullies were drifted full, and a heavy white mantle of snow lay over the hills.

That morning I was shoveling a path around the house. Roddy had gone out with me. Suddenly the snarling din of a fierce dog fight came down from the hill top. A glance around showed that Roddy was gone. Dropping my shovel, I ran, stumbling through the snow. Far up the hill two men were running along Bolton Road. Just inside the orchard, a dark shape stretched on the snow. With a throb of thankfulness I saw that it was too large a shape for Roddy. Then Karo came down the hill, followed by half a dozen other great dogs, and a hundred yards behind them floundered Roddy. Despite the depth of the snow the pack ran swiftly, and Roddy toiled desperately after them, sinking to his back in the snow at every bound.

I LAUGHED at the little dog's futile effort, but he held stubbornly on. At last he was out of the house and the pack he detested was in sight. I called to him, but for the first time Roddy failed to heed my command. He had cut into the track of the pack now and on the beaten trail he ran more swiftly. Again and again I called, but Roddy paid no heed to my voice.

"He can never catch them," I thought, and turned back to the house. I was again busy at my shoveling when another thought came: Roddy could never catch the pack—but suppose it waited for him? Again I cast aside my shovel, sharp fear in my heart. Time enough had elapsed for Roddy to have given up the chase and returned. I whistled and called, but there was no response.

At last I went after him. If the pack had kept on they might be miles ahead of Roddy now. But Roddy had too great a start for me to hope to overtake him by following upon his trail. I must cut across and intercept him. And so I climbed the hill to Bolton Road and followed it to the great building that was once the "House of Mercy." There I turned to my left

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through the thick underbrush to the top of the precipitous bank that drops down to the east of the River Road. From here I could see for a considerable distance through the trees and along the hillside. Below lay the River Road, now only a narrow footpath winding through the snow. Still further down stretched the Hudson, a mottle of broken ice, above which the gulls wheeled and turned, mewing plaintively.

There was no sight or sound of Roddy. If I failed to find him here I could only hope to come upon him by following his trail. Beyond a tangled thicket, halfway down the steep hillside, I struck the end of a freshly beaten track. Several dogs had climbed up this far and then turned back. I followed down. Just beyond a great maple, a little mangled form stretched out on the trampled snow. Brave, faithful little Roddy was gone. Tenderly I gathered up the dead body in my arms and carried it home.

We started out, three of us, to find Karo and the pack. The trail ran close to the railway drawbridge, past the great tulip tree where, legend says, Henry Hudson once met the Indians in friendly conclave; and climbing back over the cliffs, we followed where it wound to three recently occupied rock dens, in one of which remained the gnawed half of a loaf of bread. Then for a time we lost it among the rocks, and picked it up again on the top of a ridge. Further back, in a circle of blood-stained snow, we came upon the mangled body of the bull terrier. Karo had turned upon and killed his mate. Even a wolf would not do that.

THE "wild dogs" still forage along the river and den in the rocks at Inwood, but Karo no longer leads the pack. There is a grim satisfaction, but no comfort in the thought. It happened too late to save Roddy. But we shall never forget him. To us, the world is a better place, and faithfulness, courage, and duty are less abstractions, because one rare little dog once lived.

What He Learned at Fourteen Helped Him "Come Back" at Forty

(*Continued from page 61*)

was there within another two minutes. But I might as well have stayed in bed. The whole thing was in flames.

That was in 1879. Humphrey was twenty-seven. He had just married the girl who, through the coming years, was to be a partner as well as a wife and a mother. Together, in the small hours of the morning, they crossed the mill property from the books and reckoned up where they stood. On the score of the mill alone they were forty-five thousand dollars in debt!

"We need you on the farm," Harlow suggested to Dudley. "If we all put our shoulders to the wheel, we ought to make a go of it."

But they reckoned without a host of contingencies. Soon nearby properties,

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that once had been worth three or four times as much, were selling as low as twenty dollars an acre. And the mortgage indebtedness of the farm had been growing, and debts bore an interest charge of ten per cent.

Mina, the eldest sister—I have not mentioned her by name before—had married and moved away. That left the two brothers, Harlow, Dave, sister Linnie, and Dudley and his wife. The five joined hands to save the farm. They didn't know that ten grim years were ahead of them.

The meanest thing about those years was that victory always seemed just around the corner. They made the farm pay almost from the outset, but the handicapping debts ate up profits almost as fast as they were made. Each year they gained a little, though it meant work from daylight until dark, and later than dark when the moon was bright.

BY 1889 they had paid off $15,000 of the debt, and that fall they harvested a potato crop of 20,000 bushels. In one day alone they dug and hauled 1,300 bushels of potatoes from four acres. They had almost sweat blood over those potatoes; they were beauties. Piled in regular heaps in the fields they seemed to represent so many heaps of cash. It was a wonderful yield, their "stake" for the year.

"What are you going to do with 'em, now you've got 'em?" asked a neighbor. "There's no market for potatoes."

Vainly the Humphreys sought to sell their potatoes. Finally they were forced to cover them in the field as they were, in the hope of carrying them over the winter for better prices in the spring. By spring, potato prices were even lower. The whole twenty thousand bushels had to be left to rot.

Their big hay crop sold for three dollars and four dollars a ton. It had cost them double that. Other crops likewise went for a song. The interest charges took every penny they could rake together.

"No potato market this year; that means a good one next year," they reasoned.

The twenty thousand bushels had been the yield of eighty acres. For the new crop they planted one hundred acres, and another one hundred acres of beans. There was a big bean market with good prices in prospect.

But other farmers had reasoned on potatoes as well. The market was glutted. When digging time came, the best potatoes were bringing only fifteen cents a bushel! It cost more than that to get them out of the ground, and those one hundred acres might have as well been planted in weeds for all their value. The bean market held excellent; but every acre of the nearly one hundred acres of beans the Humphreys had planted likewise turned into a dead loss. Wet weather ruined the whole crop!

"That finished us," said Mr. Humphrey quietly. "By now even our personal property was mortgaged. We went to the banker, who was our chief creditor, and told him we were done, that the next move in the game was his. After some figuring, he concluded that a sheriff's sale, the mortgage included everything we had, would net sufficient to pay our indebtedness, and possibly leave us something besides.

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"It was a heart-breaking thing, that sale. The whole countryside turned out for it—our friends, our neighbors, folks from miles around. The name of Humphrey had stood high in that section, thanks to our father. The sale was more than a mere sale: it was an event, a public tragedy.

"At first, the bidding was fairly good. Our stuff was bringing prices fully equal to our hopes. But as article after article came up for bidding, the high bidder without exception was the banker. Every article of importance he bought. This made it apparent, even to a schoolboy, that it was the banker's intention to bid in nearly everything, regardless of what the others might bid. Also, all present knew that he was the mortgage holder.

"Just as soon as the crowd sensed this, the competitive bidding, which makes an auction, fell off, leaving the field to the banker. I hardly need tell you the consequence to us. The sale became little more than a legal formality. It was hurried through. The big crowd for the most part stood as mere spectators. When the hammer fell the last time and the bids were totaled we were penniless, and more than twenty thousand dollars still in debt. The farm, the stock, everything was gone. We were worse than bankrupt.

"This was in the fall. We stayed on the farm until spring to take care of things for the banker."

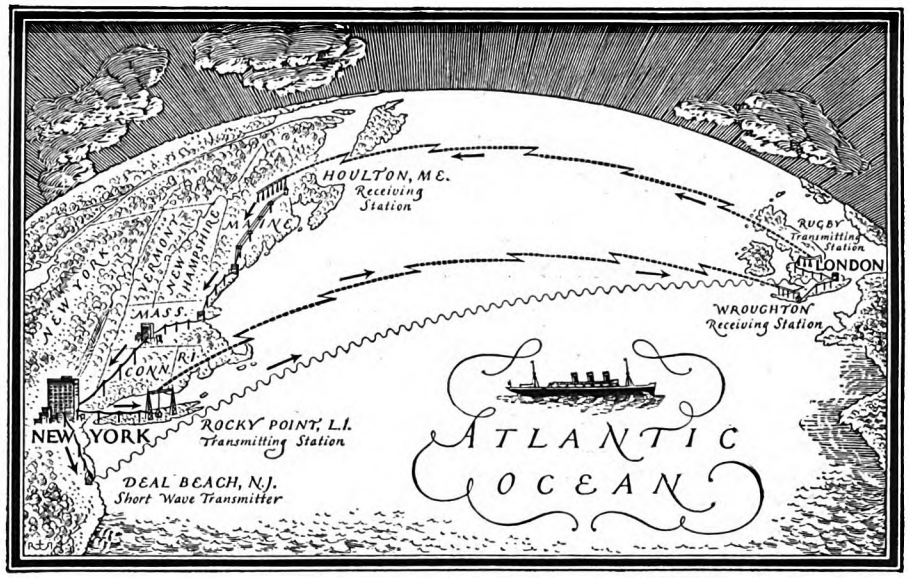
BORROWING one hundred dollars, the Humphreys in March, 1891, moved to Glenville, near Cleveland, the location of one of the famous Grand Circuit racing association's tracks. The town was a great horse center; and Harlow and David, both experienced horsemen, felt they could find work with some of the racing stables as horse breakers and trainers. Dudley was to do writing for farm papers. The women were to take in boarders. Dudley's two children, Harvey and Mabel, and Mother Humphrey were also members of the group.

That year their fortunes seemed on the mend. Harlow and Dave obtained a contract from a large stable owner to break and train all of his colts, at thirty dollars per month, per head. The contract held good for a year. Dudley's writing on farm topics "took" with the farm papers. The women's cooking attracted paying boarders.

Also, Dudley had perfected an odd and homely little invention. Walking through the streets of Cleveland he noticed the sidewalk pop-corn venders popped their corn exposed to the air, and added the seasoning afterward. He bought some of the popped corn, but didn't like it nearly so well as the corn they had popped in the old iron kettle on the farm.

"You see," he explained to me, with a smile, "we used to put our corn into the hot kettle, mix the lard and salt right with it, cover it with a lid, and stir it up with a big spoon. That kept all the sweetness of the corn in the popped kernel and seasoned it at the same time.

"Now, Harlow had already made one improvement in our farm corn popper. It was unhandy to stir the corn with a spoon, and yet keep the kettle covered. So he had made a wooden lid with a hole in its center through which the corn could be stirred with a wire. My improvement



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consisted of a Russia iron drum fitted to a skillet, with a stirring wire manipulated by a hand crank."

Humphrey patented his idea, made up some poppers, and set forth to sell them with high hopes. The Cleveland pop-corn venders looked on the homely device skeptically.

"You say your corn is better than ours," they said. "Suppose you show us."

It was too much for Humphrey to tote his popper and stove around Cleveland on foot, so he set it up in a decrepit old delivery wagon that a grocer had discarded.

On the strength of his demonstrations and the quality of his corn, he managed to sell twenty-five poppers at five dollars apiece, but he was weeks in doing it. Once the street venders and the smaller stores had been canvassed, his market was exhausted. Cleveland's housewives weren't interested in popping corn. He had not the means to canvass a wider territory.

THEN trouble began rising on every side. For some time, Humphrey's eyes had been causing him great pain, and he had been doing his writing for the farm papers with much difficulty. He consulted an oculist.

"Your eyes will be all right if you stop writing," he was told.

His corn popper had exhausted its market, and he no longer could write!

On top of this blow fell another: A pair of colts which Harlow and Dave had bought to be made into racers, turned out so slow that "they couldn't keep ahead of their own dust."

Then came the hardest blow of all: The stable owner who had contracted with the brothers to train and board his colts at thirty dollars a head a month, now refused to pay more than twenty dollars a head.

In desperation, Dudley resumed his writing. The paper went blank under his eyes and he swayed dizzily, unable to go on. Again he tried to market corn-poppers—at four dollars each, at three dollars. People now laughed at the seedy, pleading man with his old wagon, and shut their doors in his face.

"There's nothing in horse-breaking at twenty dollars," said Harlow gloomily, at the family council one evening after he and Dave had spent hard weeks at the stables only to find themselves up against a wall of rising expenses. "We'll have to look for jobs if we're going to eat. We can't keep this up much longer."

The income from the boarders had fallen off. The women's end, too, was losing out. Dudley turned to the want ads in the newspaper and his eyes lighted on this:

Wanted: A man experienced in the sorting of hardwood lumber; apply in person. Steady work.

"That," he exclaimed, "I can do."

And it was the next morning, almost two years after the sale of the farm, that we found him returning afoot to Glenville, unhired by the advertiser—and forty. I've told you how the burden of failure and dejection slipped from his shoulders and the swing of confidence and resolve returned to his step. I've told you the anecdote of the empty log boat and the icy logs.

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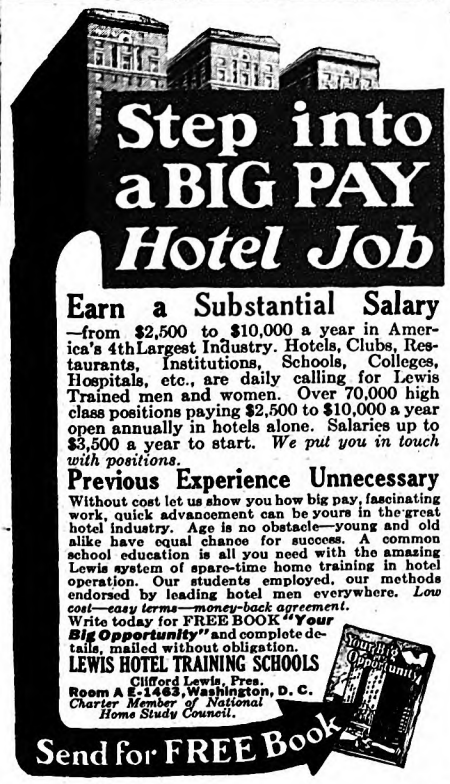

liberately took stock of myself. The lumber dealer had told me to 'make my own job.' I didn't ask myself what job there was I would like to do, but what job there was *for* me to do.

"I thought over all the different kinds of work and all the businesses of which I had any knowledge. Every second step I would get back to pop corn. I was about to brush aside the thought in disgust—when I again thought of those beech logs. We hadn't been able to load the logs onto the boat in the usual way, so we had found another way.

"'Since the folks won't buy your popper and pop their own corn, why don't you pop it for them?' something suddenly seemed to ask.

"And before my eyes, like a picture in the air, I saw my old wagon, with the hot popper inside, drawn up alongside the curb, as it had been many a time. But instead of trying to sell poppers I was selling corn! I then remembered that in the same paper where I had read the want ad for a lumber sorter, I had read of a big carnival about to be held in Cleveland.

"'That,' I exclaimed, 'would be the best place to start business!'

"I couldn't get back to the folks quick enough. I got them together and told them my idea.

"'Others make a living selling pop corn,' I argued. 'Why can't we do the same th ng? All of us can do it!'

"Nobody laughed, though my wife admitted later the notion sounded crazy, and she wondered what some of the neighbors back home would say should they happen to come to the carnival. But there wasn't anything else in sight, and we hadn't the price of another square meal among us. The corn popper that wouldn't sell held our only hope.

"The day before the carnival we packed up all that we owned. You'll know it wasn't much when I say that we got it and ourselves into the delivery wagon, together with a bedding of hay. A friend was good enough to lend me fifteen dollars, with which I bought corn, gasolene for the heating stove, and some food. It was only about five miles to the scene of the carnival, and we were fortunate enough to find a house for which we did not have to pay rent until the end of the month. Next evening, on June 23d, 1893, we opened for business on the street outside the carnival ground."

IT WAS a hot evening, but the heat of the street was as nothing compared with the inside of the old wagon, where the gasolene stove had to be kept going under the popper. The whole family took turns at tending the popper, the women alternating with the men. They shouted 'Pop Corn! Hot! Nickel a bag!' until they were hoarse.

"Make no mistake," Mr. Humphrey laughed. "We sold corn. We sold it as fast as we could pop it."

That evening they made eight dollars and fifty cents, while a competitor across the street, with a fine big outfit and a better location, made only fifty cents. Humphrey bought out the man for fifteen dollars, payable at the end of the week. The second day the two stands, manned by the Humphreys, took in thirty dollars; and almost every day thereafter the daily receipts increased.

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prevents all body odors

Whereupon, a strange turn was reached in the affairs of the Humphreys. They who had failed began to buy out failures—little two-wheel hand-pushed pop-corn carts of venders who weren't able to make the business go. They got them for a few dollars apiece. And the Humphreys *made them pay!* On July Fourth, they had four pop-corn rigs and took in one hundred and twenty-five dollars!

"We'll stay in this business," said Dudley Humphrey. "For every bag of pop corn we get cash. We can't lose so long as we keep selling our pop corn!"

So Humphrey and his wife, with their two youngsters, set up their stand, at what is now One Hundred and Seventh Street and Euclid Avenue, Cleveland. Incidentally, on that site to-day stands the "Elysium," one of the largest and finest indoor skating rinks in the country. It is the property of the Humphrey Company. Harlow and Dave pushed their carts to another section of the city, and Linnie established her cart near a car barn at Lakeview, a suburb of Cleveland.

"Why, it's simply peddling," protested friends; "and the city is full of starving peddlers. Take the money you've made, and get into something sensible."

But the Humphreys stuck to pop corn, and they didn't starve. They effected settlement of their outstanding debts, and made themselves "square with the board" again. And they kept buying in failures!

One day, early in 1895, Dudley noticed a little "hole in the wall" for rent in the city's very center. It was only four feet by eight feet, and the rent was forty-five dollars a month.

"I'd like to rent that room for a pop-corn stand," he informed the agent.

"'Pop corn?' repeated the other, aghast. 'You're loony! Why, three different men in real businesses have tried to make that place pay during the past twelve months. Not one of them made the rent. You wouldn't last a week there with pop corn.'

"If we don't last," suggested Humphrey, "you'll at least have a month's rent in advance, for here it is."

Before two years were out the entire building was under the lease of the Humphreys at an annual rental of four thousand five hundred dollars. Their business amounted to five hundred dollars and six hundred dollars daily!

EUCLID BEACH opened as a park in 1895. The following year the Humphreys had a pop-corn stand there, in addition to their down-town stores. They camped close by on the lake shore, partly for fun, partly for economy. At the close of each night's work they paid their help from the cash drawer. Incidentally, they paid spot cash for all their supplies. They weren't going into debt again if they could help it; and so four prosperous years went by.

"But we didn't like Euclid Beach Park," Mr. Humphrey told me. "It didn't help us to be there. The biggest attraction was a beer garden. Gamblers, fakers, and questionable side shows littered up the place.

"'Why don't you conduct the park decently?' we asked the management. 'Tear down your high board fence, so folks can see what goes on in here; close your beer garden; kick out the rotten shows. Get the decent people to coming.'

"They told me I was talking through

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my hat. 'Close the beer garden?' they said. 'Why, that's the only feature that pays us!'

"So the beer garden, and the fakers, and the rotten shows stayed; but we closed our pop-corn stand and got out.

"A year later, I was in Chicago. Our plans were all laid for extending our pop-corn business there. We had a vision of selling pop corn in every big city of the United States. But, as chance would have it, I picked up a Cleveland paper. One of the first items I noticed was that Euclid Beach Park had failed, that the land was to be sold for building purposes by allotment. Suddenly I forgot all about our proposed chain of pop-corn stores."

Hurrying home, Dudley called the family together, took the floor and pointed to the news item.

"It's our chance to prove what we've contended all along," he said, "that decency pays, that it would pay at Euclid Beach."

THE park owners, facing a loss of much more than half of their investment if the land were sold for allotment purposes, lost no time in leasing the property to the Humphreys for five years, at twelve thousand dollars a year. They had been losing more than twenty thousand dollars a year.

Down came the high board fence about the park. Out went the beer garden, the gamblers, the fakers, and the rotten shows. Entry to the park was made free to all who behaved themselves.

"What about the others?" Humphrey was asked. "You are conducting a public park. How can you keep anybody out?"

"We'll find a way," he promised. "Wait. Nobody is going to patronize this park if we don't like him or his conduct."

He told the churches, the newspapers, and the street-car company what was going on at Euclid Beach. The preachers and newspapers commended. The street-car company agreed to carry people to and from the park for the price of one fare. With a park that contained nothing but clean and open amusements, health-giving recreations, and no dark or questionable corners, the country-bred Humphreys opened under the slogan of "One Fare, Free Gate, No Beer!" And Cleveland, in whole-hearted approval, poured its thousands into Euclid Beach! Decency *did* pay! It *was* wanted!

"The old park," said Mr. Humphrey, "had collected 90,000 gate admissions during the previous season. We had that many people visit the park in a single day. The pop-corn stand, reëstablished in the same location, was an index to the increase in business. Its best season before had been two thousand dollars. It made ten thousand dollars the first season that the park was under our management; and other park features, such as the dancing pavilion, restaurant, bathing beach, and the multitude of amusements, made corresponding gains. You will understand that, while entry to the park was free, a charge was made for each feature, or otherwise we would have had no income. Incidentally, the pop corn, this past season, did more than sixty thousand dollars net business, which is indicative of the growth we've had along all lines.

"We cleared fifty thousand dollars that first summer, and before a third of the summer had passed we were talking of buying the park. Dave suggested it. At once we got busy, buying in park stock wherever we could get it, though we had to pay seventy cents on the dollar for stock that only a few months before could have been purchased at twenty-five cents on the dollar. We couldn't pay out ready cash, but stockholders were willing to take our notes, for they, too, saw the success-to-be. Within two weeks we owned eighty per cent of the stock—and the park. The rest of the stock was acquired later, for not all holders were eager to sell."

"How did you keep out the undesirables?" I asked him.

"We went to the Supreme Court," he replied, "to establish for all time our claim that Euclid Beach, while open to the public, is not a public park, but a private park. The courts held that we need give no reason for barring the entrance to anyone, that it was simply a question of whether we wanted them on our property. The park was, and is, patrolled by uniformed private police. In those early days our police had to throw out bodily some of the undesirables; but that is rarely necessary now. The undesirables seldom come, and when they do come they don't stay. It isn't the kind of park they like."

Damage suits running into hundreds of thousands of dollars were instituted against the Humphreys when they closed Euclid Beach to various individuals. They fought, and won every suit. One man of some political influence purposely came to the park and misbehaved himself, then dared Humphrey to put him out.

"I don't need to put you out," said Humphrey; "but I am going to see that you behave while you're here."

He called the huskiest of his police officers. "Watch this man," he ordered. "Keep at his heels wherever he goes in this park. As long as he behaves, let him alone. If he misbehaves, pitch him into the street."

THE policeman obeyed his orders to the letter. Thereafter, whenever the man appeared at the park gate the big uniformed guard joined him and, keeping a few feet behind, followed him like a watchful mastiff. All of Cleveland began to laugh as the comedy kept up week after week. At length the man came to Mr. Humphrey.

"I was wrong," he apologized. "You are running this park as it should be run. Now, for Pete's sake, please call off that cop. I like to come here. My wife likes to come; but she can't come if a policeman is to be at our heels."

The man became one of the park's firmest friends.

"We have a clean park," Mr. Humphrey concluded, "because we've not been afraid to fight for it. Anybody can throw out a friendless bum in rags—but that gives only superficial cleanness. If you want *real* cleanness, you must stand ready to throw out the man in immaculate dress—if he isn't clean inside. We've done that. There has been no compromise with influence, position, or money. The success of Euclid Beach has proved that the great majority of people are decent and will patronize a decently conducted thing. True of a park, as I know it is, I reckon it also is true of men and their lives."

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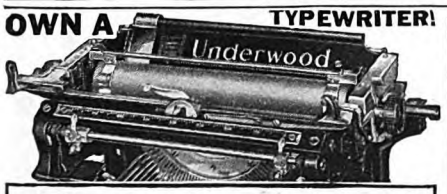

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Concerning Husbands

(*Continued from page 43*)

Porter. She must be *good*, or the other women wouldn't hate her so."

For a perfectly devoted husband and the father of four children this was simply beneath contempt. Howard Merton trying to look devilish was enough to make any sensible person sick; but the men all laughed admiringly.

When I'd get Will home alone and tell him what I thought of the whole affair, he would be as sensible as though he weren't a man. He'd admit that everything I said about Mrs. Sam Porter was doubtless true. But would this do one particle of lasting good? Not one particle. The next time he'd be out with another man or two, he'd be just as bad as ever. And it was the same with all the other husbands.

Of course, we knew it was a joke; but it made us mad, just the same. It gave you the funny feeling of your husband's only needing another man or two to depend on, in order to express a real opinion that he wouldn't dare to say to you alone. It was very exasperating.

"You men just stick by each other because you think it's masculine to," one of us would declare, disgustedly.

They would look at each other with that smug, self-satisfied grin that made you long to hit them over the head with some blunt, heavy instrument.

"Well, nobody can accuse you girls of sticking by each other for any reason at all," one of them would answer.

WE WERE all of us getting so exasperated, having to listen to this line of talk, on top of having to see Mrs. Porter every way we turned, that there is no telling what it might eventually have led to if something hadn't happened that put a new light on the whole Porter business.

I heard of it first, on account of happening to meet Mrs. Harriman on the street one day. Mrs. Harriman had been Mrs. Beth Porter's best friend, and she had just been down to see the superintendent of schools about her.

"Beth has been teaching in Chicago," Mrs. Harriman told me; "and she's so lonesome and homesick there she can hardly stand it. She's just crazy to come back to Montrose where all her old friends live and everything."

"I'm sure I don't see why she shouldn't," I said. "Everybody likes Mrs. Beth. There's never been a word against her."

"That's just what I've been writing her," said Mrs. Harriman. "And she's decided to come. She says she's never done anything to be ashamed of, and she can't seem to be happy anywhere but in Montrose. So I've been down to see Mr. Curley to ask if he'd take her back in the school."

"Mercy!" I exclaimed. "Does she have to get a job? Doesn't she get any alimony?"

"Oh, she was awarded very good alimony when the divorce was granted; but she's never taken a penny of it. She says she's perfectly well and strong, and she feels more self-respecting to be earning her own living. You know what a plucky, in-

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dependent little thing she always was. She's never said one word against Sam, or complained about anything that's happened. All she wants is to be able to get back to Montrose."

"Well, I should certainly think she ought to have that!" I said.

"That's just what Mr. Curley said. He's tickled to get her back; he says she is a fine teacher. He's going to take her back in September and make her principal of the Whittier School, just as he'd been ready to do when she left."

WELL, of course news like that spread over Montrose like butter on a hot pancake. Everybody was talking about it, and wondering how Mr. Sam Porter and the new Mrs. Sam would take it. With Mrs. Beth safely out of the way, people had already stopped talking about the divorce and in a little while it would doubtless have been all forgotten. I heard indirectly that when Mr. Porter heard it he was simply furious.

A day or so later, I heard that Mrs. Sam had been raising a terrible row about it; said she wouldn't live in Montrose if Mrs. Beth was going to. And so on. All of us girls felt that we could bear it very well if Mrs. Sam didn't live in Montrose; but it wasn't so good for Mr. Sam. His company was here and all his business interests.

They say he just blustered around, said he'd never seen such an exhibition of poor taste, and that he wasn't going to have a delicate, sensitive young girl like his wife placed in any such position.

"A sensitive, delicate young girl!" Mrs. Frank Kirsted fairly snorted. "She's about as thin-skinned as a rhinoceros, if you ask me!"

It may have been mean, but there's no denying that we girls got quite a kick out of the idea of Mrs. Sam Porter being placed in an embarrassing situation. Dulcie, who can be pushed to the point where she'll say almost anything to almost anybody, even mentioned it to Mrs. Sam.

Mrs. Sam took an amused, lofty attitude, as though the very idea of Mrs. Beth's thinking she could settle in Montrose again was so absurd it was funny.

"Oh, it wouldn't do at all!" she said haughtily. "Naturally, Mr. Porter can't have it."

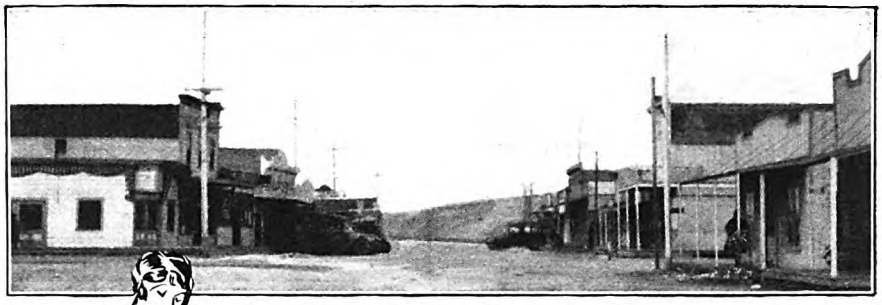
We chuckled among ourselves and wondered just what Mr. Porter could do about it. Well, we found out, quick enough. Not three days later, we heard that Mrs. Beth's appointment had been canceled.

Mrs. Harriman was wild. I met her at the Busy Bee, and she asked me to go up with her and see Mr. Curley about it. I did. Mr. Curley was as nice as could be, terribly regretful. He said again what a splendid teacher Mrs. Beth had been and how glad he would have been to have her back. The school board, he said, had gone over his head and canceled the appointment.

We ran into Rosie Merton as we came out of the schoolhouse, and told her. Rosie is the best-hearted thing in the world, and the tears came to her eyes.

The more you thought about it, the meaner it seemed. Here poor little Mrs. Beth wasn't asking a thing in the world but the chance to earn a decent living in her own old home. Mrs. Harriman felt simply awful.

"Sam Porter is back of this, you mark



Wanted a woman

Not the woman who has running water in her home, and who knows that there is a hydrant near at hand to protect her against the ever-present peril of fire. She need read no further.

The woman we want to hear from is the woman whose back is bent under the burden of carrying water from a well, whose dwelling is ready to be the prey of flames, and whose children are in the shadow of disease epidemics.

In short, she lives in a town without waterworks. We want her to write us, telling us who the leaders in her community are. We will get in touch with these people and show them how easily and inexpensively they can bring their community up to date. The woman, under whose eyes this advertisement falls, may have no influence beyond the range of her family. But at the cost of a postal card, she can make herself a public benefactor. Many a community is enjoying the benefits of a first-class water supply today, because some unknown person in this way helped us to start the ball rolling.

This Bureau exists to create waterworks where none are now, and to make existing waterworks better. Its services are available to anyone who asks for them.

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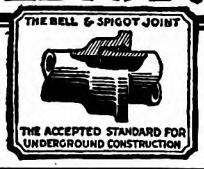
These posters, 8½"x 11", have proven an effective aid in many campaigns for waterworks—we will gladly send a supply of them for any community.

CAST IRON PIPE

Our new booklet, "Planning a Waterworks System," which covers the problem of water for the small town, will be sent on request



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Always your old standby in removing corns, good old Blue-jay now offers many refinements. A new-shaped disc of medication . . . to reach even the awkwardly placed corn without spreading . . . A new creamy-white pad to blend with pink white skin . . . And a sprightly new package worthy of the most fastidious toilette cabinet.

. . .

There are many drastic ways to end a corn. But Blue-jay is the safe and gentle way. A cool pad fits over the corn and stops the pain. The medication is "controlled." And you cannot put on too much or too little. There's just the right amount in each plaster to end the corn.

The new Blue-jay costs no more, and may be had at all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Callus Plasters.*

THE *New* Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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my words," she said. "He's a terribly mean man when he's crossed. He always was."

"Let's go and see the school board about it," said Rosie, who was almost as upset as Mrs. Harriman.

We didn't know who the school board was, but we found out that it was Frank MacReady, Mr. John Manning, and Mr. Broadhurst. We all knew Mr. Broadhurst best, and he was an awfully nice man; so we went up to his coal and lumber office.

He told us very frankly that he had voted against canceling Mrs. Beth's appointment; but the board had been two to one against him. So then the three of us traipsed right over to see Mr. Manning.

He was rather vague about it, just said that it had seemed the best thing to do. Mrs. Porter had been out of the school for a long time. She would be rusty, he said. Mrs. Harriman showed him the glowing letter of praise for Mrs. Beth she'd got from the principal of her Chicago school.

Mr. Manning just got vaguer, said that it would upset the natural run of promotions to bring in anybody from the outside, and hemmed and hawed till we could see that nothing we or anybody else could say to him would change his ideas any.

I must admit that I was so thick it never even occurred to me why he had made up his mind so firmly on this, when, not a month ago, he had got the music supervisor from Kalamazoo without paying any attention to the upsetting of the natural run of promotions. Rosie and Mrs. Harriman saw through it right away, though.

"Sam Porter has put a bug in his ear," Mrs. Harriman declared. "The Samuel Porter Company is Manning's biggest customer. Of course John Manning is glad to be accommodating!"

WE REALIZED that this was the real explanation the instant we heard it. And we realized, also, that it would be hopeless to go to Mr. Frank MacReady. He was general superintendent of the whole Samuel Porter plant. We came out of Mr. Manning's office, feeling that the situation was hopeless.

I walked home alone, feeling worse and worse about it with every step. At first, I had just felt mad about the new Mrs. Porter; but this put a different face on it.

I'd keep remembering one nice thing after another about Mrs. Beth. How she used to come by for me snowy mornings and pull me to school on my sled; how, after teaching all day and going home to clean up the house and get supper, they said she used to go down to Mr. Porter's office evenings and typewrite all his letters for him; how sweet she'd been to Mother Horton when she had erysipelas. And dozens of other things.

It was funny, when you once came to think of it, how a quiet, unassuming little person like Mrs. Beth could have left so many nice memories behind her.

I thought of Mrs. Sam Porter with her two fur coats, and of the way Mrs. Beth had worn that old sweater for three years. I thought of the new Medal Heavy Six coupé Mr. Porter had bought from Scott just for his wife to use, when he had the big car at the plant, and remembered Mrs. Beth with the little old toy delivery wagon she used to pull home from the cash-and-carry, full of groceries that she'd saved a few cents on. Honestly, I was so worked

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up about Mrs. Beth, I felt I just couldn't stand it.

By afternoon, everybody knew about it. It was Mothers' Club meeting that day, where, thanks to Mrs. Sam's opinion on babies, we didn't have to include her. Nobody paid attention to the meeting, for talking about Mrs. Beth. After meeting, six of us went over to the Oasis for banana-split sundaes.

AND while we were talking there, Mrs. Harriman came in. She saw us and came over, her eyes just afire. She's a peppy, red-headed little woman and she had a scheme.

"Listen, girls," she said, "I've been looking it all up, and there's something we can do!"

"What?" we all asked. Some way, none of us had ever thought of the situation as anything but hopeless. When the United States Government has decided anything, it does certainly seem final.

"United States Government, your grandmother!" scoffed Mrs. Harriman. "It's nothing but the school board that's decided this. And I've just found that Frank MacReady's term runs out two weeks from to-day!"

She looked so triumphant and dramatic when she said this that we all looked hopeful, though we couldn't see just what that had to do with it. He'd be elected right over again. Those same three men had been on the school board for six years. Mrs. Harriman looked disgusted at our thickness.

"He won't be elected unless he is *elected*," she said hotly. "Why don't we stop it?"

"We?" we echoed. "How could we stop it?"

"We've all got votes, haven't we?" Mrs. Harriman demanded. Of course I knew we had, but usually forgot to register, for my part. And I'd never heard of anybody paying any attention to a school board election anyway.

But Mrs. Harriman went on talking. "It only takes two out of three votes in the school board to put Mrs. Beth back," she said. "Mr. Broadhurst is strong for her. If we elected somebody else who is, in Frank MacReady's place, that would be two to one, in spite of Mr. Manning."

"But how could we elect anybody?" I asked, puzzled. I could see how we could vote for somebody; but to start it from nothing—

"Of course we could do it," Mrs. Harriman insisted. "They say only fifteen or twenty people turn out to the school board election. They hold the meeting in the high-school assembly hall, and they just stand up and nominate who they want, and then vote on slips of paper. It's all as simple as A B C. Why don't we get together and put in our man? Somebody," she added, "that Sam Porter hasn't got any hold on."

There was a little pause.

"But who would that be?" Rosie asked faintly.

None of us answered. Remembering how we'd all been jockeyed into taking Sam Porter's wife into our hearts, we all had a guilty realization of how powerful he might be, if he got started. In one way and another, Sam Porter had an awful lot of strings out in Montrose.

Why, I thought of my own husband—goodness knows Will is as high-minded as

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It's in the texture and the silk. And in that silk there's something else besides. There's wear—and wear—and wear.

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This Embossed Inlaid effect is an exclusive Armstrong feature (patents pending). It is now available in many different designs. All are beautiful. All make comfortable, foot-easy floors. All cost surprisingly little when cemented in place—nothing at all as the years roll by.

Below—Another new Armstrong Embossed Inlaid design, No. 6007

Above—One of the latest Handcraft Tile Inlaid designs, No. 3016

These new Armstrong Floors, as well as a host of others, are on display at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores. The merchant will explain how quickly the floor you select can be *built in* right over your old floor. And your new Armstrong Floor never needs expensive refinishing.

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Hazel Dell Brown's new book, "The Attractive Home — How to Plan Its Decoration," shows how the new Armstrong Floors look when laid in fine interiors. This book also brings you suggestions for home decoration and an offer of Mrs. Brown's free service. Sent for 10c. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2675 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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any man in the world, and yet, with all that factory land sale still hanging fire, I didn't feel absolutely sure he'd want to go out of his way to antagonize Mr. Porter.

"We ought to get some man to suggest it," said Dulcie shrewdly. "If one of us did, the boys would be sure to say that it was because we were jealous of Mrs. Sam Porter's looks. You know how funny men are."

Didn't we all know! Dulcie's remark was like kerosene on fire.

"Let's not ask any help from any of them," said Mrs. Frank Kirsted suddenly. "Let's put this over ourselves. They're always saying women never stick by each other—let's show 'em we can!"

The idea just tickled us all.

"But what man is there that we could be dead sure Mr. Porter might not have some influence with?"

There was a long pause while we thought. It was Rosie who had the inspiration.

"Why do we have to have a man at all?" she asked. "Why don't we nominate a woman? There's a woman on the Verblen board."

And almost before the words were out of her mouth, we all said in chorus, "Miss Prescott!"

It was an idea straight from the heavens. Miss Prescott is a middle-aged, unmarried woman—you'd never think of anybody calling her an old maid; she is well-to-do, and we knew she had plenty of time. She was active in every club matter in Montrose, especially interested in young people, very progressive and public-spirited. She was simply perfect.

I was instantly appointed to go and ask her if she would accept if she were elected. It was very exciting. I'd heard of secret political meetings held in the back of saloons in which great deals had been put over, and here we were, just a half-dozen of us girls, planning the same sort of thing. In the excitement of the occasion we ordered another round of maple-nut sundaes, and laid our plans.

FIRST, our idea was to get the town all stirred up, have torchlight processions and meetings and speeches and everything. But Mrs. Harriman, who is really a very smart woman, had a much better idea.

"Mr. Harriman always used to say, 'Don't go hunting ducks with a brass band!' If we start up a lot of excitement, that will give Sam Porter a chance to bring up all his guns. And we don't know how much influence he could bring to bear if he got excited. Let's have a secret campaign. Nobody pays much attention to the board election. Let's make use of that fact. Let's spring it on them unawares."

Well, we could all see that that was a good plan, though Dulcie, who adores excitement, hated to give up the torchlight parade. Still, the idea of secret diplomacy was almost as exciting. We had another round of sundaes, and sat there till ten minutes of six, working out our plans.

And we made a solemn promise not to tell a single man, not even our own husbands. Any married woman knows what a hard promise that would be to keep; and if the boys hadn't kidded us so about being jealous of Mrs. Sam, it would probably have been impossible.

"Think we can't keep a secret, think we can't stick together!" we all said. "We'll show 'em."

This was just the frosting on the cake, though, we knew. The real thing was Mrs. Beth. We were going to see that she got her rights. We had one last round of chocolate marshmallow sundaes while we polished off our plans.

I HAD a frightful bilious headache the next morning, from the excitement, but I dressed the twins and went up to call on Miss Prescott the first thing, just the same. She was enthusiastic over the idea. She hadn't known Mrs. Beth personally, but she said that if Mr. Curley recommended her, she would promise to vote for having her back.

What she was really interested in, though, was getting on the school board. She said the board needed new blood terribly. She'd heard they'd never bothered with anything but the money business of the schools, never tried to keep abreast of the educational movements, and so on. Oh, being on the school board would be just her meat!

She agreed with us that the quietest sort of campaign would be our wisest bet. So secretly we went to work.

We had just two weeks, so there was no time to lose. In the common cause, even Dulcie and Mrs. Frank Kirsted stopped their constant bickering and worked together like a pair of scissors. Sam Porter may have understood how to handle the men, but we began pulling wires that Sam Porter had never even heard of.

Mrs. Harriman canvassed all of Mrs. Beth's old friends, middle-aged women who would no more have thought of going to a school-board election than of setting up to run for United States Congress.

Corinne and Dulcie got hold of all the old girls who had used to go to school to Mrs. Beth. Miss Prescott quietly lined up a few of the more progressive of the club women, who were sold on the idea of having a woman on the board.

I went down into the district on the other side of the tracks, and talked to the women there. Miss Prescott had got four of their boys off from being railroaded into the reform school once for a bit of boy mischief, and all I had to do was to mention her name.

Mrs. Rapatowski said she would see Mrs. Paliachi and Mrs. Vendeeza, who were out washing the day I went down, and any other mothers that I might miss. They were a little scared at the idea of butting into a school-board election, but they all promised to come and vote.

Mrs. Frank Kirsted took their gorgeous new car, and Rosie piled all her four babies in and they drove way out past the Ridge, the truck-garden district that had just been taken into the town limits. Mrs. Beth had taught the district school out there before she was married. Plenty of the women remembered her.

When they heard the dirty deal that was being handed her, they all said they'd drive in to the meeting and not mention it to their husbands, who—many of them—owed Sam Porter money for machinery.

How we worked! And how we kept still! Sometimes I wanted to tell Will about all the excitement so bad that I was actually afraid I might lose control of my mouth. But I didn't!

I would think of the superior way our husbands always kidded us girls about not sticking together, and I managed to

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resist temptation. Everybody else was evidently keeping her mouth shut, too, for nobody seemed to have the least idea there was anything going on at all.

And then, after all our work, when the day of the school-board election actually came, there was a blizzard!

It was a terrific one, the kind we sometimes get in March. An icy, sleety blizzard; the kind that would keep any woman, who doesn't absolutely have to, from sticking her nose outdoors. The men plowed out to business, but as I sat at our front window, watching the bitter blowing snow, my heart sank lower and lower. Our beautiful scheme was undone for us by nature. It seemed just too cruel. I got to thinking about poor Mrs. Beth, and I could hardly keep from crying.

After supper, Will looked out into the bitter night.

"Wish to heavens I didn't have to get out!" he said. "But I told Sam Porter I'd try to get over to the school-board election. He wants to be sure Frank MacReady gets returned on the board. I'll be back by nine o'clock, though."

"I'm going with you," I said. It was the least I could do.

Will looked positively amazed.

"What do you want to go there for, for the love of Mike?" he demanded. "And what about the kids?"

"I've arranged all about leaving them," I said. "And I think it's my duty to vote. You made a lot of fun of me for forgetting to register, last year."

"Oh, this is nothing but a school-board election," said Will.

"I'm going, just the same," I said firmly.

"Oh, sure," said Will. "Go if you want to. Women are certainly nuts, though. To have your civic conscience start working, for the first time since you've been twenty-one, on a night like this!"

I bundled up to my neck and we started. I knew of course, that every vote would count and that living so near the high school it was my plain bounden duty to go. Most of the other women couldn't be expected to get out in such a storm.

It was a lost cause, but at least I'd know I'd done my best. It would help a little whenever I'd have to think later of poor Mrs. Beth, away off alone in Chicago.

THERE was just one room lighted in the high school, the assembly-room, when we got there. Mr. Porter was there already, and three or four other men. Miss Prescott was there too—looking trim and dignified in spite of all the wraps she was taking off. Before we got unwound, a couple of other men came in. Miss Prescott and I exchanged hopeless glances over their heads.

It wasn't quite eight yet; but Mr. Manning said we might as well get to voting and get back home, there probably wouldn't be anybody else out, such a night. Just then, there were voices in the dark entrance hall, and in came the Lanes and the Mertons, Rosie and Dulcie looking hopeless but determined. Their husbands looked puzzled and resigned, as though they'd just found that they'd married idiots.

Anxiously I looked around the room: nine men, most of them business associates of Sam Porter's. And just us four women! I could have cried.

As Mr. Manning again suggested getting down to business, not waiting till

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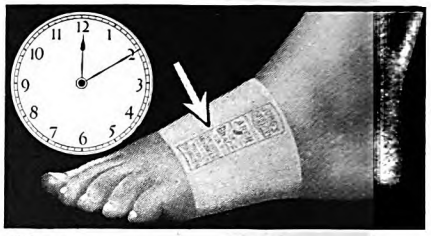

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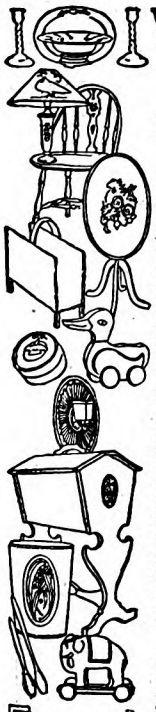

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eight o'clock—everybody seemed to feel the whole thing was a mere matter of form, anyway—we saw two limousines plowing up through the drive. And in a minute in came six women. Club women, friends of Miss Prescott's, swathed in furs. My heart leaped; but two minutes later, in came two more men.

AND then, suddenly, Mrs. Beth Porter's old friends began to arrive. Two came, and then three together, and then two more. And then Mrs. Harriman alone, then three more.

They'd had no heated limousines. They'd plowed over on foot from the street-car track, and they took off their hats and shook them, and stamped the snow off their galoshes. I was sitting where I could see Mr. Manning's face, and he looked perfectly amazed.

At two minutes of eight, the most awful hubbub I ever heard in my life broke out in the entrance hall. Laughing, queer throaty gabbling. I could have screamed with joy. It was the women from the district across the tracks. In they came, in their funny old willow plumes and shabby old coats. Some of them had on men's caps, and two or three had great shawls over their heads.

I counted them as they came gabbling in. Seventeen, eighteen—twenty! No street cars run over to their district. They had come, the whole twenty of them together, through the blizzard, on foot.

And before they had got seated, all in one corner, we heard the grating of brakes on the drive outside. I hurried over to the window. Five flivvers—open cars they were, too. By the light from our window I could see women climbing out. Red-faced with the cold, stamping their feet, clapping their cold arms together, covering up their radiators with blankets.

The country women from out beyond the Ridge!

Every car had a snow shovel sticking out of the back seat, like a funny life preserver. It must have been a frightful drive in, and would be a worse one back. And yet they had come, twenty-two of them. To see that a square deal was given to a country school-teacher some of them hadn't seen for twenty years. And they say that women can't stick together!

The meeting was one of the biggest jokes I have ever seen in my life. The men didn't know what to make of it: they just stared at each other and at the crowd of women.

The meeting was called to order, and Mr. Sam Porter nominated Frank MacReady to succeed himself on the school board.

"I suggest that we vote at once," he said, "and get this minor matter settled as quickly as possible."

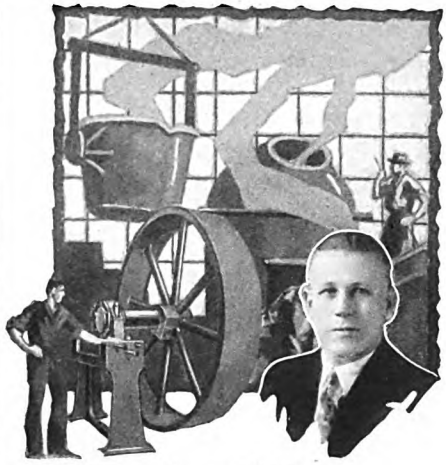
Up jumped Mrs. Harriman.

"I nominate Miss Elizabeth Prescott!" she said.

Sam Porter's face was a study. But there wasn't a living thing he could do. There were no other nominations, and the little white slips were passed out. The votes were collected and counted. Eleven votes for Frank MacReady.

There were seventy-six women in the assembly hall, and there were seventy-six votes for Miss Elizabeth Prescott.

The real joke of it is that, to this day, not a man in town has really understood



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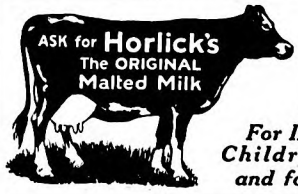

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just what it was that happened. Everybody says that Miss Prescott is doing perfectly splendid work on the school board, and Mrs. Beth Porter is coming in September to start in as principal of the Whittier School. They're going to give a big party to welcome her home.

And nobody'll have to worry about whether or not to ask the second Mrs. Porter. She and Sam have moved to Chicago; he comes back a day a week to oversee the business. He says his wife can't stand the dullness of a little town.

Whenever Mrs. Sam's name is mentioned, the men all try to look mysterious and masculine and wicked.

"My, aren't you girls glad to have that little siren off your beat, though!" Then they'll wink at each other and laugh. "Funny how women never can seem to get along together. How they do love to claw each other!"

They do this, of course, just to try to get a rise out of us. But they don't succeed. We don't even bother to get mad, we just look at each other and laugh. It's the first time in our entire lives we've ever had a really worth-while private joke!

DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM is only thirteen years old; but he has been on expeditions to the tropics and to the frozen Arctic. Next month, he relates some of his adventures for you, giving you a boy's view of the wonders he has seen. David has been down on the floor of the sea in a diver's rig. He has been shipwrecked in the Arctic. These, and other adventures, he talks about in a way that will charm the older as well as the younger readers.

What People Want to Know About Etiquette

(*Continued from page 47*)

anything but ride a horse and fire a gun, and that would not be much help, she thought, in learning how to get along with a group of girls in a New England college. She wanted to know *everything*.

"That sounded like a large order; but there was only one thing the matter with this girl. She was scared. To be sure, there were certain points she needed to know, such as ringing the bell for the porter to make up her berth on the train, tipping him when she arrived at her destination, giving her baggage to a bell boy, and following him up to her room, feeing him when he left. I told her to find out at what hours the hotel served meals, whether there was an *à la carte* or a *table d'hôte* dining-room, and explained that *à la carte* means a dining-room in which you could choose what you liked from a menu card with a number of items on it, and that *table d'hôte* meant one in which the waiters brought you your meals without giving you a choice, except perhaps on the meat or the dessert. As for the rest, I told her that any intelligent girl with her eyes open, and not afraid to ask questions, would have little trouble in adapting her-

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I am in a town of three thousand souls, most of whom have lived here all their lives. My husband has a small store, which keeps him away from home from morning until night. This leaves me alone a great deal of the time. My husband knows a number of business men, and I have met their wives as opportunity presented itself. We have gone to their dances and church socials and other parties, and they have been very nice; but yet there is a feeling which annoys me.

Recently I went to a large reception, where I was left to chat with people I had never seen before. All they talked about was the other people they knew, and since I did not know any of them, I had no way of entering into the conversation. It is always like this. Can you suggest any way in which I can overcome the monotony of it? They seem interested only in the personal affairs of one another. Now I don't like gossip; but I don't like to be left alone. What can I do?

"Of course," Miss Eichler resumed, "the people in this little town are probably not nearly so bad as they seem to the girl from New York. The interest they have in one another's affairs undoubtedly is a kindly one. Naturally, after living in New York, small-town life might appear rather *too* personal and intimate. But I should not be at all surprised if, on the other hand, the 'small-towners' felt that the New York girl was trying to 'high-hat' them."

"WHAT advice did you give her?" I asked.

"I told her to make a friend of one of the older women. Older women usually have a broader and more tolerant outlook than some of the younger ones. I suggested that she try to interest herself in the people and their affairs. If she could show them that she cared about their everyday doings, she could perhaps interest them in the things she liked. I warned her, however, that she must proceed gently and with tact. You cannot discuss psychoanalysis with a mother whose baby has just achieved a tooth, but if you listen to her story she may listen to yours when your turn comes. In short, it was up to her to make the best of the situation in which she found herself. And that, by the way, is another of the fundamental principles of good manners: *Make the best of it.*

"The most wonderful letters I get are from people trying to rise above their surroundings. For three or four years I have been carrying on a correspondence with a boy in the Ohio State Prison. The only school he ever knew was the school of hard knocks, and the only manners he ever learned were those of the gang. And yet he wants to be a gentleman. He is guilty of the crime of which he is accused, but in three more years he will be free, and he wants to begin life again with a clean slate. He knows so little about the ways of gentlefolk that he does not even know what questions to ask. I have sent him copies of my books, and have tried to lay especial emphasis on the importance of character.

"I wish people would ask more questions about table manners," Miss Eichler went on; "at the table, more than anywhere else, your training shows; and yet

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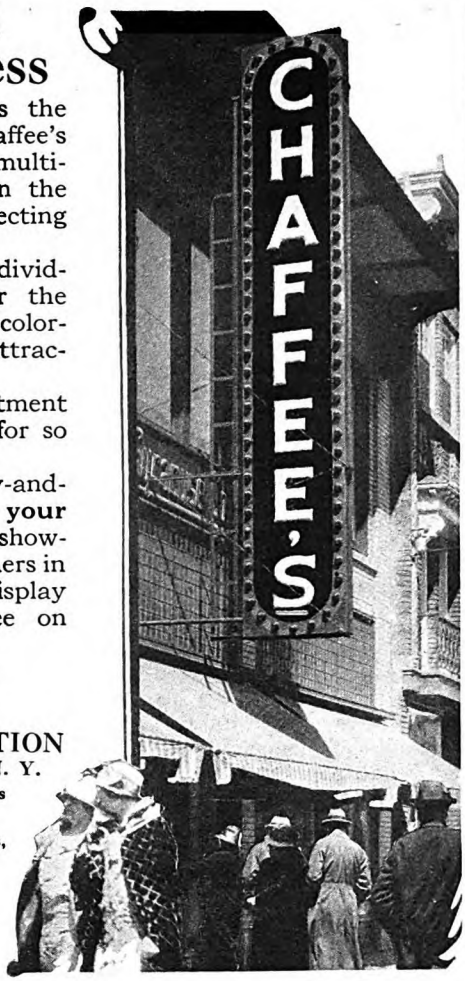

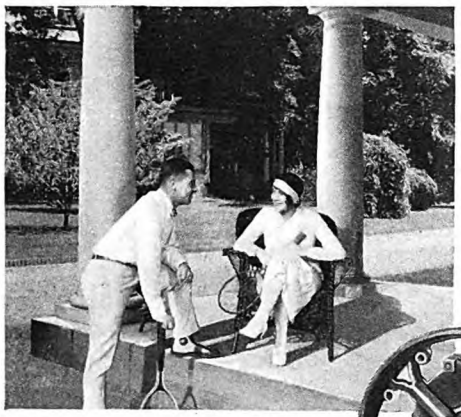

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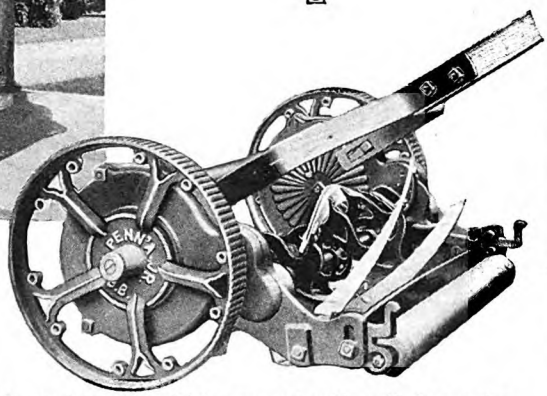

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PENNSYLVANIA Quality LAWN MOWERS

I get comparatively few letters asking about table conduct, probably because people are so accustomed to doing things the wrong way that it never occurs to them that there is a right way. The man who leaves his spoon in his cup of coffee or his glass of tea does not realize that he is committing a solecism of which no one with good table manners would be guilty. The man who reaches over his neighbor for a biscuit and forks it out of the plate does not know that he is wrong, any more than he does when he takes that same biscuit and sops up his plate with it.

"I cannot say too much about table manners. Other points come up only now and then; but table manners are with us three times a day, and it is most important every time we sit down to eat to do it as graciously as we can.

"I am sorry that so many of the letters I get are from women who want to know how to serve elaborate dinners. Many times I can tell, from the way they write, that they do not know how to serve simple ones. It is much more important to know how to manage a knife, fork, and spoon than it is to know what to do with a finger bowl, or how to serve a four- or five-course dinner.

"A man who comes to the table without a collar and eats with his knife has much to learn before he puts on a tuxedo and sits down to a plate with three forks on one side and an assortment of knives and spoons on the other. He may be able to get himself into shape for special occasions, but he will not be happy. He need not put on a tuxedo every day; but he should dress for dinner every day, even if it means only putting on a fresh collar. Especially should he do this if his work is of the kind where it is not possible for him to keep clean while he is at it. A man should never stay untidy after he comes home in the evening. He owes it to his family as well as to himself to be neat.

"THE question that comes in most frequently about table manners concerns the proper way to sit. In a restaurant, a lady sits opposite her escort, and if there are two couples the men sit facing each other, not as at a bridge table. At a larger table, in a home, for instance, the honor place is at the right of the host. The lady whom he escorts into the dining-room does not take his arm but walks beside him. He pulls out her chair, and places it for her while she seats herself, all of the other gentlemen doing the same for the ladies whom they have escorted. No one sits until everyone is ready.

"It is better to have the table bare, except for the soup plates, when the guests enter the dining-room and then have the maid bring in the courses, removing plates from the right and serving from the left. If there is only one maid, and the group is too large for her to serve with ease, it is best to let the host and hostess help. The roast should be placed in front of the host, the vegetables in front of the hostess, and the plates passed from him to her before they are passed on to the persons for whom they are intended. This leaves the maid free to pass the bread and see that everyone has water. Where there is no maid, all these duties must be looked after by the hostess.

"Who should begin eating first? In general, the one first served. If the party

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s small, they all begin at practically the same time, the hostess slightly in the lead. But if the hostess is serving, and the hot courses are in danger of getting cold, the person first served begins eating as soon as those in her immediate neighborhood are served. Dishes are passed clockwise at the table, whether by a maid or not. If the hostess is serving, the lady at the host's right is looked after first; if the maid is serving, either this lady or the hostess is served first, usually the hostess.

"As for the manner of eating, the only general rules are, eat quietly and stay where you belong. Don't reach across your neighbor, and don't jog him with your elbow. Accidents should be passed over as quietly as possible.

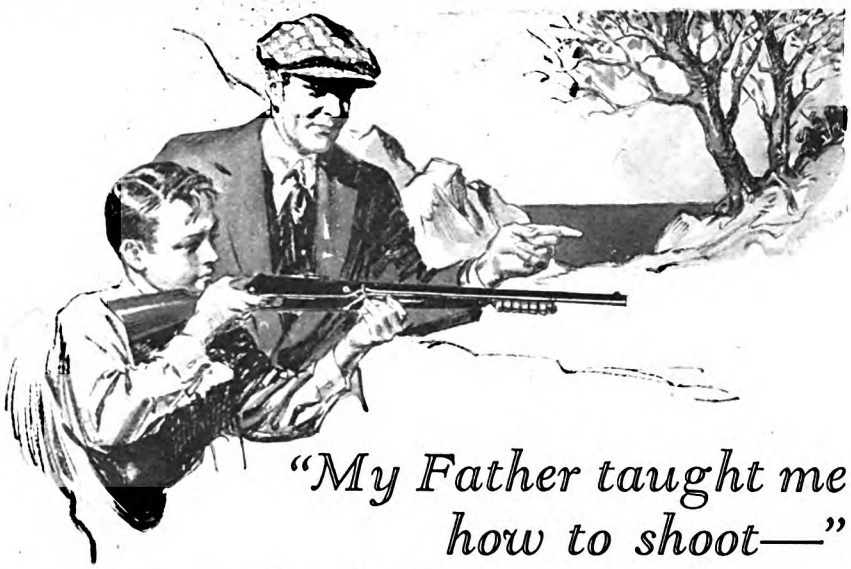
"'GIVE me a sample of what to order from a complicated menu card when I am out to dinner with a man and the size of the check makes no difference,' a girl asks.

"In the first place, she should not give the order. That is her escort's duty. All she should do is express a preference when he consults her. Whether she knows how to manage a menu card or not, it is not good form to order too extravagant a dinner. A fruit cocktail, oysters, or soup, followed by the *pièce de résistance*, consisting of a roast of fowl with vegetables, and then a salad, and after that dessert and coffee is as much dinner as one needs or wants under ordinary circumstances. For a really elaborate dinner, of course, one usually orders a cocktail of fruit or oysters *and* soup; also an entrée to precede the main course.

"A married man asks if he should pay special attention to his wife at dinners and dances and other parties. A husband and wife should never go in to dinner together; but otherwise his status is exactly that of any other escort. The first and last dance belong to her. After that he is free, except that it is his duty to see that she is not neglected, just as if he were merely her escort. It is not good form for a man to be conspicuously attentive to his wife in public. A part of his time should be devoted to her friends, especially to the hostess.

"I get a good many hurry calls asking how to answer an invitation. An invitation is always answered, whether it is received by mail or telephone, within a week after its arrival, and it is, with one exception, always answered in kind. The exception is a telephonic invitation which is not given personally to the invited guest, and who, in turn, experiences difficulty in ringing up the sender of the invitation. In this case it is permissible to reply with a note. Formal or informal, the acceptance of an invitation should always repeat the date, the day of the week and the hour, so that there be no misunderstanding. An answer to an invitation should always be a definite 'Yes' or 'No.' 'I may come,' or 'I will come if so and so happens' are discourteous.

"A good many times the answer to a question is 'Nothing.' What else could I tell the young man who asked what he should do when he arrived at a dance, and found that he was the only person present in a tuxedo? He did, however, go on to ask how he could avoid such a situation in the future. There is no certain way, except to ask the hostess, which is entirely permissible, unless the affair is a large one and you are only slightly ac-



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quainted with her. In this case, ask someone else who is invited. If you are still in doubt, wear a business suit instead of a tuxedo. It is better to be under-dressed than over-dressed.

"As a rule, among people who are careful of dress, the tuxedo or dinner coat is used for informal evening affairs, the full dress suit and the high silk hat for formal weddings, and other formal affairs where ladies are present."

IT MAKES no difference whether the question is broad or narrow, whether it is about the proper way to eat an egg or the proper way to christen a child, Miss Eichler has an answer for it, and the way she has learned the answers is a story in itself.

To begin with, she knows people. She has traveled over Europe and America, mingling with various types and classes. She has consulted other etiquette authorities when knotty problems have presented themselves, and she has made a special study of social life in New York, Washington, and other big centers.

The most interesting thing she has done is to trace manners back to their beginnings through toilsome hours in museums and libraries. She has read all the books on etiquette that have ever been written, and she has followed man through from the days when the proper way to propose to a lady was to hit her over the head with a club and carry her home, to his present state.

But she is not hampered by tradition. She endorses the use of the typewriter for social correspondence, and whenever a new habit is established which seems good to her, she says as much, and thousands of people follow her.

"It is fascinating to see where we get our manners," she says. "We still shake hands, because in the days when everybody carried weapons it was customary for a man to hold out his empty hand as a sign of friendship. Chaperons are a survival of the time when young girls needed guardians to keep them from being stolen.

"It is good manners to-day for the hostess to partake first of a dish, because in ancient times it was necessary for the host (they did not have so many hostesses then, for the women had to eat in the kitchen) to taste a dish first to prove to his guests that there was no poison in it.

"But these things come and go. Only the fundamental principles of good manners remain the same. They have not changed in six thousand years, and probably will not change in six thousand more. They are:

"(1) Be natural
(2) Use your common sense
(3) Take your time
(4) Don't get rattled
(5) Forget yourself
(6) Make the best of it
(7) Ask anybody"

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WRITE ME TONIGHT

JIM THAYER
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Dept. AA36 Springfield, Ohio

The Adventures of an Amateur Musician

(*Continued from page 15*)

The thing I like about xylophones is their name. I never owned one. But once I sold eighteen subscriptions to a farm journal, hoping to reach twenty-five and get a xylophone free. The journal went into bankruptcy. So I not only didn't get my prize but also had to refund the money I had collected.

I might play a saxophone now, had I not got into financial difficulties with the company that made them.

The salesman came around to our house one morning, and convinced me that the saxophone was one of the easiest musical instruments to play. He pointed out the great variety of music one could make with it, and the ease with which the character of that music could be altered to suit one's mood.

I paid ten dollars down and signed a contract to pay five dollars a month until I owned the instrument.

I began to practice that night. For three days I practiced steadily, and made enough progress to impress several of the neighbors. Then the World Series came along. After that I had bronchitis. As a result I left off saxophoning for a couple of weeks. Then we moved.

As a result, I forgot my saxophone until one day a man came to the door and said he was a bill collector, and wanted the five dollars I owed on my instrument. He was pretty disagreeable because I didn't happen to have five dollars that day. With this reminder I took the saxophone out of my trunk. But I kept on thinking about the fellow who was so nasty over that paltry five dollars. I ran over "Home, Sweet Home," which I had learned to play, but found no satisfaction in the music. I laid the saxophone away.

Another month passed. The bill collector came around again and wanted five dollars more. This time he made himself such a pest that I offered to give him back the saxophone, and call it square. He refused.

WHEN I tried the saxophone again, I found my whole attention was focused on the memory of that confounded bill collector. Though not a true artist, I was normally temperamental. So I gave up the saxophone, though I still owed about seventy dollars on the one I had.

I had a lawyer friend to whom I explained my predicament. He wrote a letter for me to sign, and we shipped back the saxophone to the company. The letter claimed that I had been very ill, and would probably never be able to play the saxophone or any other instrument as long as I lived, and pointed out that the saxophone company would be ahead by accepting the saxophone. The truth was I *was* ill as far as saxophones went. They always make me think of bill collectors, even now.

The Great War brought me into intimate contact with the bagpipe. I was on an American ship with the British Grand

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Fleet. We were afraid to go on leave. Some people had been away when the Germans came out and fought at Jutland. They missed the big party, and never forgave themselves.

One day I got so disgusted with the war that I had to go down to London and enjoy myself.

In the course of the evening I fell in with a Scotchman whom I had known in Coronation days, when the American Squadron went over. Being half Scotch, I spoke the same language. Being all Scotch, he agreed that we should go ahead with the evening, each paying his own way.

Along about midnight his money gave out. By one o'clock he was in debt to me several pounds. By two o'clock my own finances began to get low. I brought the matter to his attention. I remember that we attracted some public notice by our argument. Presently he said:

"I have a bagpipe in my hotel room. We'll go and get it. I will give it to you for all I owe you, and one-half that you've got left."

I borrowed a pencil and tried to figure out where I would stand after this transaction.

The crowd somehow caught the spirit of the occasion, and insisted that we all go up and get the bagpipe. I closed the deal by shaking hands with the Scotchman. From that moment until four-thirty A. M. I owned a bagpipe.

I regret to say that I never had a chance to play on it. What happened was we all went to the hotel for the bagpipe, and then got the Scotchman to play it when we returned to the night club where we were having our party. As there were special war laws against riotous life after midnight, the management objected when the Scotchman began to tune up.

This offended me and several other Americans, so we formed a cordon about him while he kept on playing. As he was very patriotic he marched back and forth, bumping into us as he skirled.

This situation continued more or less acutely until four-thirty A. M. when the manager enlisted reinforcements, who rushed us and took away the Scotchman with my bagpipe. This is the nearest I ever came to playing on the bagpipe.

RIGHT next to the station in the country where I commute is a music store. About two years ago they had a sale of Hawaiian guitars. While waiting for the train one morning, the dealer explained to me how simple it was to master one of these instruments. "You see," he said, "you pick the string and then run this little jigger up and down until the sound is what you want."

I laid one of them on my knee and at his direction picked the string. Sure enough as I moved the jigger up and down with my left hand the most gratifyingly doleful whine emerged from inside the instrument.

That night when I returned, I stopped in and fiddled with the Hawaiian guitar some more. It certainly looked as though my quest were ended. Here was an instrument easy to play, satisfying to the soul and within reach of my purse. Finally I bought one and took it home. Stationing my wife across the room, with her eyes averted, I sat and stroked my new treasure.

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After a bit she said, "Why did you do that?"

I said, "Because I am happy."

She said, "I prefer divorce to that agony. I think the children will want to come with me."

I tried for several days to win her over, but without success.

Thus I reached a crisis in my life. I had to choose between my wife and the Hawaiian guitar. It seemed tough.

I don't know how I would have chosen had not a more serious factor entered the scene at that moment. The cook came and gave notice.

"I don't like them noises your husband makes," she told my wife. This time there was no choice. Next day I traded the guitar to a friend of mine for a patent tire-tester.

IN MY early thirties through a curious freak of fortune I became the proud possessor of a piano. It was like this: The wife had gone to visit her mother. She took the babies with her, and left me alone to hold the fort.

The first few days everything was fine and dandy. I threw ashes on the carpets and smoked before breakfast, and had a good time generally. Then, bang, all the fun went out of it.

About the fourth night I called up a good scout named Ed Halligan, and explained my troubles.

"All slept out and smoked out, Ed," I said. "What do you suggest?"

"Give a party," he said.

I figured for a moment. "It's got to be soon, Ed. The family will be back Sunday."

"Leave it to me," he commanded.

Well, as stag parties go, that one wasn't anything to be ashamed of. We had a caterer and lots of food. Afterward everybody made speeches. Also, Ed hired an orchestra. It was this orchestra that caused trouble.

"Where's the piano?" asked the leader.

Ed turned to me. "Yes, where is it?"

"We haven't any," I said, feeling my face get red. "We are poor people who have to decide between a piano and a car."

"I'll get mine," said Ed. "Leave it to me."

I won't go into the details. I don't know them all, anyway. I was host and had to attend to the rest of the party. At any rate, when the gang finally got Ed's piano into the front room they had trampled down the wife's favorite flower garden, knocked a pillar off the front porch, taken the front door off and put it back upside down with the glass out of it. (We had to nail a rug over the place to keep the wind out.)

But the orchestra leader seemed satisfied, and we had a lot of music. We had planned to ask the wives in to dance during the evening. But on second thought, most of the crowd decided the ladies had better not see the wreckage.

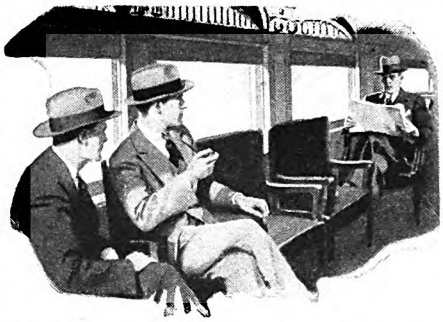
Ed promised to send a couple of repair men over first thing in the morning.

When the bell rang at eight I went down to give orders.

Imagine my dismay to find myself facing the wife.

"Hurricane or riot?" she asked tersely. "Or did a fire truck try to drive in our front door?"

"None of them," I replied, with not a little dignity.



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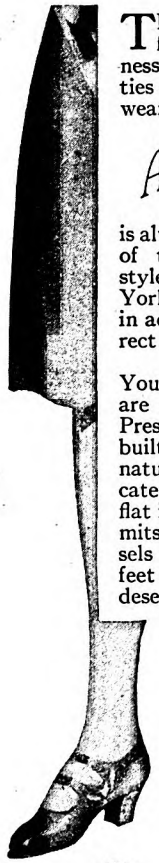

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"What then?"

"Oh, just a little party, dear. Come in, and I'll explain everything."

For reply she turned and hailed the taxi man, who was unloading her bags on the sidewalk:

"Put them back, driver," she said. To me she added, "You can reach me at Mother's," and left.

I called up Ed Halligan right away, and blamed him for the whole thing.

"Never mind, old man," he finally said. "You keep the piano, and we'll call it square."

Well, I did keep the piano, and the wife came back. She didn't go home. (They don't, you know.)

I STARTED right in to learn to play. But after a week I gave up. It was too much of a strain. Then, one day in the public library, I saw a blind man reading Braille. That gave me an idea. I went home and began to work on the piano's black notes. They are raised, just like Braille. To my joy, I discovered they are so spaced that you can pick out any tune easily on them. Moreover, they aren't all stuck together like the white ones, which makes it so hard to hit one white note without smearing two or three others.

I did most of my experimenting while the wife was out. I wanted to surprise her. I did surprise her all right, when I gave a demonstration; but not in the way I had expected.

But before I played for her I looked through the hymn book, which has very simple music in it, and picked out some bass chords to go with my top notes. To my delight I found some that were all on the black notes. Thus I had a complete system that not only sounded splendidly to me, but enabled me to play practically any tune with one hand and rattle off an accompaniment with the other.

I felt I was on the verge of realizing my lifelong dream. I could see again more vividly than ever that untarnished picture in my mind's desire:

"*Oh, do play!*" The eager silence, etc.

But I couldn't forget that the piano represented a stain on my otherwise lily-white reputation with my wife. I had to prove first to her that it was worth while our having got it.

That night I said, "I can play on the piano."

She looked at me for a moment. She took me over by the light and looked hard at me. Then she said quietly, "All right, let's hear you."

I sat down and did wonders on the black keys. I played "Old Black Joe" and "Sweet Genevieve" and "Boola Boola." Then I launched into "The End of a Perfect Day." I put all I had on the ball. Honestly, tears came to my eyes as I played. I thought back to the days when I asked the little woman to marry me, how she backed and filled until I nearly died of heart failure; and then said "Yes" one sweet May afternoon.

My eyes blurred so I couldn't see the keys. I stopped and turned to the "little woman." I thought her arms might be about my neck ere now.

She was sitting quietly where I had left her. She said, "What's the joke?"

"*What?*" I almost sobbed.

"I said, 'What's the joke?'" she repeated.

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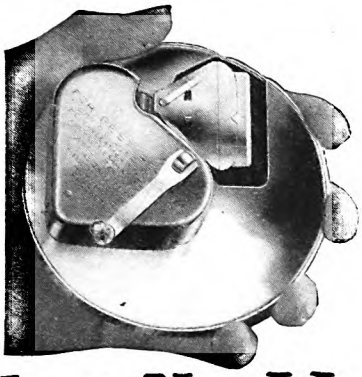

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I turned back to the piano, laid my arms on the keys and buried my face.

After that blow, I went into a sort of decline. I gave up music altogether. I couldn't bear the sight of any musical instrument. It was kind of neurosis, or psychosis, or whatever you call it.

When someone gave me an oboe for Christmas as a joke, I put it away and didn't even try it. (A couple of days later I took it out, but it was pretty awful. So I gave it to the boy.)

I GOT all run down. I lost weight. My friends told me I was looking bad. The wife said I was working too hard and ought to take a vacation. None of them knew the real secret:

It was my soul aching away inside of me, as it always had.

The family medico gave me a tonic. I ate eggs and drank milk, and took deep breathing exercises by radio before breakfast. But they didn't help. Eggs and milk and fresh air aren't soul food.

The climax came when the gang at the club persuaded me to go and have a complete physical examination, X-ray, chemical, biological, meteorological, and all the rest of it.

The ordeal took five specialists and cost sixty dollars, not counting subway fare and lost time. It scared me out of ten years of my life. But the total answer was only: "You are normal. You just need exercise and diversion."

They didn't even mention my soul. I guess the X-ray failed to show I had one.

"*Exercise* and *diversion*." I remember the words kept strumming through my poor head as I wandered up the street. The traffic stopped me near a crowded corner. It was a lovely spring day, just the day to bring one's soul out and air it.

Suddenly there smote upon my ear the strains of the "Marseillaise." I felt a thrill prickle up my tired back muscles. Gay strains of "I Love a Lassie" followed.

Stirred, I turned to seek the source of this wonderful music.

I soon found it: an Italian with rings in his ears, seated on a box and pumping away on a big accordion.

Exercise and *diversion!*

There they both were! And *music!*

It looked so easy—and sounded so *beautiful!*

I rushed to the nearest music store. I laid my cards on the table: three ten dollar bills. "Give me the biggest and best accordion this money will buy!" I told the clerk.

That was six months ago. Now I am leading a new life. My color has come back. I have gained fourteen pounds. I can play twelve tunes on my accordion. It is even easier to play than I expected. And my soul fairly revels in it.

My dream come true?

To all purposes, yes. But not exactly. For my conservatory is the rear attic, and the main audience my four children, the youngest of whom is most insistent that I play.

She doesn't say, "*Oh, do play!*" as I dreamed; but phrases it with her own childish grace, "Please make that '*cordion noise*, Da-da!"

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Fate Handed Him a Lot of Lemons—

(*Continued from page 45*)

during the week and all day Sunday.

"But one day the manager nearly bowled me over by telling me he was going to give me a week off. He was going to put on 'East Lynne,' which, as you know, is a serious drama without any comedy in it. So my services weren't needed.

"Well, I was all excited over the prospect of a week with nothing to do. I figured and figured, trying to make up my mind as to what would be the ideal way of spending my wonderful vacation. Finally, I hit on the idea of going down the Potomac River on a fishing trip. So I bought a rod and tackle and all the fixings —I was bent on doing the thing right. Sunday morning I got dressed up in my fishing togs and was all ready to start, when the manager came to my boarding-house in a panic. It seemed that the man who was to act the part of the villain had got sick. I was informed that I would have to cancel my fishing trip and play his rôle.

"Naturally, I was terribly disappointed at losing my vacation; but at the same time I was tickled to death at the opportunity of showing what I could do with a really serious part. Well, they hustled me to the theatre, and I rehearsed all Sunday and Sunday night, and all Monday, so as to be ready to go on Monday evening. They brought in a tailor and a wigmaker to make me over. The shoemaker put high heels on my shoes to give me height. The tailor padded my shoulders. The wigmaker put extra hair on my head to make me tall. And the stage manager, assisted by the rest of the troupe, kept hammering the lines into my head.

"ON Monday night I was the first person in the theatre—on hand early, so as to get a *good* make-up. I admired myself in the glass and had to admit I was an ideal villain. My hair was a little gray at the temples; I had heavy eyebrows and a waxed mustache—everything that goes to make up a perfect villain. Also, I was letter perfect in the part. I felt that at last I was coming into my own.

"But the manager, in an unguarded moment, went out front and told the audience that the gentleman who regularly played the villain had been taken suddenly ill, and that the part would be played by 'your favorite comedian, Mr. Billy B. Van.' The audience immediately thought the part was to be funny, and started to laugh.

"My first speech, as I entered the center door at the home of Lady Isabel and removed my high hat, was 'Good evening, Lady Isabel.' Instantly the audience started to scream. From then on, every dramatic line I spoke, they laughed at. I got sore, because I was doing my best to play the part seriously, and the actors had told me at the last rehearsal that I was *good*. But the audience howled their heads off at me all the way through the show.

"That was my one and only attempt at playing a serious part. Finding that the public would accept me only as a clown, I made up my mind to make my audiences forget their troubles by acting as if I didn't know what troubles were.

"Well, I did just that, and twelve years later, as I've already told you, I broke down with tuberculosis and found myself stranded in Boston. Maybe you also recall my good luck in stopping at a hotel whose owner shooed me off to the New Hampshire woods.

"My long rest in the New Hampshire air made a new man of me in more ways than one. Lying there, month after month, with nothing to do but think, had sort of given me a line on myself. I got wise to the fact that the only way to get a good future is to pick one ahead of time. But, being undersized and therefore extra-ambitious, I picked *two* futures: I wanted to be a good comedian, and I wanted to make soap.

"SUCCESS in my profession began to come my way in proportion to the seriousness with which I took my work. Because, as every experienced comedian has discovered, the secret of comedy is seriousness. An actor may get a moderate number of laughs by being silly; but if he expects to *hold* his audience he's got to win their *sympathy*. And a sure way of doing this is to pretend to be in a terrible fix. If he's scared to death, it's perfect.

"A jumpy little man who gets bawled out by a big policeman has the audience on his side instantly. That's why in so many musical shows I've had a great big 'straight' man to dominate me. More times than I could ever count, my friend Jim Corbett has handed me the audience's affection by simply threatening to rid the earth of me with his little finger.

"But, no matter how good an actor may be, and no matter how big a reputation he may build up, the moment he takes off his make-up and walks out of the stage door, he's through. Once he quits the footlights, his popularity is worth about as much as last year's straw hat.

"The other day, I saw, walking up Broadway in the rain, with her heels run down and the lower part of her dress all wet, an actress who used to be famous. When I was a property boy, it took me half an hour to carry in her flowers.

"You can see why I wanted to create something dependable outside the theatre, something that would be *permanent*. And it seemed to me that my soap idea was It —if I could ever put it across.

"The first thing to do was to study chemistry. As I had very little spare time and no laboratory, I thought I'd begin by reading up on the subject. When I was familiar enough with the chemical elements to call them by their initials, and had some notion of how they behaved, I decided to meet some of them personally. So I bought a little brass kettle and an alcohol lamp and started experimenting. Even when I was on tour in shows I had my 'apparatus' with me. Sometimes the air in my dressing-room was thick with fumes from the stuff I was brewing.

"On and off, for about fifteen years, I experimented with that little old kettle,

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"How Can I Ever Thank You!"

TWO months ago Myra's pretty dress would have been an impossibility, the flowers she so loves an unthinkable extravagance. Myra earned a good salary—an unusually good salary for a girl so young—but there were always more places to put the money than money to put in the places. The rent, a food allowance to her mother, clothes and spending money for the sister in high school, more clothes and spending money for little brother—and how he did go through his stockings! Figure it as she would, there was never anything left at the end of the month for Myra's own clothes, for theaters or amusements of any kind. Myra worried and figured, looked tired and older than her years. And then one night she picked up the Woman's Home Companion and it opened at a page she had never seen before. The next day's mail brought me her letter asking about the work of the Pin Money Club.

That was two months ago. Yesterday I had another letter from her and this is what she said:

> Thank you for the beautiful ring! It came yesterday and I am wearing it so proudly. The stone just matches the new dress I bought with last week's earnings and I shall think of you always when I wear them. Your work has meant so much to me. Pretty dresses, jewelry, parties—oh, how can I ever thank you enough!

MYRA is only one of the thousands of girls and women who have found in the Pin Money Club the magic road to happiness. P. M. C. dollars are furnishing many charming homes. They are putting boys and girls through colleges and universities. They are bringing back health to tired little bodies.

There is something you want—something you have long wanted! Write me today. I will tell you all about our Club, the Companion's money-making department that makes dreams come true for everyone.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
The American Magazine
Department K
250 Park Avenue New York City

but I never seemed to get any nearer to finding a formula for a cake of soap. I gave up animal fats and tried milder-smelling vegetable oils, and still I couldn't arrive at anything that would solidify. The trouble was that the pine oil, which was my Star Performer, acted temperamentally and ruined the whole show. The vegetable oils couldn't solidify when it was around.

"If I had been a professional chemist, I probably would have been convinced that the thing was impossible. I guess 'most any sensible man would have given it up. But as I was a comedian fiddling with a kettle in my spare moments—well, I kept on fiddling.

"It seems as though the few times in my life that I've been sick have been good-luck times for me. When I was playing in Kansas City with a musical comedy called 'The Rainbow Girl,' I wasn't feeling very well, and I asked the manager of my hotel to get me a good doctor. He spoke to Dr. Samuel C. James, dean of the Kansas City medical college, who chanced to be in the hotel, and asked him to recommend someone. Doctor James very kindly offered to attend me himself, although he had retired from general practice. And I'm certainly glad he made an exception in my favor, because my getting acquainted with him in that way was the beginning of a friendship of years.

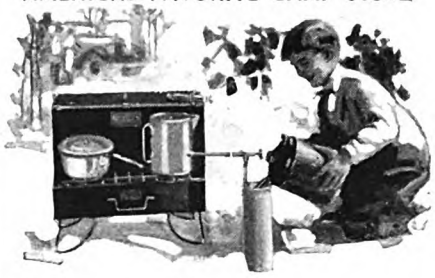
"Noticing him eying my array of bottles and my old brass kettle, I confessed that I was an amateur chemist, and I asked him some technical questions. It was the first chance I'd ever had to talk to a real authority. I guess he must have been surprised at a 'funny man' asking him about chemical reactions. But he wasn't the least bit patronizing, and as soon as I was feeling all right again, he introduced me to the head of the department of chemistry in the college. Then I had the thrill of seeing the inside of a real laboratory. What a collection of bottles, test tubes and retorts! I wished my little brass kettle could have seen it too!

"Talking with these two brilliant men made me realize that my knowledge of chemistry was a joke. I asked them what could be done to cure an acute case of ignorance, and they prescribed a list of books, which I took in regular doses during the balance of the tour of 'The Rainbow Girl.' And at the end of my season, I went back to Kansas City and spent two months and a half working in the college laboratory under the instruction of Doctor James. It was as enjoyable a summer as I ever put in.

"WHEN autumn came, and I stepped back into the baggy pants, I kidded myself that these unimpressive garments contained a chemist. But my tea-kettle experiments produced no better results than before. The pine oil still dissolved every soap mixture I tried it on. Besides, I knew now that better and taller men than I had been bitten with the same notion about incorporating pine essence in a cake of soap, and they had all given it up as hopeless.

"But one day, while I was riding in a friend's automobile, I got Idea No. 2. We were going along at a pretty good clip, when suddenly a car shot out from a hidden driveway and we almost had a collision. What saved us was the *brakes.*

AMERICAN
KAMPKOOK
AMERICA'S FAVORITE CAMP STOVE



Anyone Can Operate Kampkook

Because it is so easy to light and operate, yet so rugged and strong, ***Kampkook*** is the most popular stove for all camp and outdoor cooking. Children can operate ***Kampkook***, even to the filling of the handy, detachable tank. ***Kampkook*** burns motor gas without smoke or soot; has a built-in oven that bakes like your gas range. Tank has built-in pump and funnel. Folding wind-shield makes it weatherproof. Packs and carries like a small suit case, with everything inside. More used than all others combined. Interesting descriptive folder and name of nearest dealer sent on request. Address Dept. M. 8.

"Kampkookery," a valuable hand book on motor camping, sent on request.

Kampkook No. 7. An ideal tourist stove. Similar to No. 8, without oven. Price in U. S., $9.00. Other models $6.30, $11.00 and $14.50.

American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA
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American Gas Machine Company, Inc.,
Dept. M 8, Albert Lea, Minn.
Send me full particulars about American Kampkooks, and name of nearest dealer.
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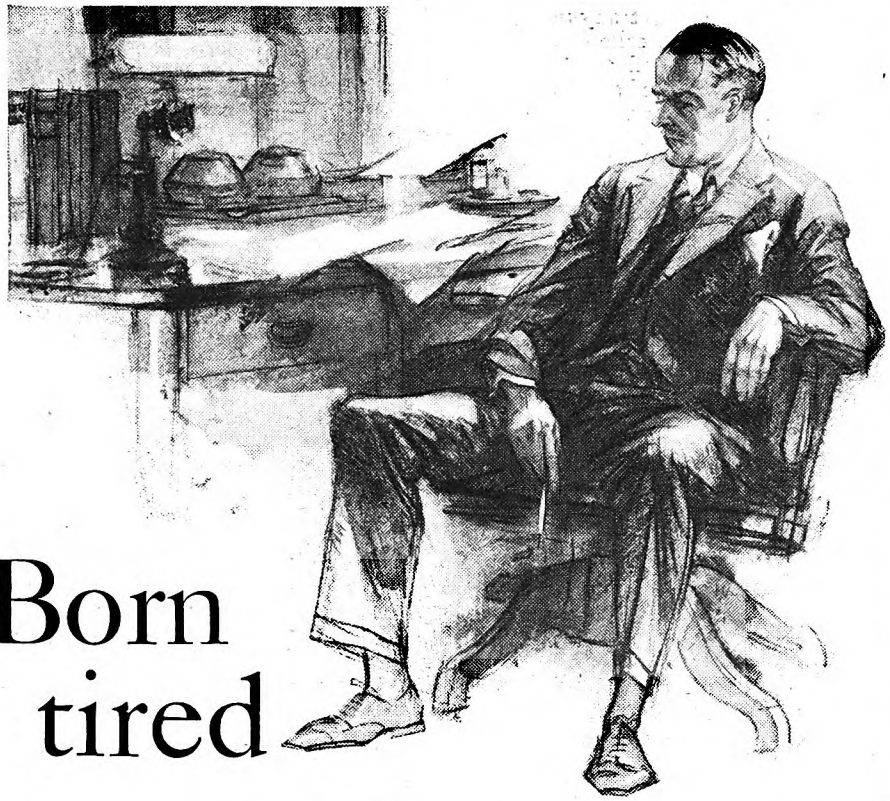

Born tired

I CAN'T seem to get things done. Sometimes I think I was *born tired.*"

He looks it—this man who used to set the pace for the others. Now he is slumped in his chair, talking defeat.

He wasn't born tired. He was born rather exceptionally lively. He brought to manhood a hard, well-muscled, active body, developed through years of training for school boy games. Then, on the eve of the biggest game—the game of earning a living and winning success—he went out of training.

The stored-up energy of school and college days carried him along for years, while he ate indiscriminately, let regular exercise go by the board, and cut in on his sleep with work or pleasure. Then he came to depend, more and more, on caffein to combat "that tired feeling."

Caffein excites the nerves, and repels sleep. It *seems* to give new energy, but this "new" energy is withdrawn from the body's reserve store.

Bit by bit the reserve may be lowered. A depleted reserve leaves a man on the ragged edge. He is *born tired.*

It is so unwise—so needless. All the benefits of a hot drink can be enjoyed—the social qualities, the invigorating warmth, the fine flavor—with none of the penalties of caffein. Hundreds of thousands of men have found that this is true. They use Postum. A drink made of whole wheat and bran, roasted—wholesome as the grain itself.

The best way to judge what it will do for you is to make a thirty-day test. Experience the relief from drug stimulation long enough to see results. *Then* decide.

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, makes this offer to help you start the test:

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1927 P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—A. M.—4-27

Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling) ☐

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

My friend just put his foot on a pedal, and the car slowed down from about thirty-five miles an hour to a dead stop. That gave me my idea. I saw that what I needed was a 'brake' for pine oil.

"So I set about finding what's known in the books as a retarding agent. I tried dozens of them. And then one night, when I was stopping at a hotel where the rooms had three kinds of running water—hot, cold, and ice water—I poured out the contents of my kettle into a bowlful of ice water and the stuff solidified!

"I had my formula, and I had my cake of soap!

"I took my discovery to a large chemical concern in Cincinnati. They were as astonished as if the tattooed man in a circus had come to them with a method for making diamonds. The president of the company, Mr. A. G. Schwartz, and the head chemist, Professor Dock, were wonderfully kind to me.

"To prove to them that my soap wasn't phony, I handed them the formula, and invited them to have their own men make a few cakes 'on me.' And they found that it worked. But the experts came back at me with some very valuable suggestions, as to how it might be improved. So we spent a number of days doing to the formula what you have to do to a show after the out-of-town opening before it's ready to come in to Broadway. I mean, we kept tinkering with it till it seemed as right as it could be made.

"ONE day, after I had the thing perfected, I asked Mr. Schwartz if he would advise me to go into the soap business. He answered me by asking if I had any money.

"'No,' I replied.

"'Well,' he said, 'the reason I asked you is this: If you had a million dollars, I would advise you to stay out; but as you have nothing, I advise you to go into it.'

"Solomon himself never handed out any truer wisdom than this old gentleman's advice to me. For if I had had a million dollars I would have wasted it. As it was, I put the thing over practically without capital.

"In place of cash, I had something just as valuable—good will. The public and I had been on friendly terms for fifty years. The audiences I had played to in that long period of time totaled about fifteen million people, and at every performance I was getting acquainted with over a thousand more.

"Figuring that folks who had seen me on the stage might get a grin or two if they heard my voice on the radio, I got up a contest that was broadcast first from Station WNAC in Boston. Every day I'd ask four questions, such as 'What would you do if you were living in the middle of the ocean and somebody presented you with an automobile?' and, 'What would you do if someone presented you with a hundred thousand green bananas?'

"The contestants would have to answer in verse, mentioning either Billy B. Van, or my soap, or both. They sent in verses by the thousands, and some of them were mighty clever. Every day I'd pick out a daily dozen of the best answers and read them to my radio audience, and I'd send each of the twelve authors a box of soap with my compliments.

"Every letter that came was filed and

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numbered, and at the end of the contest, all numbers were put into a hat and a child drew out the prize-winning ones. The prizes were radio sets, loud speakers, and so forth. To console the many thousands of people who had taken part but hadn't drawn prizes, I sent each a cake of soap and a letter of thanks.

"During this first contest, a touching thing happened: I got a letter from a little crippled boy named Joey Arnstein, who was in the Children's Hospital. Joey's letter told what it was like to lie strapped on a board, and what a treat it was to be able to listen to the radio.

"I read the letter to my unseen audience, and I said, 'You folks who have nothing to do, go out and see him.' Next day people went to the hospital in droves, and the place was a mass of flowers.

"Six months later, when I was playing in Chicago, the stage-door man tapped at my dressing-room and said there was a boy asking to see me. It was Joey! He'd been strapped to the board for ten years, and now he was cured and back in his home town. To-day Joey is one of my star assistants.

"By the end of my first year in business, I'd sold a million cakes of soap and my product was being carried by more than ten thousand stores."

I ASKED Mr. Van if he had had time to do any acting during that strenuous year.

"I played forty-four weeks, and spent seven weeks rehearsing," he told me. "While I was on tour I regarded every city I played in as territory to be conquered for my soap. My mornings and afternoons were free, except when I had matinées, or was speaking on the radio, and I spent them calling at stores and offices.

"I found I was a pretty good salesman. My name would generally get me into the office of the man I wanted to see. But when I'd spring my story, he'd tighten up. Usually, however, before I left I'd get an order from him."

"Are you going to keep on with your stage stuff?" I asked Mr. Van.

"Sure! I get too much fun out of cheering folks up with foolishness to give it up. Maybe I ought to be more dignified, now that I'm half a business man," he said with a chuckle; "but I'm not made that way. I take my work seriously, but not myself. I once knew an actor who had a fur coat. He took it so seriously it bit him. I don't want ever to be like that.

"If I ever get too old to caper around on the stage," Mr. Van went on, "I'll live up at my headquarters in Newport, New Hampshire. I have a sort of model farm up there and a herd of pedigreed cows. I claim they're the only laughing cows in the world. With their kind assistance, I furnish certified milk for all the youngsters in town—including my own two.

"I have a weakness for Newport, anyway. That's the place I went to when I thought I was done for. Aside from its being a delightful spot, I like it because it represents bad luck that became good luck. It was there I learned my pet rule of life, which is this:

"'Accept the lemons that Fate gives you and use them to open up a lemonade stand.'"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Ask the Man Who Mows One

Are you one of the he-male folks who raise barbed-wire from ear to ear? Got a beard as tough and sharp as a hardware inventory?

Then we have something for you. Something smooth, and silky, and nice. Something to make you glad to keep on shaving.

Barbasol! The champion beard-tamer. The multi-cylinder shave! The Modern Way of Shaving. This is the Barbasol way:

1. Wash the face (but leave it wet) **2. Spread on Barbasol** (but don't rub in) **3. Shave.**

A ride for your razor! Right down through the stubble, with never a halt or back-fire.

No brush. No rub-in. No after-smart. Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin. Takes nothing away but the whiskers. Great for chap and ingrowing hairs.

Mister, you're next. **Try Barbasol, 3 times, according to directions.**

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

AM 4-27

The Barbasol Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name .....

Address .....

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Your skin feels cool, smooth, refreshed

Quickly heal those tiny

UNSEEN NICKS

your razor leaves

NO matter how sharp your razor, how smooth your skin, hundreds of tiny unseen abrasions are left by every shave. If it is to feel as cool and smooth as it looks these must be quickly healed.

A slap of Ed. Pinaud's Lilac on cheeks and chin brings tingling circulation rushing "first-aid" to all these tiny nicks. Then your face feels cool—refreshed—velvet smooth.

Used daily Ed. Pinaud's toughens the skin without coarsening it, protects against chapping, local infection and eruptions. You'll like its clean, lilac odor.

Get it at any drug or department store *today*. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

Heals, protects, refreshes the skin

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

The Most Remarkable Coincidence I Ever Heard Of

FIRST PRIZE

After Eighteen Years We Met Again

WHEN I was twelve years old, I lived on a farm bordering on the Arkansas River. On Sunday afternoons, during the summer months, all the neighborhood boys used to meet to go swimming.

One day, a bunch of us were boasting about our strokes, strength, and endurance, and my voice was the loudest and most confident of all when Andrew, a boy about eighteen years old, proposed a swim to the opposite shore.

Andrew advised me to stick to words and safe waters; but when four of the older boys struck out I followed, and I kept up with them until I was in midstream. Then I was caught by the current and made no headway. I lost my head and went down. I came up yelling and choking. I went down again. The next thing I remember I was being rolled and pommeled, and I opened my eyes to see Andrew's white face bending over me. When he saw I was out of danger, boy-fashion, he snapped out, "Next time, I guess you won't bite off more'n you can chew."

The next year I moved with my parents to Colorado.

In 1925 my wife and I were spending our honeymoon in California. One Sunday afternoon we were lolling on the beach at Ocean Park, and I was watching a swimmer quite far out. Suddenly I realized he was in trouble. I plunged in to go to the stranger's aid. He fortunately did not lose his head, so I had little trouble in bringing him to shore.

As he lay on the sand, panting to gain his lost wind, he gasped, "That's one time I bit off more'n I could chew."

At my feet lay Andrew. I had saved him, just as he had saved me eighteen years before. C. N. C.

SECOND PRIZE

We Surprised Each Other but Not as We Expected

MY SISTER and I had not seen each other for fifteen years, as she was living in New York and I in California. We had often planned a visit, but money was pretty scarce in both our homes, so our plans had never materialized.

And then, last spring, a stroke of luck made the long-delayed visit possible. I decided to make it a surprise, so I arrived unannounced in New York City after five days of travel, spent in joyful anticipation of our long-deferred meeting. It is well that I got some joy out of it beforehand, for there was to be no meeting. My sister's landlady informed me my sister had gone nearly a week before on her three-weeks vacation, and had left no address. I knew I could not wait for her return. Sadder but wiser, I made the return journey.

And, in the meantime, as the comics say, my sister had a bit of luck of her own. She decided to use the fruits of this luck to visit me. And she, too, believed that a surprise would give spice to the affair. So on the very day, almost in the same hour that I was sorrowfully receiving the news of her absence, she was ringing my door bell. Of course no one answered. My neighbor, who could have told her, and perhaps straightened out the tangle, had gone to Long Beach for the week. So there was nowhere to go but home. She went.

Somewhere along their way the great engines that were hurrying us back to our humdrum lives and work passed each other, just as they had passed a week before, hurrying us to what each supposed would be such a happy reunion.

We have not yet renewed our acquaintance, but we have both sworn off surprises for life. G. L. P.

THIRD PRIZE

I Had an Appointment with a Stranger in a Strange City, and Ran Right into Him!

THE most "striking," coincidence o- which I have personal knowledge, involved the writer some years ago.

In 1917 I was traveling for the M. I. T. Co., of Meriden, Connecticut, and one Monday in May of that year was instructed to meet a Mr. David Stanley, who represented a large Waterbury concern, at eleven A. M., at the Hotel Taft, New Haven, on the following Thursday.

On Thursday I was in Hartford, and made the trip to New Haven in my car. Although late in leaving, I managed to pass about everything on the road, and arriving at State Street, in New Haven, at ten-forty A. M., was just congratulating myself on being in time for the appointment, when it happened. A large red touring car shot out of a cross street on my right. It came out plumb in front of me and, there being no possible way to avoid it, I didn't. We piled into each other like a couple of war tanks.

By some miracle, neither of us was injured, just shaken up enough to stage the inevitable "blahing" contest that follows every motor accident.

Finally, after cooling down a trifle, I admitted that he was my right-hand traffic, and, to that extent at least, the fault was mine.

I then flourished an M. I. T. Co. card carrying my name, Edward P. Johnson, in the lower left-hand corner. My adversary drew out a telegram and passed it over to me.

This is what I read:

WATERBURY, CONN., 5-9-17

MR. DAVID STANLEY, HOTEL GREEN, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Don't fail meet Johnson M. I. T. Co. Taft New Haven Thursday 11 A. M.

Then we both laughed. E. P. J.

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Four Heroes and a Heroine of Whom You Have Never Heard

(*Continued from page 34*)

said Doctor Holmes, "that I had Grandmother tell me that story a hundred times. I could actually see the old preacher with his glass. I could feel what he went through, and if ever boy worshiped a hero I worshiped that one.

"I asked myself: 'If he could do that with half an eye, what can't I do with both eyes?'

"Many a time in later life, as I faltered and fought back the impulse to drift, I thought of that preacher and his big glass. I didn't dare to quit. If I had, that old fellow with his half an eye would have haunted me."

The second hero was of a different stripe. He was six feet in height, handsome of face and form, with the physique of a college athlete. In fact, he had been to college for two years; and at Mt. Airy he taught the three-room village school. His name was John C. Eversull. A well-read man, simple in his tastes, a kindly and a humble man. For some reason he had never married. By summer he farmed; by winter he taught. An odd figure in the village, this learned farmer and teacher. Folks said he was cut out for big things, that the world some day would hear of him. Yet he never left the village, nor quit his self-allotted tasks. He died, at fifty-eight, still a farmer and village schoolmaster.

"The satisfaction in living right," he would say, "is far greater than the pleasure of living in luxury.

"Some day, you'll learn," he told young Holmes once, "that even the influence of the greatest man is small when put side by side with the combined influences of many who make no pretense at greatness."

He meant that the good started on its way by a hundred little men weighs heavier in the balance of time than the good of one great man, because the little men's good takes a hundred and then ten hundred different directions. He preferred to be one of the hundred.

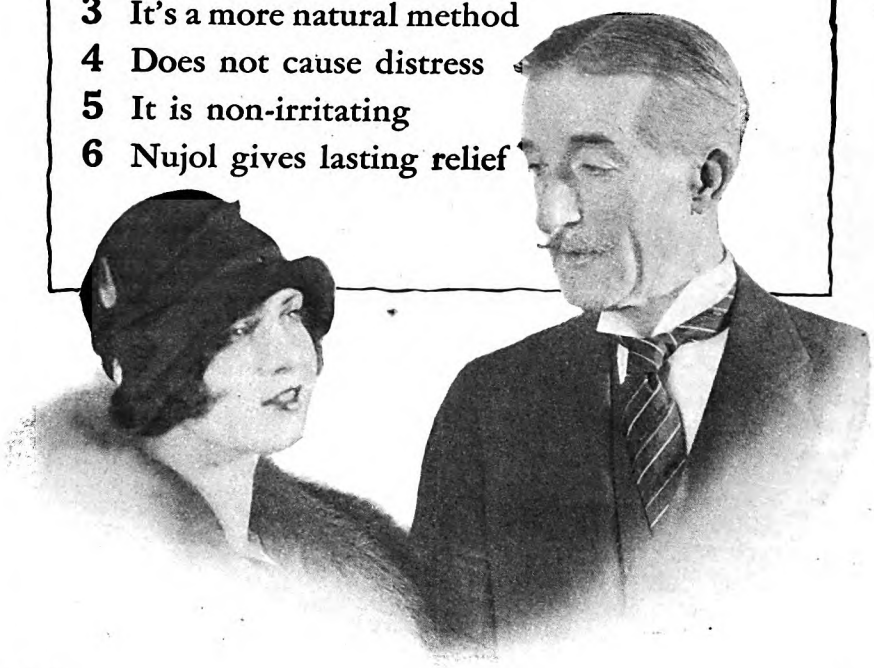
"A GOOD many years passed," said Doctor Holmes, "before I began to see the grain of truth in this philosophy. I had a notion, when I entered the ministry, that I would be able to move men to big things by the power of a single big speech, or sermon. I strove for that big sermon. At a stroke, it was to turn a thousand sinners into a thousand saints.

"Then, slowly, in the light of actual results, a new view dawned on me: In practice, among the hundreds who listened, I found my sermon was worth its effort if it reached the heart of but one. The others listened and, maybe, I hoped, they had been helped a little. There was no way of measuring, no way of determining the result.

"It is so in life. Each day you work,

Why physicians advise Nujol

1 A lubricant is better than a laxative
2 Nujol is not habit-forming
3 It's a more natural method
4 Does not cause distress
5 It is non-irritating
6 Nujol gives lasting relief



BY an overwhelming verdict, doctors all over the United States have endorsed the use of the Nujol type of treatment for constipation, in preference to dangerous drug-containing laxatives.

Among thousands interviewed, seven doctors out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating, and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural functions.

Eight doctors out of ten advised the Nujol type of treatment. Why? For the six convincing reasons mentioned above. The source of this warning is authoritative.

Won't you act on it *at once?*

Nujol acts entirely differently from irritating laxatives and cathartics. For it contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that elimination is regular, natural, and thorough.

Nujol appeals to the medical men because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR CONSTIPATION

©1927 Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

"Regular as Clockwork"

Accept This TRIAL Offer

NUJOL LABORATORIES, Room 826G, 26 Broadway, New York City
(In Canada, Address Nujol, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.)

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

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"*For* SEVEN *ways to benefit our menfolks*
Handiest thing in the house"
Said 2000 women

A TREMENDOUS number of men are regular users of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly for:

Dandruff—Massage the scalp thoroughly twice a week with "Vaseline" Jelly. Leave on over night and shampoo.

First-Aid—Apply locally to cuts, wounds, sores, burns, bites, stings, blisters, etc.

Colds—Snuff up nostrils and if you have a tickling cough, take internally.

Hair slicking—To keep the hair in place, looking shiny and well groomed, slightly dampen the hair, spread a bit of "Vaseline" Jelly over the palms of the hands, apply to the hair and then brush briskly.

Softening Hands—Hands roughened from outdoor life, golf, etc., can be made soft and smooth by massaging gently with "Vaseline" Jelly before washing.

Sporting equipment—To prevent rust on guns, golf clubs, skates, etc., cover with a layer of "Vaseline" Jelly before putting them away. Rub down leather goods such as saddles, boots, harness with "Vaseline" Jelly to dress the leather.

Shoes—Men's golf shoes are always getting wet. Apply "Vaseline" Jelly liberally and rub well into the leather. Dancing shoes of patent leather should be polished with "Vaseline" Jelly before each wearing.

"Vaseline" Jelly is a splendid emollient. There is no other product exactly like it. It can be bought absolutely everywhere in jars or tubes. Men like the handy tube. And remember when you buy that the trademark "Vaseline" on the package gives you the assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.

Send for free booklet of uses. Write Dept. A 4-27, Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

Vaseline
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
PETROLEUM JELLY

striving for an ideal. At first, you are impatient. You expect to attain your goal in a single brilliant rush; the rush is made and yet the goal remains distant, for you have gained but a single step. Eventually, chastened by experience, you begin to realize that it will take many rushes, many days, before the objective is reached.

"Then perhaps you come to see that, in the *grand* total, the hundred days of a hundred little victories will far overbalance the one big day with its big victory."

The village teacher saw all this, and he lived by it.

"I lay awake at night," Doctor Holmes confessed, "admiring that teacher. I said to myself, 'If only I could be like him!' I even wanted the neighbors to say when I passed, as they did when the teacher passed, 'How big and strong he is!'"

The boy, his teeth set, began to emulate the teacher. You will remember that in the summers the teacher worked on a farm. There was a potato patch on the little farm Josephine Holmes rented, and it was worked by a neighbor on shares. Young Holmes got work in that potato patch. He was cautioned not to overdo himself, reminded that he wasn't strong.

"I'll do as much as any other boy could," he retorted.

It was planting time. He had to tug hard to carry a full bucket of potatoes, which had to be dropped into the hills and covered. The bail of the bucket cut into his arm until the flesh was raw. With a wad of rags he covered the spot and, unwhimpering, toted his bucket until sundown. He did this until the patch was planted.

He sought more farm work. He stowed away wheat sheaves in a hot, dusty barn loft until he was ready to drop; but he shut his teeth and didn't drop. He bedded down the horses; he learned to milk, to swing an ax and a brush scythe. He *was* as good as any boy, he told himself. He stopped his ears against the neighborhood whisperings. When there was a ball game, he was in it.

FOUR years of this, and Arthur Holmes weighed one hundred and sixty pounds. He was the pitcher for the local ball team. Any farmer within walking distance was ready to give him work for the asking, and gladly. He was big for his age, husky as the best of 'em. The schoolmaster, content with his mite of good, looked on and smiled.

"My boy," he said, "you, too, should be a teacher. You have something in you that should be passed along."

"A teacher!" ejaculated young Holmes, and burst into laughter. "There's only one job worse than a teacher's, and that's a preacher's. I'm going to be a machinist."

It hurt a little, that remark. Yet the teacher wasn't one to give up readily. "Anyway," he urged, "don't quit school. You'll be a better machinist in the end if you stay on here a while longer."

The school janitorship, which paid eight dollars and fifty cents a month, was open. Holmes took the job and remained in school, the only boy of his age who did. He stayed, he told me, solely because of that teacher.

But at home, tinkering in odd moments over a rude workbench, he fretted. He always had wanted to be a machinist. Since five years of age he had loved the feel of tools. Some of his father's old carpenter tools were about, and he appropriated these as his own. He would rather have been a machinist than President.

He was eighteen now, and with the notion of eighteen that school is all nonsense, anyway. In sudden decision he turned his back on it all. He went to Cincinnati, found work at three dollars a week, as a 'prentice machinist, and a room with board at an aunt's. Then in two months his pay was raised to four dollars a week. Four big silver dollars, a fortune, and his financial worries were over! He was happier than he ever had been in his life; and a year passed.

BUT one day while at work he noticed a man pass through the shop. It wasn't the first time he had seen this man; but never before this day had he given him such careful scrutiny. He was thirty, or thereabouts. His shirt was white, and he wore a white collar. About him was an air of prosperity, of confidence, of complete assurance. In that place of overalls and grime, he was like a creature from another world.

"Who is he?" Holmes asked the foreman.

"The head designer," the foreman answered. "He makes thirty-five dollars a week!"

Holmes's jaw dropped at mention of the astounding salary. Why, the best machinist in the shop made only twenty dollars a week! Some day, Holmes hoped, he might have the job of that best machinist.

Now he looked from the designer, erect and confident and immaculate—the designer who wasn't more than thirty—over to the shop's best machinist. The latter's head was gray; his seamed countenance showed every one of his fifty-odd years. There was a smear of grease over his forehead. Fifty-odd years, the shop's finest, and twenty dollars a week!

That contrast would not go out of his mind. Why was there that difference? As sweat was measured, the machinist gave most. Suddenly it came to young Holmes as if a curtain had been raised: The designer *knew* more! The difference was in his head.

And that night, lying awake in his bed, a new hero was born in the apprentice machinist's mind, and two old heroes were restored to their former glory, the country parson, and the country schoolmaster.

"The designer knows more!" he repeated. "He is paid for his greater knowledge!"

"Even then, I saw the money paid him only as a measure of value," Doctor Holmes said quietly. "It was evidence that to the employer, and to the world at large, the skill of head was placed above the skill of hands. I began to see, and to see truly for the first time, that perhaps the almost blind old preacher had driven himself to gain the most valuable thing he could have possessed. That schoolmaster who dealt out knowledge for a song took on the light of a great philanthropist.

"I gained a new conception of men's worth. The richest man, I saw, was not the man with the most dollars in his pockets. Instead, the richest man was the man who had the most stored in his brain!

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Do You Know Why Farmers Spend $1,000 A DAY *At this Store?*

THERE'S a hardware store up in the Northeastern corner of Pennsylvania that's doing a retail business of $360,000 a year —and 90 per cent, or $1,000 a day, comes from farm trade!

When the big 4-deck store was built a few years ago people laughed at the idea. The store was miles too big, they said—out of proportion to the size of the community. The town had less than 2,500 people in it.

But those who laughed hadn't reckoned on the merchandising genius which was guiding the destiny of this store!

What Happened—

Today this hardware store has its 4 floors crammed full of carefully selected merchandise. And back of the store, just across the railroad tracks, they've since built a 3-story warehouse — 200 feet long—and this, too, is now filled to the roof with everything from a carload lot of oil in pint cans, to rows of plows and furnaces.

And today, the *regular* trading area of this progressive store takes in the surrounding country over a 50-mile radius. Farmers drive in to it from the nearby counties of three states — New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

That's a whale of a retail business for any store to do—even in a city. It required some mighty sound and up-to-date methods to build it up. Yet when you look into these methods, you find they're largely a matter of common sense and good business judgment —and easily applied *to practically any retail business anywhere.*

If you are a retail merchant in a town up to 25,000 population, you can probably use them to build up *your own* profits—just as this store did. The question is, *do you want to do it?*

DEALERS: *Send the Coupon!*

Get the Details of this Store's Big Success

Progressive retail merchants who are interested in increasing business, can get from Farm & Fireside the detailed description of the methods this Pennsylvania store has used to carry its sales up to $360,000 a year. The whole story is presented in folder form. You can obtain a copy FREE—simply by sending the attached coupon to Farm & Fireside. Send it at once—these folders are bound to go fast.

Part of Farm & Fireside's 1927 Service to Retailers

This is the first chapter in Farm & Fireside's 1927 service to the retailers of the United States. And it's a rounding out of the service which retailers who sell the farmer expect from this magazine — for three basic reasons:

1. Over a period of years merchants have come to look on Farm & Fireside as the farm magazine of *national* authority and influence. They know that its circulation now reaches 1,250,000 farm homes—an average of one for about every 2 farms of a hundred acres and over throughout the country. And this means it is read by the cream of every rural retailer's local trade.
2. Retailers know that Farm & Fireside has a highly *personal* character—and is read with warmer interest than probably any other farm magazine.
3. And finally *because* of these facts, they know that the advertising pages of Farm & Fireside are working every minute, to build more sales for them. And they have demonstrated this over and over by holding local exhibitions of the goods advertised in Farm & Fireside—to show how Farm & Fireside readers BUY.

The proof of these three fundamental values is the growth of manufacturers' advertising in Farm & Fireside—a faster growth than that of any other magazine in the field.

So in meeting the obligation to retail merchants and advertisers, which such leadership confers — Farm & Fireside in 1927 will make available the business methods which successful retailers have used in building farm trade—as in the case of this Pennsylvania store.

Mail this Coupon

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Dept.
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me the folder which explains in detail the methods this big Pennsylvania store used to build its farm business up to $1,000 a day.

Name.....

Address.....

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine ~ Read in More Than 1,200,000 Farm Homes

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Calm Thinking

A LOVED one passes on. The anguish of soul is almost unbearable. It is unthinkable that one with such a burden should consider practical matters and yet what may transpire in future years justifies calm study in those dark hours.

The funeral approaches. Is it to be merely an occasion of respect? A display of emotion?

Or is it to be the laying away of all that is mortal of that loved one in a resting place amply protected against the ruthless elements?

That people are today thinking seriously of such matters is proved by the remarkably growing demand for the protection afforded by the Clark Grave Vault.

Merely by asking for the Clark Grave Vault you may be certain you are providing positive and permanent protection.

This vault is designed according to an immutable law of Nature. It has never failed. Being made of 12 gauge Keystone copper steel, or Armco Iron, with a plating of pure cadmium (applied by the Udylite Process, exclusive to this vault) it offers the greatest resistance to rust that is known to science.

Also, because it is made of metal, it is not porous.

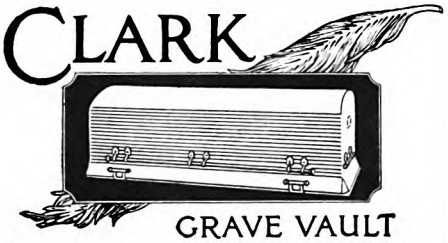
Leading funeral directors will gladly supply the Clark Grave Vault because they know it is absolutely dependable.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.

CLARK



GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

He was richest because he was worth most to the world."

Holmes's whole outlook suddenly underwent a complete change. The average man of twenty envisions success as money. "I don't want money for its own sake," he apologizes, "but for what it will get me." Holmes envisioned success as the possession of knowledge. "I want knowledge," he said, "because I will be more useful with knowledge."

The village teacher was big in his thoughts. That man had gained knowledge in order to *give it away!* Likewise, the old parson had scaled his mountain to become a philanthropist in knowledge! These heroes had not thought of money.

The young machinist was all at sea with his new view when one evening he met on the street another young man. Back in the days when Holmes had pitched for the village ball team, this young man had come to Mt. Airy as a member of a visiting nine. There were friendly greetings.

"Say," said the young man eagerly, "you're a stranger here in Cincinnati. Why not join our Sunday-school class, and get acquainted with some of the fellows? We've a fine bunch in the class."

THAT Sunday Holmes joined the class. He never had attended a Sunday-school before, for there had been no church in Mt. Airy. Nor did he look upon this church so much as a church, in the sense that a church is a place of worship. Rather he saw it as a school. The term Sunday "*school*" was what drew him, and the "fine bunch" in the class. It was a chance to learn.

In short, the boy didn't go to worship, but to study. The Bible happened to be the master textbook of the school.

But the Bible is no ordinary textbook. As Holmes, thirsting for knowledge, studied its pages, he became filled with perplexities. What did *this* mean? How did *that* apply practically to this job of living and earning bread?

Holmes went to the minister of the church, the Rev. W. C. Payne. He was bursting with questions, afire with the desire to learn. The minister's eyes lighted at such eagerness, for he too was afire—with the all-impelling desire to teach and to save. That winter the two went into the problem together. And thereupon Holmes's fifth hero took up the work begun unknowingly by the designer.

He was a scholar, this hero, a Yale graduate, a man of books. He talked of college to the machinist, of degrees, and of reaching men's souls. He painted in words the canvas of a new world, in which men lived and toiled for learning's sake and for the uplift of others.

"You've set out on a task," he said, "that well may engage you a lifetime, and beyond. Learn, and then preach! You were made for it. It's your duty!"

And this time young Holmes did not laugh. Now in the teacher's and the preacher's once despised vocations he saw something big, noble, glorious. He was ready, eager to go on.

"But how?" he asked. "I'm twenty. All I know is a trade."

The minister had been assigned to a new church, in Philadelphia. Already he was making his preparations to leave.

"Come with me," he said. "There's a way; we'll find it together."

The two went to Philadelphia.

At twelve dollars a week Holmes obtained work in a little machine shop on the water front. His job was repairing and overhauling marine engines on ships. He boarded with his preacher-friend, blocks away from his work. To reach the shop by seven, he had to arise at five-thirty, eat his breakfast, and ride on a horse car across the city. It was after dark when he got home at night; that is, providing he did get home.

"Much of the work," he told me, "had to be done in a ship's hold while the vessel lay at anchor in the river. An idle ship was costly to its owners, so it was a rule that, once machinists started a job, they had to finish it, without rest. Our meals were eaten in the hold; but nobody slept unless it was at his machine. Two days at a stretch was the rule."

You will wonder, as I did, how he found time to study. The minister had assigned to him two of the most difficult languages in the world to master—Hebrew and Greek. And Holmes had never gone beyond the country school.

There was that long ride to work on the street cars, and the long ride home from work. The street cars became his schoolroom, and at odd times the minister heard him recite his lessons. Too, at work down in the ship's hold, he propped his open book up on his machines, ready for chance looks.

"There were times," Holmes confessed to me, "when I actually caught myself asleep, and yet my hands still went through the motions necessary in operating the machine! I've heard men claim that bodily fatigue doesn't affect mental vigor. I don't believe they've ever subjected that claim to experiment. Many a time, after thirty or more hours of work, I tested myself. I wasn't sure that two plus two made four. I wasn't sure of my name, or of my address. I was only sure that I wanted to sleep, to rest."

But there was before his eyes that vision of college. Ten hours of work by daylight was worth two dollars. Work from five o'clock in the afternoon until midnight was worth three dollars. Midnight until the day began again at seven paid double-time, four dollars.

TWO years of this, and the machinist student of Hebrew and Greek had five hundred dollars saved. He owed not a penny in the world. His body was as tough as pig-iron. That next fall he enrolled as a divinity student at Bethany College, in West Virginia, an *alma mater* of his preacher hero. The next year he went to Hiram College, in Ohio, nearer to his mother.

Remember, he hadn't been even to a high school. This meant that six years' work had to be accomplished in four years. He roomed alone. Eggs were to be had from farmers for nine cents a dozen, butter for fifteen cents a pound, milk for five cents a quart; so, on a tiny oil stove, he cooked his own meals, which consisted mainly of oatmeal, boiled eggs, and milk. You can guess how closely he lived from the fact that his yearly expenses, including tuition, clothes, railroad fare, and a vacation at home each Christmas, were never in excess of two hundred and fifty

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What my firm's ADVERTISING means to me

M. H. Coleman, of Marietta, Ga., who has prospered by many years of steady, constructive business building for Lehn & Fink in the South. He is on intimate terms with the druggists and department store buyers in the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Mississippi, and sells them the house of Lehn & Fink and its advertising as well as its products

A Salesman's Viewpoint
By M. H. Coleman
Lehn & Fink Products Company

The thing that is most important to me about my firm's advertising is this:

HOW CAN I USE IT TO GET ORDERS?

What can I tell the dealers in my territory about it?

Can I show them how it is going to pep up the consumption of Pebeco, "Lysol" and Hinds Honey & Almond Cream in their localities?

Can I demonstrate with facts and figures that it is going to bring customers into their stores?

If I can do this my battle is more than half won. If I can sell my firm's advertising I can sell its products.

And, since my firm advertises regularly in The American Magazine, I have no difficulty there.

I might add that the little book called The Vest Pocket Sales Maker has made the job doubly easy. It was named rightly. No salesman will make a mistake in writing for it and using it.

M. H. Coleman

WHAT are the facts and figures about your firm's advertising necessary to convince dealers of its local value to *them?*

First, as every salesman knows, you must be able to show your dealers that their localities are getting *enough* of this advertising to make a strong local impression—a real "dent."

The American Magazine's circulation of 2,200,000 readers insures this.

Next, you will want to show dealers that your firm's advertising *stays* in the homes in their neighborhoods long enough to insure its being seen and read.

In The American Magazine, for example, each advertisement is ALIVE *in the home a full 30 "working days."*

We all know, further, that *all* members of the family influence practically all home purchases today—furniture, automobiles, and many articles of personal use like those of the Lehn & Fink Products Company. You should be able to show dealers that your firm's advertising is reaching *everybody* in the home.

In The American Magazine it is. Many independent check-ups have shown that The American, more than any other magazine, is read by ALL MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.

Finally, you want to make it clear that your firm's advertising is getting to the kind of people who are every dealer's best customers; that is, people with ambition and an active desire to improve their way of living.

From your personal acquaintance with The American Magazine, you know that it is read by just such people. Editorially it is planned for such people. Its articles and stories stimulate its readers to do more, have more, want more—and therefore BUY *more.*

These are some of the reasons why your product, if it is advertised in The American Magazine, has back of it *the greatest single force for increasing merchandise consumption in America.*

The Vest Pocket Sales Maker will enable you to get this over to dealers with local figures.

It will help you to use your firm's advertising to get orders.

Send now for the new edition, with data for all towns of 1,000 and over, and for all counties. Please give your firm's name. Address The Crowell Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

The American *Magazine*

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

"The greatest single force for increasing merchandise consumption in America"

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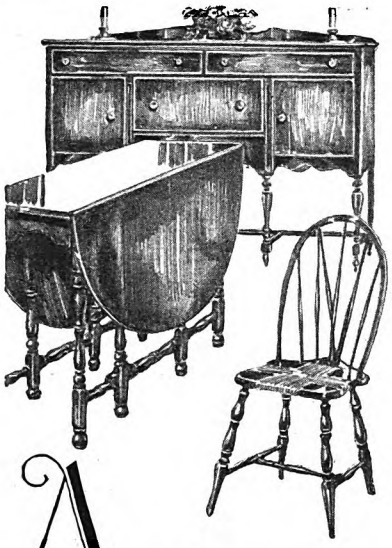


A greater selection of furniture and floor coverings thru your Local Dealer and Peck & Hills

A remarkable furnishing service! Select your furniture and floor coverings from our wholesale displays, with a Card of Introduction signed by your Naborhood Furniture Dealer. Or choose from our catalog at your dealer's store.

The plan provides a selection of amazing variety, and quality backed by a double guarantee—both at a saving.

If your dealer cannot supply card, write for names of dealers who can serve you.

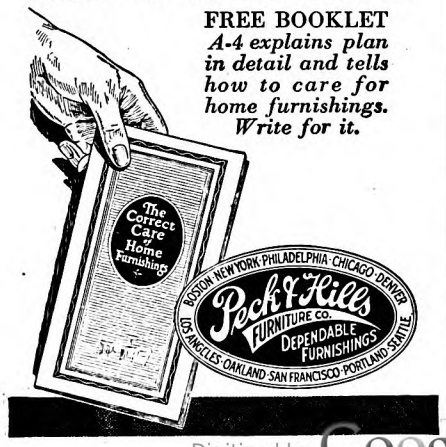
Address our nearest house—*Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Seattle.*

We sell and deliver through retail dealers only.

Wholesale Furniture and Floor Coverings

COAST TO COAST SERVICE

FREE BOOKLET *A-4 explains plan in detail and tells how to care for home furnishings. Write for it.*



dollars! Summers he worked as a machinist.

He was older than his fellow students, and he was conscious of his delayed start. There was no time to be wasted. Yet at the end of his third year he had to quit college for a year in order to go back to a Philadelphia machine shop, at fifteen dollars a week, to earn money to go on with his studies during his senior year. Even with this, he had to borrow some from the college loan fund, and find outside work during that last year in order to finish. He was twenty-seven when he was graduated with a bachelor of arts degree.

He was now a minister, and was assigned to the Sixth Christian Church, a congregation in West Philadelphia. The members of the church were working folks and numbered only about forty all told. An incident will give you an idea of the kind of a minister he was:

The church board was discussing the matter of the minister's salary. They couldn't afford to pay much; but even a little would necessitate a struggle.

"Let's forget salary," said Holmes. "I've an idea of my own how to solve this."

With his own hands he fashioned a little white wooden box with a coin slot in the lid, and nailed the box up in the vestibule of the church. And that next Sunday he announced:

"We're not going to take up collections. We're not going to ask you to make pledges of money. If this church is worth anything to you, if the services do you any good, drop something in the box at the door as you leave. If you get nothing here, give nothing. I'm going to leave it to you. What's left after expenses are paid will be my salary."

Four years he preached there. The congregation grew to number one hundred and fifty. The expenses were paid from the white box, and between four hundred and five hundred dollars was left over yearly for the pastor.

Nor did Holmes cease his studies. Besides discharging his duties to the church, he became a graduate student in Semitics and Hebrew Antiquities at the University of Pennsylvania. A scholarship granted him by the university made this possible, and later he was awarded a fellowship which enabled him to go on with philosophy, psychology, and ethics.

"HE WAS a natural student," you will say. "Learning was easy for him."

The odd fact is that he *wasn't* a natural student!

His memory was bad. Never did he realize this so keenly as when he undertook those difficult university subjects. To imprint a fact on his memory he had to plug, plug, plug, and then often he forgot. He tried to better his memory, but for the life of him, he assured me, he could not. Furthermore, he had difficulty in grasping things.

"I had to take a page paragraph by paragraph, and each paragraph sentence by sentence, and then translate the sentences into my *own* words before I could get the meaning," he explained. "I never understood a definition until I could find for it some practical application in life with which I had had experience."

His faulty memory, his tedious habit of translation, made him sweat blood over his books. But he was gaining knowledge now; he applied his psychology to himself.

"If I didn't have to take up so much time in trying to remember," he finally concluded, "I could give more time to thinking of the meaning of things, and thus learn more rapidly."

The remedy came to him all at once. He would make himself a mechanical memory—a memory of indexes and cards and filing cabinets, such as they had in the office of the machine shop! The cards would be his memory! That settled, he decided on one more policy: to attempt only to learn the important things, the facts that really counted. "I can detect which are the important things," he decided, "by paying close attention to the teacher. He will emphasize what really counts."

To-day, former students under Holmes will tell you of his remarkable memory. They will tell you that, as a teacher, he goes right to the heart of his subject, to its biggest phase.

FROM the Philadelphia church he went to a larger, richer congregation in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The University of Michigan was now right at his door. He continued to study as an auditor in philosophy there. By this time he was earning eighteen hundred dollars a year as a minister. He was being spoken of as one of the coming great preachers of his denomination. But he wasn't satisfied.

He resigned his pastorate paying eighteen hundred dollars a year. He took a position, back in Philadelphia, as educational director of the Pennsylvania Railroad Y. M. C. A. at sixteen hundred dollars a year. Here he became preacher, educator, and physical instructor in one.

Simultaneously, he went on at the University of Pennsylvania to win the degrees of Master of Arts, and Doctor of Philosophy. He wrote his first book, became an instructor in psychology at Pennsylvania, and went on the lecture platform to talk before teachers' institutes, lyceums, clubs, and business associations. A three-man job was this; but he had learned to handle a three-man job as a machinist working in a ship's hold day and night. The work wasn't as hard as it had been back in those earlier days.

In 1910 the University of Pennsylvania made him assistant professor of psychology and assistant director of its psychological clinic. A book followed, "The Conservation of the Child," which had a popular ring and gained notice. Pennsylvania State College then commanded his services to be dean of its faculty, the post second to the presidency, and Drake followed with its presidency. At Drake he raised five hundred thousand dollars in a popular campaign of a few days and, during his four years there, he was a leader in putting that university back on its feet financially.

But a college president is an administrator. Holmes's object was to teach and to preach. His heroes had all been teachers and preachers. So he is a preacher and a teacher to-day as well as writer and dean. Translated, dean means—as Holmes practically applies this dean of men post at Pennsylvania—adviser and counselor to students, especially to students who have their way to earn.

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All outdoors invites your Kodak

Autographic Kodaks, $5 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

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your dog

Dog Crosses Alaskan Range to Save Men

"LITTLE SQUAW, Alaska, Dec. 25th, 1926 (AP). Carrying a scribbled note from two miners crippled by an explosion, one of them blinded, a malamute dog crossed a 3000-foot pass in the Brooks mountain range at night with the mercury 40° below zero, to his master's cabin."

Just another paragraph in the great story of dog heroism—a narrative that reaches back into the shadows of time.

All dogs have worms. Puppies particularly should be wormed. Reasons are given on Page 15 of the Polk Miller Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules.

Save Your Dog

Your dog is a faithful friend. He deserves all the care you can give him. Every year, lives of thousands of valuable and beloved dogs are sacrificed unnecessarily. Their owners did not know how to care for them. Every dog owner can, without cost, find out how to treat dog diseases. There are now tried and true remedies for every dog ailment. It is only necessary to know what to use.

This is the time of year your dog needs a tonic. Guard against sickness and general weakness with Sergeant's Condition Pills. See Page 20 in the Dog Book.

Famous Dog Book Is Free

With more than 50 years of experience to guide them, expert veterinarians have compiled a book that tells how to treat dog diseases. It is clear and explicit. It is revised yearly and kept up-to-date. It tells the symptoms of dog ailments. It explains fully the best treatments and proper methods of feeding and breeding. It contains a unique symptom chart that makes it easy to tell what's the matter with your dog. A copy will be sent free to those who care enough for their dogs to write for it.

In the Spring, dogs need a blood tonic. Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills are splendid for this purpose. For glossy, healthy coats, use Sergeant's Mange Medicine. Pp. 27, 28, 29 in the Dog Book.

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Our skilled veterinarian and his staff will answer personally all questions not covered in this famous dog book. If your dog develops a condition that puzzles you, we urge you to write, stating fully age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Complete instructions for care and treatment will be sent promptly without charge.

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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Write for FREE sample of Sergeant's No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair.

When Poverty Spells Riches
It's Fun to be Poor

(*Continued from page 55*)

helped them with their lessons. And so we were very close to each other in more ways than one. If I had let myself be shut off up-stairs, I couldn't have kept the helm. The children might have drifted away from the course I wanted them to follow.

"In February, our youngest child was born; and this made the oldest one more indispensable than ever. Belle was my right hand in running the household; and she loyally stayed where right hands are always found—close at my side.

"Meanwhile, Ted was going through high school. He was named after my brother Theodore, who had become president of South Western State Normal School, California, Pennsylvania; and Theodore had promised his namesake a present of a good suit of clothes when he graduated.

"This promise meant everything to us, for the other graduation expenses took every cent we could rake and scrape. But as Commencement Day came nearer and nearer, no suit arrived, nor any word from my brother about it.

"The afternoon of Commencement Day Ted went to the principal of the high school and begged to be excused from giving his oration. He felt that he couldn't stand up before the audience, wearing his patched and shabby clothes. I didn't blame him, for they really were not fit to wear.

"While I was trying to comfort him, I suddenly realized how tall he had grown. And then, just as suddenly, another thought came to me.

"Going up to the attic, I began pulling things out of a box where I had put some clothing which a relative had sent me to make over for ourselves. With the sudden realization that my boy had grown to man's size had come the recollection of this box.

"Sure enough, in it I found a black broadcloth suit. Out of another box I resurrected the white vest my husband had worn at our wedding! I washed and ironed the vest, brushed and pressed the suit, and so *that* crisis was safely passed.

"WE HAVE had dozens of other crises, but somehow we have always managed to come through them. Once, I remember, we just had to have money for school expenses, and yet there didn't seem a ghost of a chance of our getting it. But inside of a few days I sold thirty dollars' worth of sweet corn from our garden! And so *that* crisis was met.

"Well, to return to Ted. When he finished grammar school, he wanted to go to work and support himself. I respected him for feeling as he did, and I knew what a help his earnings would be. Times were pretty bad with us. I thought of the burden my husband was carrying. I thought of the other children, and of my duty to them. And I was almost worried sick, trying to decide what was best to do.

"But one night, as I was lying awake, thinking it over and over, I made up my mind: If it was humanly possible, *the children were going to college!* I mustn't wait to see how it was to be done. I must just go ahead and *do* it.

"The next morning I said to Ted, 'You have worked hard in school and you have made a fine record. In other words, you have laid a good foundation. But suppose that, instead of building walls on that foundation, you put a roof right on top of it. Tell me, my son, where, then, are you going to live?'

"He looked at me for a moment. Then he drew a long breath, and said, 'I see what you're driving at. All right! I'll keep on building.'

"That summer he worked in a planing mill, saved his money, and in the fall he bought a new suit and had one hundred dollars besides. A good many boys would have spent this money foolishly. Perhaps some parents," she smiled, "would have taken it for their own use; especially if they needed it as much as we did. But to Ted, and to us, that money was almost sacred.

"When Ted entered Bucknell a friend said to me, 'Why do you start that boy on a four-year college course? You know you can't afford to let him finish it.'

"'I'm not sending him for *four years*,' I said. 'I'm sending him for this *one* year! Mountains are not climbed at a bound, but step by step. To send seven children to college may seem like an unscalable mountain. But we're going just as high as we can, one step at a time.'

"YOU said you wanted to know how in the world we did it. For one thing, I was told that perhaps I might get a scholarship for Ted. I went to President Harris, at Bucknell, and explained the situation. The result was that Ted had a fifty-dollar scholarship, not only for his first year but for all four. Later, each of the children had these scholarships.

"Then came another windfall: About this time my father's estate was settled. It was small—and the surviving heirs were many! So there were only a few hundred dollars apiece for them. Moreover, the three hundred and fifty dollars I had borrowed for my education had to be taken out of my portion. The result was that I received only two hundred dollars as my share.

"Even that was a small fortune to us. For that matter, I doubt if a real fortune could accomplish much more than this two hundred dollars did in the next twenty years.

"First, Ted borrowed part of it for his college expenses. The next summer he worked in the planing mill, and repaid his loan. But he borrowed it again the following winter; and with this help he managed to get through his sophomore year. Then Mr. Park's father died and when his estate was settled we had one hundred and thirty dollars a year income of interest money from which he gave to the one who happened to need it most.

"By that time, Jesse and Amy were

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ready for Bucknell and expenses were piling up. The two hundred dollars legacy was split between the two, but it couldn't be stretched for three. So Ted taught a year to get the money to complete his course.

"You can't know what a sense of triumph I had when he was graduated. We were at least one seventh of the way up the mountain! And if we had gone that far, what could prevent us from going *all* the way?

"THERE were times, of course, when one or more of us would get pretty discouraged. That happened to Jesse, for instance. He wasn't very strong physically; and that eight-mile tramp every day, often in snow, or rain, or sleet, attending lectures and classes, and doing all the studying required—well, you can imagine that it was enough to wear out even a Park!

"Finally, Jesse quit. He said he was through! I thought he really was, for he went to Milton and got a job in a drug store.

"But," she went on, her eyes kindling with pride, "he couldn't stick it out! After he had been at Milton two years he came home one night, bringing all his things with him."

"'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Have you lost your job?'

"'No,' he said; 'the job has lost me. I'm going back to college next week!'

"And he did; although it meant entering a class that had been two years behind him.

"Meanwhile, Amy had left college for a year to teach school and earn part of the money she needed to go on and graduate. So she and Jesse received their degrees at the same time.

"We were rather proud to have two children in the same class; but we beat that record six years later, when *three* Parks were graduated together.

"At the exercises, the president spoke of this as unique in the history of the college. He asked the three students to stand. And when Martha and Louis and Olive, in their caps and gowns, rose while the audience applauded, I felt that it was worth all the years of work and of sacrifice it had cost.

"Another six years went by before Mary, the youngest, was graduated. That was in 1922; and it had been in 1902 that Ted entered Bucknell as a freshman. We had taken twenty years to climb our mountain—*but we did it!*

"During all those years, that two hundred dollars legacy of mine and Mr. Park's interest money were in constant service. At different times, every one of the children borrowed the two hundred dollars or a part of it, but they always repaid it. We have laughed many a time over the way it went back and forth, first to one, then to another; but invariably turning up again to help out in the next emergency.

"It came through the years intact, and has settled down now to a quiet existence, invested in two Liberty bonds. Those bonds have a lot of printing on them; but the real story of that two hundred dollars would fill a book.

"The children themselves earned much of the money their education cost. They all taught school occasionally. The boys worked during the summers. When the older ones graduated, they began to earn money; and they always loaned what they could spare to the younger ones.

"I speak of our 'loaning' money to one another. We never *said* it was only loaned. The repayment was not demanded. No conditions were imposed. But the money always *was* repaid, just as a matter of honor and of mutual helpfulness.

"If I claim any credit at all," Mrs. Park went on thoughtfully, "it is because I tried to have my children feel that an education was a sort of necessity, like food or shelter. Even when they were very young, I would talk about their going to college as if it were a matter of course.

"I didn't say to them, 'Oh dear! I wish I could send you to college!' I said, 'Now, when you go to college you will do so-and-so!'

"When the time came, they *expected* to go; and they faced the necessary hardships, because they thought an education was something they *had* to have.

"MY HUSBAND and I believe in tithing: giving one tenth of our income to God's service. We brought up the children to practice the same custom. When Mary, the youngest, entered college, her sister Olive was teaching school. Of course Olive knew that Mary needed money for her expenses, so one day she handed over her tithe money with the remark: 'I think I'd just as soon give my money to you as to any other little heathen!'

"'All right!' said Mary. 'I'll take it! And some day I'll help your little heathens to pay *their* college bills!'

"She can make good that promise," declared Mrs. Park; "for she has a fine position in one of the largest high schools in the state."

Every one of the graduates entered the teaching profession. With the exception of the youngest, all the daughters are now married; but I am sure they get more out of life and contribute more to it because they have had a good education.

"Ted has taught in important high schools," Mrs. Park continued, "a few years ago, for personal reasons, he decided to come back to Pennsylvania, and is now professor of Physics and Physical Chemistry in Susquehanna University.

"Jesse teaches in a school for boys at Hazelton. A few years ago, in talking with me, he seemed dissatisfied with his work, because, as he said, there was no future in it.

"'That depends,' I told him, 'on the kind of future you want. Other people may be making money. But you are making men!'

"Not long ago, the state superintendent of schools gave the so-called 'intelligence tests' to a group of teachers which included Jesse.

"'No one,' the superintendent said, 'is supposed to be able to answer all these questions; but answer as many of them as you can in four minutes.'

"Well," said Mrs. Park, "*my* boy answered *all* of them in two and one-half minutes! I believe they rated him as a genius. So I don't think we were wasting time and effort when we sent *him* to college.

"Louis, the youngest son, taught for several years after his graduation. He had good positions too. But he wanted to get into business; and now he is with an advertising agency in Detroit.

"When I asked him if he thought he could sell advertising, he said, 'Why not? I've been "selling education" to my pupils. If I could sell knowledge to boys who thought they didn't want it, I think I can sell advertising to business men who know that they've got to have it.'

"I guess he's right," Mrs. Park admitted. "My point is this: I insisted that the children should have an education—not to fit them for any special kind of work, but to fit them for life! A man without knowledge is almost a blind man. Education opens our eyes to everything that is interesting and wonderful. There isn't a detail of our daily lives that isn't affected by education.

"I didn't want my children to go through life, blindly groping their way, and stumbling at every turn because of ignorance. My husband and I, poor as we were, endowed our children with what I feel is true riches when we gave them an education."

ON THE train that evening, riding from Montandon to Harrisburg, I found myself still repeating the question: "How in the world did they do it?"

The two-hundred-dollar legacy, passing on from one crisis to the next, did not answer the question. The fifty-dollar scholarships did not answer it. Neither did the summer wages in the planing mill; nor the salaries from intermittent school-teaching; nor the fact that Olive preferred her young sister to "any other little heathen."

No! I decided that the only real answers to my question had sat with me at the dinner table. They were the indomitable spirit that burned in the blue eyes of the little woman opposite me, and the light of generous self-sacrifice which shone in the dark eyes of the man beside her.

If this quiet couple, in a little country town, had given their sons and daughters only an education, it would have been an achievement to be proud of. But the real achievement was in the unconscious "education" of their children's hearts, through years of sacrifice and devotion. That kind of education cannot be bought with money. Only one kind of rich folks—millionaires in courage and high ideals—can have it.

DON MARQUIS is more than a humorist. He's a philosopher, a portrayer of life, which he looks at through the kindly eyes of one who understands humanity. You will agree to this when, next month, you read his sketch about a character that is common to every community—and almost to every home. "Your Uncle Ed," he calls the sketch, and the chances are nine to one that you have met the prototype of this amusing character in real life. "Your Uncle Ed" is a delightful piece, and you will be glad to know that it is the first of a series of portraits from human nature by this remarkable writer. Others will appear from time to time in The American Magazine.

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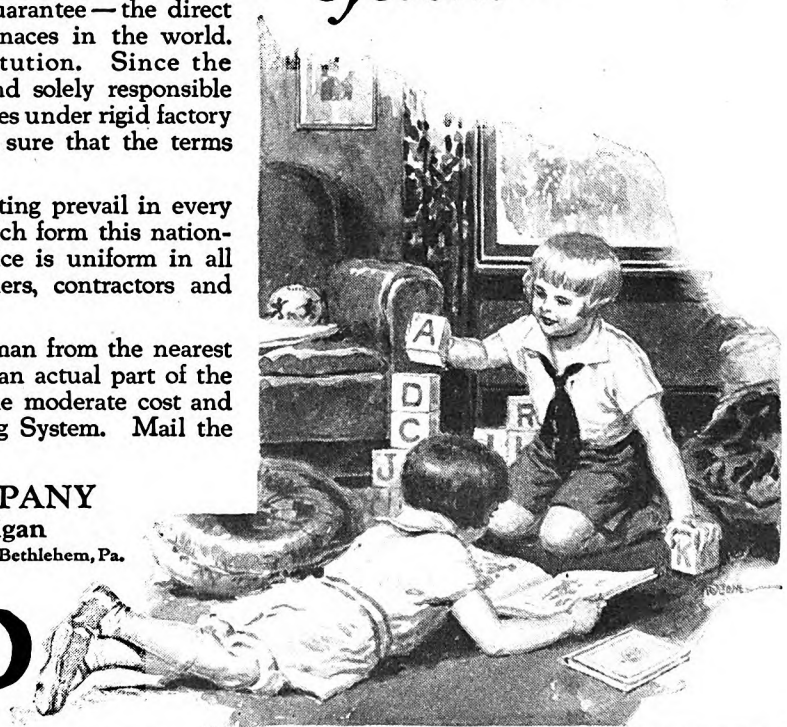

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

We Never Solve To-day a Problem That Can Wait a Week

IN EVERY family there are likely to be some dissensions. A collection of individuals living in the intimacy of family life naturally come in for clashes of personality, not to mention worries both financial and personal.

I think we have worked out the problem of a tranquil existence in a practical manner. Our family consists of my husband; a daughter, seventeen; sons, sixteen and twelve; a little daughter, ten, and myself.

The rule of the household is to enjoy yourself in your own way so long as you don't infringe on the rights of others; and to save all arguments, difficulties of finance, or personal grievances, to be discussed at a family conference Saturday evening.

As the children grew from babyhood, they accepted the family routine naturally, and took their places in the group. The result was that they learned to recognize the difference between irritating incidents of no concern and essential problems.

From the first, they were encouraged to be perfectly frank in conference. Matters brought up for discussion have never been regarded as a basis for punishment, so there has been no fear on their part.

When a quarrel or a personal grievance has to be put in cold storage a week, it is likely to die a natural death. I have often heard snatches of conversation like this: "You mean thing, I'll tell Father and Mother at conference!" But somehow conference is seldom burdened with tattling tales. If a grievance is real enough to last a week, or the better part of a week, it is worth discussing.

THE children have their own allowances and I have mine. On Saturday night, the family budget is reviewed, and I make up my accounts.

When children are permitted to talk over difficulties on an equal footing with their elders, they learn to discuss matters calmly, and generally with a good deal of self-control and a sense of justice.

Generally Saturday afternoon is a free time for all the family. My husband and I usually go to the Country Club for golf, or some other diversion, and of course the children have their own interests. They feel free to bring friends home for Saturday night dinner. And when the fun is over, everyone is in a relaxed and happy mood to straighten out the weekly tangles.

Conference begins with all the family present. After the children have had their say, they leave Father and me in the library, and we go over bills, or any question of policy we wish to discuss.

A session may sound something like this:

"How goes it, Elizabeth?"

"I'm terribly short of money, Mother and Dad. I just had to have a new pair of slippers for the dance Thursday. I charged them, and I want to ask if I may pay for one shoe this week, and the other one next?

I know Elizabeth is conscientious about money, so I say, "As the slippers are charged, leave them until the first of the month, dear. That will be easier for you."

"And, Dad," Elizabeth goes on. "I've decided I want to be a nurse. If I take chemistry now I can begin training when I'm eighteen."

"No college, Sis?" Father says. "Let's talk it over from start to finish, you and Mother and I. Say, Monday night. That all right for you?"

"Yes, Dad." And Elizabeth leans back in her chair.

"Well, Don?"

"I smashed one light on the flivver, Dad. I charged it at the garage."

"Your fault, Don?" asks Father.

"No sir, not on your life. A girl was coming 'round a corner. I guess she hadn't been driving long and she lost her head."

"All right; the bill stands, then. Anything else?"

Don hesitates. "Dad, I wish I could have more allowance. Honestly, it just flies. I hate to ask, but only until summer. Bill and I want to go off together, and get a job."

"Do you know what you want to do?" Father asks.

"Not definitely," Don says; "but we have several schemes."

"Get all the facts and decide just what you want to do, and then we'll see. Personally, I think it's a good plan. Do you, Mother?"

Of course I foresee what it all means. Don going off on his own, soon college, then business. But I don't say what I think. I only say, "It is natural for you to want to earn some money. About more allowance now. What do you say, Father?"

"If Don has more, I ought to!" bursts in Elizabeth.

"And if you both do, the kiddies will have to have their pay raised." And Father grins. "Leave it until we've been over the budget, and we'll give you the verdict next week. All right?"

Don nods, and he is through for the week.

"Sonny?"

"Rotten report," Sonny sighs. "Honestly, I don't know how it got that way. But it will be better next month, truly."

"Anything on your mind, Lou?"

"Not this week," Louise says gleefully, and everyone laughs.

WHEN the children leave us, we go over the budget for the week, decide that the children should have a little more all 'round, although we may not do as much housecleaning and painting as we hoped.

"Even if they do have more allowance," I say, "there has never been a time when we had to economize that the children weren't willing to do their share, has there?"

"Never," John agrees. "Great firm, this family, nice junior partners."

MRS. A. D. S.

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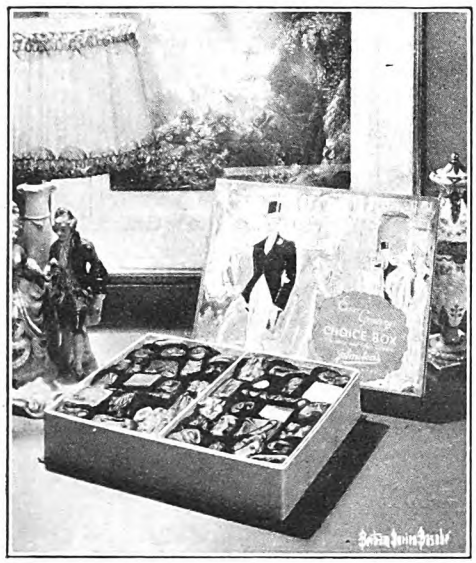

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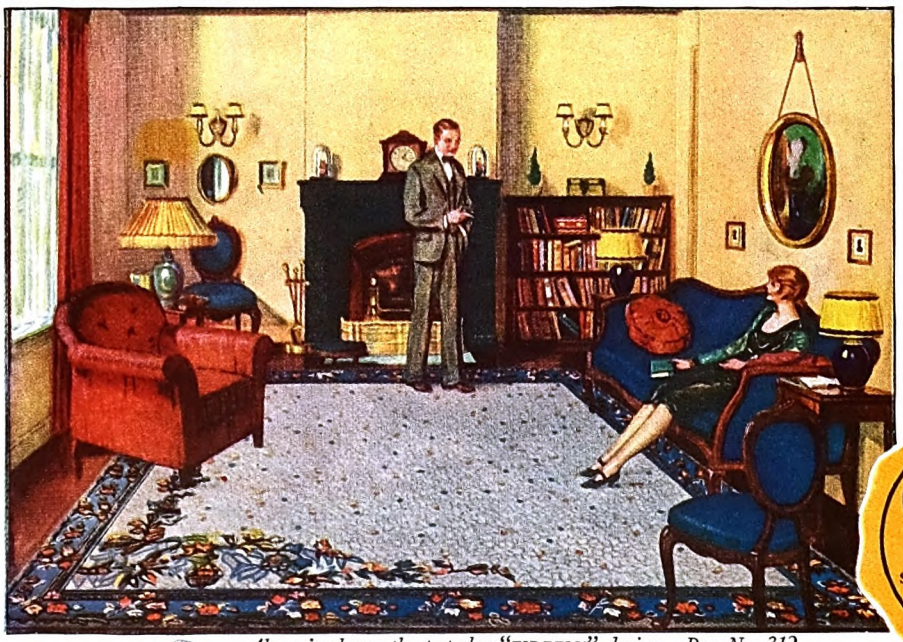

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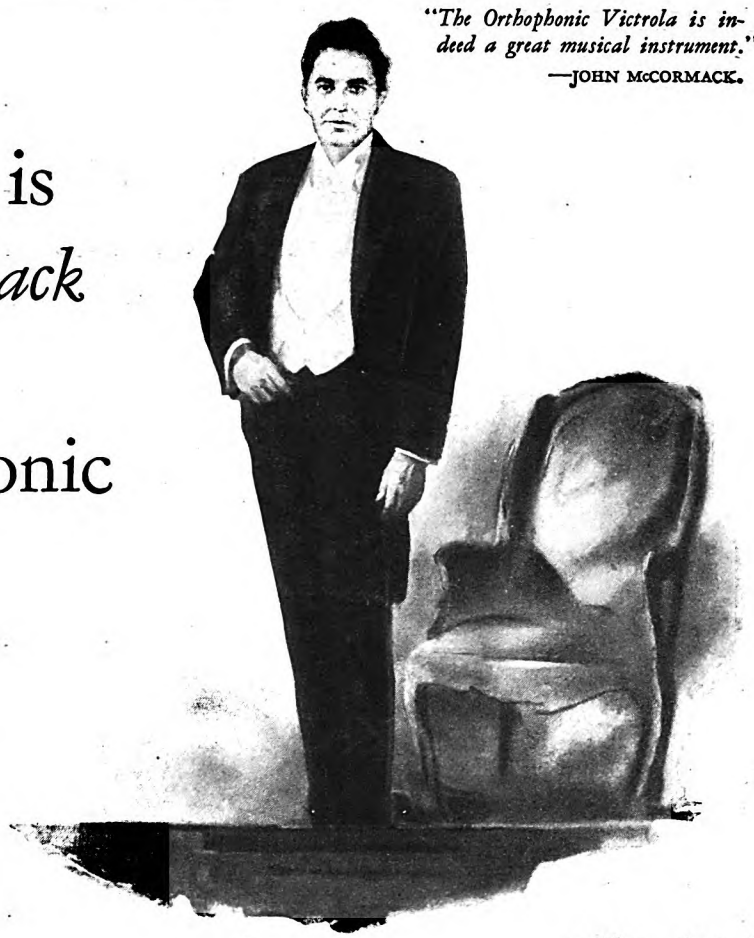

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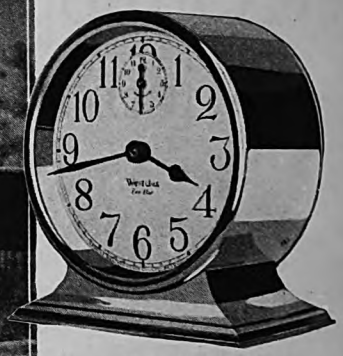

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The American Magazine

May, 1927

MERLE CROWELL, *Editor*

JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Managing Editor*

Vol. CIII

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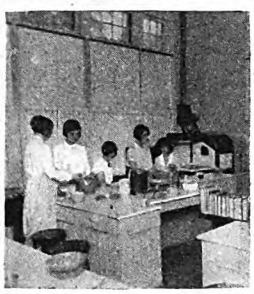

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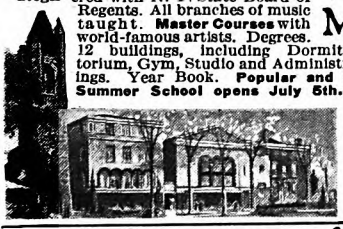

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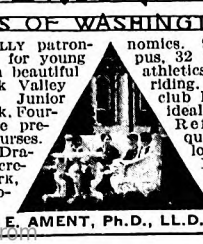

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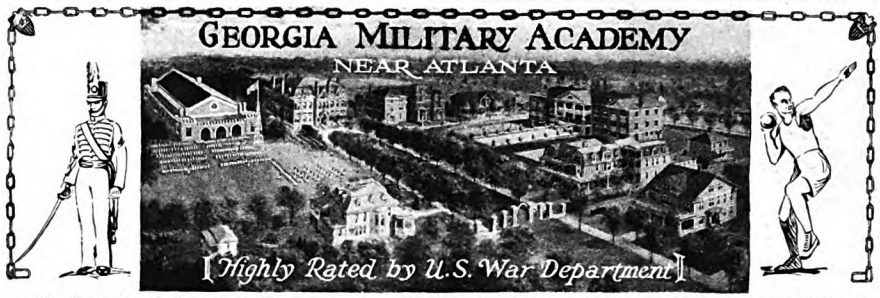

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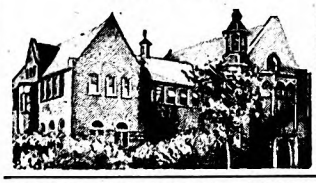

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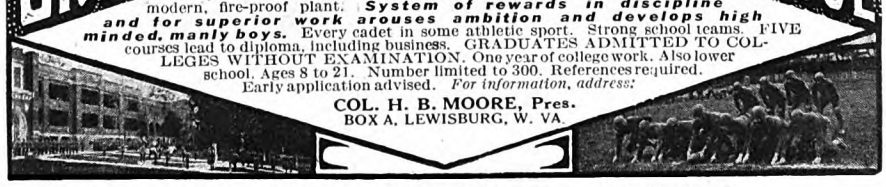

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS CONTINUED ON PAGES 208-209

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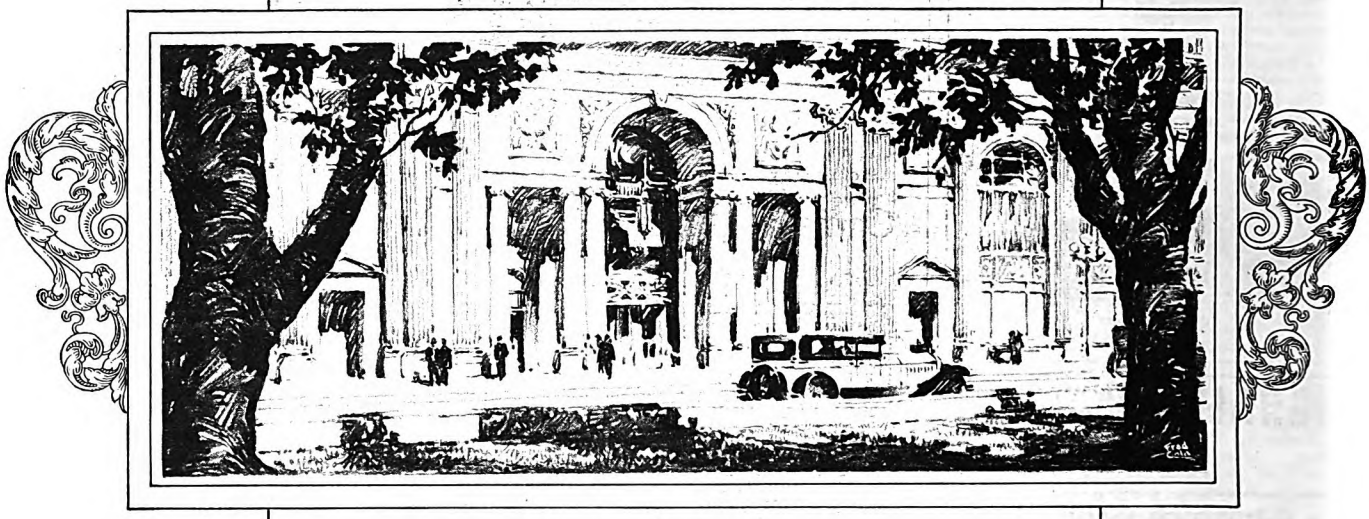

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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Was Beauty's ransom ever so modest?

WE know two cousins, whose names might be Joan and Elsie.

Their incomes are equal. Both have long been accustomed to the best that life affords. But Joan's hats, which cost all the way from nothing to five dollars apiece, are always as smart as Elsie's at twenty-five dollars. Joan's complexion, smooth and pink as peach blossoms, happens to cost her only a few cents a week, whereas Elsie positively refuses to tell how many dollars she spends on beauty-treatments, lotions, creams and imported soaps.

Joan's soap, for instance, is just as fine, just as pure, just as gentle as Elsie's costly treasures. White, too—Joan considers a white soap daintier.

Yet this smartly turned-out soap of hers—as distinctive as her quite sophisticated five-dollar hats — costs the enormous sum of five cents!

Its name? Guest Ivory. White, pure, gentle, honest, as Ivory has been for nearly half a century.

And—with its delicate modeling, its smoothly-rounded edges, its rich cleansing lather—fit for a princess.

Joan always buys three cakes of Guest Ivory at a time, so as to have a fresh cake on hand whenever a princess arrives unexpectedly.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

For the face and hands
As fine as soap can be

5¢ 99 44/100% Pure
It Floats

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
May, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

Beginning

"Scotch Valley"

A story you will never forget

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessèd—they know the angels are on their side.
They know in them is the Grace confessèd, and for them are the Mercies multiplied.
They sit at the Feet—they hear the Word—they see how truly the Promise runs;
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—the Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons. —RUDYARD KIPLING.

THIS was not the sort of country James Gladden liked. He was accustomed to the black soil, the rich, hardy vegetation of New England, the spread of elms, the dusty freshness of clover fields, the cleansing sweep of thunder showers and gray northeasters driving in from the sea.

This soil was baked and cracked, the color of dried mud. There was no "give" to it. The road crossed wide fields of parched grain and, climbing a treeless hill, dipped down, out of sight.

No shade, anywhere. A row of giant eucalyptus with ragged, fluttering vegetation offered no more than a faint tracery of shadow. Fallen brown leaves pulverized beneath Gladden's feet, turned into peppery dust, and sent up a faint aromatic odor.

He trudged ahead, shifting his heavy suit case from one hand to the other. The white glare of sky hurt his eyes. He was homesick. No, not homesick. He had no home. Perhaps he was scared. A hollow feeling at the pit of his stomach reminded him that he was already embarked upon the strangest adventure of his life.

It was known as Scotch Valley. Ten miles long, perhaps a mile and a half wide, it lay between low, yellow hills—an uneven floor broken by the dry bed of what once may have been a river, but was now a bone heap of bleached stones, presenting the mockery of concrete bridges wherever the highroad crossed from the township side to the farms on Mount Soledad's dry slopes.

The driver of the big gray bus that had brought Gladden from Los Angeles sensed his disappointment.

"In winter, after the hard rains," he said, "this country is green. Then it don't look unlike Scotland. At least, the first settlers thought so. They named it."

"Do you like it out here?"

"Sure. So will you, after a year or two. Couldn't see it, myself, at first. The sunshine got on my nerves. 'Gosh,' I said to myself, 'I wish it would rain.' Back in Kansas, it rains

She was so little, so skinny, so husky-voiced; she might have been another Pete, another Nancy

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in summer, off and on. But here! Gosh! It rains once a year. And then it rains four months, steady!" He brought the bus to a halt.

"Here's your road. Scotch Valley. Good Luck—Californian!"

He grinned, and the big gray monster, flat, wide, like a beetle with hips, purred smoothly away.

"Scotch Valley," Gladden said aloud. He put the suit case down and mopped his face. "Good lord!"

He didn't know exactly what he had expected. Cowboys, perhaps. A don on a silver-trapped pinto. The jingle of dreams. Well, this was reality. Sun. Hills like melons. Heat. And dust. And the promise he had made to Fred Smith, over in France, driving him on to do a foolish thing.

A small car careened toward him in a cloud of dust. Gladden waved both arms.

"Hey! Stop a minute!"

The driver leaned sideways out of a window.

"Wantta lift?"

"No, thanks. Where's Smith's farm?"

"Which Smith?"

"Fred."

"They're both Fred."

"Both?"

"There are two Fred Smiths in the Valley. At least, there *was*. Both of 'em's dead. Died over in France."

"*My* Fred Smith had a lot of kids. And no money at all."

"Then you mean the bunch at the ford. One mile from here, and across the river bed. You'll see planks laid down. Say, did you know? Mrs. Smith's dead."

"I didn't know."

"Yep. Died about six months ago, of some sort of fever. Now, I hear, the Mexican's sick."

"The Mexican?"

"The old man who works for 'em. If *he* goes, I guess they'll send the kids to the County Home."

GLADDEN had a sudden, profound sensation of panic, a sickness of the spirit that was like nausea, only that it was worse. He wanted to run. Sprint down that road in a cloud of dust of his own, forever away from Scotch Valley and reality. He was the sort of man who would like to be weak, but can get no fun out of it, after all. So he said:

"Thanks. I guess I can find them."

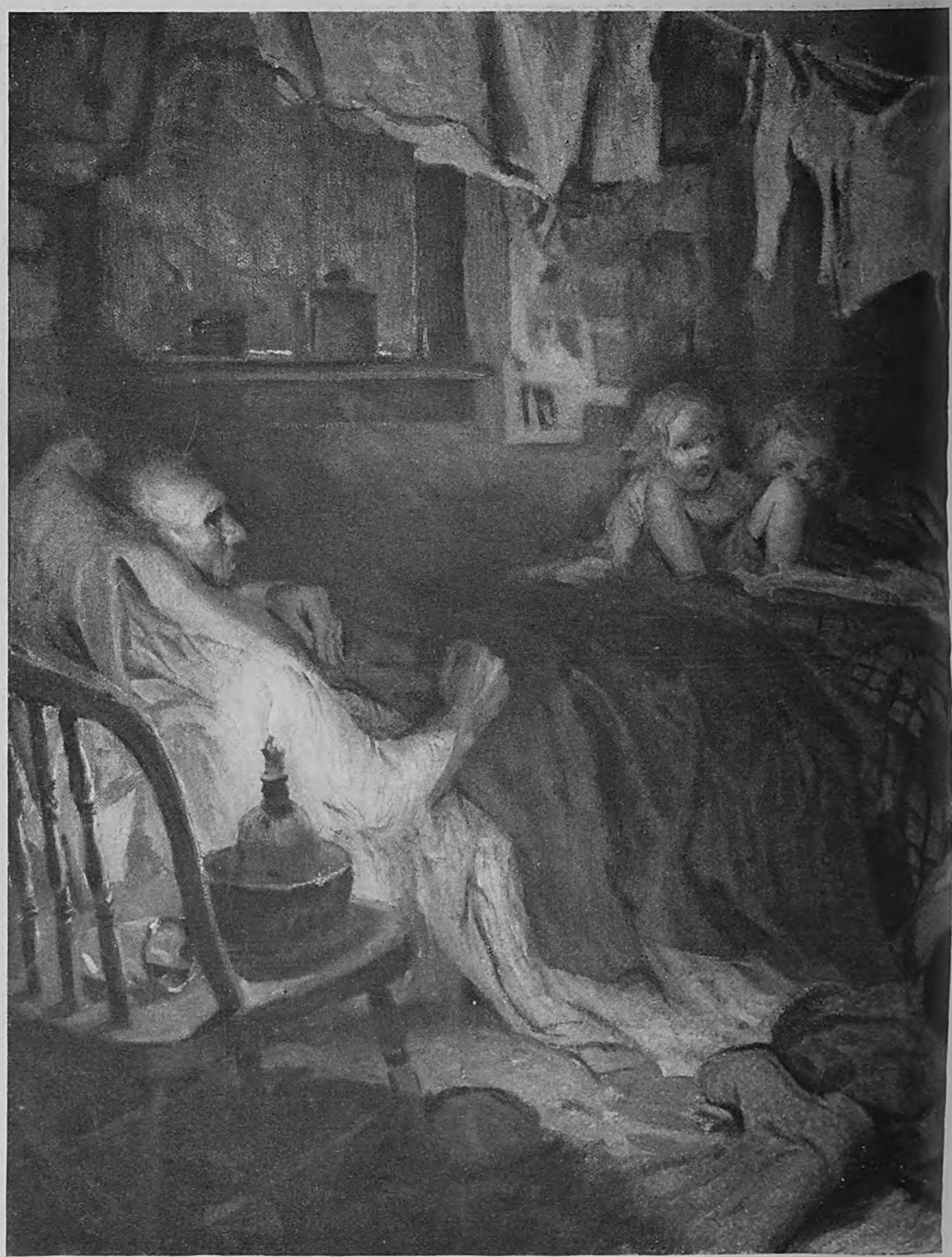
"Those kids will be glad to see someone. I'd take you back myself, only I'm on my way to 'Frisco."

Gladden picked up the heavy suit case and went forward. His shoes were already white, and sweat rolled down his face, streaking little paths in the dust. He wondered what had become of his collar. But then he wouldn't have any use for collars after to-day. A collar in a place like Scotch Valley would be carrying a love of finery too far.

"I'd better think this over," he said to himself. "It isn't too late to turn back. No one expects me. I mustn't be a fool. What was it I promised? And why? Now, put it very quietly and plainly, and see whether it means anything. Or am I just a fool, the victim of hereditary honor? Am I getting sentimental? Am I growing old?"

HE SAT down on a bank in the quivering shadow of a tree that had shed most of its bark. The bank was covered with stickers. Burrs fastened themselves to his clothes. Foxtails, quilled like minute porcupines, pierced his silk socks and pricked his ankles.

In New England, this would have been a lush, green bank overgrown with ferns,



Again Gladden heard that thin, wheezing sound, close at hand, behind a

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Queen Anne's lace, a profusion of small flowers. The stream, here a tantalizing reminiscence of water, would have slipped smoothly over the white stones with a voice full of laughter and promise. The insistent whispering of such streams! Gossip, gossip. And an overtone of silver bells, now here, now there. Why, in heaven's name, should all California rivers be dry in summer?

He stared off at the smooth, bare hills, beyond to a farther, fainter blue in a haze of heat. His mind went back.

The beginning: Armistice eve. But no one knew, then. That hell of noise, that featureless confusion, that effort, sweat, pain, fear, death, the same to-day as yesterday. As if war were a universal madness. As if the world had elected chaos as a state. Let's kill and be killed. Yet perhaps there had been rumors—arrows of hope, pinging through the lines. Here and there, men paused to wonder. Along the front, lapses—a dot and a dash. Held breath. "Have you heard anything?" Or a muttered, "Lord, no. It's worse than ever!"

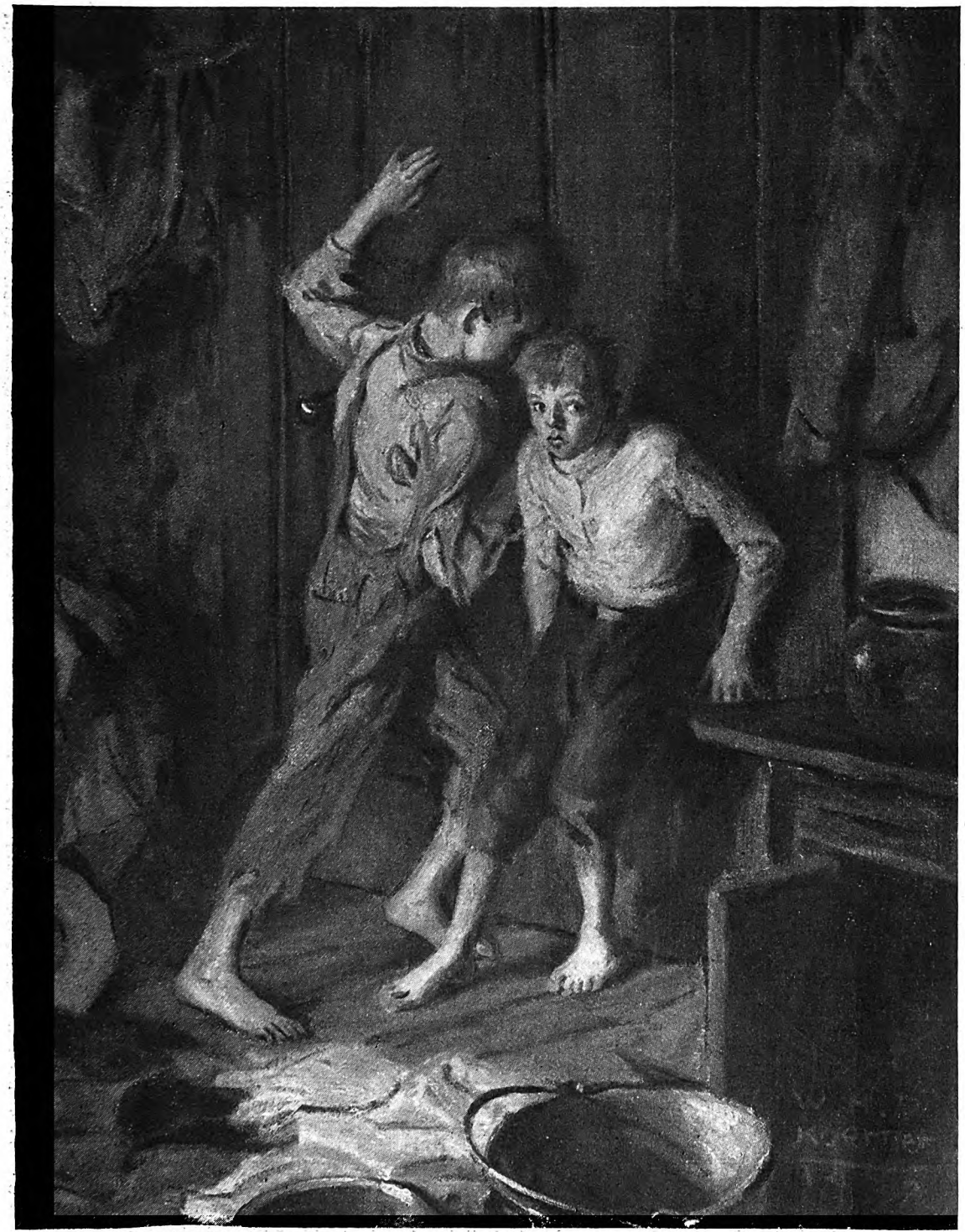
WHERE Gladden was—the Meuse—there had been no time for speculation that day.

Two bridges, the lower and the upper, for use that night, reached across forty yards of stream, joint by joint. Trucks, coming fast from Beaumont through the ravine, brought the sections. Men worked under fire. Fire sputtering and drumming from machine-gun nests across the river. Fire arching overhead. Frantic figures running, bending, grabbing and pulling, making identical gestures. Joint by joint, section by section.

A great, purposeless confusion of shells arched over them. White puffs, yellow smudges, black blurs, high, high, beyond reckoning, in the apex, hanging there, painted there. And the whir of invisible wings, the drum-drum of darting steel bodies.

One of those bridges was Gladden's mission, his job.

He may have had the flu. Or it may have been nerves; hunger; cold; fatigue. He worked all day through a confusing haze of fever: dry lips, dry palms, dry eyelids, and a pain at the base of his skull. He did not think of himself. The bridge had to go over. Troops had to cross. They were waiting in the rear. They thrust, invisible thousands, against the limitations of such flesh as his, and their impatience spit like viper tongues: "Let us over! Let us over!"



door that opened at last upon the strangest scene he had ever witnessed

GLADDEN drove his men. He lashed at them with irony, vituperation, humor, for an hour and thirty-five minutes that seemed like a lifetime. He saw them die. He saw the units swing uselessly to the current. The whole span jointed itself sideways, back to the bank. He saw his men wounded. He saw them laugh or shout or keep silently at the business as if the completion of this pontoon were the end and aim of all mankind.

"There had to be Smith," Gladden thought.

He pulled a brittle shaft of California grass and set it viciously between his teeth. "There's always a Smith," he mused. "The human element in the obscure reason for things. Man, the wrench in the machine. Or the blind god!"

Now, at dusk of that frantic last day of war, Smith had appeared at his elbow. A small, wiry,

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rough-haired man, with a habit of jerking his shoulders.

"Helluvaday, sir."

He saw that Gladden was weaving like a spent top. The heave and spin of pain and fever had made him groggy, unsteady. "Sick, sir? Better get back a while."

"Not yet."

"Things are fine. They say—"

He never imparted what it was they were saying. The word "peace" never passed his lips. "Damn the machine-guns!" he said bitterly.

Gladden looked. A hit. A big shell, this time. One of the units broke loose and drifted down-stream. And where a cloud of smoke and wreckage lifted, men struggled, writhed, fell.

Gladden started forward.

Confound the dizziness. He could hardly walk. His legs were light. His shoes seemed full of air. His head was as heavy as a flatiron. He tried to run, with Smith jogging at his elbow.

"Better wait, sir!"

Gladden hesitated, and the man darted ahead. Gladden sat down where he was, and for a horrible, concentrated moment surrendered to his own misery. He was sick at his stomach.

Night rolled out of the river like the cold fog. Six o'clock. Already dark. Night swallowed the running figure of Smith, going so light-heartedly toward fate. He seemed to run headlong into another flash, another detonation, another geyser of water and wreckage.

GLADDEN threw away the tasteless stalk of California grass, and pulled another to set between his teeth.

"I went after him too late," he thought. "That was it. I should have gone in the first place. It was *my* job."

He trusted Smith. Perhaps that was his excuse. He had seen a lot of him, first and last, at Saint-Mihiel, at Soissons, and again in Champagne. A little, skinny fellow, weatherbeaten, laconic, bandy-legged, who had, somehow, inspired trust. If things had been different, Smith might have climbed to the top of some ladder or other, back home. But things weren't different.

Smith, who had been alive, alert, confident, lay out there, face down, in a mess of blood and splinters.

Gladden picked him up. Groggy as he was, the idea that later dominated him was already pulsing like a soul toothache. That Smith had died because he let him die.

If that had been the end of it—

Gladden kicked at the hard, dry earth of Scotch Valley with both heels. "I suppose all my life I'll have to do things I hate doing, whether I want to or whether I don't. I'm not one of those escapers, who slip out of everything. It being me, Smith wasn't dead!"

And it being him, it had also to be the end of the war.

When Smith was hit, peace was being spoken of in high places.

Dawn had brought a beating of wings. Daylight had brought peace. The fever in Gladden's veins had receded before the mortal chill of realization: this is the end, and where has it got us? He wanted to wallow, like the others, in physical safety.

The lucky ones were glad to be alive. Some of them cheered. The more sober made coffee, when they could get it. Gladden took stock of what he had to be grateful for: Two legs, two hands, a head, ears. . . .

What he saw, that no one else seemed to see, appalled him. Physical safety was nothing, unless you were mentally sound. This war was going to leave humanity either addle-pated or infernally sane.

He had tried not to think about Smith: the futile snuffing out of a bright light, as if someone had stepped on a glow-worm for fun. Smith was gone. The only comfort there had been lay in the belief that a man in the middle of an explosion feels little or nothing. The lower bridge was across; troops were swinging over; undulating caterpillars of olive-drab headed toward the Rhine and the fruits of peace. Smith would go the other way, in a pine box.

BUT Smith wasn't dead. They had carried him back to Beaumont, and had, mercifully, left him there, since to move him would have no more than jogged the inevitable. And he wanted to see the Captain. Wanted to see him in the worst way. "And hurry," the message had come, "because I'm not going to last more'n an hour, and there's something I've got to say."

When Gladden at last stood by the bed in the great, shadowy hospital-tent, he could see nothing of Smith save the end of his nose, and a part of his mouth and one very black, intense eye, an eye in which all of that essence which is called life, ego, self, soul was concentrated like a ray of light.

That eye raked Gladden's face.

He turned his head the fraction of an inch, and whispered, "Captain, I want you to do something."

"I'll do anything. It was my fault. I let you go."

"That's all right. Only, things being as they are, I thought I'd put it up to you. Maybe you can help."

"I'll try."

"I left a wife and five kids back home. Things was almost fixed. Another year... Captain, they ain't got a cent!"

"What do you want me to do?"

The rush of breath in Smith's throat almost strangled him.

"See them through. Look out for them. Don't let anything happen to them."

"I promise. Where do they live?"

"Place called Scotch Valley in California . . . farm. . . . Oh, God, I can't finish!"

Gladden had stood by the bed repeating: "I promise. I promise," until the nurse led him away. "You're sick yourself," she said. "You'd better lie down. That's a good boy. You just come over here. . . . Steady, now!"

The nurse was a husky woman; but she couldn't hold him. He woke up, very much later, in bed, and he was terribly sick. He didn't much care whether there was war or peace, if only they'd give him enough water.

A double row of beds held similar victims, knees up, knees down, groaning, silent, each one fighting the enemy in his own way.

It did not occur to Gladden to be afraid of death. But he fought to live because he had a wife and five kids—a wife and five kids—the delirium pursued him, shaking ghoulish fingers, for ten

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days, leaving him as weak as a new-born child.

He had found his legs again in New York six months later.

No, Gladden was not free. The war was over, and he had come out of it with a whole skin, even if his mind promised to be bruised all the rest of his life.

He had, he supposed, made good. He had walked up Fifth Avenue in all the pride of a Sam Browne belt, gold chevrons and a wound stripe. But it was over. Now, there remained only the formality of checking out, and the future would be at his elbow, whispering, "Well, what do you intend to do with me?"

Gladden's Uncle Steven had already sketched a rough plan. He would set him up in business as soon as he was ready to start.

"What have you been doing since you got back?" Uncle Steven asked.

"Oh, I took in a symphony. A Rachmaninoff concert. Saw one or two shows. Rode up and down on a bus with a girl I used to know."

"That's all?"

"That's all. They didn't change New York much while we were over there. Sometimes I wonder what it was all about. Here I am, home again; and I go to the theatre and listen to 'Siegfried' and get the same sensation of sad pleasure I had when I was a moon-calf. It's funny; but I don't seem to want to do much of anything except listen to music."

"Good lord," his uncle remarked.

"Oh, I'm not going to play the piano!" Gladden assured him.

"Your mother was a musician."

"And a good one!"

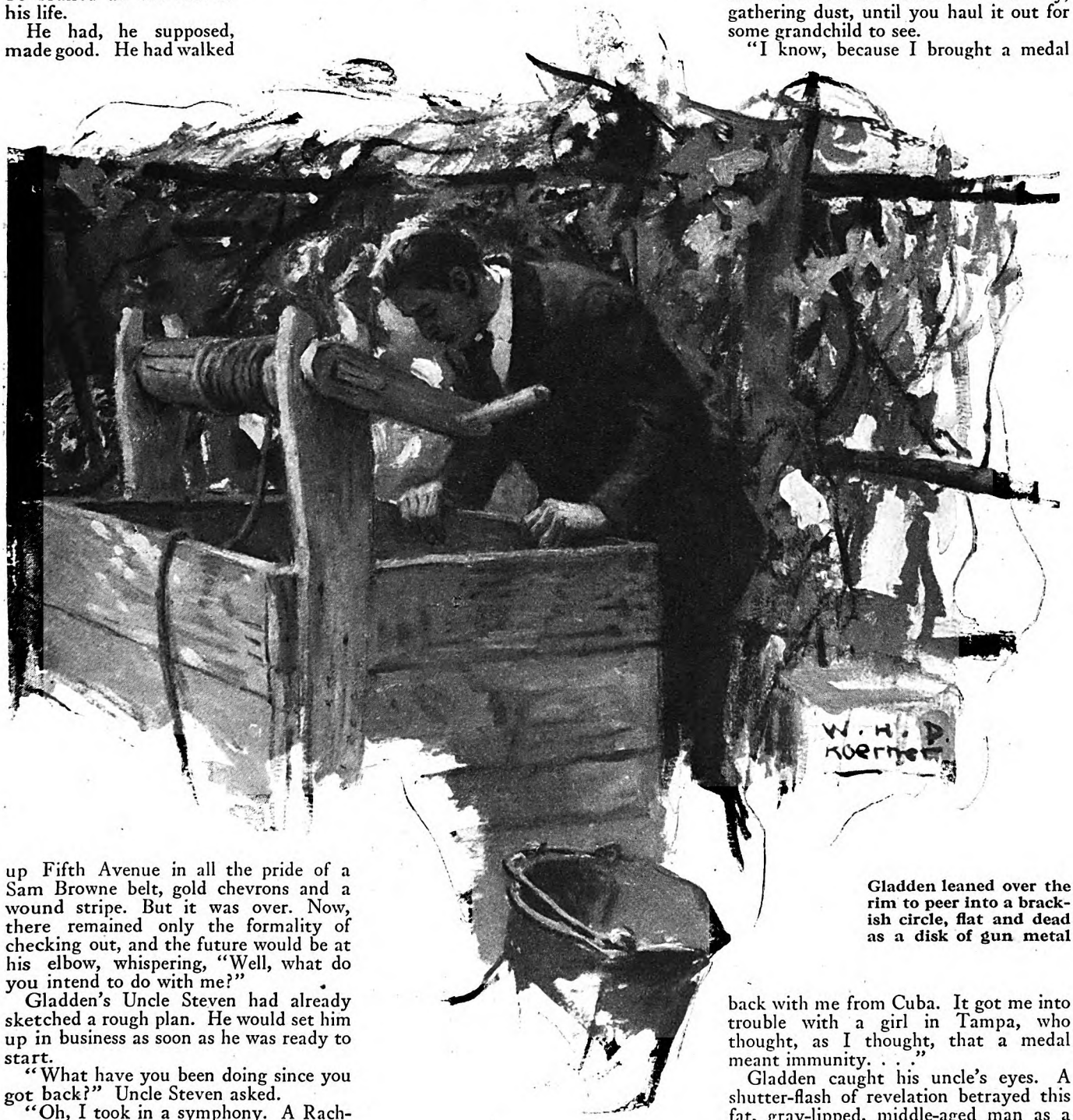
His uncle shifted a paper weight, as if to divert the young man's thoughts into a safer channel.

He suggested that Gladden begin at once the establishment of a secure future: Item one, an office; item two, contacts; item three, a job.

"I can manage the office," he said, "the first commission and the contacts—both political and personal. I'll send important men your way. Make a success of the first job, and the rest will be easy. I promised your father that I would do this for you as soon as you were out of college.

"War delayed somewhat the fulfillment of my promise. But the war is over. I advise you not to fall into the habit of loafing. It wasn't a nice war—no war is—but you can forget it if you want to. In two or three years, a Croix de Guerre with palm will cease to attract impressionable women. You will pack yours away in a steamer-trunk and there it will stay, gathering dust, until you haul it out for some grandchild to see.

"I know, because I brought a medal back with me from Cuba. It got me into trouble with a girl in Tampa, who thought, as I thought, that a medal meant immunity. . . ."



Gladden leaned over the rim to peer into a brackish circle, flat and dead as a disk of gun metal

Gladden caught his uncle's eyes. A shutter-flash of revelation betrayed this fat, gray-lipped, middle-aged man as a lover caught in the bitter-sweet lassitude of victory and release from death. With young love in his arm, cuddling against him in the shadow of those almost-arcaded streets in Tampa. A soldier with a medal.

Gladden smiled. "I see what you mean."

"How about the Architects' Building? Lots of engineers are finding it a good location. I'll give you a year's start. Then you come to me again, and report. I don't want to spy on you, or to make suggestions. (*Continued on page 180*)

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Is College Worth Four Years Out Of Your Boy's Life?

"Fully half the boys whom well-meaning parents send to college would be better off, in all likelihood, if they had never come!" declares Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, president of Brown University—In this article he gives seven questions for a boy to ask himself before deciding upon college

By William S. Dutton

AT THIS moment, in this country, there is a vast, earnest army of parents imbued with a single ambition, and striving hard for one common end; and that end is that they may be able, when the time comes, to send their children to college.

It is a growing army. To-day, it probably numbers several millions. Its recruits are being drawn from every street and every farm valley—and there is many a battle against need, many a sacrifice along its front.

The man of business stands in its ranks; once poor, now he is prosperous, and he wants his sons and daughters to enjoy those advantages of books which, as a boy, he lacked. The machinist, the bookkeeper, the farmer, are there. The mother of three, who is saving from her back, her table, and her play; the father who is working nights and wearing last year's suit; the widow who has mortgaged her home, "that Jack might go to college"—these are there, and perhaps you.

"Laudable!" you say.

"Tragic!" was the word used by Dr. William H. P. Faunce, who for twenty-eight years has been president of Brown University, and who, both as teacher and as administrator, has watched thousands of college men come and go.

"Our common belief," said Doctor Faunce, "that college training is suited to every boy, and that every boy is suited to college, is one of the truly great tragedies of American life to-day! Fully *half* of the boys whom these well-meaning parents send to college would be better off, in all likelihood, if they never had come!"

College is a factor in our daily lives which directly or indirectly touches almost all of us. We may have children to send to college, or who are debating the question of college. We may be thinking of going to college ourselves. In business, if we are not college men, we are in competition with associates who are. The college-trained man himself often debates in his mind the benefits of his college training, even though at the same time his boy, following his example, is in college.

Just who should go to college? Who would be better off by staying away and getting his education through other sources, and what sources? Who of us is, and who of us is not, of the college type of mind, capable of being benefited by college training in proportion to the value of effort, time, and money expended to get it? How can we settle this problem for ourselves, and for our children?

I went to Doctor Faunce with these questions, for they sum up one of the great educational perplexities of the present day. We are more prosperous than has been any people in history. Families who never thought of it before are sending boys to universities; and we have gained the notion that every boy who can go to college should go, and that the only test of his fitness is the entrance examination and the ability of his parents, or himself, to pay his way.

IN consequence, many of our colleges are overcrowded. They have spent millions for more buildings, teachers, and equipment, and still are overcrowded. Thousands of boys are, of necessity, being turned away, to give up the college idea altogether, or to drift into untried institutions.

"The trouble," Doctor Faunce repeated, "is not so much that we are sending too many boys to college, but that we are sending too many of the wrong kind of boys. It is a situation unfair both to the colleges and to the boys."

Brown University, at Providence, Rhode Island, which Doctor Faunce heads, incorporated in 1764, is one of the oldest and most famous of New England universities. President Faunce, in turn, is one of the most eminent of American educators. He holds degrees conferred by ten colleges, including both Harvard and Yale. He is the author of various books of note, is known as an orator, and for ten years was pastor of the famous Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of New York City. Now in his sixty-ninth year, for two thirds of his life he has been studying men, college men especially.

"Now, please (*Continued on page 217*)

The Two Things College Endeavors to Give

"MONEY, opportunity, and the mere ability to obtain an entrance certificate or pass an entrance examination are not tests of college fitness," declares Doctor Faunce; "nor is the desire of a parent for a college-trained son any evidence of the son's fitness. Colleges do not confer degrees for athletic prowess. Their aim is not to grant badges of social and commercial prestige. They do not create capacity for understanding, but demand it. They are not designed for the purely practical-minded, nor for the youth who desires merely to do, rather than to think and comprehend.

"As I told our Brown students a few years ago the young man who enters college should come seeking two main things: First, horizon, and, second, mastery. These two things the college endeavors to give.

"Most of us enter college with an experience that is real but extremely limited. We have lived in our own back yard and seldom looked over the fence. To enlarge that horizon until it covers all lands and centuries, until it covers the great domains of literature, science, history, philosophy, and art, is the first object of college training. To know something of everything!

"The other main object is to give the student mastery of some one subject. Breadth of horizon is not enough—a man may be so broad that he is flat. There is no intellectual joy quite so great as the sense of having mastered some one corner of the world's knowledge. To know everything of something, and so master it, ought to be the second great aim of college training."

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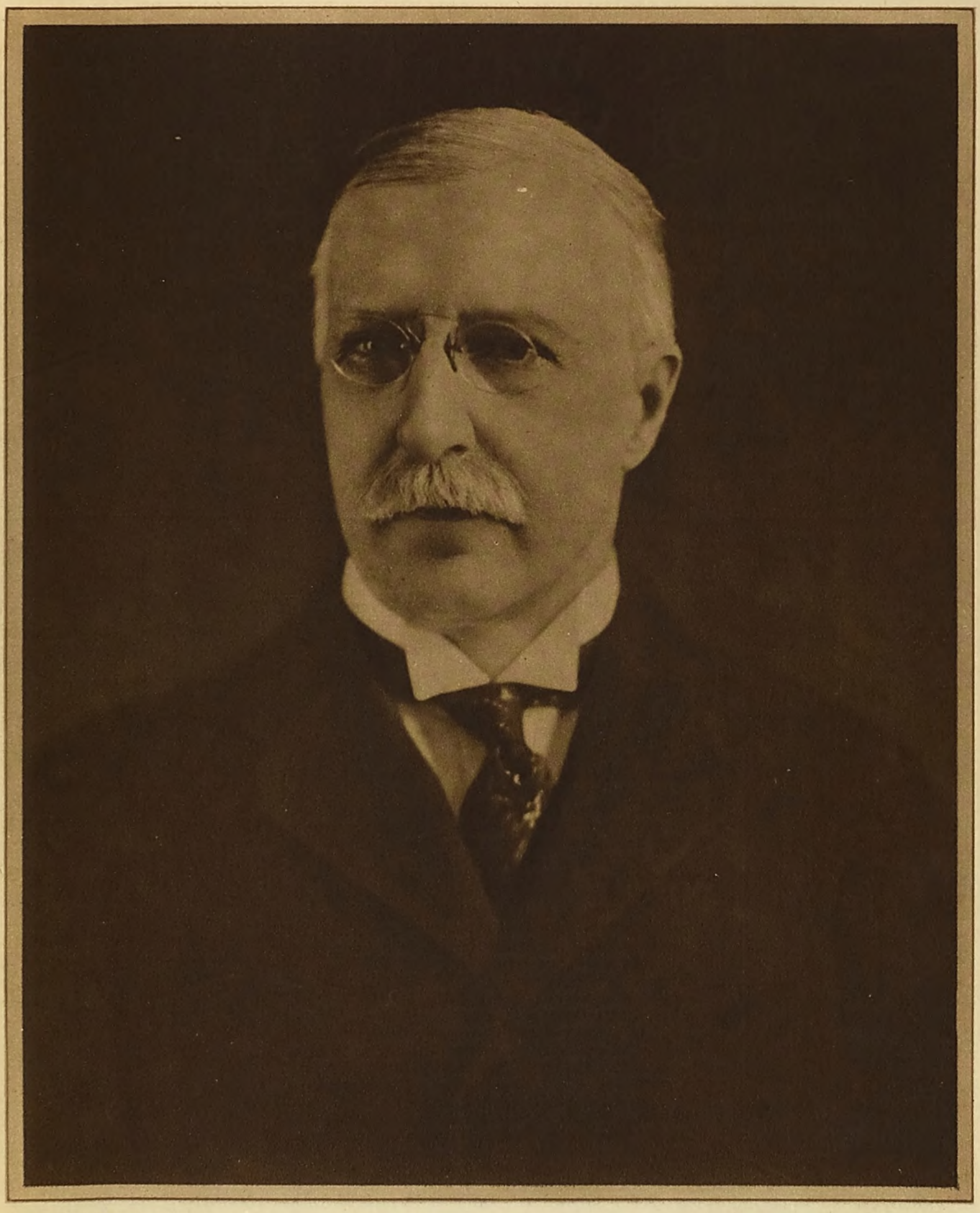

Photograph by Bachrach

Dr. William H. P. Faunce

FOR twenty-eight years Doctor Faunce has been president of Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, one of the oldest and best known American universities. Before taking up his duties at Brown, he was for five years pastor of the State Street Baptist Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, and for ten years pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, one of the leading churches of New York City. His books include "The Educational Ideal in the Ministry," "What Does Christianity Mean," "Social Aspects of Foreign Missions," "Religion and War," and "The New Horizon of State and Church." Doctor Faunce was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, sixty-eight years ago.

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Peggy Hoyt

MISS HOYT is one of America's foremost fashion creators. She was only seventeen when she decided that she wanted to be a designer of hats and gowns. Apprenticing herself to a well-known milliner, she spent two years in his workroom, learning the minute details of construction. She then borrowed three hundred dollars and opened a tiny cubbyhole of a shop of her own. That was fifteen years ago. She now occupies all of a handsome four-story house just off the east side of upper Fifth Avenue. Last year, Peggy Hoyt, Incorporated, did a business of more than a million dollars. In private life Miss Hoyt is Mrs. A. L. Eads. She was born in Saginaw, Michigan.

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Clothes Don't Make The Woman But They Help A Lot

Peggy Hoyt, who for twelve years has been in the business of capitalizing women's "good points" in their dress, says that men are the best judges of what looks well on a woman—Advice to the woman who wishes to be well dressed on a small outlay

By Mildred Harrington

IT WAS Sunday morning in a junior girls' boarding-school in New Jersey. Outside, the sun was shining and church bells were ringing. Inside, in the big, homelike hall, a group of girls in pretty frocks gathered for the informal procession to the morning service. They were chattering and laughing, happy in the importance of being dressed up for a special occasion.

But in an alcove, shrinking behind a heavy curtain, one little girl—a slender sprite of eight with a pair of fine, serious eyes—was not happy. Indeed, she was quite miserable. And she was miserable for a very feminine reason: she hated the ugly, somber dress she wore. Ugly clothes did something to her spirit; they took away her wings. This morning she waited until the other girls had gone. Then she crept out and followed them to church.

It was like that almost every Sunday morning.

The child hungered for beauty, as a starving man hungers for food. A gorgeous sunset or a becoming frock set something inside her free. Certain colors made her want to sing and dance. But she had to take out her love for beautiful clothes in designing costumes for her large family of paper dolls. Her mother, who worked very hard in New York City in order to send her little daughter to a good school, could afford neither the time to make pretty dresses nor the money to buy them.

All this took place twenty-odd years ago.

To-day the little girl who was unhappy because she had to wear ugly clothes is said to be one of the best-dressed women in New York City. She ought to be, for her name is Peggy Hoyt, and she is one of the foremost fashion creators in the world. Wherever smartly-turned-out women congregate, there Peggy Hoyt hats and frocks may be seen.

Miss Hoyt is one of the few Americans recognized as rivals by the great Parisian houses. Indeed, she has made the French follow her lead in several notable instances. For one thing, she got the entire world out of the somber black clothes which the French dressmakers had made the mode. She simply used pastel colors until they were established in popular favor.

The other day I talked to Miss Hoyt in her smart shop in the East Fifties. She told me the Sunday morning incident I have just told you.

"It may seem a bit far-fetched," she said to me, "but I honestly believe that these early experiences of mine marked the beginning of my present passion for making people look their best. I began to study the appearance of the folks I met. And from the start, I was more interested in grown-ups than I was in my contemporaries. I was forever picking out women, and saying to myself, 'Mrs. Brown's hat is pretty, but it isn't becoming to her,' or, 'Miss Jones ought to give that dress to the tall Smith girl.' And immediately I would start planning a dress that would *belong* to Mrs. Brown, or a frock that would make plump little Miss Jones look taller and thinner.

"To-day, after twelve years of designing hats and gowns, I know that many a woman who is considered plain could look positively beautiful if she only knew how to choose the things she wears.

"Deep down in her heart, every woman yearns to appear beautiful—at least in the eyes of those who are dear to her. For that matter, no man is above wanting to look his best. This is right. In fact I sometimes think that we are morally responsible for the appearance we present. And right here, let me tell you something important which may sound queer coming from a designer of fashions, but which I know is true because I've tested it out on myself and hundreds of others. Here is my secret: Genuine kindliness of heart is the best possible beautifier. The most perfect hat in the world cannot lend loveliness to a selfish face. But, on the other hand, the effect of a lovely face can be sadly marred by a badly chosen hat."

TWELVE years ago, Miss Hoyt borrowed three hundred dollars and opened a tiny place on Fifth Avenue to sell the hats which she made. Last year, "Peggy Hoyt, Incorporated," did a business of more than a million dollars. The Hoyt establishment is on an exclusive side street just off the Avenue. It keeps several hundred employees busy.

Every one of the hundreds of hats and gowns shown in the Peggy Hoyt shop is designed by Miss Hoyt. She sews a label into a garment with the same pride which an artist in another field experiences when he signs a painting. Her shop is frankly expensive. She caters especially to the woman who can spend a great deal of money on her clothes. But, she points out, the principles underlying the art of good dress hold true, no matter what the price tag on a garment.

"As a small child," Miss Hoyt told me, "I had all the pretty frocks that any little girl could wish. Then, when I was five, we lost everything we had, and for a long time before his death, which came a few years later, Father was ill and unable to resume his business. Mother made up her mind to get a job at once. She decided to leave Saginaw, Michigan, which had been her home for years, and come to New York City. Here, she believed, she would have a better chance to get work which would eventually lead to more than a bare living. Also, she foresaw the educational advantages I would have in a great city.

"MOTHER'S training was simply that of any well-brought-up young woman of her day. She had been taught that her job in life was to make a home for a husband and children. She had always had a sufficient income and she had learned to spend it so as to get the maximum return for her money. Otherwise, she was as innocent of business training as I was.

"Inevitably, she found New York unwilling to bid very high for her services. Indeed, there were several weary weeks in which there was no bidding at all. And then one day, when our landlady was getting a little more urgent about the rent than was comfortable, Mother landed a job as comparison shopper for one of the largest department stores in town.

"Her duties were simple but very fatiguing. Every morning, a little after nine, she set out to make a round of the other smart shops catering to the same class of shoppers as that served by the store which employed her. She examined goods and prices, and in the late afternoon she returned to her own shop and made a report on her findings. The work was exacting; but the pay was fairly good and Mother saw in the job that opportunity for advancement for which she was always on the alert. That she made good, you may judge for yourself: she eventually became one of the highest-salaried European buyers for the store with which she started in such a humble way.

"But the upward climb was difficult and slow. How (*Continued on page* 72)

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The Feud In Hell's Kitchen

And how it ended in the hold of a ship

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

MR. GLORY LAWSON, of Hell's Kitchen, New York, elevated himself to a sitting posture and glared peevishly at his friend.

"If you don't quit beatin' around the bush," he promised severely, "I'll pulverize you."

Eddie Grogan placed his cigarette on the table and put out a restraining hand.

"Ain't you got even a lick of sense, Glory? Can't you tell when a feller is serious? An' I guess you ain't gonna pulverize nobody, let alone me."

"But, listen,"—Glory Lawson rose to his feet, better displaying the amazing purples and reds of his lounging robe—"you come up here an' talk about me goin' to work. Work! Eddie, how do you expect me to listen patient?"

"I didn't say work," explained Mr. Grogan painstakingly. "I said I an' you was gonna take a job longshorin' at the Trans-Oceanic pier."

Glory shook his head. "What do I want to work as a longshoreman for," he queried, "if there ain't no stealin' to be done?"

"Oh, there's plenty reasons! There's a feller workin' on that particular job. Workin' as a watchman."

Glory's expression altered abruptly. The eyes became narrow-lidded; there was a tightening around the corners of the lips and a reflex clenching of fists.

"Not Dave Kerry?" he inquired venomously.

Eddie nodded. "Him, an' no other. An' that ain't all." Already Glory was shedding the rainbow robe. "He's watchin' alone in hatch number two."

Glory Lawson whistled softly. "Some men," he declared, "have got more nerve than sense."

Eddie Grogan smiled. It was a slow, crooked smile, which raised the corners of his mouth and decorated his pudgy face with an expression of sinister joviality.

"When do we work?"

"To-morrow. For one day only." Glory bustled about the room, assembling his clothes. "Dave Kerry watchin' alone in the hold! Of all the luck—" Suddenly he paused and gazed solemnly at his friend: "Listen, Eddie! What you reckon Dave Kerry's widow would prefer—carnations or lilies?"

IT WAS neither chance nor the spirit of adventure which had brought Ellen Mabry to New York two years before. She was a small-town girl, delectably pretty and quite convinced that opportunities for advancement in her native city were decidedly less than nonexistent. There were too many personable young men in that particular city who knew perfectly well that she concocted wheat cakes and sinkers behind the gleaming window of a white-front restaurant. And, somehow, they seemed unanimously averse to becoming publicly identified with a young lady so prominent.

Ellen's eyes widened apprehensively as she sensed the hostility which was flaming between her two acquaintances

And so, while it was not chance that brought Ellen to New York, it was perhaps chance which eventually caused her to drift into a job as waitress in the Coffee Pot.

Her ignorance of New York was indicated by the fact that she accepted a position in that section of the city which bears the colorful title of "Hell's Kitchen." It was not until several months had elapsed that Ellen learned that the section in which she labored bore that sobriquet—and by that time she had become acclimated. The only impression made upon her during the first fortnight of work was that the Coffee Pot was by no means a first-class restaurant, and that the men who flocked in at noon for coffee and pie and other atrociously indigestible foods were inclined to be a trifle uncouth.

Ellen Mabry was young and unafraid. It was really quite thrilling to one who had never been closer to the ocean than the modest lake near her home town, to gaze through the sometimes clean window and see the gaunt masts and the funnels of huge liners.

AS TO the men who frequented the place they were many, and the clothes they wore were neither picturesque nor clean. Nor did they seem overly partial to razors or other sartorial refinements. They were short men mostly; men of bulging muscles and stodgy features, although there were a few of distinctly different type who also wore the habiliments of longshoremen.

She was interested in these particular men. They were longshoremen, and yet they were not longshoremen. For one thing, they garbed themselves at night in the very best of Eighth Avenue style, and they wore diamonds. She puzzled about this: the wage of a longshoreman is not of gem-purchasing proportions, and in those early days of her career Ellen knew nothing of the thievery along the water front which has served in recent years to convert many able gangsters into earnest business men.

IT WAS not until Glory Lawson came into her life that she separated any single one of them from the crowd, and the chances are she wouldn't have done that had she not heard one squint-eyed gentleman say to another as the debonair figure strolled insouciantly into the lunch-room, "That's Glory Lawson." He spoke with infinite respect, and Ellen followed the direction of his gaze. Her eyes met Glory's squarely, and it was she who looked away.

Then he was leaning across the counter, his black eyes flaming into hers, a thin, sardonic smile on his lips: "Where you been all my life, sister?"

"Just waiting," she countered. "Just waiting for you to show up."

"Well, here I am. I catch 'em young, treat 'em rough, an' don't tell 'em nothin'." He nodded toward the young gentleman standing beside him, a man considerably shorter but decidedly heavier. "I wantcha to meet my friend, Mr. Grogan, Eddie Grogan. Eddie, shake hands with Miss— Say, what did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say."

"Aw, c'mon, sister. How will I know who to ask for when I come around tonight?"

In spite of herself, she laughed: "If that's what's troubling you, big boy, I guess you might ask is Ellen Mabry at home."

And from that hour Mr. Lawson did Miss Mabry the honor of paying court to her, his intentions being by no means honorable.

Less than a fortnight later it became

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apparent that her views and his were radically at variance on a certain important topic. Mr. Lawson was not a believer in matrimony. Ellen explained briefly but positively that she was neither flattered nor complaisant, and Glory left in a state of utter bewilderment. Here was an experience new to him: a girl—not so durned awfully pretty, although kinda sweet-lookin'—had repulsed his advances. He wondered what the gang would think—when the gang knew perfectly well that he had marked Ellen out for his own.

Fighting and women are the only two things of importance in a gangster's life. And now Glory felt that he was to lose a considerable prestige by this rebuff at the hands of Ellen Mabry, a waitress. It was unthinkable! For three days he forbore to visit the little lunch-room; and in that time something else happened. It came to his ears through Eddie Grogan.

"Why ain'tcha been down to the Coffee Pot, Glory? You an' the kid ain't bust up, have you?"

"Uh-huh. Kinda. She's got funny ideas about marriage."

Eddie whistled. "Gee! Ain't wimmin crazy? But maybe—" Eddie paused in obvious embarrassment.

"Spill it, Eddie."

"Well—I was kinda thinkin' that if you was really strong for that frail you'd better start hangin' around again."

"Why?"

"H-mm . . . tell the truth, Glory, she seems to have took up with another feller."

Mr. Lawson's face flushed. This was indeed adding insult to injury. "You don't mean it?"

"Yeh. An' that ain't all, either. He's a watchman!"

Glory Lawson flopped into a chair. "A watchman?" he breathed unbelievingly.

"Uh-huh. A Chelsea Protective man named Kerry."

Glory was incensed. It struck him as highly indecent that Ellen should have selected a watchman to indicate to him that she didn't care. "A cargo watchman!" he muttered. "Now, can you beat it?"

GLORY clad himself in his most marvelous raiment and was in the Coffee Pot shortly before the noon hour. Eleventh Avenue was a welter of trucks and traffic; the big piers hummed with activity. It was a clear, cool morning and two big steamers had just docked. Glory sauntered back to the counter where Ellen Mabry, fresh and white and somewhat frosty of eye, awaited him.

"'Lo, sister."

"Good morning, Mr. Lawson."

"Aw, can that formal stuff! I ain't Mister to you."

"Ain't you, though. I thought I said the other night that I didn't want to have nothin' more to do with you."

Then the door was flung wide open and the hungry longshoremen stormed in. First came the men Ellen knew should not be longshoremen: young fellows who

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greeted Glory respectfully, and whom he knew. Then the others—men whose interest in cargo handling was professionally limited to the eighty cents per hour they received from the boss stevedore. They were unpicturesque.

For perhaps ten minutes there was a wild surging around the counter, and the waitresses worked swiftly and deftly, manipulating the short orders. During this time both Ellen and Glory were acutely conscious of the fact that several of the Gophers were more than casually interested in the return of Glory Lawson to the hunt.

Finally, they were all served and the little arm chairs filled with munching men. Then there was a distinct gasp as the door opened and Dave Kerry entered.

DAVE KERRY was a watchman, yet he was different from most of his fellows. Glory, appraising him swiftly, wondered why the man was contented with the four dollars a day that the agency paid him. Dave didn't look like a four-dollar-a-day man; he was tall and lithe and quietly impressive. Glory Lawson's verdict was instant:

"Crook!" he catalogued Kerry. "If he wasn't in on some of the dock graft he'd be workin' somewheres else for more than four dollars a day."

But Kerry was not a crook. He was an easy-going sort of person who enjoyed this type of police work because it was a care-free, rather indolent existence. It was work which held promise of romance and certainty of excitement, and Dave Kerry was only one of thousands who are content with the meager wage simply because the work and the tang of the water front appeal irresistibly.

Kerry moved across the lunch-room toward Ellen Mabry. Her eyes smiled a greeting and little telltale spots of color flamed in her cheeks. Glory saw—and understood. And he knew that there were others who also saw and understood.

Dave Kerry paused before the counter, and he, too, smiled. It was a smile which lighted up his rather thin face and lent a softness to his eyes.

"Howdy, Miss Mabry."

"Morning, Mr. Kerry. What'll you have to-day?"

"Coffee, please, ma'am, and three of them doughnuts."

She turned to serve him, but not before she glimpsed the flushed face of Glory Lawson. There was an expectant hush as Glory Lawson deliberately edged closer. It was obvious that Dave Kerry suspected nothing, and so when Glory brushed his elbow, Kerry turned with a casual "Excuse me."

"Nothin' to excuse you for," growled Glory. "I done that meself."

"Oh!" Kerry was puzzled. "That's all right."

"You bet your last nickel it's all right. Anything I do is all right."

It dawned upon Dave Kerry that this man was driving at something. His eyes lost a trifle of their softness and they focused upon the other man speculatively.

He knew just what Glory Lawson was; he had not been blind during his two years as cargo watchman. He knew also that Glory must be a gangster of parts, for he saw now that the other Gophers were watching with respectful interest. Kerry spoke frostily.

"Listen here," he counseled; "I wouldn't go pickin' no trouble if I was you."

"No? And who's gonna stop me?"

Ellen returned. Her eyes widened apprehensively as she sensed the hostility which was flaming between her two acquaintances.

"Here y'are, Mr. Kerry. Here's your coffee an' doughnuts."

"Thanks, Miss Mabry." He started to turn away, but the insulting face of Glory Lawson was insinuated before him.

"Watchman, ain't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, maybe that's why I don't like you. I ain't got no use for watchmen."

A faint smile flickered across Dave Kerry's lips.

"Thieves seldom have," he replied easily.

For an instant they faced each other. Dave heard the girl gasp. There was a general shuffling of feet above the clatter of crockery, and Kerry stood expectantly, his eyes unblinking.

It was Glory Lawson who moved away. He laughed loudly and shrugged his shoulders. Kerry, without another glance in his direction, selected a chair and gave himself over to his simple lunch. But before leaving he spoke to the girl:

"Who was that bird?"

"Glory Lawson."

"I see." Kerry had heard of the man. "Why's he try to start something with me?"

She flushed: "He's been a sort of friend of mine, Mr. Kerry—and I guess he was—well, that is—"

The watchman grinned. "Jealous, eh? You know, it kind of tickles me to have a guy jealous of me on account of you. I suppose that hits you as sort of funny—"

"There's nothing funny about it," she answered seriously. "Glory Lawson is pretty bad medicine."

AND now a certain youthful clique of Gophers blazed with conjecture. According to their opinion, Glory Lawson was cut in the head over a girl. Eddie Grogan was frankly dazed. "I never see a man so nuts," he confided. "First thing you know, he'll be askin' the dame to marry him!"

Which is precisely what Glory Lawson did.

Of course it was quite apparent to him that Ellen Mabry was merely using Dave Kerry to extract from him a proposal of marriage. It was impossible that she should care for Dave, while he, Glory, remained a suitor, and it was also plain that she was not a girl to be had short of the altar. And so, more to prove to the gang that he was irresistible, he resolved that he would crush the affair with a single magnificent gesture. He informed Ellen that he couldn't live without her, and she countered with the retort snappy that he couldn't live with her.

"Aw, you got me all wrong!" he explained. "I'm decent, I am. I'm even willing to marry you."

He was doused with a shower of icy laughter.

"Can you beat it?" remarked Miss Mabry. "Can you even tie it, I ask you? You're *willing* to marry me!"

"Yeh. Honest. I ain't kidding."

"Listen, big boy—who are you that I should get excited because you're willing to marry me?"

He closed his fingers on the cool, firm flesh of her arm. "You don't understand."

"Sure I understand; but you don't. Now get this: I appreciate a-plenty when any feller asks me to marry him; but it's like you said yourself: You ain't the marrying kind, and I wouldn't take a chance with you."

Glory was staggered. He shook his head dazedly: "An' all the boys knew I was gonna ask you. They was gettin' ready to give us a swell racket!"

"That's all right. Just go tell your friends they was too previous."

"WELL, I'll be—" Glory departed without another word. He had the uncomfortable sensation of having had something happen to him. His pride had received a crushing blow. Why, it was absurd enough that he should have deigned to fall for a skirt; but that she should have intrigued him into a proposal of marriage and then—of all things!—refused him! . . . "Ow! What'll the boys say?"

The boys said a great deal, but fortunately for themselves did not say it where Glory Lawson could hear. It was amazing how quickly certain members of the Gopher Gang learned that Ellen Mabry had refused to marry the radiant Mr. Lawson. It also was amazing how soon they discovered that she was engaged to Dave Kerry.

Glory heard the news from Ellen herself. She told him gently, fearing to hurt his feelings.

Mr. Lawson released a little pent-up profanity having to do with watchmen and women in general, and Dave Kerry and Ellen in particular:

"I'll get that guy!" he threatened evilly. "I'll get him if I go to the chair for it."

And, even though Ellen laughed bravely into his eyes and warned him that Dave Kerry was capable of taking care of himself, she became afraid; and so, when she and Dave married a week later, her first act of wifehood was to make him abandon work on the piers.

"Watching ain't no kind of a job for you, honey. You know good and well you can make more than four dollars a day."

He stroked her glossy brown hair. "I know, sugar. I didn't select the job. Work ain't so easy to find nowadays, and maybe we better hold on."

"No. Promise me that you won't go back to that agency. Promise!"

And so Dave promised, and for nearly two years the water front knew him not. The day he went to work with a big warehouse and moving concern Ellen breathed more easily. She had learned swiftly during her tenure of office as waitress in the Coffee Pot, and she knew what the end would have been: a dark corner, a massing of Gophers, the bums' rush—perhaps even a leaden pellet from an ugly little automatic. It was better that Dave should work elsewhere.

Hell's Kitchen forgot Ellen Mabry, but not immediately. Glory himself did not forget. "Some day," he said bitterly, "that bird'll come back. And when he does—"

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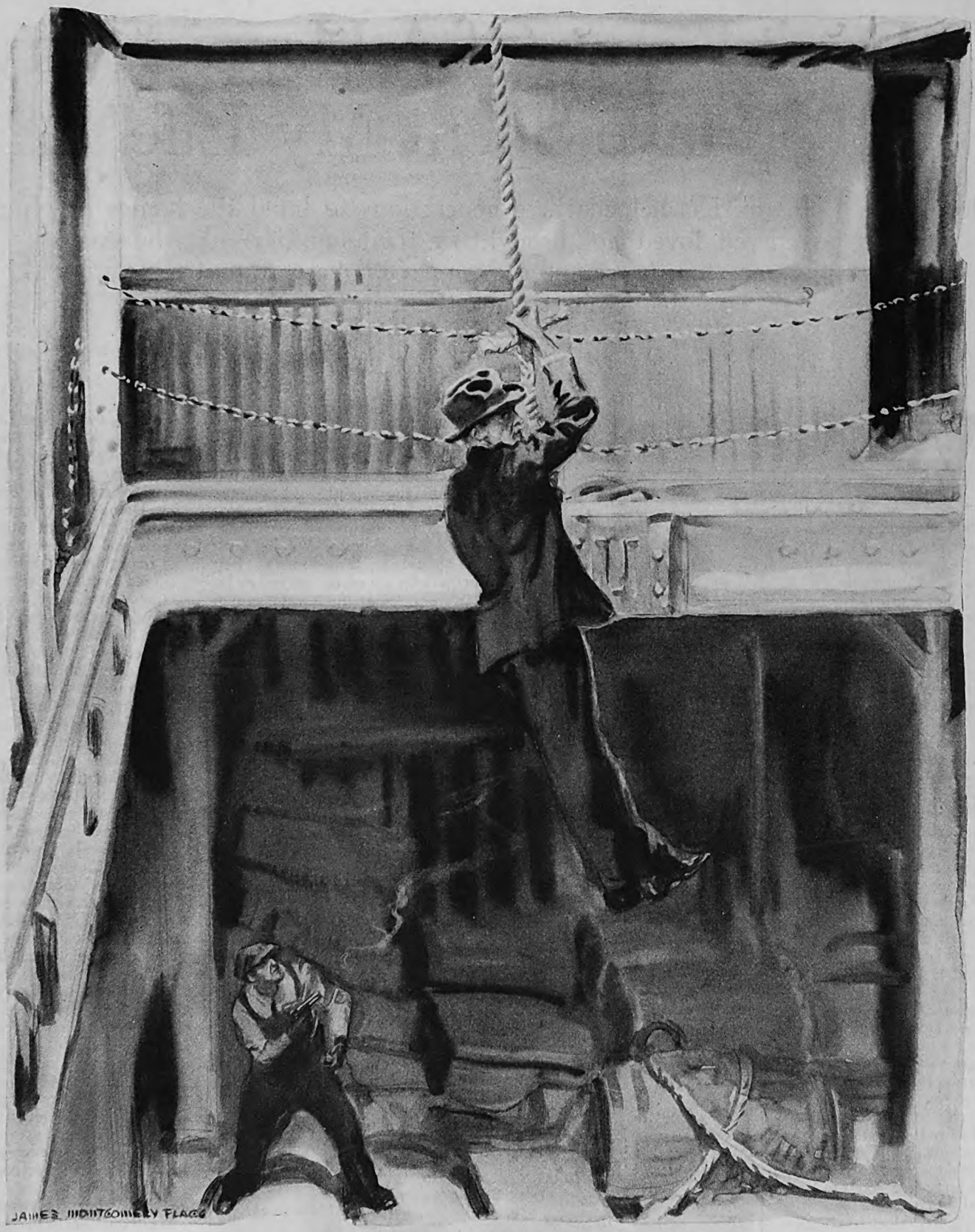

Dave Kerry leaped from his place of concealment . . . his hands caught the rising hook, which was swaying in the direction of his jump

Life settled into its routine of idleness and thievery and fighting and dancing for Glory Lawson and his gang, and to a quiet round of domesticity in the three-room flat down-town where Mr. and Mrs. Dave Kerry lived.

Things went fairly well with them for a time. But Dave was an easy-going sort, and not overly fond of taking orders from bosses who did not always choose their language with scrupulous care. One day there was a fight, and Dave was jobless. Other jobs were found with difficulty, and they did not prove permanent.

Then he announced that he was going back to the Chelsea Protective. Ellen was frightened; but not as much as she would have been two years before. The Coffee Pot seemed far distant, and she was fairly well convinced that Glory Lawson must have forgotten.

"You see, honey," he explained, "Old Man Vann likes me a heap. He knows I'm on the level, and he says he'll give me five dollars a day for special work. That's pretty good money."

"No, it ain't, (*Continued on page 167*)

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"I Don't Know Of A Happier Way To Have Spent My Life"

Joshua D. Loizeaux has helped three generations to build the homes in which they have lived, loved, and brought up their families—At the start his was a one-horse and a one-man lumberyard, but the horse had strength, and the man had vision

By Helen Christine Bennett

WHEN I moved to Plainfield, N. J., last fall, a friend who was giving me information as to the various tradesmen concluded:

"And if you need anything in the building line, from six inches of molding to paneling for a palace, go to Loizeaux."

"Oh, now come, Jimmie, you're stretching it," I objected.

"No; I am not," he retorted. "Why, those people are wonderful! You can get anything you want there, from a piece of wood to cut a jig-saw puzzle to material for a skyscraper. If you don't quite know what you want, they will help you to find out. If you think of building, they will not only find a contractor for you, but they will also supply the plans and materials, arrange the financing, and not charge you a red cent for the extra service. It's a huge business, with a yard at Elizabeth as well as here, and timber tracts both North and South—about the biggest thing of its kind in the state."

As I began to get acquainted in the neighborhood, I found the statement to be literally true. The various mills and lumberyards running under the direction of J. D. Loizeaux were doing a total business of more than four millions; but over half of it was within a radius of this city of forty-five thousand inhabitants. No one can walk five blocks in Plainfield without coming upon one of the Loizeaux signs upon a newly completed house, or meeting one of the Loizeaux trucks, laden with sand, gravel, lumber, or other building supplies.

Scenting a story, I hunted up a newspaper man.

"It's a real yarn," he assured me. "J. D. came here about twenty-eight years ago with very little money. He ran a bicycle around town for about three years, because he couldn't afford a horse. And he sold shingles and fence rails to the farmers. Now he has about the biggest and best managed business I know of. Three of his sons are with him and three nephews, and they are all keen fellows, and good citizens. If we want trucks for a Sunday-school picnic or parade, we go to Loizeaux. When the fresh-air camp for children from the East Side of New York was started here, just beyond the town, J. D. sent all the materials for playgrounds and some of the buildings, and he spent a lot of time there. You ought to go down and see his lumberyard."

So I went down to see the lumberyard. As I approached it I stopped my car in sheer amazement. I had visited many lumberyards, but this was outside recognition. Beyond an irregular slatted fence of yellow boards tipped with black spread a village of buildings—attractive, well-proportioned little buildings, also showing the yellow and black beneath their green shingled roofs. Two beautiful pedestal lamps flanked the entrance to a small but handsome brick building, evidently housing offices. As I stepped across its threshold I caught my breath. Anything less like the ordinary lumber office would be hard to conceive:

A reception hall paneled in silvered oak, with tiled floor, rugs, comfortable chairs, and tables with vases of bittersweet flashed by as I was guided into a mahogany-lined office to greet the president. He rose from his huge desk as I entered, a tall, heavy, robust man in the sixties, with an active step like a boy's.

"DO SIT down," he urged. I looked at the chair beside me, and laughed.

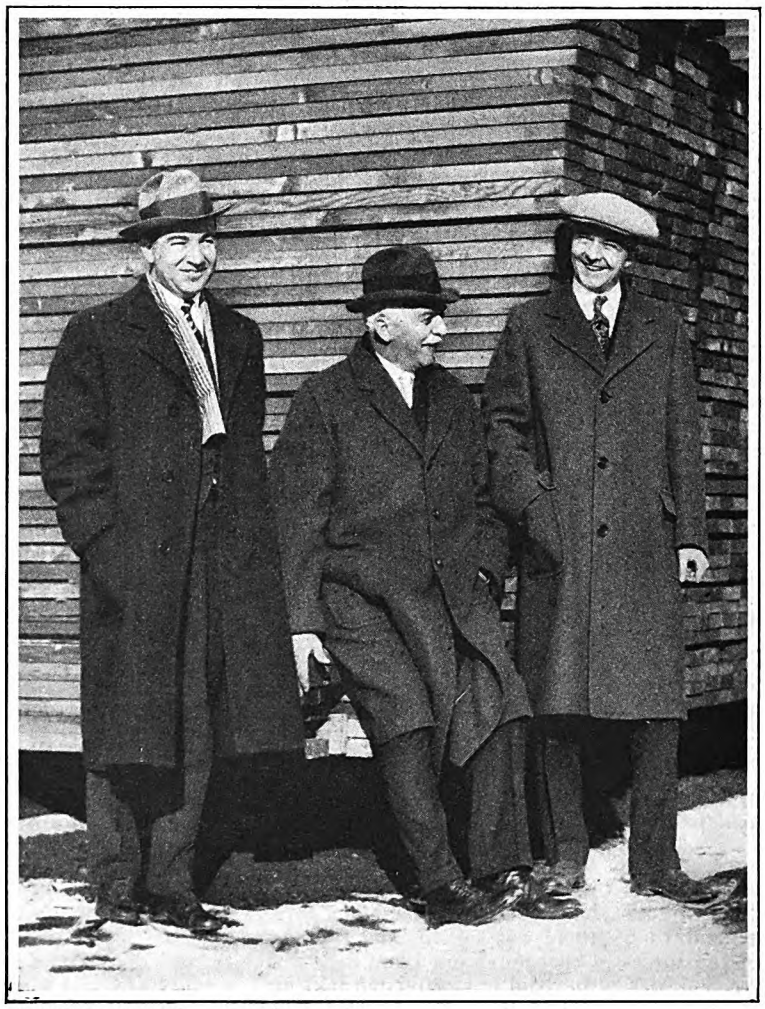
"If I do, I'll never get up. Everything is so comfortable here."

He smiled with pleasure.

"Do you like the place?" he asked eagerly. "We do. It is nearly new, this building, and it seems pretty nice to us."

"I'd like to go over the yard," I said. "It's different from anything I've ever seen. And I want to talk with you. How much time can I have?"

"When I undertake anything I give it the time it requires," he said briefly.



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Joshua D. Loizeaux and two of his sons. Charles wears the hat, Fred the cap. Mr. Loizeaux is head of one of the largest lumber businesses in New Jersey, the J. D. Loizeaux Lumber Company, of Plainfield

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"If you want to see the yard we will go now."

If I had known Joshua D. Loizeaux better, I would not have asked about time, for he gives to anything he undertakes the time it requires. Perhaps that is one answer to the *why* of the Loizeaux business. Father and sons know no limit to time spent in it, except the natural one of twenty-four hours a day.

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Mr. Loizeaux greets an old friend

WE stepped through a back door into a scene of neatness. All along the streets of the little village lay regular piles of lumber under thatched painted sheds; sand and gravel and tiles and pipe, all the rough miscellany of builder's supplies, were in meticulous array; the walks were clear, paved, and clean, and the air was filled with a pungent fragrance, one which I could not identify.

"Fir," Mr. Loizeaux, as I sniffed the pungent odor. "Over there, forty-seven cars from the state of Washington are now being unloaded." He stooped, broke off a chip from a thin board in a shed we were passing and handed it to me. "Cedar," he said, "still more fragrant, cedar from Virginia." From shed to shed we went, sheds stored with spruce and chestnut, with precious white pine from Minnesota, white pine now rarer than mahogany, with shingles, brick, cement, sand, gravel, pipes, through machine shops and specialty shops, and a huge wood mill; and, last of all, a retail hardware store. Through all of these the same perfect order prevailed, so uniform that I had the illusion of unreality.

"What do you do to a board when it gets out of order?" I asked, laughing.

"THERE is more in this than meets the eye," he said. "We *like* to have things sightly; but we have a more profound reason for keeping them so. One of the main losses in this kind of business is *waste*, partly because the merchandise is rough and so in itself commands little respect. We discovered that *order* not only increased the attractiveness of the materials the men have to handle, but it also increased their respect for them. And a man works faster and more efficiently when he respects what he is working with. In this yard, things are seldom mislaid; but if they are they can be found easily, and that of course saves time."

"But how do you manage to have such regular piles of lumber?" I asked.

"We can pile lumber in this way," Mr. Loizeaux replied, "because our sheds are separated by block walls of hollow tiles. The walls serve a twofold purpose. They afford support to the lumber and lower our insurance about a third. Moreover, in this yard our trucks are washed every Saturday, all forty of them. Their condition is one of our best advertisements."

I began to see that this lumber and supply yard was both an example of cleanliness and order and a canny yard.

Canny, the office building too, with its little hall set aside for the entertainment of visiting contractors and buyers. Here the Loizeaux Lumber Company shows moving pictures of new building materials, and lectures on new equipment are given. In the reception-room, books of plans of houses are pored over by newly-weds, or by those of settled years, who enjoy to the full the delight of selecting their first owned home.

As we returned to the private office the telephone rang. Mr. Loizeaux answered, and I overheard a conversation that had to do with fifteen hundred bushels of apples.

"Pardon my curiosity," I said; "but do you mind telling me what you are going to do with fifteen hundred bushels?"

"Entice my employees into buying them," replied Mr. Loizeaux. "I have a contract with an apple orchard where the apples are all good, because the trees are properly cared for. Every fall I order about this quantity of apples, and try to get my employees to buy them. I get rock-bottom prices, and I usually have the satisfaction of knowing that in the cellars of the homes of the employees there is a good apple supply. I buy potatoes in the same way too. It is a thrifty way to buy."

Here, then, was another side to this many-sided business. But I was to know more sides later on, not from Mr. Joshua D. Loizeaux, but from his employees, and from residents of Plainfield: tales of men helped to own their homes, of widows financed through the first hard years, of an interest that reached out to any known distress.

"It just seems," said one employee resignedly, "as if anybody who is going to have a house mortgage foreclosed calls upon Mr. Loizeaux for help. He is full of ingenuity in finding a way out without loss to anyone. But, in any event, the company never suffers; he would think that unfair to those of us who own stock."

To understand this unusual compound of generosity and thrift, it is necessary to know something of the history not only of Joshua D. Loizeaux but also of his family.

If you will forget for a moment the lumberyard, and the shrewd, kindly man at its head, and journey with me back through the years and out of this country, you will be repaid.

TO FRANCE then, and 1853, and a little village farmhouse, where Jean Jacques Loizeaux and his wife Suzanne and their seven children lived and labored. For three hundred years, the father and forefathers of Jean and Suzanne had lived in that one spot, wresting a meager living from the soil—thrifty farmers who believed in themselves and in the God who watched over them. Morning and night Jean Jacques read the word of God, and the family joined in prayer.

But times were hard, the family was large, and Jean Jacques was put to it to feed so many. Out of his need arose an idea—America. The land of promise was great and, wonderful thought, perhaps there would be farms enough for all the boys! He sold (*Continued on page 224*)

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Your Uncle Ed

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE

YOUR Uncle Ed needs no introduction; nearly every good old American family has him, or has had him. He is not always an uncle, of course; sometimes he is a father, or a brother, or a cousin, or a nephew, or even an in-law. If he isn't with you now, actually and in the flesh, he is certainly with you in memory. And as the years stretch on the memories grow kindlier. The Family used to get rather impatient with him at times; he was always something of a Family Problem; and yet he was a lovable old bird, even if he was a trifle visionary.

And, visionary as he seemed, every now and then there has been an Uncle Ed in some American family who actually made good in a big way! And it's sort of hard for any of us to Laugh That Off—even though the reminiscent laughter at *our* particular Uncle Ed may be tinged with tenderness and whimsicality and sympathy. For he always said that, with just a little more money, he could have made millions! He thought in millions, Uncle Ed did, while the rest of the family were thinking in terms of dollar- and five-dollar bills, some of which were needed to keep Uncle Ed going.

WHILE I am summoning up recollections of the particular Uncle Ed I knew, perhaps memories of your own Uncle Ed will return to smile upon you and be smiled upon.

I recall (as if it were yesterday) the time, years ago, when the first automobile appeared on the streets of our little city, and what a personal grief it was to Uncle Ed.

"There!" said Uncle Ed. "There! Just look at that Horseless Carriage! That's *my* idea. I had it first. And now, somebody else will make millions out of it—just because I didn't have a little help and money and belief at the right time, so that I could develop my idea, and take out a patent on it! But, of course, nobody in this family believed in me!"

"Why, Ed," said Dad, "it's news to me that you ever had such an idea."

"It is, is it? Then you've got a short memory! I had that idea, and talked about it time and again, ever since I was a kid. When I was about six years old I said to Father one day, 'Daddy, why couldn't the railroad engine run right down Main Street?' And he laughed at me, and said it had to stay on the railroad track—everybody's always laughed at me. And I said, 'Why?' and he laughed again. But all the time I was growing up, and after I got to be a man, I kept hold of that idea, trying to work it out; the idea of a vehicle that could run on roads, by its own power, without being pulled by horses. And now here it is! And somebody's going to make millions out of it! You see if they don't. Why, I even made drawings for it."

According to Uncle Ed, he had always made drawings for nearly everything new.

"Where are the drawings, Ed?" Dad asked him now, being, perhaps, a trifle skeptical.

"Got 'em somewhere yet," says Uncle Ed. "That is, if they didn't burn with the rest of my stuff when my shop burned down. I'd 'a' taken out a patent on 'em five years ago, but nobody would lend me the money. And now it's too late, and this family has lost millions—just simply millions!"

And as the automobile industry grew and grew and grew, Dad and the family heard more and more about the millions they might have had if they had only shown a little more enterprise, and belief in Uncle Ed; if somebody had only come through at the right time with a little money. Uncle Ed doesn't mind telling you that he would now be sitting where Henry Ford is, if he could have got the backing at the proper time. And if we had only listened to his schemes patiently, and given him our complete confidence, and a little more money to experiment with, he might have achieved what Luther Burbank did.

BUT, for the most part, Uncle Ed always took it rather sweetly. He never got envious of Henry Ford or of Luther Burbank. He triumphed vicariously in the triumphs of men like that. He always forgave the family again. He always bobbed up with a new scheme of his own. He was always generous with plans for the welfare of everybody else. He would consider their problems, and work and worry over them, and hand them out golden advice. I can remember his saying to Cousin Ferd, who was a farmer:

"Ferd, I've been thinking over your problems—every angle of them. The trouble with you is, you don't rotate your crops enough. Rotation of crops, Ferd, is the great thing in farming. I want to read you a piece I wrote about it for the county paper last year."

And Uncle Ed took it out of his billfolder and read it, for the fifth time, probably, to Ferd. He was a little hurt when Ferd didn't, forthwith, turn over the management of the farm to him. He had

He always had a facile jackknife with which he could make something more wonderful than money could buy

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"There!" said Uncle Ed. "There! Just look at that Horseless Carriage! That's *my* idea. I had it first. And now somebody else will make millions out of it!"

meant to make Ferd rich. He meant well by everybody, Uncle Ed did. Unselfishly well. His interest was always generous and kindly.

IN THE case of the Bargain Store which he purchased, the family always felt he was a little too unselfish. The man he bought it from had failed, and Uncle Ed said it was because he didn't offer good enough bargains—anybody could see that with half an eye. The store belied its name.

A week after Uncle Ed took it over, Dad went in, and the place was crowded to the doors. Dad had put some money into the enterprise. And the jam of customers about the place made it look as if Uncle Ed had finally struck something.

"I've got 'em!" said Uncle Ed, triumphantly to Dad, waving his hands with a large gesture at the store full of eager purchasers. "I've got 'em coming! Modern methods! Advertising up to date in the paper! Real Bargains! I'm going to start a chain of stores like this—there's millions in it! Millions!"

Dad got worried when he looked at some of the prices marked on Uncle Ed's goods—bargains they certainly were.

"Ed," he said, "it looks to me like you must be selling some of this stuff for less than it cost you!"

"Uh-huh!" said Uncle Ed, cheerily. "Bought all this in bulk; and I'm getting rid of it at *real bargain prices!* Just to get people coming here! Just to get them started! Once they're started, they'll come! Underselling everybody in town on every article offered! I'm getting 'em started my way! Biggest advertisement a store could have."

The scheme was to restock the store, after the original goods purchased had been cleared out, and offer the new goods at higher prices, showing a profit. And people would continue to come and buy, said Uncle Ed, because it would have been so deeply scored into their minds that his Bargain Store was the only economical place in town to trade.

And it worked all right, the scheme did, right up to the time when the stock had to be replenished; and then it developed that Uncle Ed must have overdone the thing a trifle somewhere. He had not only been giving extraordinary bargains to people, but he had also been giving them extraordinary credit. And he found that he could neither pay his obligations to the man from whom he had purchased the store, nor the wholesalers from whom he had purchased, with the money which was owed to him by his retail customers. But Uncle Ed always thought that if he had but had a little more time to get his chain store idea going—and a little more capital—there would have been millions in it.

He never was much good at collecting money that was owing to him; he got softhearted about it, and would often, when a debtor told him a tale of woe, lend the man a little more money besides—if he found someone he could borrow the extra amount from.

No family gathering was ever complete without Uncle Ed. And probably he contributed more to the general joy of these festivities than any other one person. Children flocked to him instinctively. And if he happened to be in such financial straits that he could not bring a toy for each one of them, he always had a facile jackknife with which he could make something more wonderful than money could buy. He was a wizard with waterwheels and windmills and kites and little wagons constructed of cigar boxes and spools, and with pop-guns and squirt-guns and crossbow-guns; and he could fix anything that needed it about the house, from churns and window-blind rollers to washing-machines and old-fashioned clocks. And he would spend patient hours cheerfully tinkering with these things—or even with the less profitable job of helping the twins construct a steam engine out of junk, an engine that sometimes almost ran!

AFTER the Bargain Store failed, Dad never actually backed him in but one other thing. And that was, on the face of it, a perfectly good idea. Uncle Ed got heated up with the notion that there should be a canning factory in our town.

And, the cold fact is, there should have been. It was the center of a very productive agricultural community. And the canning industry was developing rapidly.

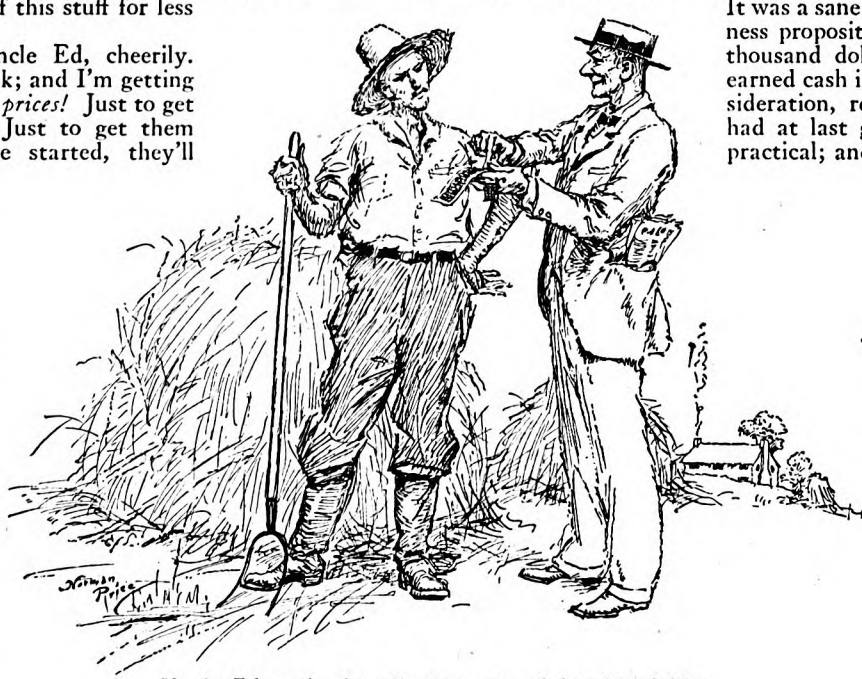
It was a sane idea; a really good business proposition. Dad put almost a thousand dollars more of his hard-earned cash into it, after mature consideration, rejoicing that Uncle Ed had at last got down to something practical; and some of Dad's friends also subscribed small amounts.

Uncle Ed was so sure there was fortune ahead this time that he mortgaged the last piece of real estate he possessed—the lot where the shop used to be before it burned down as a consequence of some of Uncle Ed's experiments in chemistry.

But the investors had reckoned without Uncle Ed's vast mental activity, and his tendency to think in millions.

For the enterprise

(*Cont'd on page 103*)



Uncle Ed took the clipping out of his bill-folder and read it, for the fifth time, probably, to Ferd

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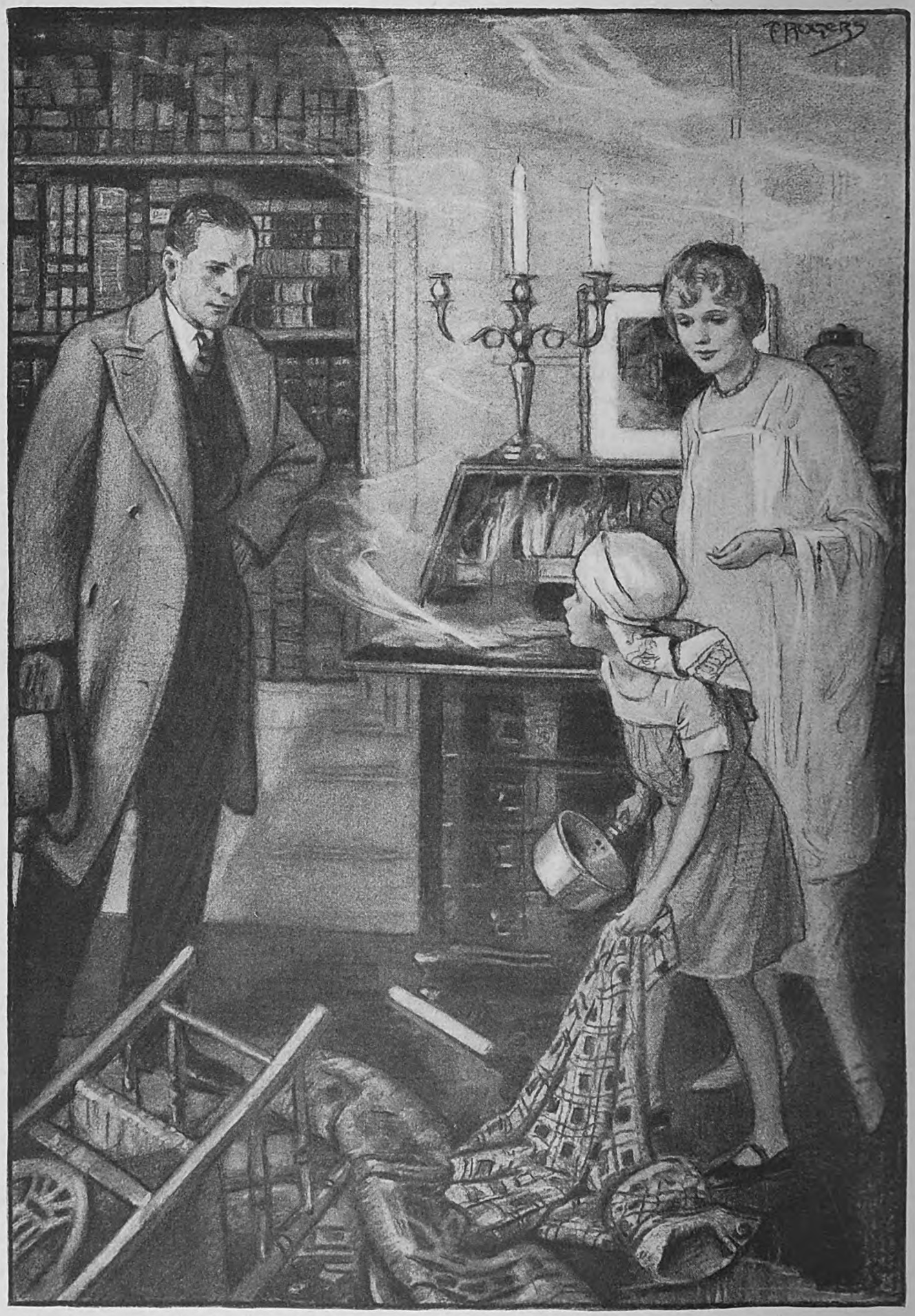

"I'm Mrs. Jenkins's daughter!" said Lunella, in despair. "She was real sick terday and she sent me to do the cleanin'"

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The Grateful Lunella

A love story in which a little servant girl plays matchmaker

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCES ROGERS

THERE was always a quality of enchantment for Clare in entering her own flat at the end of the day. When she turned the key, there was that little domain awaiting her, peaceful, exquisitely neat, glowing with quiet colors. It seemed to her that, of all the people she knew, she alone had discovered this secret of a perfect home, a serene and ordered place, where one could really enjoy rest.

For all she saw of the process, the flat might have been kept in order by Brownies—except that Brownies ask only a saucer of milk and present no bill for services. She had arranged with an agency for a reliable woman to come in every day, and every day somebody did come, unseen by Clare. She went out in the morning, and while she was gone all was made ready for her return.

A florist had a standing order to keep her supplied with flowers; she liked not to know what would be sent, but to be delighted with a sudden vision of jonquils or roses or peonies. Every detail of her life at home was lovely. She had not only physical ease and comfort, but all those other things to gratify her fastidious and varied tastes: a rosewood piano, shelves and shelves of books, two or three signed lithographs on the walls, and from her window a glimpse of the Hudson.

On this especial evening she came home as usual, in her usual tranquil and contented frame of mind. It was a wild, rainy November night; but what cared she for that? She had taken a taxi up from the office, and she stepped out of it under the portico of the apartment house and entered the hall, smiling, faintly rosy, and quite unruffled.

A charming young woman, Clare was, blond and slender, with clear, delicate skin, and gleaming hair that testified proudly to the care given it. She was quietly and becomingly dressed, and she had a manner rather remarkable for her twenty-five years—the unmistakable manner of the successful.

The hall boy and the elevator boy showed her marked respect; everyone did, for she knew very well how to get what she wanted, and was always ready to pay for it.

She opened the door of her flat, pressed the switch-button in the hall, and at once two shaded lamps blossomed like living flowers of soft, blended colors. The perfume of roses greeted her; on the table lay two new magazines come by mail; a delightful evening awaited her.

She telephoned down-stairs to the hall boy and asked him to go to the little restaurant 'round the corner and bring her in dinner—that being her custom when the weather was bad and she did not care to stop at her usual restaurant on the way home. Then she washed, brushed her hair, put on slippers and a negligee; and, just at the right moment, the dinner came.

She arranged it on a little table by the window and sat down there. The rain was driving in violent gusts against the glass, and she drew aside the curtains so that she might see the wild blackness outside. And there was Clare, so snug, so justly comfortable, in this little refuge she had won by her own efforts. All alone she had accomplished this; she often said to herself, with pride, that she owed nothing to anybody else, and she imagined that that was a good thing.

Her parents had died when she was a child; but they had left enough money for her education, and the aunt who had looked after her in those brief intervals when she was at home from boarding-school had been well repaid for her trouble. It had been always a matter of business between her and Clare, and nothing more.

After school, Clare had gone to an art institute and taken a course in textile designing, and had got a good job and done well in it. And then got a better one, and gone on and on, until at twenty-five she was—where she was. And it seemed to her a good place to be.

SHE was just finishing her coffee when the front doorbell rang. Now, this should have been impossible, and Clare was displeased. It was the hall boy's business to see that no one got up here without first being announced by telephone, and he had never before failed in his duty. Clare frowned a little as she went to open the door.

The queerest little figure stood there. A very small girl, in a wet and bedraggled cotton dress, with a towel pinned around her head in the fashion of a Red Cross nurse. Her eyes were wide with fright, and she was trembling from head to foot; yet, for all this, she had such an air of grown-up responsibility.

"Excuse me, ma'am," she said. "But—but I'm afraid I've set his house afire."

Clare stared at her in amazement.

"If you'd jist please come an' see!" said the child.

"But I don't understand!" said Clare. "Whose house? Where?"

"Mr. Arthur's house—right here—next to yours. Jist please step in—"

"Next door! Call the boys! Ring for the elevator!" said Clare, with considerable energy. "I'll telephone—"

"No, ma'am! Please don't do that!" cried the little girl. "Please, please don't! If you'll jist step in—you an' me kin put the fire out. It's only a little, weeny fire! Oh, please come!"

"My dear child—" Clare began; but when she looked down at the poor trembling little thing, "I'll go and take a look," she said, doubtfully.

The little girl was off like a shot, and Clare followed her into the apartment next her own. She was met by a dense, choking cloud of smoke that stopped her.

"Come back!" she called. "Come back, child!"

But the child had disappeared into the smoke, and Clare hurried after her, down the passage, and into the front room.

"It's here, ma'am!" said a stifled little voice, and in the corner of the room where the smoke was thickest, Clare saw the child. She ran to her, and caught her by the arm.

"Come at once!" she said. "You'll—"

THEN her eye fell upon a curious shrouded object on the writing desk, which was evidently the cause and fountainhead of all the smoke. She could not discern what the thing was, but at least it was only smoldering, without flame.

"Bring some water!" she cried. "Hurry up!"

"I—I dassen't," faltered the little girl. "I dassent put water on Mr. Arthur's desk. . . ."

So Clare got water herself, plenty of it, in a saucepan from the kitchen, and poured it liberally over the smoldering object. Then she flung open the windows and, as the room cleared, was able at last to investigate this remarkable fire. From the top of the desk she lifted a reeking woolen mass, sodden with water.

"What's this?" she asked.

"It's m-my coat," said the little girl. "I throwed it on, to see if I couldn't—kind o' smother out the fire."

Clare looked at the garment; a plaid coat, it was, the cheapest, flimsiest little coat, with big pearl buttons.

"But what *was* the fire?" she asked, more gently.

"I was jist clearing up Mr. Arthur's desk—an'—it cotched."

"But how?"

"I jist wanted ter see—jist wanted ter see—" Sobs choked her. "Jist thought them candles must look so pretty when they're lit up—an' the match dropped outen my hand—fell in a little box 'at had cotton in it—and the whole thing cotched—so I—I throwed my coat on it. . . . It's all my own fault. I hadn't ought ter of m-meddled. . . ."

Clare was, as a rule, very fond of jus-

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tice, and of people taking the consequences of their acts, and that sort of thing. But in this case she was simply and unjustly sorry for this forlorn little creature instead of blaming her. That poor little drenched coat!

"My dear—" she began, when the child seized her arm.

"Mr. Arthur!" she whispered. "Oh, my goodness gracious me! Oh, whatever will he do to me!"

Clare could not help smiling at this exaggerated alarm, although she was far from easy herself. It was an undignified, it was a ridiculous, position, to be caught here by this Mr. Arthur. She heard a step in the passage; she could not get out without meeting him, so she stood her ground.

"What the—! What's all this?" exclaimed a voice, and there he was, in the doorway.

And he was, Clare thought, exactly the sort of person she did not want him to be. He was the sort of man who would not understand things, who would not make allowances; one of those aloof, high-and-mighty young men, handsome, with a distinguished nose.

"THERE was a little accident," said Clare, in her cool business voice. "I live in the next flat, and I stepped in to see if I could help."

"That was very good of you!" said he earnestly. "Very! Thanks!"

She rather liked the way he spoke. Perhaps he was not so high-and-mighty as he looked.

"You're quite welcome," she answered, a little more human herself. "There's really no harm done. The poor little girl did the best she could. She called me—"

"Yes," said he. "But who is she, anyhow? What was she doing here?"

"But I thought she belonged here!" said Clare, surprised.

"Never saw her before in my life!" said he.

They both turned toward the little girl.

"I'm—I'm Lunella!" she cried, in a terrified squeak.

"Yes; but even at that," said Mr. Arthur, "even if you are Lunella, what were you doing here?"

"I'm Mrs. Jenkins's daughter!" said she, in despair. "Mrs. Jenkins, 'at always does the flat for you. She was real sick terday, and she sent me to do the cleanin'."

"I see!" said he. "But aren't you pretty young?"

"No, sir. Sixteen years ole."

"Oh, Lunella!" he said reproachfully. She began to cry.

"Look here!" he said. "Don't cry! Speak the truth, and fear no man. How old are you really?"

"'L-leven."

"All right! You run home now, and come back in seven years, and you can have the job. Go on, now!"

The room, which had always seemed so charming, appeared to her now as the stupidest, **primmest, most hateful room she had ever seen**

"But Mommer's sick—and *somebody's* got ter work!" cried Lunella passionately. "If you'll jist let me wait an' finish, you'll *see* how good I kin do!"

"Sorry, Lunella, but—"

"Oh, jist go an' set in that lady's parlor for half a nour!" said Lunella, with a sort of exasperation. "I'll knock on the wall when I'm done. Jist half a nour!"

There was a moment of blank silence. Then Mr. Arthur caught Clare's eye, and they both began to laugh. Clare did not want to laugh, but she couldn't help it, and once she had done so a sort of bond was established between them.

"If you'd like to come in . . . " said Clare.

This was the least she could say, in the circumstances, and he should have understood that, and should have said, "Oh, thank you very much! I'd be pleased to, some other time." But instead of that he said only, "Thanks!" and did come.

Clare was proud of her lovely little room and expected that he would say something in praise of it. He did not. When asked to sit down, he did sit down; when asked if he would care to smoke, he lit a cigarette. And when, merely in the course of polite conversation, she asked him about his work, again he took her at her word and began to tell her about his work.

HE WAS an architect, and nobody could have accused him of lack of interest in his profession. He talked, walking up and down the room scattering cigarette ashes over the rug. He went back into his own apartment to fetch some blue prints, and when he had them he pushed everything down to one end of her orderly table, so that he might spread out the prints before her. He shoved a vase of roses off onto the floor, but that did not interrupt him.

When he paused, to light another cigarette, Clare mentioned that, as a textile designer, she was interested in interior decorating.

"Yes . . . I see!" he said, and went on with his own subject. He grew excited, striding up and down. Tobacco ashes flew about wildly as he drew plans in the air; he went to the window to explain his idea as to what sort of buildings ought to be built upon the Drive and, to get a clearer view, he yanked aside a curtain

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"Look here!" said he. "Would it be tactless if I said that, I never—never in all my life—saw anything so—so womanly and lovely as you are—this minute?"

with such vigor that it was pulled off the rod.

Just then Clare heard a knocking on the wall; fortunately, he heard it too.

"Must be Lunella," he said, and looked at Clare somewhat anxiously; no doubt he wanted to stay longer. But Clare only smiled, a polite, polite smile, and off he went.

The door slammed after him—he was, thought Clare, the sort of person who slams doors—and she sat down and looked about her room. Ashes everywhere, the curtain torn down, the table in disorder, the vase of roses still lying in a pool of water. How quiet it was, without him!

"He's awful!" she thought. "The most self-centered, overbearing man! I hope I'll never see him again."

She began to straighten up the room.

"He had a nice way with that child though," she thought, with admirable fair-mindedness. "Perhaps, after all—"

She had scarcely got home the next day when the doorbell rang, and there was Mr. Arthur again.

"Good evening!" he said. "Look here! She's here again. Lunella, I mean. Can't you do something with her?"

"I?" said Clare. "But—"

"I FOUND her there when I got in," he went on. "Working. She had a tale about her mother being sick and her grandmother blind and her little brother's hurt his head, and, as far as I can make out, Lunella's the sole support of a large and worthless family. I offered her some money; but she won't take it unless she can 'work it out.' And I can't have the poor little kid buzzing about while I'm home. I've *got* to have peace and quiet."

"I'm sorry," said Clare frigidly; "but I need peace and quiet too."

"Yes, I know. But, you see, there's my Work."

"Unfortunately, there's my work too," said Clare.

"Yes, of course. But, after all, you're a woman, you know—"

That was entirely too much!

"Certainly! I'm only a woman," said Clare, "so, of course—"

"I didn't say 'only' a woman!" he protested.

"You thought it," said Clare.

"I didn't! Give you my word I didn't! All I thought was that, being a woman, you'd know what to do with the poor little pest. Because I—well—I haven't much tact. . . . And I'm so tired!"

He did look tired, and in spite of herself Clare couldn't help feeling sorry for him. She was tired, too; but that was different. He seemed to be one of those excessive, unreasonable persons who don't know how and when to rest.

"If you feel that you've got to let her come," she said, in a practical tone, "tell her to come in the morning, when you're away."

"She can't. She (*Continued on page 137*)

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Ten Years After

A backward look at April 6th, 1917—and the years that lie between

By Dorothy Canfield

WE HAD been living in France about a year when—it was almost ten years ago to the day—the news reached Paris that the United States had entered the war. The children, little things they were, exulted. "Oh, now we can hang out *our* flag from *our* balcony!" they cried, and went to pull it from the bottom of the trunk . . . the old American flag that had been their grandfather's, that had been hung out all during my peaceful childhood to celebrate the birthdays of great men—Lincoln's, Washington's; and on the Fourth of July to celebrate the birthday of the safe, bright, cheerful country I lived in.

"What birthday is it celebrating now?" I wondered to myself as the children came bringing it, the chubby littlest tripping in its long folds.

They arranged a parade with it. "These are wartime children to whom marching with a flag—" I thought.

The flag was put into my hands. The littlest brought his drum and, rattling his sticks upon it, brought up the rear. We stepped out upon our high-hung balcony on a level with the roofs of the houses across the way, where a couple of white-haired workmen were mending a leak.

At the sound of the child's drum, they straightened their bent old backs and stood up. They saw the big American flag roll out its folds to the breeze. They saw the bright-faced, eager children. They took off their caps and waved their hands and cried eagerly, loudly, "*Vive l'Amerique!*"

The children were enchanted. "*Vive la France!*" they shouted back. The littlest beat loudly on his drum.

I bent over the railing to fasten the flag and to hide my face. But the eldest spied it, and cried out, startled, "Oh, Mother, why do you look so sad? You and Father work all the time to help in the war. Aren't you *glad* our country is coming in to help, too?"

What could I tell her? Yes, I was glad that my country was taking its part in what had to be done. But glad as she understood it . . . light-hearted. . . . No; I was not. If only it had not been necessary for my country . . . for any country! I was as "glad" that more human beings were coming into a war as a family is glad when the doctor decides that it is necessary to perform a major operation on a much-loved brother. If it means a possibility of cure, yes; but—

The child was waiting for my answer and I had not thought of anything to say to her. I remembered long ago hearing my elders comment impatiently on the odd silences of those who had seen the Civil War. "Not a thing to be had out of them. You'd think it embarrassed them to be asked about it. They shut up like clams." One of those silences fell on me. I stooped to kiss the seven-year-old face. "Time to start to school, dear," I said.

Another too-well-remembered silence hangs about me on the nearing of this anniversary day, as though I sat there again in the battered little train, inching its way forward with an anxious caution over the track sketchily relaid after its dynamiting of the week before. The compartment was filled with shabby people loaded down with bundles tied up in sheets or old bedspreads, refugees returning to the corner of the earth which for generations had been their home. For three years they had been living in exile, anyhow, anywhere, five in a room, or in a half-open shed, waiting till they could go home.

They sat looking out of the windows at the heaps of blackened trash through which we were passing. Once in a while someone would murmur, "This must be where St. Quelle stood," or, "There is where the factory of St. Flamentin was."

A four-year-old child who had been sleeping in his father's arms woke, stretched, yawned, wriggled, and glanced idly out of the window. The unexpectedness of what he saw there made him burst into a clear laugh, "How funny!" he cried. "Look, Papa, the great big roof there, lying flat on the ground, and no house under it! Just like my Noah's Ark roof when I play with it. How funny! A *real* roof, ha! ha! ha!"

WAS there a dramatic moment of horror at the child's callousness? Did nobody cry out to him, "Little hard-heart! That is a human home destroyed you see!" Was he shaken, and told peremptorily: "Don't you know better than to laugh at tragic things?"

No. We were in the fourth year of the war. The gap between those who felt the meaning of what was happening and those who had been saved from the need to feel it had grown too wide. No one tried to bridge it with futile words. No one tried to teach what could only be learned by experience. A profound, yes, just as my elders had said so long ago, almost an embarrassed silence fell on us. It was almost as though we were shamed by what we knew and the child did not, almost as though we tried to lean forward and hide it from him. His father said, in a low, patient tone, not looking at us, "Didi, are you ready for your piece of bread now?"

The child set his little squirrel teeth into the crust with gusto, and we all sat silent,

Why So Many People Enjoyed the War

"MORE bitterly than food or shelter or love or occupation," says Dorothy Canfield, "human beings need a goal, a compelling reason for going on. The more time they have to think, the more drastic is this need, the more horrifying that dead absence of a purpose in life, which is really the absence of religion, of faith. What the war did, for the time being, for all who gave themselves to it, was to provide at least a temporary aim, something that had to be accomplished, some definite reason for rising and going through the day. . . .

"That was why people enjoyed the war, the simpler ones, unabashed; the more self-conscious, secretly . . . because they felt with every breath they drew that they were working toward an aim that was worth more than their lives, that they were having their share in achieving something that must be done if they were to save what men most prize. . . .

"If there is anything to be learned from the war about the race we belong to, it is that healthy human beings crave not comfort and self-regarding security but the feeling that they are giving themselves to some purpose worth while; so long for it that they snatch at anything that seems to give it to them, even though they must take it stained and foul with human suffering.

"The monstrous, touching, tragic irony of it all . . . that so many found what they craved in those four years of blood and cruelty; that in these following years of easy abundance so few have found it!"

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our eyes lowered over what we were thinking.

Did we ever speak out at all? Even to those who had shared it and knew all that we knew—and more. No, very seldom. Words—compared to the revelation through which we were living—words would seem chatter. It was bad enough to find out the sort of place the world was, the sort of creatures human beings were, without talking about it. We shut up our new guesses at reality in a bitter silence. Least said, soonest mended. All that could be done was—perhaps—to save a few scraps of life from the hurricane. To those who felt as we did, there was no need to talk of what we really felt. To others it was impossible.

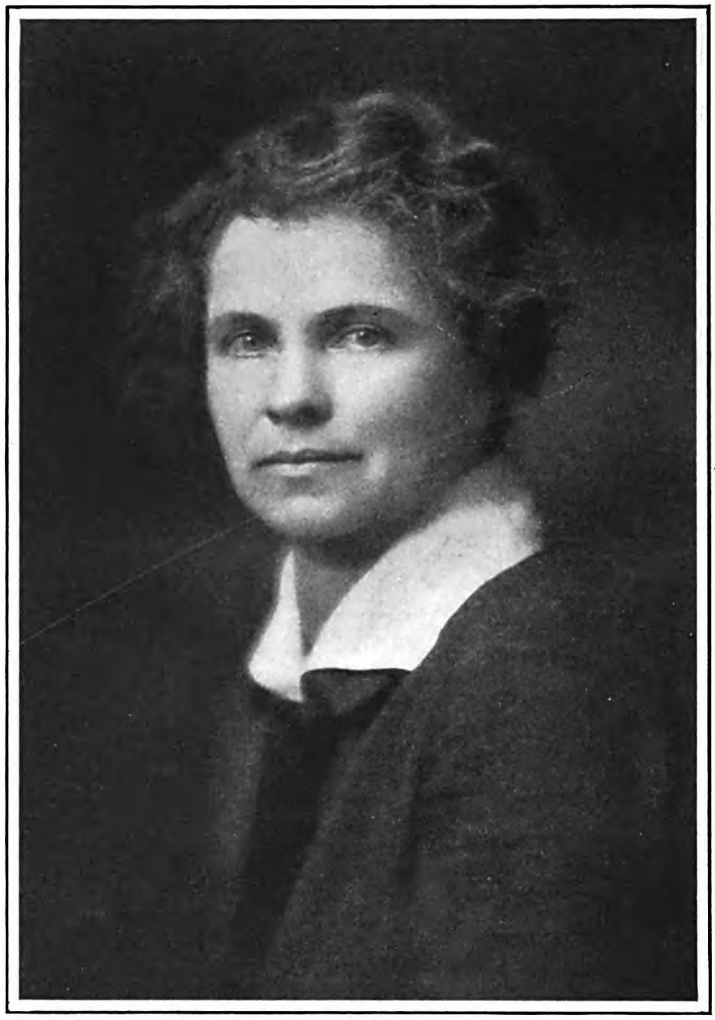
So we talked business with grown-ups, and tried to be cheerful with children. "Where did that last consignment of socks get put?" and, "We must add soap to the list for the people in La Ferte. They haven't had any for weeks." and, "Tell Marie not to go up the rue Prichard to-day. It's in the zone where the shells are dropping."

And when people newly arrived from home said, with their fresh exuberance, "You must have had *won*derful experiences," or, "Do tell us some of your war adventures," we fell into an embarrassed silence too full of what we were learning to speak of it.

BUT that was ten years ago. Ten years in the middle period of a human life is a long time. It is more than twice as long as the war lasted. One cannot but live, as the days go by. And there are many days in ten years. One changes; memories settle down from their harsh jaggedness; it does not hurt so cruelly to handle them. The instinct to try to make some sense out of life, which had been battered into insensibility, proves not to be dead, and cautiously begins to stir, to sort out experiences, to see which belong to which, even to venture to look for elements of logic, sequence, cause and effect, in what had seemed mere meaningless blackness.

I don't at all mean what learned political writers mean when they speak of trying to understand the war; trying to decide whose fault it was, of the esoteric underlying economic causes which for generations had slowly pushed European Governments into the catastrophe. It is not that I doubt their learning; but all their talk remains book talk to me, as military tactics always remain book talk. I am a mere home-keeping woman with children, my experiences limited to the kind of life open to such a woman—my *real* experiences; that is the only kind that means anything.

I am as capable as anybody else of learning and of reciting why the frontal attack failed and the flank attack succeeded; and why such a diplomatic move meant that such another one would surely follow it. But I neither believe nor disbelieve such statements. They do not sound real to me; and no more real because through the war-time years I lived almost wholly in the war. What makes my heart begin to hammer loudly is the possibility that from those first-hand war experiences of mine I may draw some guess of my own at the capacities, the possibilities, the essence of the race I belong to.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK A. SMITH, POUGHKEEPSIE

Dorothy Canfield, well-known author, who tells in this article some of her experiences during her three years' war work in France. In private life Miss Canfield is Mrs. John Redwood Fisher. Her books include "The Bent Twig," "Home Fires in France," and "The Brimming Cup." Her home is in Arlington, Vermont

Before the war I had taken other people's word about this. The war seemed to me to show that either they lied, or that they knew nothing about it. That was my first reaction after the war had begun to stop being something read in a newspaper. I was past thirty, had earned my own living, had long been married, had borne children, had moved about confidently in the world—all in profound ignorance of the nature of things. Life was not what I had been told it was, nor what I had seemed to see it. This revelation filled my consciousness to its outermost edges. I am sure that this was practically the universal experience of thoughtful people in a position to see the war at first hand. We were all like people who had been blindfolded (by safety, protection, comfort, ease), from whose eyes the bandage had suddenly been snatched off. What they saw was something so madly different from what they had thought was about them that they could but gape and stare. How could they speak, when they did not yet even know what they saw; and how could they ever again feel any confidence in their own understanding, when they had been so fooled by appearances?

But that was ten years ago. I suppose I have no right to speak for the others who came silently back from France, who, keeping silence about what the war meant to them, for the last decade have been going through the variegated motions of ordinary life, keeping house, selling bonds, bringing up children, buying cars, running stores, going on summer vacations. But my guess is that, in the back of the consciousness of every one, as in the back of mine, there has been a ceaseless, groping, fumbling attempt to make some sense out of the insane confusion of all those revealing experiences. Of one thing I am sure—that they have not forgotten, as it is the careless habit to assume they have.

I WONDER if I can break through the habit of silence, and put my hand firmly enough on one or two of those attempts to understand, so that I can get them into words? They usually come into my mind in the shape of a memory, something seen and lived, which recurs and recurs, knocking endlessly at the door of my understanding till, little by little, the raw, bare facts begin to be tinged with some notion of their meaning.

There is Bouillonval's wedding breakfast, and all that went before it. There is stuff in that for a lifetime's meditation—rich veins of information about what the human beings are. Here are the facts. They need no eloquence to make them speak aloud. In their general pattern they are familiar to everyone who knew France during the war years. Bouillonval is a tall, blond, stalwart young North of France workman, who lived in Chauny, worked in the glass factory there. He was in the middle of his term of military service, far from home when the war broke out.

Chauny was one of the towns taken by the Germans and held. Between Bouillonval and his father and his mother and his sisters and his young fiancée and all the human beings he had ever known, there dropped, from one day to the next, the black curtain of complete separation. For months, (*Continued on page 189*)

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Gee—I've Had A Fine Time!

I went down to the equator with Doctor Beebe and up into the Arctic with Dad, and it's most awfully good fun to see the world like that

By David Binney Putnam

(13 Years Old)

BETTER look out, or he'll turn into a scientist."

When I went down on the equator to the Galápagos Islands in the "Arcturus," Uncle Will—that's Doctor Beebe, who's most awfully nice to me—said that one day to Mother.

I guess he meant I might become one of those funny baldheaded men who wear eyeshades down-town thinking they have their hats on. But I would risk that if I ever could learn enough to be a real scientist. I don't believe anything could be much more fun than to be able to go off on expeditions and really to do worth-while study of the things you see and collect. And being a writer, too, would be fine if you are successful. For a writer really isn't tied down to an office or anything. He can take his job with him wherever he goes.

Well, of course I'm not a scientist, and being only thirteen years old I am not much of a writer. Certainly at school I don't get any very famous marks! But I've been awfully lucky in being taken along on two really big expeditions. And I've written two little books which have been read by a good many boys and girls—and grown-ups, too, from the number of letters I get. (That's one of the worst things about writing. You get so many letters. And Dad always makes me answer mine!)

The first expedition was on the steamer "Arcturus" for three months in the Pacific down to the Galápagos Islands. Doctor Beebe let me go along on that last year when I was twelve years old, as a sort of junior guest. And the past summer I went with Dad up to Greenland on the American Museum Expedition. "David Goes Voyaging" was my book about the first expedition. "David Goes to Greenland" is the story of the grand time we had in the Arctic.

Of course these are just simple little books. I wrote them like writing school compositions. It was hard work, some of it, and not much fun, for lots of times I would rather have been doing other things instead of writing down about what we saw and did. For instance, who would really want to stay below in the cabin, chewing up the end of a dry pencil, when you could feel the sides of the vessel crunching along through the ice pack?

Of course it would have been more fun on deck seeing what was happening. Or loafing up in the forec'stle, listening to the stories of old Tom Gushue, who used to be mate on the "Roosevelt" when Peary got to the North Pole. Or just fooling around with Capt. Bob Bartlett. But Dad used to make me stick. And I suppose that's the only reason why I ever got the Greenland book done.

And then Dad would make me write the poor parts over again and write out misspelled words and all that. But when it was all over it certainly is fun to have the story of the good times we had there in the book, with the pictures too!

Speaking of those letters that come in. Of course some of them are most awfully nice. I just had one from London that I like a lot.

I told about reading up in the Arctic the book "The Cruise of the Cachelot." Well, my London friend read that, and he sent to me quite a wonderful letter written to him twenty-five years ago by Frank Bullen, who was the author of "The Cruise of the Cachelot." That letter is for me to put in my copy of the Cachelot. And in the letter Mr. Bullen, who was first mate of the "Cachelot," thanks my friend for sending him a copy of "Moby Dick," which is certainly a grand sea story. Mr. Bullen says "Moby Dick" is a great book. That's a pretty fine letter for me to have, isn't it?

And then there are some awfully nice letters from little chaps, younger than myself. I know how I hate writing letters, so I understand how hard it must be for them. And that makes it nice for them to take the trouble to write me.

THE other day some ladies were talking to Dad about our Greenland trip, after they'd seen the movies, which really are pretty grand and give a fine idea of exactly how rough and exciting the expedition was. Well, one of them said she didn't think it right to take a young boy on such a trip. She said it was too dangerous. Dad told her he didn't think anything of that kind is a bit more risky than living in a big city like New York, with all the germs you can pick up. And he said he thought the automobiles were a lot more dangerous than icebergs.

Then the lady said, well, anyway, she didn't see how a mother would let her thirteen-year-old boy go, which of course was foolish, I thought, because Mother herself went on the "Arcturus" trip and she just loves this sort of thing. Anyhow, I can't see much to be frightened about. A fellow with Capt. Bob Bartlett and Dad and Carl Dunrud, our cowboy friend, and the rest of the "Morrissey" gang could get out of almost any kind of a fix, I think.

But that's up to Mother and Dad. If they'll let me go I want to go. And right now Dad and I are planning another expedition up into Hudson Bay. Perhaps my boy friend Deric will go too—he's thirteen years old, and a little later I want to tell you about him.

Certainly it's most awfully good fun to see the world the way I've been able to. I'm awfully lucky. And there's so much to see!

For instance, on the "Arcturus" expedition, when we (*Continued on page 155*)

A Little Wasted Sympathy

TWICE during the Christmas holidays I autographed books at stores," says David Putnam, "and once I heard a nice-looking lady say something like this:

"'I think it's a shame for a boy like that to have to go around and do things like this. He is not getting any boy's life at all!'

"Of course, the lady didn't know I heard her. But I would like her to know she is all wrong. And I would also like her to know the very few things of that kind which I do, in comparison with the lot of invitations I get. And when it comes to having a 'boy's life,' I don't know who could get more fun than I do.

"What boy would want to miss a chance to go off on a real expedition and have real adventures? But I know that sort of thing can't go on forever. And it suits me perfectly well, for there is such a lot of fun at home just playing around with boys and girls."

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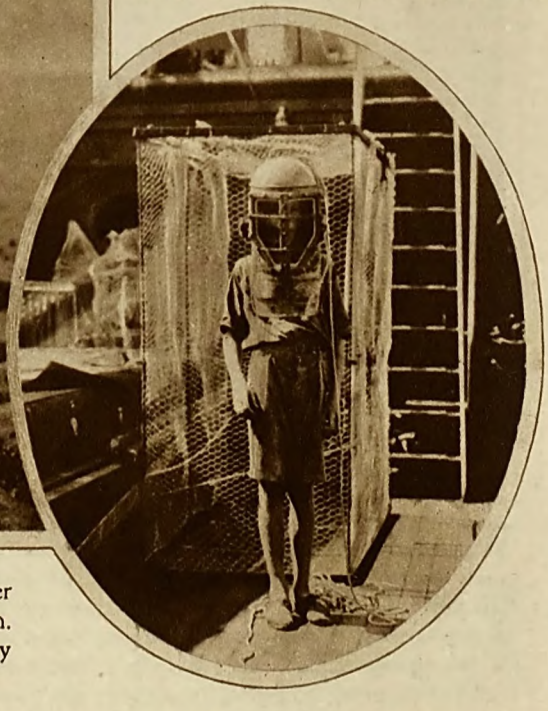
DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM, thirteen years old, (right), who has written two books about his own adventures. "David Goes A-Voyaging" is about his experiences with the "Arcturus" expedition to the Galápagos Islands in the South Pacific. "David Goes to Greenland," tells how he went with the American Museum of Natural History's recent expedition to the Arctic. David describes in this article what he liked best about his adventures, how he wrote his books, and the kind of letters people write to him. He does not believe that thirteen-year-old boys are better off in school than on adventurous trips. "I have learned a lot that it would be hard to learn at home," he says; and after you read this article you will be inclined to agree with him. David is the son of George Palmer Putnam, and the great-grandson of the founder of the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, which has published his two books.

To right—Wide World Photos

DAVID examines the splintered keel of the two-masted schooner "Effie Morrissey," which went aground on the Greenland expedition. With Captain Bob Bartlett, Peary's old skipper in command, the party came within a hundred miles of the North Pole.

DAVID (below) in a diving helmet, before the wire cage used by Doctor Beebe to protect himself from sharks.



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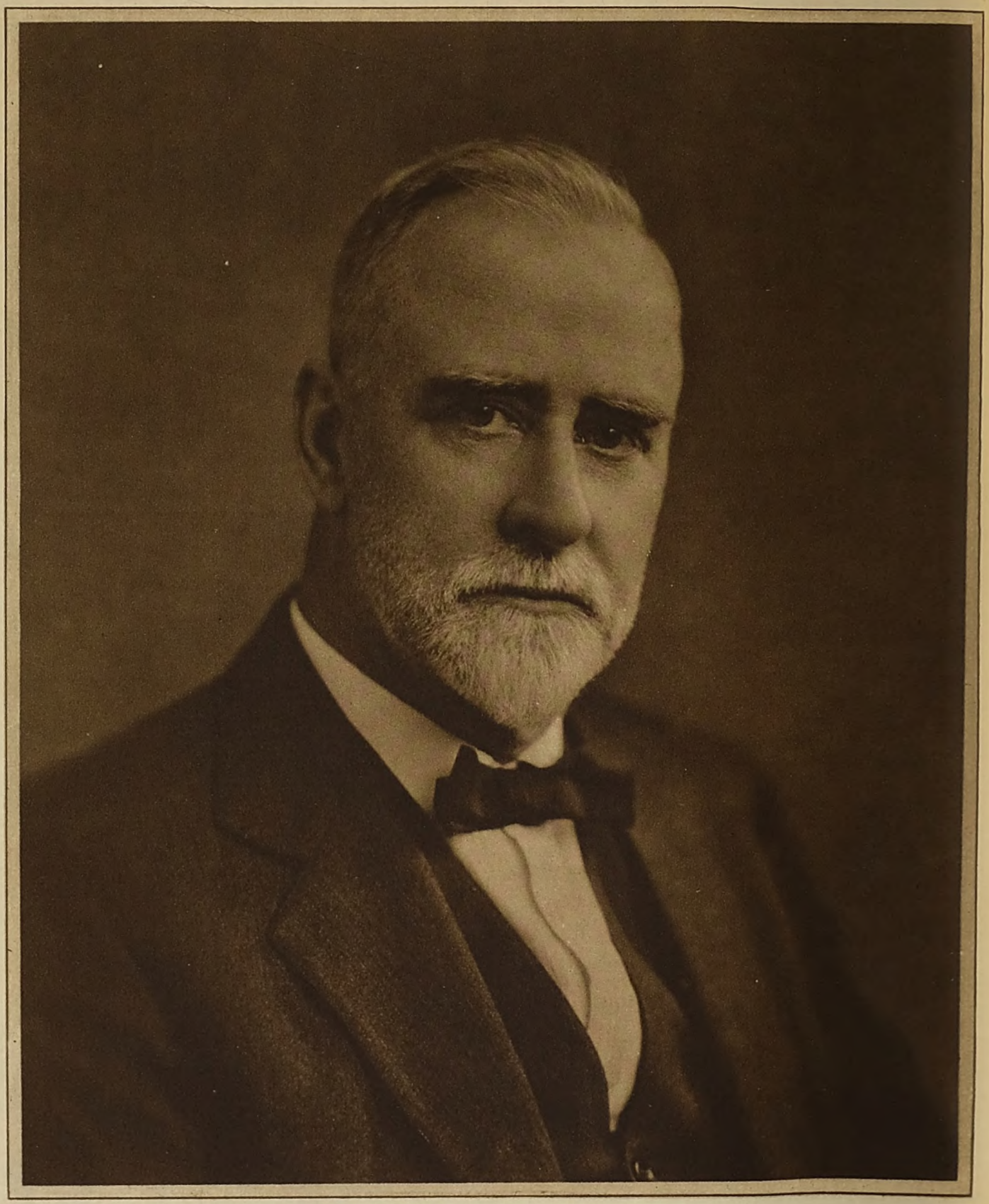

Photograph by Walinger, Chicago

William Hoskins

WILLIAM HOSKINS' work has touched the life of nearly every reader of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. As a consulting and research chemist he has taken out more than a hundred patents for discoveries ranging from a special chalk for the tips of billiard cues (developed from a volcanic ash found in Illinois) to the high-resistance electric wire found in electric irons, toasters, stoves, and other electric heating appliances. The story of his life told in the accompanying article reads like a romance. He is president of Hoskins Process Development Company, of Chicago, and is a member of many scientific societies here and abroad. He is sixty-five years old, and lives in La Grange, Illinois.

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"The World's Most Tragic Man Is The One Who Never Starts"

His zest for solving difficult problems led William Hoskins through an amazing career as chemist, inventor, and manufacturer—Some of his results have surprised even himself, as when he set out to make synthetic rubies and wound up with the high-resistance wire used in toasting your bread and ironing your clothes

By Neil M. Clark

ON a summer morning in the year 1870, a man and a boy slipped away from shore in a rowboat, their eyes glued earnestly to a small object that rose and fell a few yards ahead of them on the inshore waves of the Ohio River. This object moved steadily, though slowly, away from the bank, across the current, and, as it went, emitted a tiny cloud of white smoke which drifted back over the water.

Presently the man looked at the boy with a gleam of happy satisfaction. "She goes!" he said.

The boy nodded, grinning.

They continued to watch with fascinated interest, dipping their oars occasionally to keep close. These two were John Hoskins, a house painter by trade, and his son William, aged eight. The object in the water was a miniature model of a steamship, which, with lashed rudder, was heading straight across the river, propelled by a tiny steam engine which the man had made with his own hands as a plaything for his boy. Indeed, he had made the whole boat, from keel to rigging, as a boy's plaything. The little boat chugged along valiantly, not once losing headway until it reached the far shore.

In a certain sense, this little summer-morning incident forms one event in a curious and fascinating sequence. Of itself, it was nothing. Taken with what went before and with what came after, it may be reckoned to have had some effect on the everyday lives of nearly every one of us.

William Hoskins, the boy of the boat, is now a man of sixty-five, gray-bearded, with twinkling gray-blue eyes revealing a wise and softened humor. He looks back on a career as a consulting and research chemist, covering nearly fifty years, a half-century during which more discoveries and faster strides have been made in the science of chemistry than during all previous centuries in the history of the race.

In this progress he has had a distinguished part. He has performed hundreds of experiments never before undertaken by any man. He has obtained more than one hundred patents. Occasionally, usually as a side issue, he has engaged in manufacturing. His assay furnace, invented when he was little more than a boy, for years remained standard apparatus. The chalk he developed is universally used on billiard cues. To his most important single scientific achievement, the development of the high-resistance wire which is the essential element in all electric heating appliances, we owe the comfort and convenience of electric toasters, heaters, irons, stoves, curling irons, and all such as we know them.

As a consultant, thousands of clients have advised with him on problems as diverse as constructing a race track to insure speedy races, and devising secret ways, through the chemistry of paper, to prevent fraud in the use of street car transfers and bank checks. At sixty-five, Mr. Hoskins looks back on a career crowded with interest and achievement.

BUT more significant even than his numerous accomplishments, to my notion, is the stimulating philosophy of life and achievement which he has evolved as a result of his experiences; a philosophy that prompts him, at an age when most men are content to spend their time *remembering*, to work with his eyes turned forward, and with as passionate an absorption as ever in his life, to dream new dreams, plan new conquests, explore fresh fields.

He holds, briefly, that *everything matters;* that the least beginning may lead to the greatest end.

"Chance," he says, with conviction, "plays a smaller part in our lives than some of us think. Every day, hour, and minute, as I see it, we are building—or neglecting to build. Events that we attribute to luck nearly always are due to some act, thought, or purpose long since forgotten.

"I have known worthy beginnings of the least promising kind, which led on to consequences beyond the wildest hopes and dreams. To me, therefore, there is only one really tragic figure in life, and that is *the man who never makes a start.*"

This philosophy is illustrated time after time in the career of Mr. Hoskins. Even the incident of the toy steamboat on the Ohio River fits in.

The beginning is a day in England some eighty years ago, when John Hoskins, then a boy himself, was permitted to turn on the steam to start a great Cornish pump installed in an iron mine owned by John's father. This experience filled the boy with enthusiasm for machinery.

His father, however, was a mine owner and well-to-do, and John was not trained for a mechanical career. He was given, instead, what was thought to be a first-class schooling in France. It was not until he had passed the period of life when a man learns most easily that the family fortune vanished.

"At that time," William Hoskins told me, "my father came to the United States. Visiting a cousin in Covington, Kentucky, who had become a house painter, my father learned that trade as a means of supporting himself. As it turned out, he followed it till near the end of his life.

"His interests, however, were always mechanical and scientific. He indulged these interests chiefly by making ingenious mechanical toys for me. We played with them together.

"Along the side of our house in Covington, too, my father built on wooden timbers a miniature railway track, forty or fifty feet long. Here my friends and I used to play by the hour with a miniature steam locomotive he made for me, a real engine that burned charcoal, got up steam, and pulled loads. It was not flimsy and unsubstantial, like most store-bought toys, but was an actual model, correct in detail, of a British locomotive. I have it to-day. With fresh packing and plenty of oil, it would still run.

"MY FATHER, too, was forever taking me with him on long tramps over the hills. He was interested in animals, birds, trees, insects, flowers. With a small French microscope he had, we used to examine specimens minutely. He took a keen interest in pointing out to me the structural differences between, say, granite and limestone rock formations; or in lifting boulders and studying the various kinds of bugs underneath. Besides all this, we always had scientific journals in the house, and they were my daily reading matter.

"So, primarily because of my father's passionate interest in such matters, an interest for which he never found much means of expression except in play with me, I grew up absorbed in problems of mechanics and science.

"When I was (*Continued on page 106*)

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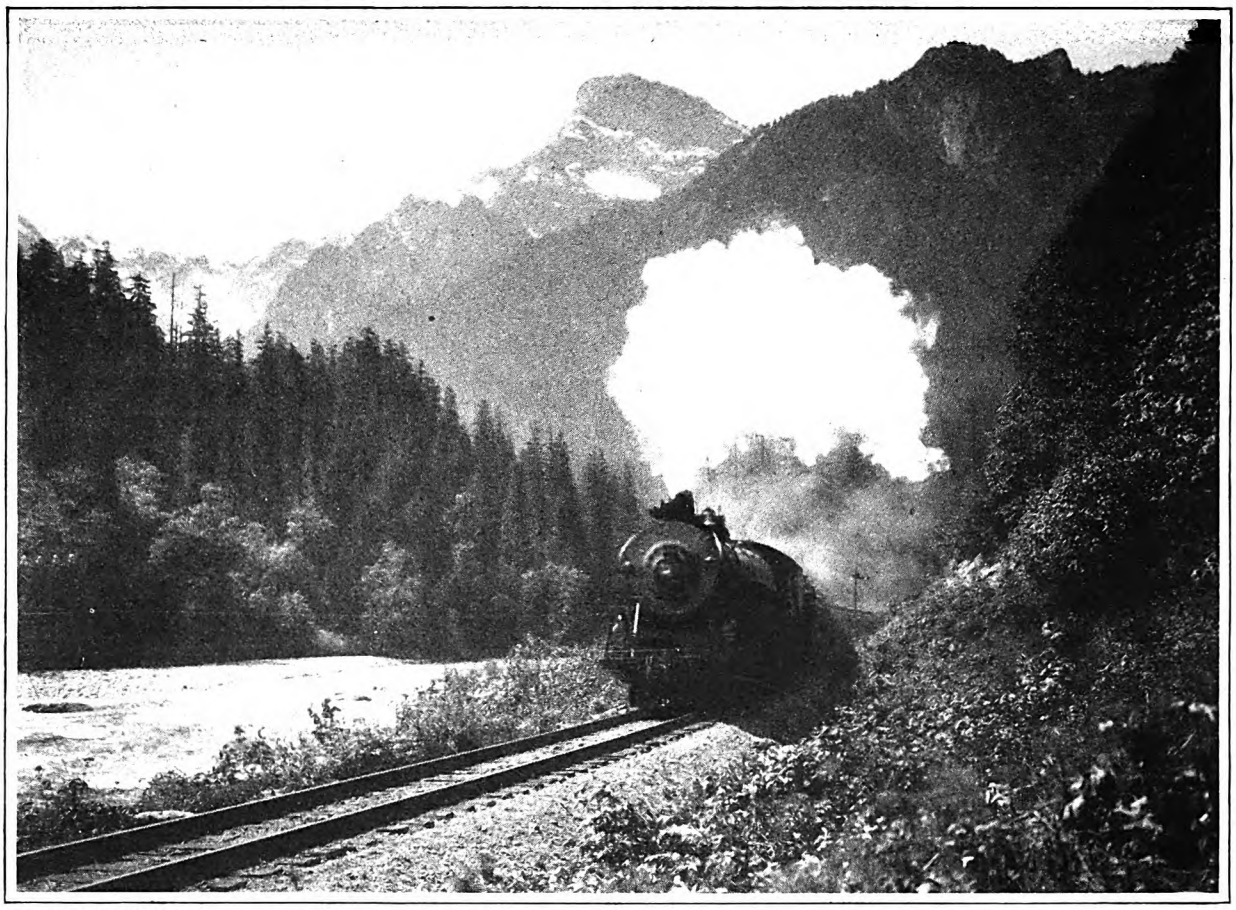

PHOTOGRAPH BY ASAHEL CURTIS

The Oriental Limited, one of the crack trains of the Great Northern Railway, roaring down the west slope of the Cascade Mountains

The Great Cascade Tunnel

A new chapter in the romance of railroad building

By Keene Sumner

UP IN our big Northwest, separated from each other by more than a thousand miles, are two groups of men who are feeling rather proud these days. We ought to feel proud ourselves. Proud of them, for they are doing a tremendous job and are breaking all previous records for that kind of work.

The men in one of these two groups may be found—at least, sometimes—at their offices in St. Paul, Minnesota. The other group is out in the towering Cascade Mountains of the state of Washington.

When I say *in* the mountains I mean just that. For these men are driving a tunnel through the Cascade Range, a tunnel which will be the longest in the Western Hemisphere and one of the five longest in the world.

It is being constructed by A. Guthrie and Company for the Great Northern Railway; and both companies have their head offices in St. Paul. In the Great Northern offices are the two men who planned the undertaking: Ralph Budd, president of the road, and J. R. W. Davis, its chief engineer.

The contract between the railroad and the Guthrie Company was a surprisingly brief document, considering the magnitude of the job. But, short as it was, Mr. Budd took care to write into it the name of the man whom he wanted to have charge of the work.

That man was J. C. Baxter, vice president of the Guthrie Company. He is a civil engineer who has come up from the foot of the ladder in his profession; and to be at the foot of the civil engineering ladder means working with a construction gang, and may mean, as in this case it did mean, doing actual pick-and-shovel labor.

SITTING in his St. Paul office, Baxter told me a lot about the new tunnel—and a little about himself. As with most men of that type, his interest is ninety-nine per cent in his job and perhaps a measly one per cent in himself. They can't understand that *our* interest is at least fifty-fifty.

Baxter was born in New Jersey, moved to California when he was four years old, moved to Salt Lake City a few years later, and has been moving—or, at any rate, on the move—ever since.

A civil engineer doesn't stay still long enough to become a "mossback." He bears no resemblance, however, to a rolling stone. He is more like a peripatetic drive wheel, with both purpose and power behind its motion.

When he was a youngster, Baxter became a machinist's apprentice; but he quit that job in order to sample others. Among them, was the humble task of shoveling dirt with a construction gang—and right there his sampling days ended! For when he realized that the engineering ladder rose out of the very dirt which he shoveled, he determined to stick to that ladder.

He never has taken a technical course in college. When he directs a construction job to-day, he does it as a graduate from the school of experience. He has worked at highway construction, mine stripping, shaft sinking, tunnel driving, railroad and bridge building—all the way from the East to the West, and from Mexico to Alaska.

He worked, at first, with his hands; later, with his brain and his *personality*. In carrying out any big construction project, the greatest factor is the human element! Machinery and methods make these projects possible of achievement. But machines are useless, and methods are

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a dead letter, without the men behind them.

About fifteen years ago, when Ralph Budd was chief engineer of the Great Northern, J. C. Baxter worked under him; out in those very mountains which are now being pierced by the new tunnel.

Baxter's name was written into the Cascade contract, because Mr. Budd knew him to be not only a civil engineer but also a human engineer. So the story of the tunnel is one of machines and of methods —plus men.

PEOPLE will tell you that the golden age of railroad building in this country—the age of romance, adventure, and great achievement—is over. From coast to coast, and from Canada to the Gulf, there is a vast network of tracks: two hundred and fifty thousand miles of glittering steel threads. Experts say we have enough railroads. Even more than enough! The giant builders, who created our railway systems, had their day of romance and left nothing for this generation, except to operate what they created.

It sounds rather depressing. We hate to see "The End" written after any thrilling chapter of romance. But don't close the book too hurriedly, just because somebody has scribbled "Finis" at the foot of a page. Turn the leaf, and you will find a new chapter well under way.

In it you will read the story of new marvels in railway history; of a new generation of builders who still find wonders to perform —and are steadily and surely performing them.

It was in 1890 that John F. Stevens, then chief engineer of the Great Northern, led a surveying party through the forests of the Cascade Range, searching for a route by which the railroad might cross the mountains.

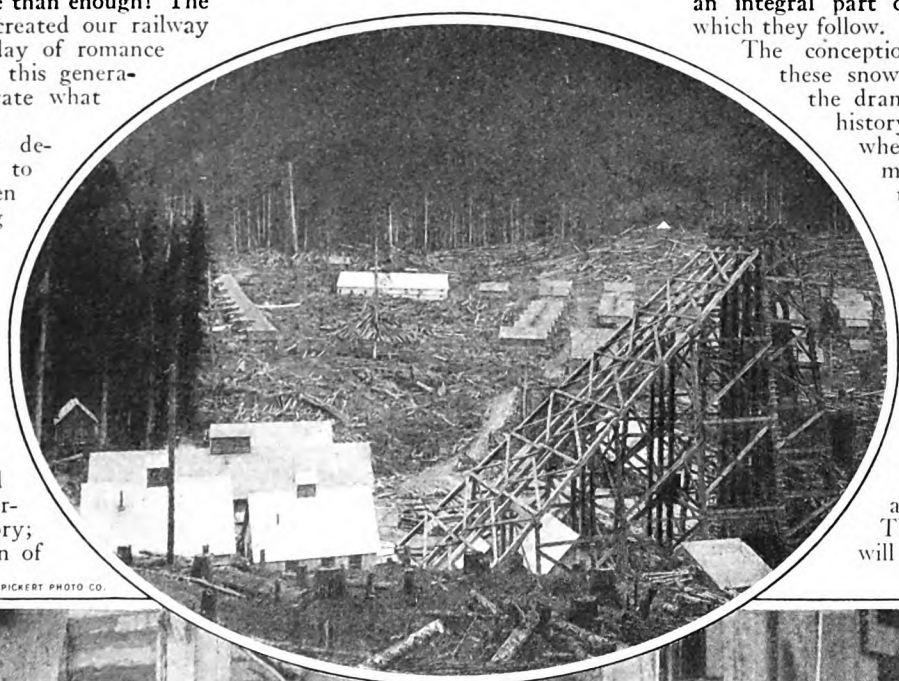
Between two points, which later became the stations Berne and Scenic, he found a pass which seemed to be the most promising. The road was built there, climbing over the pass by a series of switchbacks. In 1900 this was altered into the line which is now used.

The line between Scenic and Berne is about eighteen miles long. Coming east from Scenic, it has to climb 1,325 feet, pass through six tunnels and six miles of snowsheds. Five of the tunnels are very short. The sixth is almost three miles in length, making the total length of covered track about nine miles. When the line reaches the summit elevation at 3,380 it descends 546 feet to Berne.

THE weight of a railroad train runs into hundreds of tons! And to drag this weight up hundreds of feet is an herculean job. It costs money, too; and it takes time. As both money and time are the great factors in modern railway operation, that eighteen-mile bit of road has always given Great Northern officials something to think about.

Moreover, there were those six miles of snowsheds. In themselves, the snowsheds of our Western railroads are a triumph of human ingenuity over the forces of Nature. Built of concrete walls and great timbers, their roofs are almost an integral part of the mountainsides which they follow.

The conception and building of these snowsheds formed one of the dramatic chapters in the history of our railroads. But when Nature "built" a mountainside, she turned out a permanent job; whereas, a snowshed has to be maintained, repaired, and occasionally rebuilt. To do this work on the six miles of sheds between Scenic and Berne costs hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. And here is an interesting fact: The new tunnel, which will eliminate those sheds



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A group of officials of the Great Northern Railway and of A. Guthrie and Company, construction engineers, on an inspection tour at the Mill Creek Shops. J. C. Baxter, vice president of the construction company, is third from the left. Ralph Budd, president of the Great Northern, is fourth from the left. (In the oval) The Mill Creek Shaft, which was sunk from the top of the range 659 feet down to the tunnel level, so that two groups working in each direction might bore from the inside of the mountain to meet the gangs boring from the outside

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entirely, will cost about ten million dollars. But the saving, on the upkeep of the sheds alone, will *more* than pay the interest on this investment.

That is not all which the tunnel will accomplish. The line between Berne and Scenic will be ten miles long instead of eighteen. The climb will be 501 feet less each way. If all the present curves were added together, they would form just about *six complete circles;* but the new tunnel will be straight from end to end. As for the important factor of time, the tunnel will save one hour in the running time of passenger trains, and three hours on freight trains.

These results may, or may not, sound important to you. It depends on whether you have any conception of the job of "railroading." Most of us have no real understanding of this job, which calls for billions of dollars, uses the labor of hundreds of thousands of men, and without which our modern life would be utterly impossible.

AS FOR the days of railroad romance being over, let's read this one new chapter, with its story of the ten-million-dollar Cascade tunnel.

It was in November, 1925, that the plans were submitted to the Great Northern's board of directors and approved by them. But that had been preceded by months of study, consultation, and calculation.

The preliminary survey by Great Northern engineers was made in winter; sometimes at an altitude of five thousand feet, with correspondingly intense cold.

It was necessary to take long sights across canyons; and as the air currents were confused and changing, the sights were taken over and over, in order to check up on their accuracy.

A report of this one small detail of the work says: "A large and special theodolite was bought. Then, for eight days and nights in midwinter, an observer kept constant vigil beside this instrument, on a frigid and storm-swept ridge, hopefully awaiting the few moments of visibility necessary to sight through to the next station."

IT IS front-page news in the paper if some mountain climber, on a holiday excursion, is caught on a "frigid and storm-swept ridge" and has to stay there a couple of days. But to these unknown and unheralded "observers," that bleak vigil was just a part of their job, a mere incident in "the preliminary survey."

If you want to take your hat off to them, I'll wait for you to do it. You might as well, for you'll have to take it off anyway to the men who come after them.

These later comers appeared on the scene almost before the ink on the contract was dry.

Work on the tunnel was to start at four points: From Berne on the east, and from Scenic on the west, men were to bore straight into the mountain. And from Mill Creek, about two and one-half miles west of Berne, and high above it, a shaft was to be sunk to the proposed level of the tunnel. From the foot of this shaft, men would bore east toward Berne and west toward Scenic.

At all four points, work was to continue twenty-four hours a day, with three shifts of crews. There must be electric plants for power and light; pumps, in case of subterranean flows of water; drillers and track layers, and men to handle the blasts; machinists and blacksmiths—and only a tunnel builder knows what else!

Moreover, all these men must be fed and housed. Most of all, they must be made contented and satisfied! And this had to be accomplished away up there in the heart of the mountains, surrounded by the wilderness.

Scenic and Berne were not towns. They were merely stations. Towns had to be created there! So the forest was cleared away and three main camps were built to accommodate the men—and even their families.

These were not mere rude barracks. Each of the bunkhouses for the unskilled laborers is sixteen by thirty-two feet and accommodates ten men. For the skilled workmen there are similar quarters; but with only six men to each house.

All the men are supplied with bedding by the company. In fact, they are not allowed to bring their own bedding, since it might not be up to the sanitary standard maintained at the camps.

Hot water is always available. There are both showers and stationary tubs. The bunkhouses have concrete floors, which are swept every day and, twice a week, are hosed out. Each man has a steel locker for his personal belongings.

Besides the bunkhouses, there are eighty-six houses for families. They have three or four rooms, bath, up-to-date plumbing, and electric lights! The rents are fifteen and twenty dollars a month. Every family house is occupied and there is a long waiting list. Each of these groups has a schoolhouse for the children.

THE camps have sidewalks, sewer systems, recreation halls, main dining halls. The company has provided pianos for dancing and encourages the men in athletic sports. In short, these wilderness camps, built for a brief three years' existence, are places where human beings can be comfortably and happily *at home.*

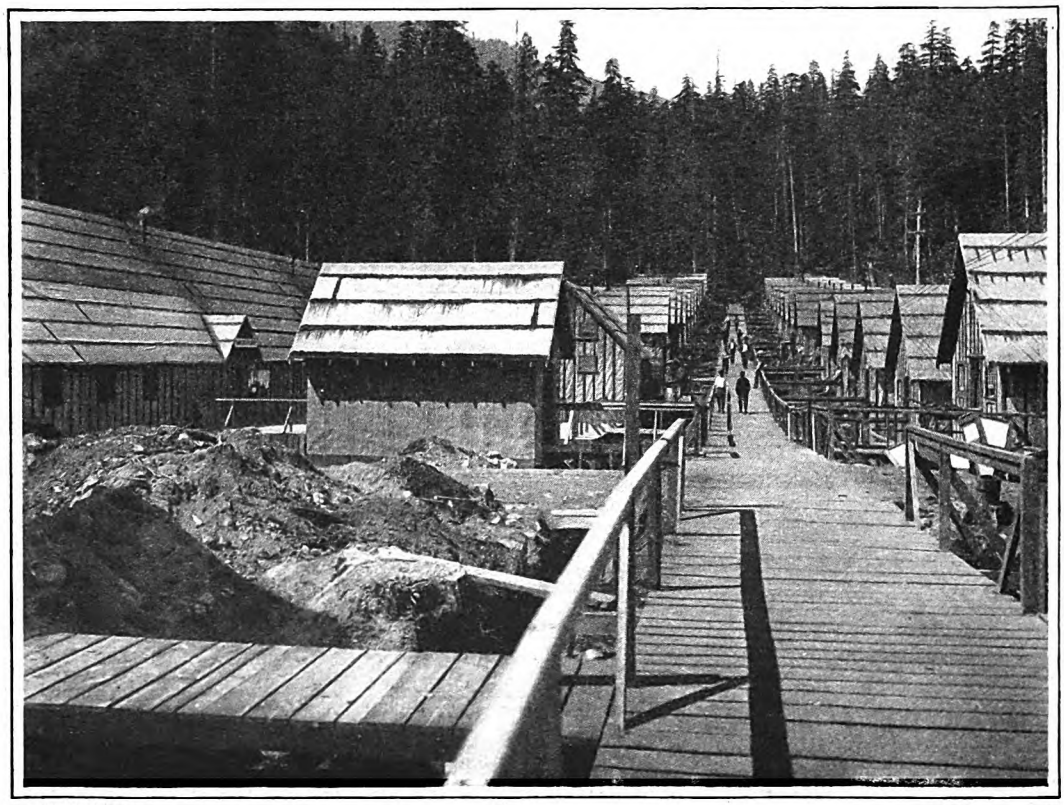
This is just one of the results of having "human engineers" in charge of the job. Some day, perhaps all employers will stop thinking of "workmen," and think instead of "men who work." There's a big difference between those points of view.

This human engineering has produced an interesting state of affairs at the tunnel camps. In the first place, the labor turnover—the number of men quitting the job—is so low that it is a record for such work.

In the second place, there is a spirit of loyalty and of coöperation which keeps the entire force, from top to bottom, on its toes. In the common phrase, these men are "driving" a tunnel. And they are driving it, not merely with machinery but with the combined force of their own will and ambition. They themselves are not being driven. They are accomplishing almost superhuman tasks, because they care about the job.

If that kind of spirit hasn't the thrill of romance, then there "ain't no such animal" anyhow.

And these men have



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A photograph of the workmen's camp near Scenic, Washington, the west portal of the tunnel

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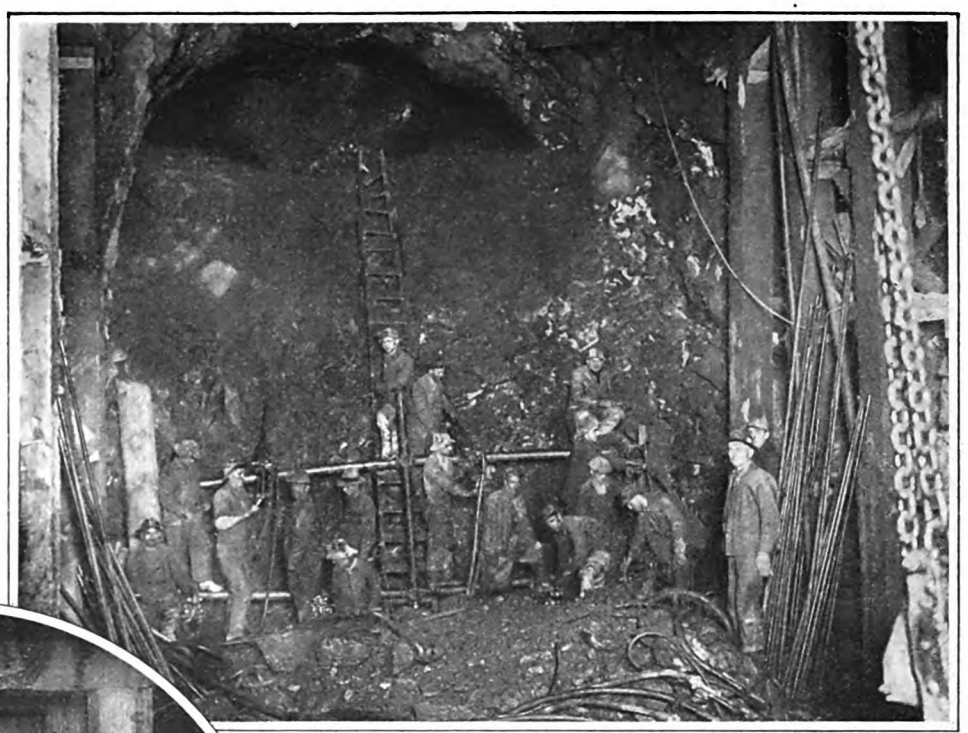
made a world record as far as tunnel driving is concerned. When the work started, it was estimated that three years would be required to finish it. But at the present rate of advance the tunnel will be completed and trains will be running through it weeks before the three years are up.

LET'S get that part of the story right now. The longest tunnel already built in the Western Hemisphere is the Rogers Pass tunnel, about six and one half miles long, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. In driving a tunnel, the drillers first make a central bore. Other crews follow behind them and enlarge this passage to the size required for the completed tunnel.

The central bore, at Rogers Pass, was 6½ by 8 feet. In January, 1915, the men on that job broke the previous world's record by advancing the center heading 932 feet in thirty-one days.



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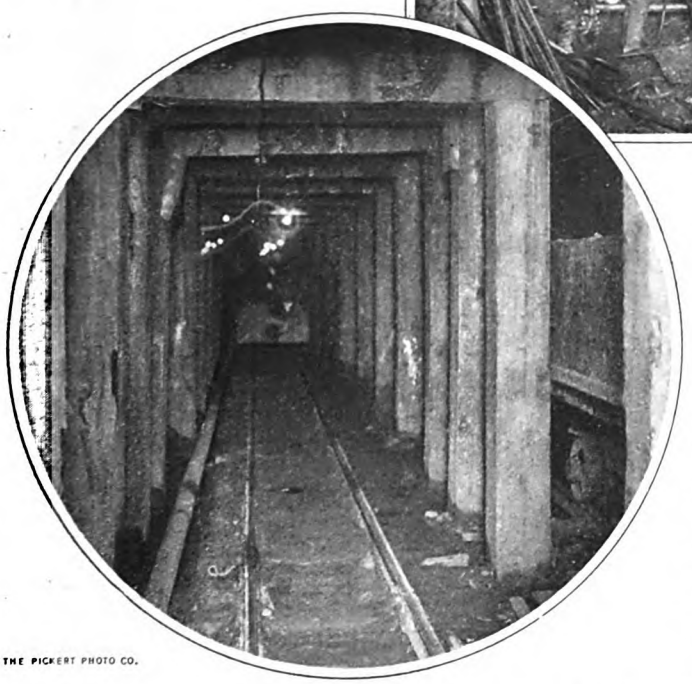

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A view of the "main bore." (In the circle) One of the smaller "pioneer" tunnels, which run parallel to the main bore. Pioneer tunnels, by tapping the main tunnel at various points, provide additional "working faces" and give an opportunity to bring up machinery and carry away débris without crowding the main tunnel

More than eleven years later that was still the world's record. Then, literally right and left, the Cascaders began to smash it. During August, 1926, the crews working in the pioneer tunnel from Scenic —I'll tell you about the "pioneer tunnel" later—advanced 937 feet in thirty-one days. And *their* center bore was 8 by 9 feet in size! They and their superintendent, O. C. Hartman, would have worn 8 by 9 smiles, if that had been possible.

The men are paid minimum wages, based on a 650-foot advance per month. For anything over that, they receive a bonus. So the Scenic crews put their bonuses in their pockets, and triumphantly ran the "high camp" pennant to the peak of their flagpole.

On this prized pennant is the figure of a Rocky Mountain goat, the emblem of the Great Northern railroad. The winners hoisted this flag, and dared the rival crews to "get their goat."

Whereupon, the men at the Berne camp, working under "Hurry-up" Jones, proceeded to do it. In the next thirty-one days, they drove *their* center bore—which was 10 by 10 feet—984 feet into the granite mountain!

The high camp pennant was transferred to Berne. During October it fluttered defiantly from the Berne flagpole. But meanwhile, the "beat the world record" spirit had become an epidemic.

Everybody had caught it. In September, the officials of the Guthrie company had come out to inspect the job. And before they left, they posted an offer of five hundred dollars to the outfit which would make a new world's record.

That offer meant more than mere money to the crews. It meant comradeship, appreciation, mutual interest, all along the line. The result was that the pioneer tunnel outfit at Scenic, then under H. J. King, hung up a record of an 1,157-foot advance in October! With whoops of joy, they reinstated the goat at the peak of their flagpole.

AS I said before, this sort of thing isn't achieved by mere machines, although the ones used here are marvels in themselves. The romance in any achievement is always found in those two words: "Plus men."

For example: Among the machines used in the tunnel work are what are known as "muckers." After the drillers have driven holes into the face of the rock, and blasted them out with dynamite, the mucker, operated by still another crew, gathers up the débris and deposits it in cars, which are run outside, where the contents are dumped.

That is only a hint of the variety and complexity of the operations, but it will serve to show, in a small way, how all these operations must dovetail into one another. If there should be a failure at any point, the whole program would be held up.

If anything goes wrong with the compressed-air pressure, the drills cannot be operated; and drillers, blasters, muckers, shifters all have to stand idly waiting.

If a machine breaks down, the whole sequence of work breaks down too. To avoid these breaks, the men keep their machines up to the top notch of efficiency. Each man watches his particular part of the equipment like a hawk. He is always searching for any threat of trouble.

AS a sample of the results of this watchful care, one of the mucking machines worked twenty-four hours a day for one hundred and thirty-four days without coming out of the tunnel for repairs!

Team-work is building the Cascade tunnel at a record-breaking rate of speed. But team-work is also building something else—a mutual respect and friendliness among the men on the job.

After one of the camps had won the pennant for breaking the record, the event was celebrated by taking an official picture of the leaders of the winning crews. They, of course, were employed by the contracting firm. But they refused to pose for the photograph unless the group included the Great Northern engineer whose duty it was to "give them the line."

As a tunnel (*Continued on page 158*)

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Don't Tie To Health Rules Unless They Fit Your Own Case

"Human beings are not standardized like nuts and bolts," says Dr. Charles M. Wharton, in charge of physical education at the University of Pennsylvania: "Each of you has an individual capacity for work and for play, and it's your job to learn your limits"

By Sherman Gwinn

HE WAS small and wiry, a veritable bundle of sinews and nerves. When he first got into the game, he was like a fighting and spitting young wildcat—ripping at will through the opponent line, darting for long gains around the ends, spinning with him the whole 'varsity in a perfect frenzy of brilliant football.

Nobody could stop him. He was unbeatable. He was a star of big measure—those first ten or fifteen minutes.

Yet the thousands in the stands did not leap up to cheer him. In football, as in everything else in life, it is the second, the third, the final quarter which most counts to win. And this boy had the name of a quitter.

Even the coaches, wise in men, shook their heads, at a loss to understand, and admitted that this sensational starter was a mighty poor finisher. Quitters are not popular in college, or anywhere else. And as for the boy, he worried, began to doubt himself, until his good became bad, and his bad faded to worse. In his heart he knew he wasn't a quitter; in spirit, he fought the game through to the end. But actually, long before the end, he was gasping on the side lines—done, unable to go on.

Let Dr. Charles M. Wharton, in charge of health and physical education at the University of Pennsylvania, go on with this boy's story, a story, I was to discover as he told it, which strikes pretty close home to a great many of us. For nearly thirty years Doctor Wharton has been a trainer of men, a counselor to boys and to their parents alike. During the war, he was associated with Walter Camp in directing physical training for the navy, and later for the army Air Service. Old-timers may recall him best as "Buck" Wharton, the six-foot-four, two-hundred-and-ten-pound "Penn" guard of All-American fame in 1895 and 1896, one of the greatest "line buckers" of football history.

"Yes, they called this boy a quitter," Doctor Wharton said. "The mysterious feature of it was that he didn't seem to have any reason for quitting. He kept in excellent physical condition. He had a sound, sturdy heart; muscles that were built for endurance; and he had the spirit to win, the courage to stick to the finish. Yet, after his first fine burst of playing, he 'laid down,' as the fellows say, wilted so there was nothing to do but take him out for a substitute.

"For weeks I worked with the boy, pondering over his case and trying to get at his trouble. I subjected him to every exercise test I could devise, and in each he showed up perfectly. Then one day, while observing his play with the team, it occurred to me that his weakness invariably came on after about fifteen minutes of exertion. Guided by this, I examined him after five minutes of play, next after ten minutes, and last after fifteen minutes. The first two examinations revealed nothing but his excellent shape. It was the third which brought out the cause of his trouble.

"His lungs, while perfectly sound, were smaller than they should have been to supply his body with sufficient oxygen for more than a limited period of exertion. You might say they were of fifteen-minutes 'football capacity.' The short rest provided by the rules between consecutive quarters of the game wasn't enough to allow him to recuperate. His 'let down' as the game wore on was not quitting, as the term was applied to him, but sheer physical exhaustion.

"Acting upon that discovery we played him differently. We put him into the game for the first quarter, rested him during the second and third, and returned him to the scrimmage when he had recovered. We simply lengthened his rest time to meet his individual need. And he became what he might have been from the beginning—a star.

"The point I want to make is this:

"EACH of us has an individual capacity—for work, for play, for enjoyment of life. This capacity extends to eating, sleeping, exercising, to almost every activity under the sun in which we may engage. We are not all eight-hour-a-day workers. We are not all eight-hour-a-night sleepers, not all of us can be slender, regardless of beauty doctors and Paris fashions. In short, we are not standardized like nuts and bolts.

"We are at our best, and achieve most, when we give intelligent regard to our capacities and keep within them. Much of our unhappiness, failure, sickness, pessimism, and very often death itself, may be charged against overloading in one capacity or another.

"We build motors, and rate them ac-

Consider Your Health First And Then, if You Must, Your Looks

"ONE of the commonest questions I'm asked," says Doctor Wharton, "is this: 'Doctor, how can I take off ten pounds? I think I'm over weight.'

"'Are you well?' I inquire.

"'Oh yes, I feel all right,' is usually the answer.

"'Eat well? Enjoy your sleep?'

"'Sure.'

"'Then why, in the name of common sense, don't you leave well enough alone?' I inquire.

"'I think I'd *look* better, if I lost a little weight.'

"There you are, the old notion that we must be standardized like tailor's dummies. Ready to risk health, vigor, happiness itself in order to conform to a physical pattern by reducing a waist line or flattening a hip. Not that you can't be over weight, or under weight, but *your* own private normal weight should be the standard by which to judge, and not a table somebody has made up, or a mandate from some tailor or costumer. It's no crime to be normally stout, any more than it's a crime to be thin."

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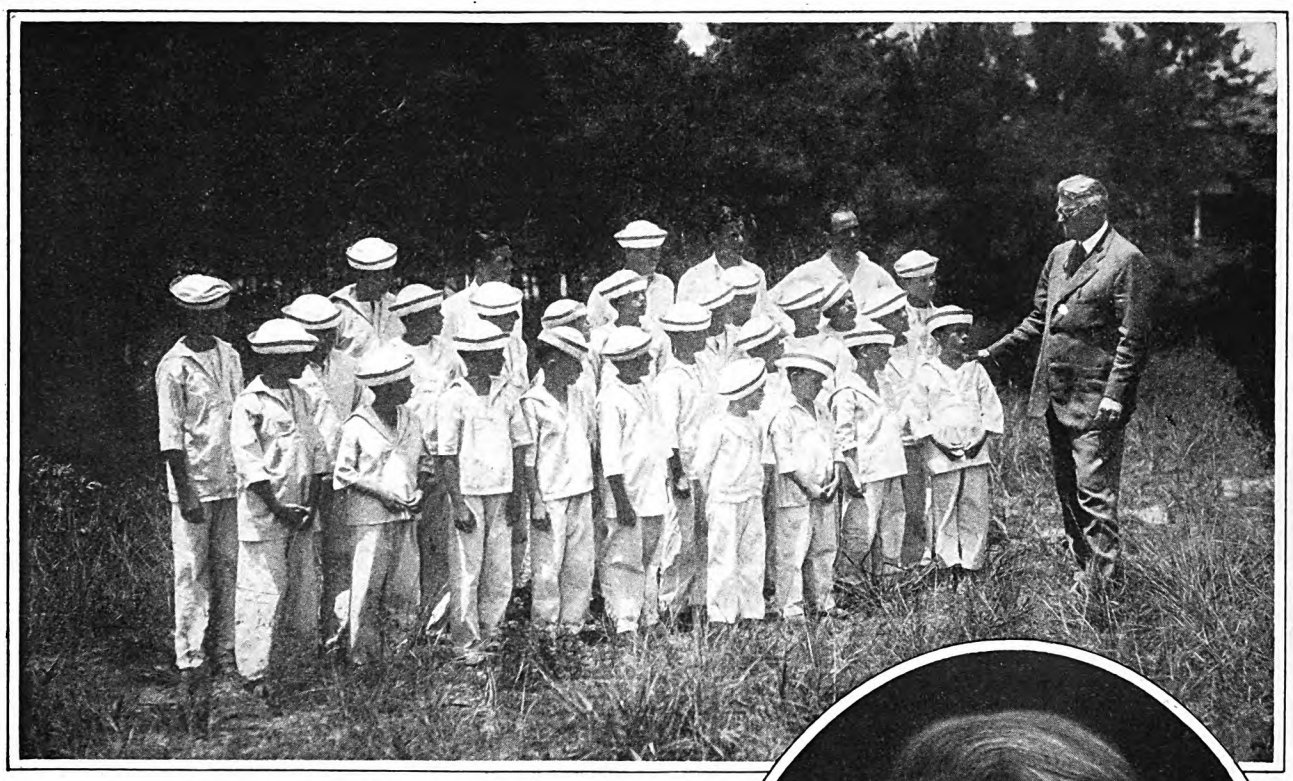

cording to their horse-power. We build trucks, freight cars, elevators, and paint or stamp on them the load they will bear. For racing, we breed race horses; for plowing, plow horses. Even our land is rated for its productivity per acre according to the crops that best suit it. The only thing or creature that we don't rate, though it has a rating just as fixed and as certain, is man—ourselves. This is illogical, unscientific, and it isn't right. Many a man who is called a quitter, or a failure, is that simply because somewhere he has loaded beyond capacity. Yet, curiously enough, the capacity that is least often overloaded is that of work."

"But the example you just cited," I objected, "was that of a boy who was subjected to too much work."

"Not too much work, but too little *rest*," Doctor Wharton corrected. "Later, when we tried the plan of resting him before he was overtaken by exhaustion, he was able to return to the game for a second quarter. Thus he was good for *double* the amount of work he had been doing.

"ONE of the most successful business leaders in this country, a man who has a reputation for performing a prodigious amount of work, stops work promptly at noon and takes a nap. He sleeps until two or two-thirty o'clock, arises refreshed, and returns to his desk, where he works until six or seven. He is always at his best.

"He has learned through experience that he saves time by taking that daily nap. When he worked through without it, he found himself thick-headed and listless during the whole afternoon. Frequently, he had to do over the next morning much that he had done the previous afternoon. He suffered with headaches. His digestion was bad.

"Now, I don't mean to infer by this that everybody is in need of a nap at noon, though I do believe that a break in the work day that furnishes some diversion and rest makes anybody the better for it.

For thirty years Dr. Charles M. Wharton has been a trainer of men—and of boys, as the picture above shows. He is in general charge of health work and physical education at the University of Pennsylvania. In his student days, "Buck" Wharton, as he was then known, was one of the greatest of football players

The amount of rest we need is governed by our individual capacity for recuperation.

"For every ounce of energy we expend we must put an ounce back. Some of us generate energy slowly, others rapidly. Some of us expend it slowly, others rapidly. There is a balance somewhere which makes it a fifty-fifty proposition between the energy we generate and that which we expend.

"To find that balance, we must ignore everything but the conditions under which we live. Your balance may change simply by moving from a noisy street, where your rest is disturbed, to a quiet street where your sleep is sound. It may change with a change of work. It may vary with the seasons, and it usually does.

"YOUNG men often talk of the work done by their fathers and grandfathers. One was in the other day.

"'My grandfather began work at four in the morning and didn't let up until dark,' he said. 'I don't think he was sick a day of his life, and he lived to be eighty-four.'

"'What did he do and where did he live?' I asked.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEANNE E. BENNETT, BALTIMORE

"'He farmed and lived in the country,' was the answer.

"'And you,' I reminded him, 'live in a great city, at a great university among thousands of others. You live in a day of motion pictures, theatres, radios, automobiles, with life moving all about at a rate a thousand times faster than the quiet country life that moved about your grandfather. He went to bed at eight and got up at four, which gave him eight hours of sound and restful sleep. You get to bed at eleven, sleep amid the clang of cars, traffic whistles, and the tooting of automobiles, and you arise at six after seven hours in bed, during which you tossed and dreamed.

"'Do you realize,' I asked, 'that to-day you expend more energy in walking across an average city street than your grandfather did sixty years ago in walking a mile?'

(*Continued on page 116*)

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"Free, Wide, And Handsome"

The story of a man who was given a new chance at life

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

I HAD progressed as far as the fifth tee when I became aware that I was not alone on the links. This is sufficiently unusual to give me pause, so I do so. This is to say, I paused. For I am not a golfer, and therefore I dislike having anybody on the links with me. Even a caddie. Even my wife. Especially my wife.

I was very much surprised to see this player apparently awaiting me at the fifth tee. I could not see how he could possibly have got that far ahead of me at this time of day. You see, my own habit is not only to start very early, but also to begin at the third tee. The first tee is directly in front of the clubhouse; and the second also is plainly visible to people, mainly women, who have nothing better to do than swig after-lunch coffee on the terrace. But the third tee is nicely situated just behind the blind side of the caddie house. This chap could not have eaten any lunch; or else he had indulged in the reprehensible practice of cutting in ahead.

I lingered on the fourth green as long as I decently could, but there was no budging the fellow. In fact, after I had done my putt over again for the third time, he hailed me.

"Want to go around together?" he called.

"Sure! Delighted!" I called back, as cheerfully as though I meant it. "If you don't mind my being a poor player."

Now, I did not in the least want to go around together. When I go around together I do not enjoy the links at all. They are very beautiful links. There are rows of tall trees, and the soft-round roll of slopes, and long shadows across green turf, and a milky, misty light in distances, and remotely glimpsed hills bathed in quiet magic, and flocks of killdeer that rise with cries of marshlands. Lone, far-off green keepers do grateful buzzy things with lawn mowers, and nearby bumblebees with wild flowers. It is pleasant to loaf in the presumed direction of the ball, expandedly soaking up these things. One cannot do this when going around together.

HOWEVER, I was in for it and I might as well make the best of it. He was not a bad-looking chap, tall, middle-aged, of a dark and rather melancholy countenance, but with a human twinkle in his eye.

"My name is Parker," I introduced myself. "I'm not much at this game, but if you'll be patient at least it's a fine day."

"It is that. Mine's Thrackleford."

I looked at him again with interest. Thrackleford is not a name one would be likely to forget if once he had seen or heard it, and I had encountered it many times; in fact, as often as I had idly glanced at the club handicap rating posted in the locker-room and caddie house. It stood in a column all by itself, and had stood so for years. I had noticed it first when the chairman had assigned me my handicap, which was—and is—25.

"But look here," I had expostulated mildly, "I'm just beginning this game—never had a club in my hands before. You ought to do better by me than that. All these other '25' fellows have played a long time, and—"

"Twenty-five is the highest handicap that we give," he interrupted me firmly. "All beginners have to start there."

"But here's the name Thrackleford, marked '35'."

"That," said the chairman grimly, "is different. He's earned his."

Remembering these things, I looked at the man with more interest. I had never seen him before; I had never met anybody who had seen him. As far as any of the friends I had casually asked about him knew, he never played our course. When or how the committee had obtained the information on which it made such positive decisions, it alone could have told—and didn't.

"Glad you came along," he greeted me as I drew near. "I don't like to play alone. Isn't often one finds a man loose week-day afternoons."

"I'm a painter," I defended myself. "So, naturally, my job is where I am."

"Lucky boy. Doctor's orders accounts for me. Shoot 'em up."

I shot 'em up, and, being somewhat over-eager as—comparatively, of course—a low handicap man, I topped it.

"Too bad," he observed. "You bent your left elbow and took your club head away from the ball at an angle instead of an arc."

HE TEED his ball, stepped back from it, stood for just a moment as though in thought, and then, with a loose-muscled, free swing, sent it straight and true an incredible distance down the middle of the fairway. Remembering his handicap, I felt myself permitted to ask him if he could do that right along.

"Pretty regularly," he replied, in a matter-of-fact tone.

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It took me two more strokes to place my ball only a little beyond that mammoth drive of his. The fifth hole on our links is the long one, over five hundred yards and up a persistent slope, with undulating ground swells all the way.

Thrackleford took his brassie, again contemplated the ball a brief instant—and again smote it with that same free, loose-jointed swing. It started low along the curve of the slope, then began to rise and kept on rising until personally I lost sight of it against the distant trees.

I trudged on to my own ball, conscious of a little indignation. Thirty-five! How did the committee get that way! This fellow hit them out like a professional!

Under the spur of this indignation—which was, after all, only mild, I can get up but an academic interest in such matters—I did pretty well, if I do say it. I was hole high in 5, actual count. Thrackleford's ball lay only twenty yards short of the green. He picked out his mashie, crouched over in the approved attitude, and made his stroke. The ball shot away from the impact, described a rainbow arc completely over the green, and bounced and rolled into the rough beyond. Thrackleford watched it anxiously until it stopped, barely within bounds.

"WELL, that's safe, anyway!" he cried exultantly. "I lifted her all right; but the trouble was I snapped at her just at the last minute. I'm still away."

He left his bag and walked across to where his ball lay. This time it hopped forward about four feet.

"See what I did then?" inquired my opponent with entire good nature. "I peeked. Didn't keep my fool head down."

His third attempt was more successful, and seemed to please him greatly, though the ball was barely on the green, leaving him a thirty-foot putt.

"Look at that!" he cried. "That's the time the little imp did what he was told! Not so worse!"

His exultation seemed to me misapplied. The shot was away short; it had barely hopped on, and from only a few yards; and just before he had accepted two marvelous efforts with complete indifference. But he was very engaging in his enthusiasm. I found myself beginning to like the chap, and to be glad that we happened to be going around together.

Now, I am pretty good with a mashie. It is the only club I am pretty good at. I have discovered that I can think of the ball as something to be scooped away with that implement so that I can see what lies underneath it, and if I can pretend a tremendous interest in what *does* lie underneath it, so that I look eagerly as soon as the ball is out of the way, I can make good shots. It's quite a good scheme. I thought it up myself. So I pretended hard, and did it.

"Gosh, that's a peach!" cried Thrackleford. "I wish I could do that!"

Mighty decent of a fellow who could pull off two like those first ones, especially on top of his subsequent bad luck. I warmed to him still more. Then I looked to see, and found that my ball had come to rest about ten feet from the pin. It always surprises me when this happens, though under my make-believe system it does it quite often.

I can never get a true cause-and-effect feeling out of it. I just do it—that's all.

He prepared very elaborately to putt, extending his elbows at equal and exact angles from his body, like wings, planting his feet at forty-five degrees. Twice he shifted his position slightly before he topped the ball. It missed the cup three feet to the right and overran considerably.

As he was away, he tried again, with the same preliminaries and not dissimilar results; though this time he was inside me somewhat. I made one of my usual approach putts; that is to say, I landed about three feet from the hole, from which distance I have a fair chance, but that is about all. As this brought me in his line, I offered to lift my ball.

"Go ahead and putt her out," he waved my offer aside.

I missed, but went down on the next shot; which made me a nine, actual strokes. Pretty good for the long hole! And Thrackleford took two more, which halved it.

"Beats my record for this hole," he remarked.

That seemed likely. Mine looked good to me; but must be unusual in the reverse sense to a man who handled his clubs like Thrackleford.

WE SAUNTERED over to the next tee. It is silly to take this game seriously, but I found myself childishly elated and correspondingly expansive.

"Don't remember to have seen you about lately," I suggested. I put in the "lately" just to be polite.

"No; this is my first try at the course for a long time. I've been off on one of my exploring expeditions," said he.

I was interrupted by a rough and sarcastic voice. "Say," it observed witheringly, "are youse guys going to stay in your trance, or what? We been yelling *fore* at you for the last hour!"

That sounded interesting, and I said so.

"What you been exploring this time?" I asked. I put in the "this time" also just to be polite. Evidently he had the habit; but I'd never heard of him.

"Heaven, I suppose it is," said he.

"Where does heaven happen to be?" I laughed. "Must be an attractive country if you call it that!"

"I don't know where it is," he replied, "and I don't know whether it would prove attractive in the usual sense or not. But it was darn interesting,

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what little I saw of it. It attracted *me*. I wasn't there long enough to find out very much about it."

"But you must know where you were," I insisted.

"I don't know where I was; as a matter of fact, I merely know what I was."

"Yes?" I queried. "What do you mean by that? What were you? Shanghaied?"

"No. Dead," said he.

I looked at him. He was apparently quite serious, but I caught a twinkle in his eye.

"Of course, if you went to heaven," I agreed. I would as soon fool this way as any other, though the trend of the joke was obscure.

"Your honor," he said.

A dozen more holes merely underscored what the first seemed to have demonstrated. Thrackleford's long game was almost perfect. His wooden shots were marvelous, and invariable. So were his full iron shots. But when he got near the greens, or in any circumstances where he could not take a full swing, he became cramped and uncertain and hopeless. In spite of my usual deficiencies, I managed to pull ahead of him once or twice. It was not that he did not know how, or that he did not try intelligently. He had evidently taken many lessons and read many books, for he analyzed his failures carefully, and told me the why of them very completely. I remarked on his knowledge of the game.

"Oh, I can tell you what to do," he laughed, "if you don't pay any attention to me, doing it."

"I wish you'd tell me the trick of those long shots of yours, then," I rejoined. "If I could ever get off one of them—let alone a dozen, as you have to-day—I'd tie a pink ribbon on the club I did it with and hang it on the wall!"

"I don't know . . ." he answered vaguely. "You just step up and hit it, without bothering too much about it—sort of free, wide, and handsome."

"But do you—"

"I'd like to tell you," he interrupted, "but I don't know; and I don't dare to think about it or try to analyze it, because I'm afraid if I did I'd lose it. I don't *know* how I do it; I just *feel* how I do it."

"Well, where did you learn?" I persisted.

"I GOT the feeling that time I was dead," concluded Thrackleford.

"That's the second time you've said that," I pointed out a little irritably, my ball having plopped into that idiotic sand trap on the sixteenth fairway. "Would you mind telling me what you mean?"

"What I say. I was dead for about two hours. It wasn't really long enough to do much."

I glanced at him sharply. Sure enough he was laughing at me, but I realized at once that his laughter was directed only at my bewilderment. When he caught my eye he made a suggestive gesture toward his own forehead.

"Coo-coo! Nobody home, eh? Well, I was dead all right. Dead as a mackerel, for about two hours."

"How do you know you were dead? You couldn't have been really dead. Catalepsy—trance—"

"Well, of course I don't know what you call dead. But I have the word of experts that I was dead by all known tests. Also, I know it myself. And the other fellows told me so, too."

"Other fellows?"

"Yes. Over There. Where I went—wherever that is."

"You remember what happened to you?"

"Perfectly."

"And you mean to tell me you learned—you mean to say they play golf—"

"No, no! Of course not! All I said was that I learned the *feeling* of how it is to be free, wide, and handsome sometimes. That's different."

WE HAD stopped in the middle of the fairway. I am afraid I was a little goggle-eyed, not only at the extraordinary nature of these statements, but even more at the good-humored, matter-of-fact, commonplace conviction with which Thrackleford proffered them. He seemed not only to believe thoroughly what he was saying, but he also spoke exactly as he might have spoken of any of his experiences in any of the strange countries which he, presumably, had explored.

"Do you mind—that is to say, would it be painful—" I ventured.

He threw back his head and laughed.

"To tell you about it? Not at all! Why should it be? There's nothing disgraceful about dying, is there?"

"But to recall painful—"

"It wasn't painful at all," he interrupted. "Why in blazes should it be? Perfectly natural function. Everybody's doing it—or going to."

"Tell me," I begged, "from the beginning. This is the most interesting thing I ever heard." You see, I was beginning to believe the man *had* died; such was the effect of his personality.

"I'll do my best; but it's difficult to tell. I was pretty ill before I died, and things about me got somewhat vague and unreal. I suppose I was half dozing, and partly delirious perhaps. I'd slip in and out of focus, as it were. Sometimes I'd see myself and the bed and the room and the people clearly enough; then again I'd sort of drop into an inner reverie inside myself. Not asleep exactly, nor yet awake. You'll get much the same thing sitting in front of a warm fire after a hearty dinner."

"I think I get that," I assented. "Go on."

"Now, here's a funny one: I don't know if you'll get this: You know these pictures sent by radio? They are all made up of a lot of separate dots, you know. If you enlarged the thing enough, you'd almost lose the picture, wouldn't you? And you'd have a collection of dots with a lot of space between them. Well, that's how I seemed to myself.

"I could contract myself, bring all the dots close together, and there I'd be, solid as a brick church, lying in bed; and I could expand myself until the dots got separated so far that there were mostly spaces between them. And when I did that my body in the bed got very vague to me, because the dots were so far apart they didn't make a picture; and I—the consciousness of me—was somehow the thing in the spaces that held the dots together at all. I found it quite amusing contracting and expanding like that."

"Delirium," said I.

"That's what I thought at the time. Probably it was. Anyway, that's the picture I got. Then I began to think about it. I began to wonder whether I held the dots together, or whether the dots held me together; and I got so interested that I thought I'd try to find out. You see, I wasn't the dots: I—the essence of me, the consciousness of me—was the spaces between the dots, holding them together. I thought to myself, 'I wonder if I can get away from these dots?' So I tried it; and I could. I must say I was a little scared. That body made of dots was a good, solid container. When I left its shelter, it occurred to me that I might evaporate into universal substance, like letting a gas out of a bottle. I didn't; but I certainly was worried for fear I'd burst out somewhere. I felt awfully thin-skinned!"

He laughed contagiously.

"Then I heard someone say— No; I didn't hear it, I got the *impression* of somebody saying, 'There, he's quite successfully dead,' and I thought to myself that it wasn't much of an operation after all."

"Didn't you suffer any?" I asked.

"Not a bit; that's the funny part of it. Doc Carpenter, in his cheerful fashion, told me afterward that I had 'died hard.' I didn't know it; it was a very pleasurable sort of expansion, the way you feel when you step outdoors on a fine morning, only more so. The way I figure it is that I, the real Me, had got out of reach, where nerves and things couldn't report to me."

"Where were you? What did you see? What was it like?" I asked eagerly. By now I was at least temporarily under an Ancient Mariner spell and was accepting all this at its face value.

"I haven't the slightest idea. I didn't see a thing. I felt quite content—also weakish and decidedly lumpish."

"But you must have—"

"I was darn glad I still was Me," stated Thrackleford emphatically. "Look here, answer me a few questions: Just on common-sense lines, what do you *expect* to take with you when you die? You know you've got to leave your bank account and your flivver and that set of golf clubs and all the rest of it, of course. Also, your physical body. Well, what *do* you take?"

"Why—my, my soul, I suppose: my personality."

"Got to specify better than that. That's just a feeling that you are You. What's the feeling consist of?"

"Why, my memories and experience and ability, I suppose; and—"

"LET me tell you something," interrupted Thrackleford. "Just about nine tenths of your knowledge and experience and memory would be just as much junk as that bum physical body you left behind. Why? Because it's merely ability to handle physical things. You don't need to die to find that out. Just go to the middle of Africa. What good there does your knowledge of how to run your radio or take care of its little insides do you, where there aren't any radios?

"What good does your knowledge of telephones do you, where there aren't any telephones? Or how to handle bell-boys, or go up in an elevator, or check your baggage and buy (*Continued on page 212*)

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Will These Tests Make You Change Your Job?

Maybe you and your job are at outs with each other. This article will help you to place yourself in the scheme of things and will give you a line on the type of work that suits your particular personality

By Albert Edward Wiggam

Dr. Donald A. Laird, Director of the Psychological Laboratory of Colgate University, editor of the monthly magazine "Industrial Psychology," and author of three books and of more than a hundred technical articles. Before coming to Colgate, Doctor Laird taught psychology in five other universities, including Yale and Northwestern. He was born in Indiana, in the year 1898

TWO men of equal intelligence do the same sort of work. One of them likes it and succeeds, the other dislikes it and fails.

What is the difference?

Every summer thousands of college students go out selling something to make their next year's expenses. They all have about equal intelligence. They sell everything from magazine subscriptions, Bibles and Shakespeare to aluminum skillets and teakettles. Some of these boys make good money and have the time of their lives. Some of them have to yank themselves up by the nape of the neck and screw up their courage every time they knock at a door. And in the end they fail miserably, and come home discouraged and without money.

Again, what is the difference?

It is not a lack of intelligence nor a difference in intelligence. They all have plenty of brains to sell Bibles or frying pans.

At Colgate University, Dr. Donald A. Laird and his students have begun to find out what the difference is, and have discovered to some extent how to measure that difference. To-day men can be told pretty well in advance the jobs they are almost certain to fail at, or at least be given a hunch as to the jobs at which they will probably succeed.

For some time I had been reading in technical journals about the "Colgate Emotional Hygiene Tests" which had been devised by Dr. Donald A. Laird, psychologist of Colgate University, at Hamilton, New York. I had also heard of their practical success in some of the big industrial plants of the country, and knew they were being used to test the emotional attitudes of college students in numerous colleges and universities from Maine to California. From the importance and scope of these investigations I had gathered that their inventor must be a man of some fifty or sixty years of age.

Imagine my surprise when, calling on him in his laboratory to find out about these tests, I found a young man around twenty-nine years old. He was surrounded by a group of enthusiastic students, and for the moment I was not sure which was the professor and which the students, as they all seemed to be about the same age.

I learned from his wife, who assists him in his researches and often carries on his work during his absence, that when a sketch of his life was requested by a publication some years ago, the editors wrote back to Doctor Laird, insisting there was surely a mistake in the date of his birth. Apparently they considered it quite improbable that anyone so young could have conducted such a string of important researches. Doctor Laird, moreover, has three books to his credit, "Applied Psychology for Nurses," "The Psychology of Selecting Men," and "Increasing Personal Efficiency," not to mention over one hundred articles printed in both popular and technical magazines and the published findings of seventy-five investigations.

In line with his energy and decision on other matters, Doctor Laird chose his wife and married her when he was a sophomore in college at the age of eighteen. At the age of twenty-one, while he was conducting psychological examinations in the Navy during the War, he saw to it that his wife worked at the same station, by the simple expedient of not telling Uncle Sam that they were married.

"What would you first advise a man to do," I asked Doctor Laird, "who wanted to make the most of

Directions for Scoring

TO MAKE up your own score and find whether you are an introvert, extrovert, or ambivert, you must first answer each of the forty-eight questions in the Personal Inventory. Notice that there are five printed answers to each question, and that each of the five questions has *two* numbers above it—the entire series of numbers running from one to ten. After reading over the phrases in *small* type following each question, think back over your life for the past few months and place your X under the number which *best* describes your average behavior and thoughts. For instance, if you are very strong on any answer you mark the *first* of the two numbers above that particular answer; if you are rather weak or moderate mark the second number.

When you have marked all the answers, turn to the score table on page 134, carefully reading the explanation of the score marks. Then total up the number of crosses on your inventory which fall under the score marks given in the appropriate table.

At first glance, you might think, since there are forty-eight questions and three emotional or personality zones, that sixteen answers one way or another might decide the matter. But this is not the case. Between the introversion and the extroversion zones which, of themselves, are not of equal range (there is a stronger leaning toward introversion than extroversion in the human race) lies the wide ambiversion zone, in which the two types of mind are pretty evenly mixed. The reader is asked, therefore, to take some figures for granted, as it has been found by long experience, which we cannot go into here, that if a certain number of questions are answered introversionally then a proportionate number of questions are automatically answered extroversionally. That is the way the mind works. For instance, if a man answers fifteen or more questions introversionally he has answered not more than nine extroversionally, therefore he is an introvert.

If a man answers five or fewer questions introversionally, he has automatically answered not fewer than nineteen extroversionally, therefore he is an extrovert.

If a man answers not fewer than six or more than nine questions introversionally then he automatically answers fifteen to eighteen extroversionally, and that puts him in the ambivert class.

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himself and his opportunities?"

"The first thing any man should do," he replied, "is to ask himself two important questions, either about the job he is going to choose for his life work or the job he is in now.

"(1) How well does this job allow me to express the traits and characteristics which are my traits and characteristics.

"(2) Does this job make me *repress* my natural likes and dislikes, or does it allow me to *express* them?

"Even if a man is a dumbhead and likes his work, he is a personal success. And if he is a genius and is in a job that does not fit his emotional make-up, while he may have to stick it out from force of circumstances, he may not be a personal failure, yet he has missed his chance of real life and self-realization. What a man wants is a job that gives him not fifty per cent or seventy-five per cent, but one hundred per cent *self-realization*. The difference between two men of equal intelligence doing the same work, one of whom succeeds and the other fails is one of emotional attitude. The difference between the students who succeed and those who fail in selling aluminum ware, is that one group finds self-realization in the work and the other does not.

"My students and I—you must give a lot of credit to my students as they have done most of the work—have devised a battery of forty-eight tests that we call our 'introversion-extroversion tests.' These, we believe, give us a pretty

Personal Inventory—How

[FOR SCORING DIRECTIONS SEE PAGE 47]

	1 2	3 4	5 6	7 8	9 10
1. How steadily have you worked at the ordinary task of the day?	continuously until completed	steadily only at enjoyed ones	shifted only with mood	shifted from one to another	spurts of work
2. How have possible misfortunes entered into your thinking?	worried about them for some time	worried but soon forgot	usually thought what might happen	few apprehensions	imperturbable
3. How easily have your feelings been hurt by remarks or actions referring to you?	easily and often aroused	feelings easily hurt	usually noticed other's intentions	affected in rare instances	gave them no attention
4. How have you considered the feelings of others?	told truth regardless of feelings	sometimes forgetful of feelings	considerate only of some people's	frank, yet tactful	generally careful not to hurt them
5. How have you acted and felt at social affairs?	usually kept in background	retiring at a few affairs	let others entertain, talk, etc.	liked to do entertaining	usually lead
6. How well have you remembered most of the errands and details of your daily routine?	continually forgetting	occasionally forgetful	forget minor ones	usually remember all	rarely forget
7. In social conversation how have you been?	talkative	an easy talker	talked when necessary	preferred listening	refrained from talking
8. How have you decided upon matters of daily conduct?	deliberated almost everything	searched for good reason in most instances	deliberated only important things	followed first impulse in many instances	usually followed first impulse
9. How have you generally been about making loans?	gave to anyone who asked		loaned only to some people		rarely loaned
10. How have you generally taken to discipline and commands?	always followed as a matter of course	followed, but thought it over	considered reasons for following	rebelled inwardly but obeyed	ignored when possible
11. What about a diary?	fairly complete record kept	occasionally recorded events		desired to keep one, but did not	do not keep any
12. How have you responded when praised?	did not work so well	worked same as usual	sometimes did a little better	often worked better	generally worked much better

Read each line through and answer only after thinking over the questions. The past few months only!

13. How have you felt when praised, etc.?	thought it over seriously	pondered some praise	took praise lightly	quickly forgot	seldom noticed it
14. How have you moved when walking, talking, dressing, etc.?	generally deliberate	seldom in a hurry	occasionally hurried	usually rapid	impulsive; very quick
15. Have you studied the motives of others?	seldom considered	have observed motives a few times	occasionally try to unmask motives	sometimes studied motives	inclined to study motives carefully
16. How are your beliefs in politics, religion, social change, etc.?	urge liberal changes	think many changes needed	think changes needed in some lines	give them little thought	hold traditional views
17. Have you been inclined to work out things alone?	usually did not ask for help	hesitated to ask for aid	sometimes sought help	did not hesitate to seek aid	sought and got help in quite a few cases
18. What attention do you give dress and personal appearance?	dress rather for comfort	give some attention to appearance	selected mostly for appearance	try to follow fashion	close attention to dress
19. What care have you taken of your property (books, watches, clothes, etc.)?	kept close watch of all	take reasonable care	care only for some	only necessary care	tendency to be neglectful
20. How have your likes for athletics and things intellectual compared?	liked best all intellectual	preferred intellectual	little preference	preferred athletics	happiest in all physical contests
21. How have you felt when you lost a contest or date or made a poor recitation?	no thought given it	quickly forgot	sometimes gave serious thought	thought about it for some time	greatly upset, brooded over it
22. Have you unburdened your troubles and worries?	very freely	inclined to be confidential	tell some troubles	rarely unburden them	keep all to myself
23. What use have you made of day dreams?	always day dreaming	many day dreams; some practical	generally practical		plan, but do not day dream

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to Take Stock of Yourself

	1 2	3 4	5 6	7 8	9 10
24. Have you made friends with the opposite sex?	generally avoided them	felt less comfortable with them	did not care one way or other	enjoyed their company	sought their company
25. How have you acted in dangerous or embarrassing situations?	always cool	usually level-headed	use head to advantage	kept composed with effort	nervous and uncertain
26. How have you felt in front of strangers or a large crowd?	as if watched	sometimes self-conscious	regarded work rather than self	seldom noticed them	ignored them
27. How have you acted in times when physical courage was needed?	reckless; no fears	generally fearless	avoid only unnecessary ones	always cautious	scared, evaded it
28. Have you experienced fine sentiments and emotions?	easily moved to tears	sympathized readily	not especially sensitive	often unmoved	unsympathetic
29. Have you found it easy to speak in public?	enjoy it very much	can with ease	sometimes easy	hard to express self in public	avoided it
30. How have you acted in times when mental courage was needed?	cool and deliberate	calmed self by reasoning	considered consequences	day dreamed, imagined it was all over	gave up
31. How have you been at selling things?	delighted in convincing customer	have sold many	sold only by great effort	can take orders but not sell	avoided selling
32. Have you worked with others?	much preferred to work alone	inclined to be independent	worked with others in some cases	liked working with others	sought work with others
33. What kind of work have you liked best?	coarse rough work	rather liked manual labor	not particular	liked exact, delicate	preferred very painstaking
34. Have you liked to convince others, argue, etc.?	looked for such chances	enjoyed convincing people	not very argumentative	dropped arguments quickly	avoided them
Take time to read each line carefully and answer thoughtfully. Consider only the past few months					
35. How do you compare with your chosen associates intellectually?	superior	a trifle better	about equal	slightly below majority	inferior
36. How have you been about making friends?	cautious	must know them a long time first	slightly reserved	get acquainted easily	made friends with everyone
37. How do you compare with your associates physically?	superior	above average	about equal	a little below average	inferior
38. Have your moods changed without apparent cause?	often changed	changed in some instances	kept in fairly uniform spirits		moods almost always the same
39. Have your moods changed with cause?	always responded quickly	fairly quick response	must be strong reason		seldom changed
40. How high a value have you placed on yourself and on your abilities?	high estimation	above average	about medium	below average	very modest estimation
41. How about blushing?	readily; very often	rather often	once in a while	very rarely	never notice it
42. Have you expressed yourself better in speech or in writing?	best in writing	preferred writing	no preference	preferred speaking	talk considerably better
43. Have you given much attention to form and style in literature?	very critical and appreciative	noticed mistakes	read because of interest		read to pass time
44. Have you rewritten your letters before mailing?	many letters rewritten	rewrote some	occasionally rewrote one	made some corrections	always let first draft go
45. Have you talked to yourself?	not at all	occasionally notice it		quite often	very frequent occurrence
46. How have you met the obligations of your conscience?	very promptly at any cost	careful to obey conscience	somewhat lax and tardy	often overlook obligations	they do not bother
47. What have you done when things went wrong?	felt sorrow and pity for self	sorrowful but not entirely discouraged	tried to rectify them	indifferent to many	gave them little thought
48. How have you been in sharing your things with others?	consider myself selfish	have shared but reluctantly	have shared in many cases		have at sacrifice of own interest

good line on a man's emotional make-up and personality. And we find a man's emotional- and personality-fitness for his job are just as important as his mental capacity to do the work.

"A man who tests high in introversion, we call an 'introvert,' and one who tests high in extroversion, we call an 'extrovert.' Most of us, however, have a considerable number of the qualities of both introverts and extroverts, which fall into what we call the 'ambiversion' zone. This zone occupies quite a large area in our emotional make-up and personality. As a matter of fact, it is only when we lean way over toward the introvert or extrovert side of our make-up that these qualities stand out very definitely.

"Fundamentally, the introvert is a man of ideas and thought. His life and his satisfactions are mainly *inside* of himself. On the other hand, the extrovert finds his life and satisfactions *outside* of himself, loves to meet people, to build, to promote and manage.

"Our great typical extrovert was Colonel Roosevelt. A great typical introvert was President Wilson. Of course each had some qualities of the opposite type, but these terms 'introversion' and 'extroversion' describe the main trends of each man's personality. Think for a moment how different they were in physical make-up and bodily proportion! I have little belief in what is commonly called 'character (*Continued on page 125*)

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Another "Just Folks" Article

Sam Rubee Let The Sunshine Into A Place Of Shadows

He changed an unsightly graveyard into a beautiful park, rich in flowers, in vistas, and often filled with the laughter of children

By Mary B. Mullett

A WOMAN, living in Des Moines, Iowa, took her pen in hand one day about a year ago, and wrote me a letter. Not that this was anything unusual. We of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE receive hundreds of letters a month from all over the country.

But this one was unique in my experience; for it was the only letter I ever have received, in which the writer became enthusiastic and excited over a *cemetery*.

So I sat right up and took notice.

It wasn't even her own cemetery. It belonged to Marshalltown, a hundred miles from her home city; and she had discovered it during a chance visit to that community.

The result was her letter to me; a letter in which two phrases stood out with startling effect.

They were these two: "A place gay with life," and, "A spot where the living like to linger."

"Well!" I said to myself; "if there is a cemetery anywhere that is 'gay with life,' I certainly would like to see it!"

It is curious, but it is a fact, that a cemetery is vitally interesting to every *living* human being. I sometimes see it as a center where thousands of silken threads converge; threads of tender memories, coming from all kinds of homes; from shops and factories and offices; some of them from far-off cities; even from far-off lands; an invisible web of loving thoughts, woven between human hearts and—the cemetery.

Yet the cemetery is usually "a place apart" from our daily lives. When we go there it is to make a sort of formal call. When we enter the gates, we put on a special manner. If we take the children with us, they feel uncomfortable until they have escaped from—they don't quite know what, but something alien and depressing.

If, instead of this place apart, there really was a cemetery where "the living like to linger," I wanted to know about it. So the next time I was in the Middle West, I went to Marshalltown.

I found just what I was in quest of; and I found also the explanation of how it came to be in existence.

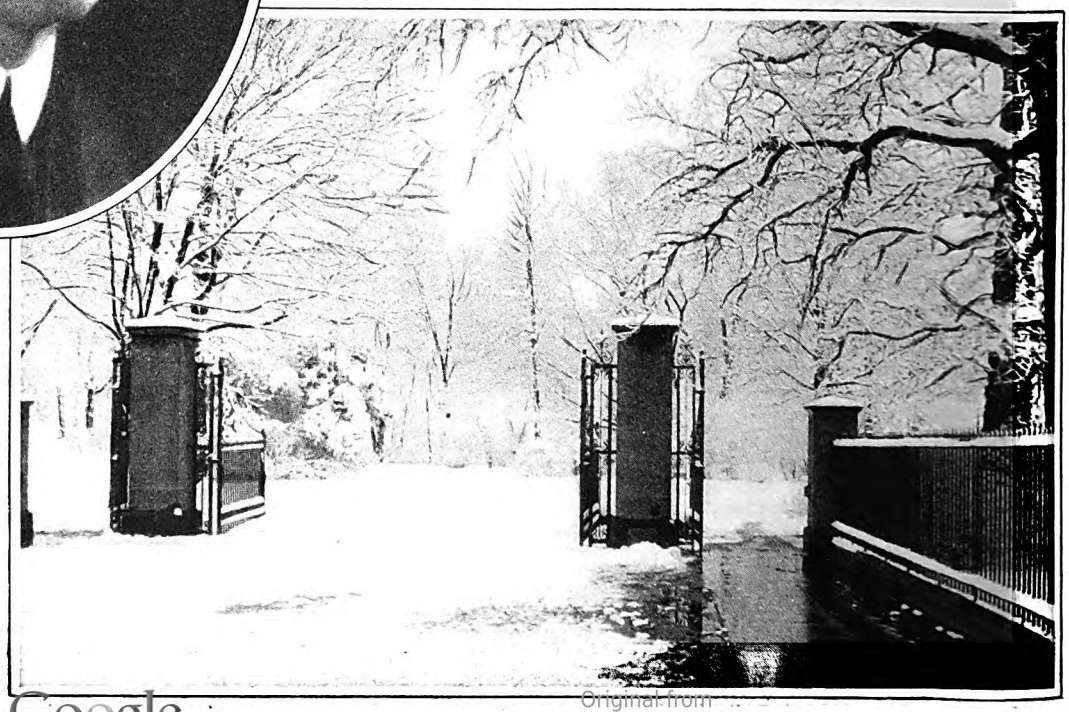
This explanation is—Sam Rubee. I suppose his name is Samuel; but it is a significant detail of this story that the superintendent of Riverside Cemetery is called "Sam" by the people of Marshalltown.

THEY go even further than that. They call their *cemetery* by its first name! They don't refer to it solemnly as "Riverside Cemetery," with the emphasis on the "Cemetery." They just say "Riverside;" with the same cheerful companionship that makes them call their friends by their first names.

Marshalltown is a live and attractive place with about eighteen thousand inhabitants. But I think that the livest thing in it, and certainly the most beautiful, is Riverside.

It is alive, just as a factory, or a store,

(Left) S. W. Rubee, superintendent of Riverside Cemetery, Marshalltown, Iowa. (Below) A winter view of the entrance to Riverside



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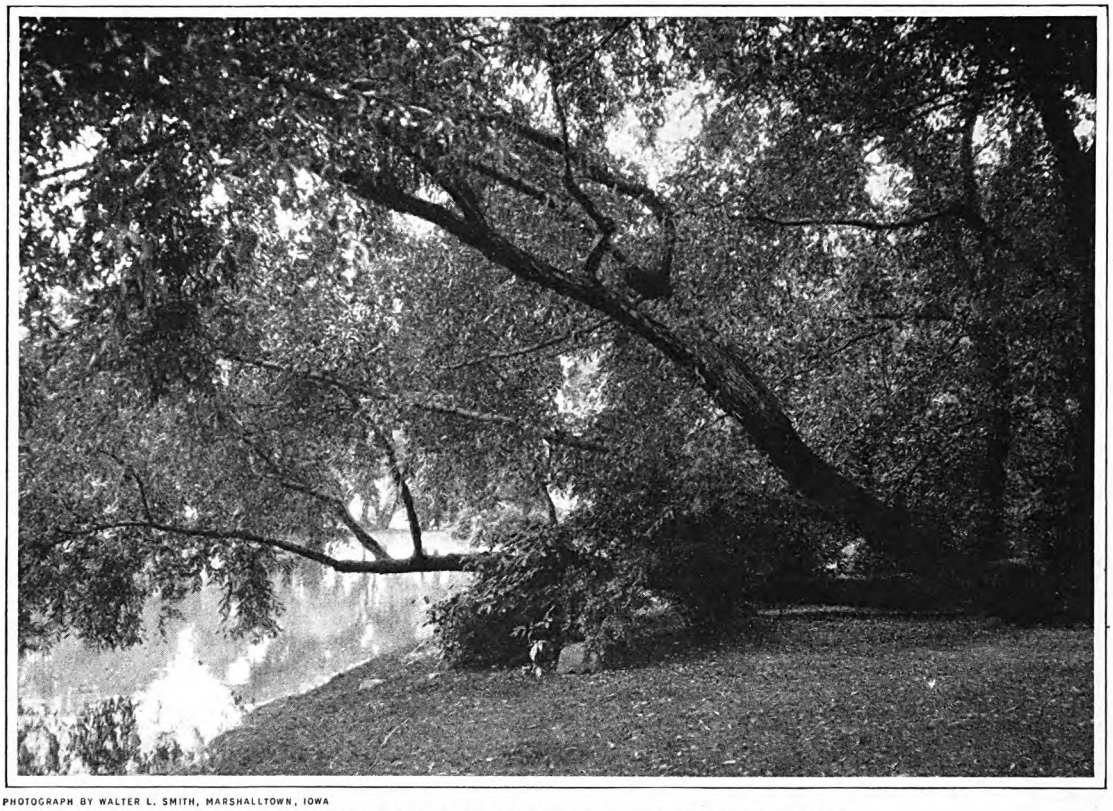
or a library is alive, with progressive ideas and modern methods. But that isn't all. Riverside is alive with the living! A place where they go happily and linger lovingly.

Even in its location, it is not a place apart. Only a few blocks away is their bustling Main Street. The seventy acres of Riverside are within the town limits. Dozens of houses face it—and their occupants are *glad* to look out upon it.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER L. SMITH, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

Mr. Rubee changed a swamp into this beautiful spot

IN MOST towns, a protest would go up, and property values would go down, if a cemetery were placed in the heart of the residence section. But Marshalltown people like to live near Riverside; just as, in other communities, they like to live near a park.

Marshalltown has parks of its own; but they don't compete with Riverside as places of popular resort! Can you imagine a cemetery where the custodians have to drive the people out, in order to close the gates at night? That is what has to be done at Riverside, every pleasant evening from early spring to late autumn.

Can you imagine a cemetery where children flock to play? Where the littlest ones go in winter, to skate on a tiny lake? Where, in summer, they joyously feed the stately swans in this same lake?

Can you imagine a cemetery where one of the driveways is officially designated "Lovers' Lane"?

There is such a driveway in Riverside. The board of managers tried to apply a very different name, but it simply wouldn't stick. Finally, they gave up the attempt; and on the official map of the cemetery I read in bold letters, "Lovers' Lane;" two words which probably cannot be found on any other cemetery map in existence.

Do you know of a cemetery, in a place no larger than Marshalltown, where the daily visitors often number as many as fifteen hundred? Visitors who are not making a mere "formal call" but who spend long hours there; because, as my Des Moines correspondent said, "They like to linger" in a place they love.

If there are other Riversides, I am willing to wager that there is a Sam Rubee behind every one of them. For miracles of this sort do not just "happen." They come because someone has, first, dreamed a dream—then made the dream a reality.

The real story of Riverside begins, not in Marshalltown, but many miles away on the Wisconsin farm where Sam Rubee was born. His father went as a pioneer into what was then a vast forest region. He bought several hundred acres of government land in the heart of the wilderness; but when he started to clear it, a large part of his prospective farm proved to be nothing but tamarack swamps and spruce swamps.

"My father died only a little while after I was born," Mr. Rubee told me. "The hardships of pioneer life killed him. Worn out by these same hardships, my mother died a few years later. There were seven of us children; the eldest twenty years old. For a while, we struggled along as best we could. Then, one by one, my brothers and sisters went away, until I was the only one left. I lived four years with my uncle, then joined my eldest sister in Chicago.

"By that time, I was ten years old. But the first ten years are the formative ones of our lives; and I never had outgrown the effects of a childhood spent in the wonderful outdoor world of nature.

"I learned to love the curving lines of the hills, the changing vistas of a winding road, the gleam of water through the trees. Even the tamarack swamps were full of mystery and beauty to me. So I started with this love of the outdoor world.

"I stayed in Chicago only a year. Then I joined my eldest brother, who had a farm in Wisconsin. A little later, we came to Iowa, where we rented a farm near Hampton. I stayed there most of the next eight or ten years, with two years of this time spent in railroad construction work. So, you see, not only the first ten years of my life, but the next ten as well, were spent out of doors.

"I WANTED to quit farming; but I realized I never could be contented in a store or an office. I had gone to school every time I had a chance and I was good at mathematics; my experience in the fundamentals of engineering in railroad construction work, together with that inborn love of God's great out-of-doors, were the outstanding factors in shaping my future. I studied long and hard to master the problems in the field of engineering. As fate would have it, I found a job here in Marshalltown, as assistant to the man who was then superintendent of Riverside.

"I have been here ever since! Five years after I came, I became the secretary and superintendent of the association, which, by the way, is not run for profit. The board of trustees has given me an absolutely free hand. And although I have received tempting offers to go to other places—even to Chicago—I remain here, because I want to make Riverside my ideal of what a cemetery should be."

"What is that ideal?" I asked.

"Come with me," he smiled, "and I'll show you."

LEAVING the hotel, where we had begun our talk, we drove a few blocks along a street which seemed to end at a park entrance. As we came nearer, I still thought I was facing a park. There were fine iron gates, to be sure; and an attractive sort of lodge just inside them. But they were flanked and overhung by noble trees; and a little beyond these I could see a fountain sending a silver shaft of water thirty feet into the air.

Even as we passed the gates, there was nothing to indicate that we were entering a cemetery. At one side, set deep in grassy banks, was a pool of water lilies. There were flower beds and lovely groups of high-growing shrubs. Winding drives threaded their way through the trees.

Stopping the car just inside the gates, Mr. Rubee pointed to a spot where there was an opening in the leafy branches.

"Do you see a gleam of white through that break in the foliage?" he said. "Well, that is an obelisk; the only memorial—monuments, most people call them—that is visible as you enter Riverside. You have to look sharply to detect even that one.

"As we drive (*Continued on page 202*)

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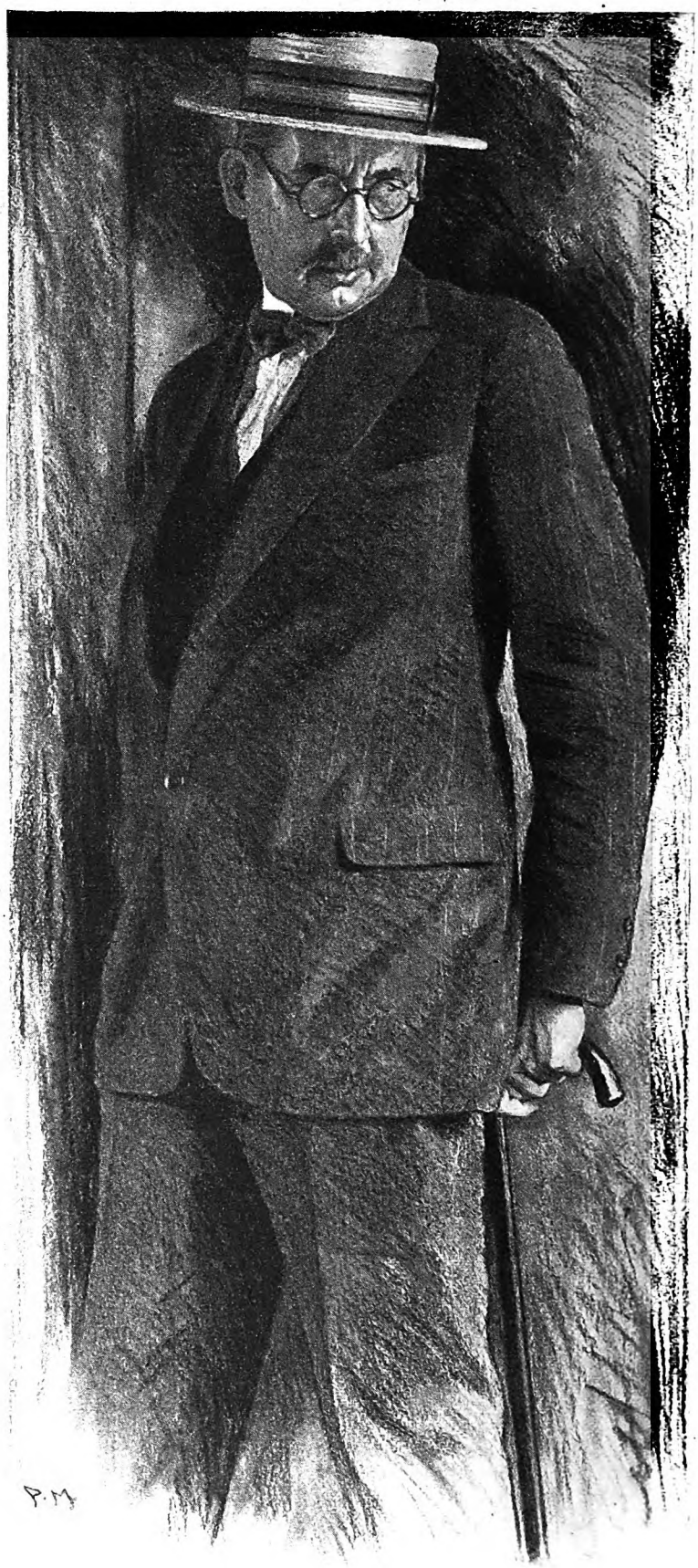
Scattergood Sets A Speed Trap

A story

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MEYLAN



A LARGE automobile, driven by a uniformed chauffeur, stopped before the Coldriver Hotel. From it alighted a large gentleman, who carried a tremendous weight of dignity and who could be identified in the dimmest light as a person of consequence.

Will Goodspeed, who for three years had been proprietor of the inn, left his comfortable rocking chair and met the guest at the steps.

"How be ye, Senator?" he said in the loudest voice in the township. "Calc'late to spend the night? Kind of lookin' after your fences pendin' election?"

"Ah—how are you, Will? My fences—I may say my fences are in excellent repair."

"Glad to hear it, Senator. Scattergood's in town. But I don't need to tell you that, do I?"

"Ah . . . Mr. Baines is in town." The Senator said this without interest and rather coldly, so that Will Goodspeed half turned to look at him sharply. "No; I didn't come to see Mr. Baines. I thought I'd look into the local post-office situation."

"Didn't know the' was one," said Will.

"The present incumbent has held office upward of thirty years," said the Senator. "I understand there is some local demand for—ah—new blood, and a younger man."

"Better ask Scattergood about that," said Will. "He kin post ye better'n anybody."

"Perhaps," said the Senator, "I shall have time to see him."

Mr. Goodspeed carried the Senator's baggage to his room in silence. It appeared to him something was in the air, and that the part of a gentleman who always desired to sit in the middle of the road would be a profound silence.

The Senator's attitude was peculiar, to say the least of it. It seemed to indicate a certain negligence toward Scattergood Baines, and Coldriver was not accustomed to having politicians behave in any such manner.

And as to the post office: Will Pratt had been postmaster for so long a time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Also, Will Pratt was a close and valued friend of Scattergood's. It looked, thought Mr. Goodspeed, like a season when a cautious man should take to the cyclone cellar.

That evening the Senator received on the piazza of the hotel, and made a profound impression. He discussed national policies, and made apparent why he had found it necessary to differ with the President upon important issues. It was noted that the Senator did not refer to Scattergood, did not call upon Scattergood—and that Scattergood did not call upon the Senator. Groups discussed this phenomenon on every street corner.

In the morning the Senator arose, breakfasted, and motioned Will Goodspeed to approach the presence. "Ah—would you oblige me by informing Mr. Baines I will see him at two o'clock," he said.

"Certain, Senator, certain," said Will, not at all overjoyed at this responsibility.

Nevertheless, he walked to the hardware store, where he

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found Scattergood weighing out five pounds of nails.

"Mornin', Will," said Scattergood.

"Mornin', Scattergood. Senator's in taown."

"Heard tell of it," said Scattergood, removing three nails from the pan to make the scales balance more equally.

"He wanted I should come over," said Will.

"And, follerin' that," asked Scattergood, "what?"

"He wanted I should inform ye he would see ye at two o'clock."

"Comin' here, Will? Was he comin' here?"

"It looked more to me like he expected you should come there."

"Walked here, didn't you, Will? Didn't ride?"

"Come afoot."

"Count the steps, Will?"

"Hadn't no occasion to."

"W-al," said Scattergood, "when ye walk back mebbe ye better count the steps."

"What fur?"

"So as you kin give your word to the Senator that it hain't a mite farther from there here than it is from here there, and mebbe not so fur. . . . G'-by, Will."

"Hain't no other message than that?"

"Yes, Will; ye kin tell the Senator that I'm willin' to see him in twenty minutes, and not no sooner nor no later. G'-by, Will."

"G'-by, Scattergood."

WILL proceeded with some trepidation to the hotel. Scattergood tied up the bag of nails with his accustomed thoroughness, and then spoke to the customer.

"Goin' past the post office, Charlie?"

"I could."

"Um. Prob'ly see Will Pratt if you passed, wouldn't ye?"

"Most gen'ally he's there."

"Say anythin' to him, Charlie? Would ye?"

"I could."

"What you got on your mind to say?"

"That I was talkin' to you."

"Anythin' else, Charlie?"

"Why, I might say you wanted to see him."

"Um. Didn't say so, did I?"

"No."

"Swear to that in court, wouldn't ye?"

"Calc'late I could."

"G'-by, Charlie."

In five minutes, Will Pratt, the veteran postmaster of Coldriver, came into the store.

"Mornin', Will," said Scattergood.

"Mornin', Scattergood."

"Had enough of bein' postmaster, Will?"

"Hadn't thought of it."

"Hain't wishin' to retire?"

"Not unless you want I should, Scattergood."

"What you got to live on, Will, besides what the Gove'ment pays ye?"

"Not much."

"Served the Gove'ment hard and faithful, hain't ye, these thutty year?"

"'Tain't for me to say, Scattergood."

"Um. Calc'late ye mebbe better set back there around the corner a spell. Ye kin come out when I call ye."

"Be they after my job, Scattergood?"

"They be."

Will hesitated: "Scattergood, you stood by me a sight of times. We hain't neither of us so young's we once was. Mebbe I better step down. Don't want to git you into no wrangle, Scattergood. Don't aim to cause ye any trouble."

"It hain't me you're a-goin' to cause trouble fur," said Scattergood cryptically.

By this time Mr. Goodspeed had delivered Scattergood's message to the Senator, who reddened, puffed up, seemed on the point of uttering words and phrases, but abstained. He swallowed three times, and made no reply. But, presently, he arose with elaborate nonchalance and walked majestically toward Scattergood's store.

The Senator entered the hardware store and stood waiting.

"Kind of calc'lated to show the state you could walk into my town and app'int a postmaster right under my nose, did ye? W-al, mebbe ye kin; but it hain't been demonstrated yit"

Scattergood looked up from a paper on which he was figuring, to nod. "See ye in a minute," he said. The minute passed, and a couple of others. Then he lifted his head. "Wanted to see me, did ye, Senator?"

"I thought you might want to see me."

"Calc'late we was both mistaken," said Scattergood. "G'-by, Senator."

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"Ah—well, as long as I am here, we may as well discuss the situation."

"Didn't know the' was one," said Scattergood.

"Changes are taking place in the state. Methods are altering. It is something to which we must all grow accustomed, Mr. Baines, with the passing along of the years."

"I kin still eat three times a day, and piece a little when I git peckish."

"The leadership of the party in the state," said the Senator, "seems to—ah—to be passing into my hands by—ah, by common consent."

"Hain't got mine yit, have ye?"

"I am even spoken of for the Presidency."

"Kind of in a whisper, wa'n't it? 'Tain't been shouted yit."

"Nevertheless, my name will go before the convention in three years and, I fancy, not without ample backing."

"Our party convention?"

"Yes."

"Kind of figgered you'd stepped outside the party."

"My aim," said the Senator, "is to purge the party."

"I TOOK note of some of your speeches," said Scattergood placidly. "Been kind of buckin' the President, hain't ye?"

"We've not always agreed."

"And so you got it in your head you better be the bell-wether of the party in this state, eh, before you step out to run the whole dog-gone nation."

"Exactly."

"Um. Not worried about the senatorship none?"

"My reëlection is assured."

"Lucky, hain't it? Because, if you was to be licked for that you'd be kind of shouldered away from the Presidential trough, eh?"

"No likelihood," said the Senator.

"Um. And you kind of figger I'm to step down, eh? And you calc'late to prove I lost my grip by oustin' Will Pratt?"

"There will be a new incumbent in this post office."

"Um. Will? Be you there, Will? Come out and meet the Senator."

Will Pratt came forward diffidently. The Senator swallowed, but extended his hand. "Sorry, Mr. Pratt, but necessities of politics compel."

"Had to come sometime," said Will bravely.

"I'm glad you are reconciled," said the Senator.

"He hain't," said Scattergood. "He hain't no'eres near reconciled. Ever read up on how app'intments is made, Senator? I allus got the idee they was made by the President."

"As Senior Senator, the patronage belongs to me."

"It b'longs," said Scattergood, "to the feller that gits it. So fur, that feller's been me."

"But—"

"So, Senator, I guess we better kind of talk about suthin' else. The next postmaster of Coldriver's a-standin' right there. His name's Will Pratt. G'-by, Senator. . . . Kind of calc'lated to show the state you could walk into my town and app'int a postmaster right under my nose, did ye? W-al, mebbe ye kin; but it hain't been demonstrated yit."

"I'd hoped to settle this amicably."

"Ye kin," said Scattergood.

"How, Mr. Baines?"

"By moggin' along and tendin' to your knittin', and havin' a good time fillin' up the halls of Congress with big words and resoundin' sentences," said Scattergood; "and by leavin' to them that's able to run it, the affairs of the party in this state."

The Senator drew himself up to his full height and glowered. "You go too far, Mr. Baines. And now, sir, here is my ultimatum: Since you decline to step down graciously, I shall abolish you. Yes, sir, abolish you. Am I clear?"

"Everythin's clear," said Scattergood, "exceptin' one p'int."

"And what is that, sir?"

"How you're goin' to manage it," said Scattergood. "G'-by, Senator."

The important gentleman turned on his heel and withdrew. Will Pratt remained, standing uneasily, moistening his lips.

"Where you think you're headin' for—a fire?"

"Now, Scattergood, I been and got you into trouble."

"You go back and run your post office, Will, and don't pay no heed to nothin'. I calc'late to be busy this afternoon, Will. I'm a-goin' out to the house, and kind of rid up my barn door."

"What fur, Scattergood?"

"To git it ready to nail a hide onto," said Scattergood.

JOHNNY BONES, who for many years had been Scattergood Baines's legal staff, was surprised by a visit from the old

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hardware merchant. It was unusual for Scattergood to come; he generally sent.

"What's happened?" Johnny asked, feeling certain something alarming must have befallen.

"H'm, substantial citizen, hain't ye, Johnny? Substantial?"

"Why, I suppose so—thanks to you."

"Got plenty money invested?"

"You know how much, Mr. Baines."

"Um. Own a silk hat and one of these here Prince Albert coats?"

"No. Why?"

"Git you one," Scattergood said sententiously. "Git ye a set of 'em."

"But what for?"

"Calc'late you're goin' to need 'em."

demanded this guardian of the highways

Johnny waited. He knew more would or would not be forthcoming; but that, either way it went, it would be futile to ask questions.

"Seen the Senator?" Scattergood asked presently.

"I heard he was in town."

"He figgers on dischargin' Will Pratt," said Scattergood.

Again Johnny waited, but his eyes glowed with the light of battle. Upon one point he did not need to ask any questions:

Scattergood would fight to the last recourse for his old friend Will Pratt.

"The Senator," said Scattergood, "has went and gone and outgrowed his bigness."

"You're going after his scalp?"

"Scalp and hide and taller," said Scattergood.

THE old man must be thoroughly aroused, thought Johnny, or he would never commit himself to so direct a statement.

"Calc'latin' to run up to the capital?" Scattergood asked.

"Yes," Johnny said promptly.

"Hain't apt to see Lafe Siggins, be ye, Johnny?"

Lafe was one who formerly aspired to the political rule of the state, until Scattergood put him in his proper niche—which was the satrapy of the northern counties.

"I'm sure to see him," said Johnny, enjoying this old-time method of receiving his instructions.

"Um. Goin' to hold conversation with him? Now, what would you 'n' Lafe find to talk about?"

"Politics," said Johnny.

"Quite likely. What phase of 'em?"

"The senatorial phase," said Johnny promptly.

"Do tell!" said Scattergood, waggling his head. "And what do you calc'late to say to Lafe about sich matters?"

"I'd say to him, 'Lafe, are you going to climb on the band wagon and beat the bass drum, or are you going to get fired out of the band?'"

"Sounds ominous," said Scattergood. "Know Marvin Whitehouse?"

"Yes."

"Think Lafe knows him? Mebbe Lafe's got some opinions about him."

"He will have," said Johnny.

"G'-by, Johnny," said Scattergood. "See you in a few days."

"Going away?"

"Washin'ton," said Scattergood. "Got to show Mandy them statues in the cellar of the Capitol. Mandy admires them statues surprisin'ly. G'-by. . . . Um. . . . Git your order in for a silk hat and one of them danglin' coats."

"Good-by, Mr. Baines."

SO JOHNNY journeyed to the state capital, while Scattergood went to Washington to confer with certain party leaders, and notably with a gentleman who occupied the White House, and whose supporter the Senator had not been. On his return he went up-state to call upon Marvin Whitehouse, a gentleman of wealth and standing and popularity in the state—a man who never had aspired to public office, but who by a lifetime of rectitude and dignity had gained the respect of the people. He found Mr. Whitehouse in his office.

"Howdy, Marvin," Scattergood began.

"I'm glad to see you, Scattergood—and I've got my eye on you. What are you going to bamboozle me into doing?"

Scattergood cocked a wise eye out of the window. "I seen the President day before yestiddy."

"Yes?"

"Your name come up."

"Very gratifying, I'm sure."

"Um. Him and me, we kind of wondered if you was a feller that could look like he wanted suthin', when what he wanted was suthin' altogether different."

"And what were your conclusions?"

Scattergood did (*Continued on page 206*)

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Why I Quit Being A "Family Fixer"

WE LAWYERS hold many secrets. We know who in the community is at swords' points with his wife, though to all outward appearances they are a most devoted couple. We know who is in trouble with the Government via the income tax; and who stays awake nights trying to devise some way of locking up his estate so that his useless son will not get hold of it. And all these things we keep hidden behind a calm professional smile.

The story I am about to tell concerns a client who is dead. I think I owe it to folks in general to break through the barriers of professional silence, and show why it was that a man having a substantial income should have derived no pleasure from it, and why, with one of the finest physiques ever given to a human being, he should have become tired out and ready for death at the age of forty-five. In telling his story I shall also tell my own, for up to a certain point our lives ran parallel. Happily, the parallel was broken in time. He is dead, and I am still alive and enjoying the world, more than ever before, the reason being that I quit and he did *not* quit being a "family fixer."

I met him for the first time at the Grand Canyon. A few weeks before, I had succeeded in persuading the courts to set aside the will of a despicable old miser who had tried to carry his hatred of his children beyond the grave. The resulting fee was large, and my wife induced me to celebrate. I had walked out for a last glimpse of the Canyon's magnificent colors as painted by the setting sun.

The vision was so absorbing that I must have stood at least ten minutes before I realized that I was not alone. Twenty feet to the right of me, seated on a big rock, was a man. His hat was pulled down over his eyes; his cigar had gone out, and was held with a sort of desperate intensity in his clenched teeth; his shoulders slumped. Though he was staring at the same marvelous picture which had held me entranced, it was evident that his eyes saw nothing. I ventured to speak.

"Glorious, isn't it?" I asked.

He gave a sudden start. There was something almost pitiful in the movement, as though the sound of a human voice could mean nothing to him but bad news. Recovering himself, he attempted a smile.

"I've waited a good many years to see this Western country," I continued; "and I must say that it fulfills all my expectations."

He nodded, and then, after a glance which seemed to assure him that I, too, was just a middle-aged family man, he pointed to a gnarled and bent old tree.

"I was looking at that poor fellow," he said, with a forced laugh. "Sort of reminded me of myself."

I studied the tree. A heavy rock had rolled down and bent its trunk a few feet from the ground. Undeterred, it had struggled upward, but in later years a couple of younger trees had leaned over against it, appropriating most of its sunlight, and finally a thick vine had grown up to complete the process of suffocation.

My new friend stood up and came closer, his eyes still fixed on the tree.

"That old fellow would have made a pretty good record if they had let him alone," he mused. "His purposes were right. He started out in life with the idea of growing straight up toward heaven. But one thing after another has leaned on him, and what has been the result? He still carries on. He 'bears his burden,' as the saying goes; but all pleasure has been shut out of his life. I'm in just about the same fix," he added, "just an old stump for folks to lean on."

"Come, come," I said. "You and I are about the same age; we've got a lot of good times ahead of us."

"A man is as old as his relatives make him," he answered gloomily. "On that basis I'm a hundred and one."

I LAUGHED. "I guess I know what you mean. In every family there is one member who has to do most of the worrying. I'm the one in my outfit; you apparently are the one in yours. It's tough; but we only make it worse by thinking about it. Let's forget it until we get home."

"Home," he repeated with a shudder. "Do you know what will be waiting for me when I get back home? Complaints, petitions for loans, quarrels, problems. However, you are right. We ought to try to forget it while we can. I thank you, sir, for the suggestion. Permit me to offer my card."

I gave him mine in return, and we were pleased to discover that we were both citizens of Chicago, though our offices were at opposite ends of the town.

"I shall take pleasure in calling on you one day," he volunteered.

It was a nice remark for him to make, and I thanked him, not expecting, of course, that he ever would call. But less than a month later he did. He was looking somewhat more rested, and I remarked upon it.

"Yes," he answered; "I've been trying to take your advice and forget my family troubles. In fact, the reason why I am here is that I am hoping to shift one of them over onto you."

I smiled professionally, and waited.

"My wife and I have no children," he continued. "One of my brothers is able to take care of himself. The other one has always leaned on me, and probably always will; so will my wife's brother, who is no earthly good. I have one sister, and it is about her son that I want to talk to you. I am very fond of him, and I should like to set up a trust fund of thirty or forty thousand dollars, so that in case of my death he would be sure of having an income. He is a fine lad, and I'd like to spare him some of the hardships I have had."

He showed me the boy's picture: a clean-cut youngster of about nineteen, with an engaging smile and a chin that was none too firm. He told me about his family affairs in detail, his dependent mother and cousins and aunts. All of them were entitled to some help from him, he said, but the nephew was the apple of his eye. It had always been understood by his sister and her husband that the boy was to be "taken care of." Hence the visit to my office, for, "While I don't expect to cash in just yet, I haven't felt any too strong the past year or so. And I want to make things sure while I can."

When he finished his story I put in an objection.

"Of course, as an attorney I am here to carry out the instructions of my clients," I said. "But it is also my duty to give the best advice I can. If you will pardon me for seeming blunt, I think you are doing everything possible to insure the failure of that boy."

He stiffened: "I don't understand you."

"I mean that human beings are naturally lazy. Most of us who have made any success at all have been driven into it by some sort of necessity. You are proposing to take the spur of necessity out of that boy's life. You are going to give him the pleasant but wholesome assurance that if at any time he does not like his job, he can chuck it and loaf until he runs across one he likes better. You are planning to give him not enough income to make him independent but just enough to make him undependable. Believe me," I said, "I am talking to you as one who has a lot of family problems of his own, and my advice to you is to help that boy to get the best education possible, and then set him afloat in the world and leave him to sink or swim."

He waved my argument aside with a tired gesture. It was evident that he had worried so long about the boy that he felt he must get rid of the worry somehow, and so had selected the trust fund as the best method, and myself as a trustee who would take the responsibility seriously. In the end I made the legal arrangements, and he left the office carrying his shoulders a little straighter.

IT WOULD take too long to detail our subsequent relationships. Suffice it to say that he came to the office on an average of once a month, always with a new worry about a member of his family, and usually it was a matter which ought never to have been on his shoulders at all. My remonstrances were of no avail. He had that Puritan conscience which made him a born bearer of burdens, and he had plowed such deep furrows of worry in his mind that his thoughts could run in no other grooves.

When he was forty-four I could see that he was breaking under the strain; but I could not persuade him to go away. "Next year," he would say. "Just let me get these few little matters cleared up, and then next year my wife and I will go abroad."

But the first six months of next year he was helping his youngest brother to get a divorce, and immediately afterward he had to move his wife's cousin and her family to another suburb.

It was a very hot summer, and he tramped up one street and down another, looking at all sorts of houses, listening to all sorts of realtors, the most tiring work

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in the world. At the close of an unusually hot August day he complained of being worn out, and said he would lie down for a few minutes before supper. When they went to call him to the table his weary spirit had flown to that better land where relatives do not cast their burdens on each other, because they have cast them all upon the Lord.

There is no surer way to master a subject than to attempt to teach it, and no more certain method of overcoming a fault in one's self than to seek to remove it from the life of another. I owe a very great debt to this dead client of mine, for I was well on my way to the same hopeless condition when he visited me, and while I did not effect a cure in him, I did in a measure help myself. Every argument that I advanced against his sacrifice was an argument born of my own sad experience. Repeating them over and over to him, I began gradually to work out for myself a new point of view. It is this hard-won philosophy that I now seek to pass on.

I was born the eldest child in a family of six, four boys and two girls. One of my earliest memories is of a talk I had with my father in the pasture, where I was helping him plow.

"You are my eldest son," he said. "Never forget that I rely on you to set an example to the rest. If anything should happen to me it would be your duty to carry on."

I do not think it is fair for mature men and women to lay such solemn warnings upon the sensitive souls of growing boys and girls. We learn soon enough that life is real and earnest. Surely Plato was right in prescribing that the first ten years should be given over to play and health-building. Ten years is little enough to allot to the Garden of Eden. For me, the days in the Garden closed in my seventh year. It was then that I began to feel the first weight of responsibility for the younger members of the family.

WE WERE making our way home from school one afternoon when a lad of the bullying type slipped up behind my brother Joe and tipped him off his velocipede. Joe was not hurt, only surprised, and the incident would have passed off easily, but for the hot surge of my "parental" affection. The sight of my little brother being tumbled off into the grass seemed to turn my blood to fire. Hardly knowing what I was about, I rushed up to the bully and hurled my little fists into his face. The fight did not last long, for we were pried apart by friendly onlookers before my opponent's greater strength could do me any injury.

My heart beat too fast for the rest of that afternoon, and I could not get to sleep for hours that night, the memory of the conflict tormenting me. But I had vindicated the family honor. I had avenged the insult to my little brother. Yes, and, while I did not realize it at the time, I had done Joe a permanent injury.

My father had never been trained for anything, and his versatility was his curse. He played the cornet; he did parlor tricks. He could build houses and mend harness, and prescribe for sick cows. He was one of the best companions a bunch of kids ever had; and if my mother had lived we might have led a very happy existence, in spite of poverty, for she was a blessed spirit with a perfect faith. But she died early, and my father, at his wit's end with a brood of youngsters, married the first woman who passed the door. Thus there sat in my mother's chair one who knew neither love nor faith, a blighted spirit whose ruling passions were fear of the future and greed for money, as the only escape from that fear.

I hope I am free, in some degree at least, from both the fear and the greed, but her constant harping on the subject of money, with the incessant repetition of hard-luck stories, which she was so fond of gathering and retailing, left an indelible imprint on my mind. The result has been twofold.

In the first place, I set out in life with the fixed determination to acquire a competence. The "dependent old age" which she pictured so vividly should not be a part of my program; nobody would ever have to give a church social in order to rescue me from (*Continued on page 174*)

If You Ask Me:

If you can't control your temper, somebody big enough can do it for you

SUPPOSE you walk in the back yard and step on a rake, and the handle flies up and strikes you between the eyes. You feel resentful, of course, however much or little civilization has done for you; but if civilization has given you the self-control normal men possess, you are content to hang the rake where it belongs, whereas the man whose temper retains the vigor of primitive times will not feel avenged until he has broken the rake handle and kicked the fragments into the alley.

It is easy to believe that Nature equipped her creatures with temper because they needed it. Temper is a kind of madness, and makes the wild things forget discretion and pain and weakness. It is necessary to forget these things when one must fight for food and for life.

Doubtless, temper served primitive man also; but now it is an unwelcome hang-over, and of no greater worth than the appendix.

Infants have temper, and employ it frequently to gain their ends when experience has taught them that it is a valuable asset. If they retain it as they grow older, it is because temper continues to pay dividends. No normal child will develop and employ a temper after hard experience has proved the thing a liability.

The same is true of adults. If a grown man has an "uncontrollable temper," it is because he was denied the blessing of a sound licking during the period when it would have done him the most good.

I once saw an "uncontrollable temper" in operation. The man who possessed it had been offended by the stubborn cap of an oil can, and he threw the can to the ground and leaped upon it and kicked it into a shapeless mass.

This man's temper once caused him to kill a pup, and once it caused him to throw a shoe at his wife; but he could control it when necessary. He had it under perfect control one Saturday afternoon when a larger man with a cold blue eye backed him against a bank window and threatened to spoil his face if he opened his mouth.

If you have an "uncontrollable temper" that is family legend, it isn't anything to inspire boasting. Nine times in ten that kind of temper is the mark of a bully. You wouldn't have it now if you hadn't developed it by means of exercise during the years when your character was forming. And you didn't develop it by using it on people stronger than yourself. If you had tried anything like that, the temper would have been eliminated—along with numbers of your teeth. You developed it by using it on the weak, which means that you cultivated a yellow streak at the same time.

Temper doesn't make you a dangerous man—not all the time. You are harmless while facing a large man who has a club, but you are dangerous to furniture. How savagely you can kick a chair or fling a book out the window when the world displeases you! Temper shouldn't affright anybody. It usually belongs to a chair kicker.

Robt Quillen.

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On Which Side Of The Windshield Do You Do Your Cussing?

By H. I. Phillips

ARE automobilists people?

Can a man be a motorist, and still be himself?

Is it possible for a person to drive an automobile, and remain a human being?

Do gasolene and courtesy mix?

Why is it that Casper M. V. Bluegills, the mildest, gentlest man in the neighborhood when afoot, becomes a Terrible-Tempered Mr. Bang the moment you put a steering wheel into his hands?

How comes it that Chester X. Y. Oohms, the well-poised bank clerk, will ride all day in a stuffy day coach and show only mild irritation if the train is held up by cows on the track ten times during a 55-mile run, yet become a profane and infuriated madman if, when driving his coupé around the block to get a pack of cigarettes, he is delayed forty-five seconds by a traffic cop directing a bewildered old lady to an emergency hospital?

How do you explain that Artemus V. Beedeez, passenger on a twelve-day boat to Europe, will force a smile and say philosophically, "Well, we'll have to make the best of it," when the ship is delayed nine hours by a fog, but become apoplectic with rage, and bellow, "It's a blankety-blank outrage!" whenever he is out in his fireless cooker and is held up two minutes by a hard-working coal-truck driver trying to back up to the curb and unload?

Why is Luther Q. Brighteyes, efficiency expert, psychologist, and author of the stirring pamphlet "The Importance of Patience and Self-Control in Business," one of the first men to fly off the handle when a little boy, hurrying home from the delicatessen store with a pound of potato salad and a dozen eggs, tries to cross the street unaccompanied by the state militia?

Can you tell me why Otis Throckmorton Whooziss, secretary of the Golden Rule Society, will smile graciously, lift his hat, and say sweetly, "I beg your pardon. I'm really awfully sorry. Please excuse me," when he accidentally steps on a strange woman's foot in a theatre lobby, yet will lean out and make faces at his own grandmother if she fails to slow up her flivver and allow him to "cut in" on a congested highway?

It's all over my head. I haven't got the right answers.

Possibly there's something about a windshield that distorts a man's outlook on life.

Perhaps it is the horn.

I'm not preaching. As a matter of fact, I'm in the same boat with the rest of the Occasionally Human Race. I believe in graciousness. I think courtesy and consideration two great virtues. I have no patience with the gruff, ill-mannered person who has no sense of fair play. Ordinarily, I keep my temper and rarely do I wax profane. But I'd hate to be held strictly accountable for all that I do, say, or think when driving an automobile.

Once the smell of gasolene gets into my nostrils, I become a different man. And how!

Few things that the other fellow does seem right to me. I denounce traffic policemen as dumb-bells, brand truck drivers as idiots, classify women drivers as nitwits, bawl out little children as crazy numbskulls, and dismiss pedestrians as a whole with the scornful, "The big louts! Can you beat 'em?"

I become overbearing, disdainful, superior. I become, as it were, an hauteur-mobilist.

NOW, I'm not that way under other conditions. Subway tie-ups I regard as unavoidable. When one occurs, I read my paper for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then, if the train isn't ready to move, I walk out and grab a taxi. If the taxi gets tied up in traffic, it nettles me somewhat, but I don't tear my hair, glare out the window, and use language not permitted in the fourth-best families.

If I go to the theatre and the curtain, scheduled to rise at eight-thirty, does not rise until nine I get somewhat peeved. I shuffle my feet a bit and mutter a little, but I don't blow a horn vociferously at the producer and make grimaces at the usherettes.

Even on the telephone I am under better control than in an automobile. I give "central" an even break, at least. She always gets a minute for rebuttal.

BUT in the gasolene rickshaw—that's something else again! Once aboard the motor lugger and I'm the whole nine reels of D. H. Griffiths's "Intolerance." And I'd be awfully upset about it and conscience-stricken if I didn't know from observation that ninety-nine out of one hundred men are the same the minute they step on a self-starter or let in a clutch.

Is the craze for speed so predominant a characteristic of the people of the United States that, once it is given an opportunity to express itself, it submerges all other traits? That may be it.

One touch of gasolene, possibly, makes the whole world spin.

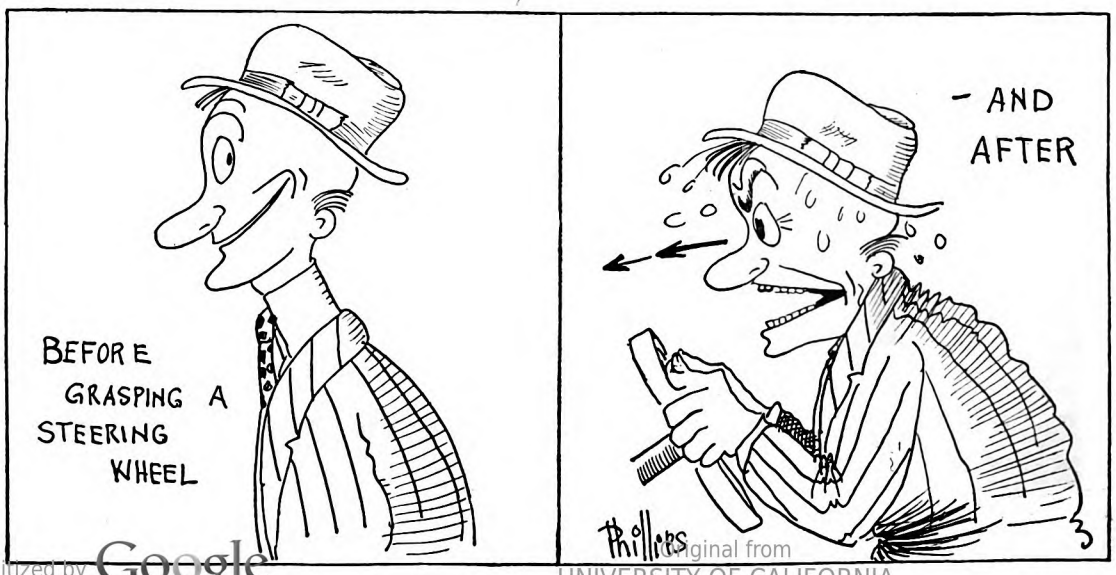
Give a man a chassis, four tires, a soap box, and a horn, and he immediately wants to become the Vanishing American.

From that time on he believes in the survival of the fleetest.

He has two mottoes. They are:

1. Fright makes right.
2. The other fellow is always wrong.

This speed mania is no respecter of persons. Last summer I was all but sidewiped by a big rumbling limousine that tore out of a side street with absolutely no warning. My amazement at the performance was eclipsed by the recognition of the driver as a beloved priest, well over sixty and widely known for his gentle



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ways and inherent kindliness. He probably didn't know what a different picture he made with his foot on an accelerator. One of the most careless drivers in my home town was a bishop. Any place but at the wheel of his runabout he was a cautious, slow-moving, extremely considerate gentleman. But once in his petrol-barouche, and he was more of an insurance risk than the fire chief.

For some years, I was secretary of an automobile club in my home town. Its slogan was "Safety First!" and its board of directors, meeting once a week, issued a flood of bulletins emphasizing the need of cautious driving, and urging all motorists to consider the rights of others. One of its officers was arrested one day while carrying some "Go Slow" signs into the suburbs!

After nailing up one "Go Slow" sign, he had violated the speed laws in his rush to put up the others! At another time, the club, aroused by a series of accidents, appealed to the public to report to the club any persons observed driving recklessly. When the complaints were opened at a later meeting, one of the first read was against the president of the club.

INCONGRUOUS as it may seem, the drivers of ambulances are particularly subject to speed dementia. It is getting so the most hazardous part of a patient's illness is his trip from his home to the hospital in an ambulance. For that matter, the immune motor-cycle policemen are just about as reckless as most of the drivers they arrest, and, as everybody knows, the fastest driving seen in American communities to-day is being done by fire chiefs on their way from the firehouse to the quick-lunch-room for coffee and crullers.

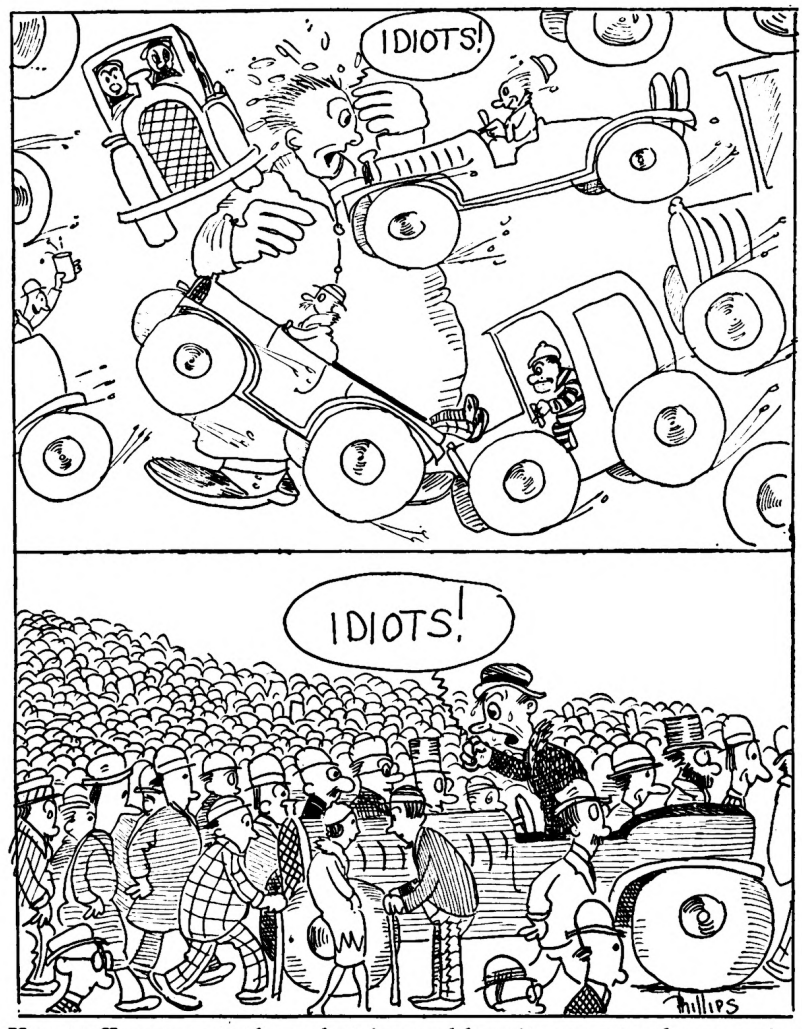
It's in the blood. The man on the way to a notions store to buy a spool of thread for his wife drives just as heedlessly as the chairman of the reception committee clearing the way for a channel swimmer, a golf champion, or the Prince of Wales.

The motto of both is, "Don't stop until you see the whites of their eyes!"

And that—let's be honest about it—is mine, too.

The change in character that comes over me when I step out of the rôle of a pedestrian and into that of a flivver pilot is very curious. Whenever I walk about town, crossing streets in heavy traffic, I become an outraged citizen, a downtrodden, brow-beaten, fender-scarred pedestrian, whose spirit flames in revolt against "the stupid, irresponsible, selfish, pig-headed, pygmy-brained automobile drivers who don't give a whoop about the rights of other folks." I deliver a tirade at the taxicab chauffeur who grazes my thigh as he sweeps around the corner; I denounce the truck driver who by a blast of a trick horn causes me to set a new running broad jump record; I stand shaking my fist and purple with rage as the gentleman at the wheel of a private car ignores my attempt to cross the street at a walk and chases me up an alley.

"Has a pedestrian no rights? Do these fellows in automobiles own the earth? What's the matter with the police? There oughta be a law-w-w-w-w-w!" I mutter to myself.



How traffic seems to the pedestrian and how it seems to the motorist

But, a few hours later, when I hop into my own 45-horse-power percolator, and pick a course down Broadway through the milling throngs, I become an outraged motorist, an agitated car owner, an impatient speed demon, whose spirit rises in revolt against "the stupid, irresponsible, selfish, pig-headed, pygmy-brained pedestrians who don't give a whoop about the rights of motorists." I let fly a blast at the struggling man who darts in front of me to avoid death under the wheels of a ten-ton truck. I bawl out the messenger boy who dashes across in such a way as to compel me to cut my speed from 30 to 29½ miles an hour. And I mutter "Fool!" at the elderly gentleman who ducks back to the curb just in time to save his trousers from being carried away by my front right fender.

It all depends upon the point of view!

However, I'm trying to reform and lead a better life. I'm nearer right when, as a pedestrian, I condemn the automobilists than I am when, as an automobilist, I condemn the pedestrians.

The pedestrian, I am satisfied, is the under dog. He has no flexibility, no quick "pick-up," no accelerator and, above all—no horn!

The advantages are all with the automobilist. There is no justice in the motorist's assumption that he should take a mile while a pedestrian takes an inch.

So of late I have been making a serious effort, when driving a car, to be fair to the man who navigates in a pair of shoes. Whenever a pedestrian steps out into the street with what seems poor judgment, I restrain that impulse to skirt him and cry "Whatzamattah? Are ya sound asleep?" Instead, I often put on my brakes; if necessary, come to full stop, and with a smile wave him on his way. But the results have been disheartening. When I slow up my old boiler and show consideration and courtesy to a pedestrian, almost invariably he thinks there's something wrong with me!

HERE are some exact experiences taken from my diary:

MONDAY: Still trying to play fair with pedestrians, but they don't seem to get the idea. Driving out Merrick Road, when young man and woman stepped abruptly from curb in path of car. I put on brakes quickly and came to full stop. Startled by grinding of brakes, they seemed confused and stood in middle of road. I motioned for them to go ahead and cross the street. They did so. I then started car again, and, as I passed the couple, the young man gave me a bitter look and cried, "You're one of them fresh guys, ain't you?"

TUESDAY: Had another amusing experience to-day in working out my attempts to be gracious toward pedestrians. Was passing through Central Street when a workman stepped out from the curb to signal a trolley car. He did not see me at first, but jumped back onto sidewalk as I came to a stop. I leaned out of car and nodded for him to step out and get his trolley. He looked at me in a dazed manner. "Come ahead," I called to him. He made no move for a few seconds, and then walked around the rear of my machine to board the car. I am sure he thought there was some catch in it.

WEDNESDAY: Was bowling along suburban road at more than a reasonable speed when a mother pushing a baby carriage stepped from the sidewalk about half a block ahead of me. I slowed up, and motioned for her to cross, indicating that I would wait for her to do so. She dashed back to the sidewalk again, quite frightened. As I came to a stop, I smiled and said, "It's all (*Continued on page 98*)

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Last instalment

"Nevada"

A romance of the West

By Zane Grey

HETTIE'S senses reeled, and almost failed her. When his kisses ceased she felt herself held closely for a long moment, then let down from the horse until her feet touched the ground. She was falling when Nevada leaped from the saddle.

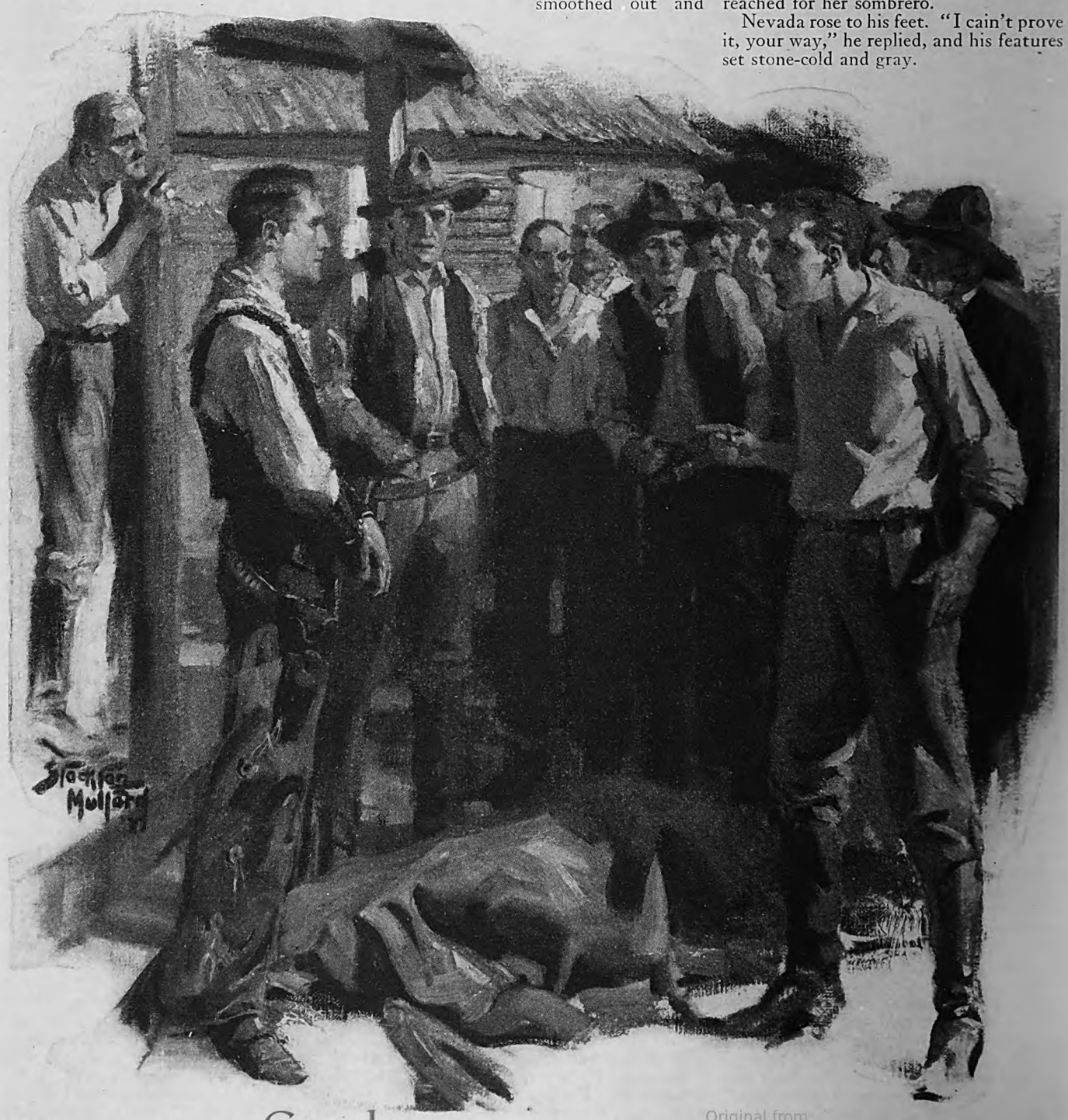
He put her on the grass with her back resting against the trunk of a tree; and there presently her eyes opened.

Nevada knelt before her, his face convulsed. Slowly it smoothed out and a wild darkness faded from his eyes.

"There. I reckon I must ask you to excuse me for bein' rough. But I shore couldn't stand that talk aboot not lovin' you."

"I will not believe—unless you prove it," returned Hettie unsteadily, as she reached for her sombrero.

Nevada rose to his feet. "I cain't prove it, your way," he replied, and his features set stone-cold and gray.



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"Oh, what have you done to me?" cried Hettie wildly, as again emotion rose strong and regained the ascendancy over her.

"Reckon nothin' compared to what you've done to me," he responded, with somber gaze upon her. "Dillon will just aboot beat me to a gun!"

Hettie stood up, holding to the tree trunk. "Nothing! . . . I've loved you since I first met you. I've been true. I trusted you. My faith in you was as great as my faith in God. I believed you loved me. That when you rode away from Forlorn River—to escape the consequences—when you killed Less Setter to save Ben—I still believed you would be true to me, to the higher self you had found through Ben's love and mine. . . . But you went back to the old life, to the old comrades. Rustlers, gamblers, gunmen! Jim Lacy! You killed just because you wanted to keep that name hated and feared. Oh, my God—it would be my death, if I could not kill my love. But I will kill it. It shall lie as dead as my faith."

Nevada's eyes held a blaze like black lightning. "Reckon that'll be aboot all I want to heah," he said, in tones she had never heard before.

He gathered up the reins and vaulted into the saddle, then turned to gaze down the trail over which he had just ridden.

"Horses comin'," he said, briefly. "It's Marvie with his girl, Rose Hatt. They'll look after you. It's aboot sunset," he went on, with strange gaze upon the west. "Sunset for Dillon! An' shore sunset for me!"

Then he spurred the big black, and clattering into the trail soon vanished from sight toward the ranch.

NEVADA approached the Ide ranch from that side closest to the forest, where the pines and cedars trooped down the gentle slopes of the benches, clear to the most outwardly of the cattle sheds.

With his brain on fire and his heart like lead, his whole being crushed under the burning weight of Hettie's outspoken love and terrible scorn, he halted under cover of the last clump of cedars, and dismounted, answering to an instinct, true even in that hour of utter catastrophe—to the instinct which had preserved him so long as Jim Lacy.

He removed saddle and bridle from his horse, and turned it free. He would have no more need of a horse. Then he crouched in the cedars, under tremendous strain, driving himself to the exclusion of all thought, of all emotion, of all faculties except those few cardinally important for the issue at hand.

When he emerged from under cover of the cedars he might have been an automaton, with guidance of some grim-strung spirit.

He glided behind brush to the sage, and through this to the pole fence. It led to the back of log cabins, which he marked as the bunk-houses. The sunset hour was near. Silver-edged purple clouds hung over the soft rounded foothills. Soon the sun would sink from behind the broken mass of cloud, and slide down into that golden space behind the ranges. Cowboys, riders, range hands, foreman, all would be waiting the call to supper. The day had been hot. Just now, with the first cool breeze breathing down from the hills, all the men would be outdoors.

There is a fate in many meetings of life, and singularly in all those that involved Jim Lacy.

He swept his gaze to the left, over pasture and field, which were open to his sight. A few horses and colts, cows and calves, a burro, and some black pigs dotted the gray-green pastures and the brown fields. No rider in sight!

Nevada stole swiftly along the fence to the first high corral. Climbing to the top log of the high fence he peeped over. No man in sight! He climbed and ran and climbed and ran, quickly gaining the open gate of the last corral.

A Mexican boy appeared, leading horses to a watering trough; a rider came trotting down the long lane between the fields; someone was driving cows in from the pasture. From behind the cabins in the courtyard came the loud rollicking laughter of cowboys.

Nevada did not hesitate a moment, Leisurely he strode from the corral toward the longest cabin, making for the nearest end, where cords of firewood were stacked high. That end, where blue smoke curled from a stone chimney, would be the kitchen. There would be a porch on the other side.

Nevada gained the wood piles. They had been stacked, seemingly, to furnish him perfect passageway and perfect cover, for the fruition of this long-planned moment. It never crossed his mind that Dillon might not be there. Dillon would be there. For the men who had wronged Jim Lacy or incurred his enmity there

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

"Stand up. Let me look at you!" ordered Ben suddenly. With a violent wrench the prisoner jerked out of his dejected posture, and stood erect. Composed and pale, he faced his judge

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existed a fatality which operated infallibly. Or else, Lacy never made a mistake. It was something that he felt.

He glided between the high stacks of wood. Before he peeped out he saw horsemen riding down the dusty road, which wound away to the north and Winthrop. Then Nevada put his eye to an aperture between two billets of cedar that protruded from the stack.

A dozen or more men lounged and sat and stood in plain sight. Cowboys in shirt-sleeves, faces shiny and red, hair glossed and wet, sat on the ground, backs to the cabin.

Nevada recognized Macklin, the Winthrop sheriff, leaning against the hitching rail, in conversation with two other men, not garbed as riders. Facing Nevada was a tall man in black with a bright badge on his vest. This was another sheriff, a stranger to Nevada.

"We sure want to get off by sun-up," he was saying to a man near him.

This man stood with his back toward Nevada. His powerful, supple shoulders showed wonderfully through his white, clean shirt. Nevada recognized that lithe, stalwart build, the leonine neck, the handsome head, with its clustering fair hair.

DILLON! A slight, cold thrill ran over Nevada. Following it came an instinct like that of a tiger to leap.

Nevada swiftly ran his glance over the other men, standing near and in the background. Ben Ide was not present!

Then Nevada drew back behind the woodpile, loosened his gun in its sheath, and stood there an instant, while the waiting forces of brain and muscle vibrated into a tremendous unity.

"Come an' get it," sang out the cheery voice of the cook inside.

At this instant Nevada bounded out swiftly and ran to a halt.

"*Hold on!*" he yelled, with all the power of his lungs.

In the instant of silence that ensued Dillon was the only man to move, and he wheeled swift as a flash, so swiftly that the receding trace of mirth had not yet left his handsome face.

"Howdy, Dillon," drawled Nevada, slow and cool.

Macklin shuffled erect.

"That's Jim Lacy!" he shouted hoarsely.

"Shore is. Careful now, you outsiders!" warned Nevada, yet with eyes only for Dillon.

Every man in line with Dillon plunged off the porch or darted into the cabin. The cowboys sank back to the ground, sagging against the log wall.

Dillon stood on the porch facing Nevada, scarcely thirty feet distant. His reaction from careless mirth to recognition of peril was as swift as his sight. But there followed the instant when his faculties had to grasp what that peril was, and how he should meet it.

Nevada had gambled on this instant. It was his advantage. He did not underrate Dillon. He read his mind in those dilating eyes.

"Wal, you know me," said Nevada icily. "An' I know you—Dillon—*Campbell*—ED RICHARDSON!"

That was the paralyzing challenge. The rustler turned a ghastly white. The frontier's bloody creed, by which he had lived, called him to his death. His green eyes set balefully. He knew. He showed his training. He had no more fear of death than of the swallows flitting under the eaves above. But he had a magnificent and desperate courage to take his enemy with him.

Richardson never uttered a word. Almost imperceptibly his body lowered as if under instinct to crouch. His stiff, bent right arm began to quiver.

Nevada saw the thought in Richardson's eyes—the birth of the message to nerve and muscle. When his hand flashed down Nevada was drawing.

"Crash!" Nevada's shot did not beat Richardson's draw; but it broke his aim. The rustler's gun went off half-leveled. He lurched with terrible violence and his gun boomed again. The bullet scattered the gravel at Nevada's feet and spanged away into the air.

A wide red spot appeared as if by magic on the middle of Richardson's white shirt. How terrible to see him strain to raise his gun arm!

At Nevada's second shot one of Richardson's awful eyes went blank. His arm hooked round the porch post. Then it sank limp, letting him fall with sodden thud.

Nevada was the first to withdraw his gaze from that crumpled heap. He flipped his gun into the air and caught it by the barrel.

"Heah, sir," he said to the sheriff with the star on his vest, and extended the gun butt foremost. "I reckon that'll be aboot all for Jim Lacy!"

The strain on the watchers relaxed. A murmur of wonder ran through them, growing louder. The sheriff came to a power of movement and speech.

"What? Lacy, are you handin'—over your gun?"

"Wal, I'm not pointin' the right end of it at you," replied Nevada, and tossed the gun at the sheriff's feet.

Here Macklin came rushing up, to get between Nevada and the other sheriff.

"Jim Lacy, you're my prisoner!" yelled Macklin. "Hands up!"

"Shoot an' be hanged, you four-flush officer of the law," retorted Nevada wearily, and, turning his back to Macklin, he strode to a seat on the porch steps.

"Run for the boss!" shouted Raidy to the cowboys. "Fetch him an' Judge Franklidge."

"Hyar comes Tom Day with his outfit," yelled a cowboy, pointing to the horsemen entering the square.

Nevada experienced a weariness of soul and body. It was over. He did not care what happened.

"Say, give me a smoke, one of you punchers," he said, removing his sombrero to wipe his clammy brow.

BEHIND, in the forest, Marvie Blaine had come, swinging down the trail at a gallop, with Rose Hatt riding close upon his horse's heels.

Marvie rode right upon Hettie before halting. "Say, you look like thunder!" he ejaculated, with anxious concern, as he helped her mount her horse.

"Marv, that's the way I feel," replied Hettie.

Rose joined them, to crowd her pony close, eager yet shy, with eyes alight and lips parted. "Oh, Miss Hettie!" she cried rapturously. "Marvie's brought me to you. I—I'll never go back—to the brakes."

"My dear, you're welcome to my home," returned Hettie warmly, leaning to kiss the flushed face.

"Hettie, you've seen a ghost, the same ghost I saw," declared Marvie shrewdly.

"Oh, Marvie lad—a ghost indeed!" moaned Hettie. "Nevada! . . . He just left me—to—to kill Dillon!"

"No news to me!" shouted Marvie fiercely. "I've got to see that. . . . Fetch Rose. But go 'round. Keep away from the corrals!"

The last he delivered over his shoulder, as he urged his horse into the trail and whipped him into a run. In a moment he passed out of sight among the pines. The swift patter of hoofs died away.

"Come, Rose—ride!" suddenly cried Hettie, striking her horse.

The spirited animal, unused to that, broke into a gallop, and then a run. Hettie looked back. The girl was close behind, her hair flying in the wind, her face flashing.

WHERE the trail emerged from the pines, Hettie turned her horse and kept to the top of the slope. Soon she passed Nevada's big black horse, grazing on the sage. "*An' shore sunset for me!*" Nevada's words of resignation and sadness rang in her ears like bells of doom.

Suddenly she imagined she heard a shot. Another! A gunshot—then two sharp cracks, clear on the breeze. She reeled in her saddle. Almost she put her horse at the ranch fence. But she kept on in wild flight, forgetting Rose, clutching with left hand at her breast, where uncertainty mounted to supreme agony.

Her fast horse, keen at the freedom afforded him, swept on as in a race, on by the corrals and gardens, up over the low bench, and through the woods to her cabin, where her mother stood, waving frantically from the porch. Hettie rode on, over the bridge, into the shady green glade before Ben's house.

Here she pulled her iron-jawed horse to a snorting halt. She saw men running. She heard Rose's pony come clattering over the bridge. Then Marvie's horse appeared over the rise of ground toward the corral.

One sight of Marvie's flashing face answered Hettie. She could have screamed in her frenzy. Marvie reached her at the moment Rose came up. His horse reared and pounded. Marvie jerked him down with powerful arm, and closed with Hettie.

"Nevada's down there—handcuffed!" he whispered pantingly. "Dillon's dead! . . . Oh, there'll be trouble now! . . . But not a word from—you an' Rose!"

The boy's heated face, the horses, Rose so white and rapt, the running riders, the houses and the pines, all blurred in Hettie's sight. She felt the girl's strong hand on her, steadying her in the saddle. The deadly faintness passed.

Ben and Judge Franklidge were striding out to meet the running cowboys.

"Judge, I told you I heard shots," Ben was saying. "Somethin's happened!"

"Seems like. But don't let it upset you," replied the judge.

"There's Marvie. . . . Has he gone loco?" exclaimed Ben in amaze, as the boy, riding wildly, scattered the men coming up the slope.

"By thunder, (*Continued on page 82*)

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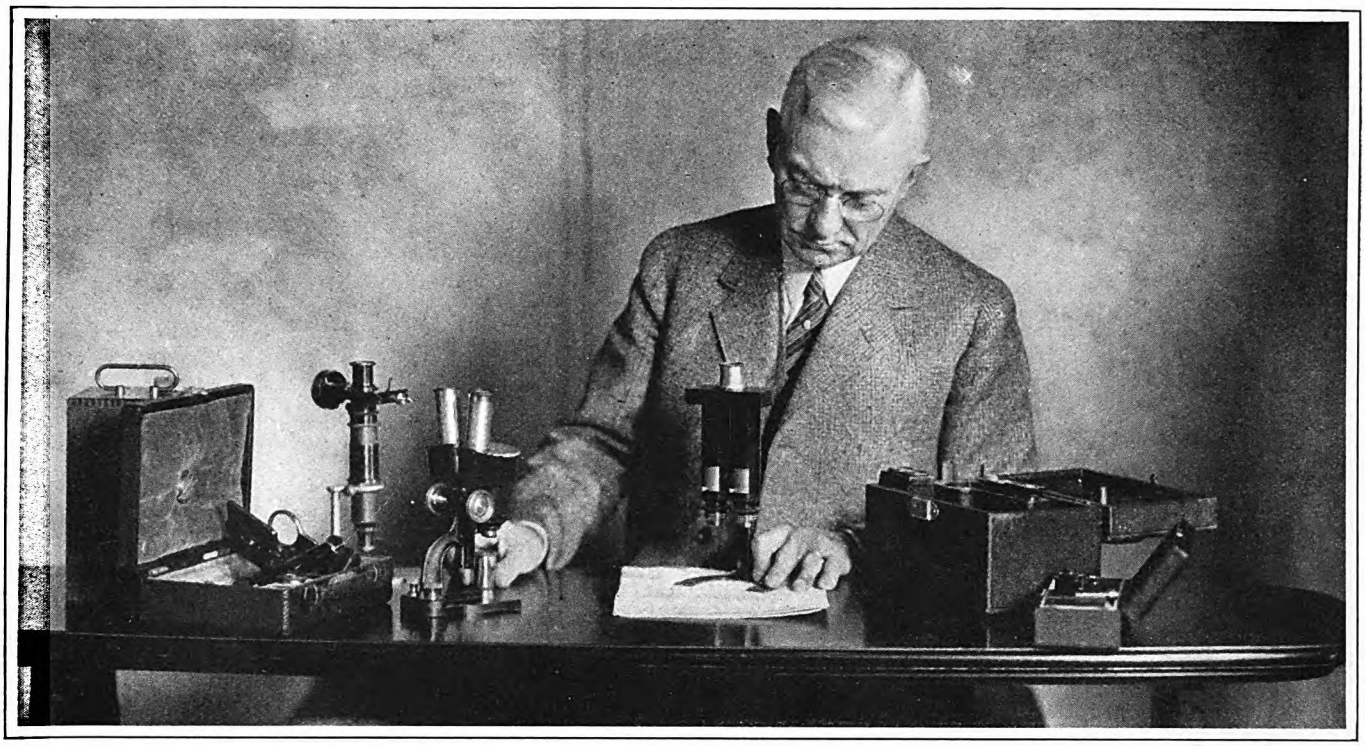

John F. Tyrrell working with some of his "mechanical bloodhounds"

How a Handwriting Expert Solves Mysterious Crimes

Murderers who think they have covered every clue; forgers who are sure they have done perfect jobs, and other criminals who match their wits against the law, have found the "questioned document" man an enemy they cannot deceive

By John Kidder Rhodes

IF THE little French milliner of a Wisconsin town had not written a letter and mailed it to herself, some of her gossiping neighbors might have continued to entertain their *doubts* of her; but, at any rate, nothing could have been *proved* against her. Faulty flues, an accident, spontaneous combustion—any of these might have been sufficient to explain the blaze, if an explanation were needed. As it was—

Inasmuch as half a dozen trains stopped at her town between midnight and nine o'clock the next morning, it seemed curious that Madame chose to have her trunk taken to the station to go on the train that was about the least convenient of all; namely, one scheduled for 3:41 A. M. The night operator and another railroad man or two were at the station when she arrived. She came a little too soon, and the train was a little too late, for her plans to end happily. Presently, while she was still tapping her toes on the depot platform, one of the men exclaimed:

"Why, look, ma'am, ain't your store on fire?"

True enough, flames were leaping up the sides of the little frame structure. The fire quickly roused the town. A bucket line formed, and volunteers did what they could; but the store burned to the ground. A couple of other stores near by also caught fire and burned. And, finally, the depot fell a prey to the flames. As a consequence, the three-forty-one did not even stop that night, and Madame remained in town with the ashes.

THE insurance adjuster—yes, Madame carried insurance on her tiny millinery stock!—discovered by methods which satisfied him, that apparently there had been little or no millinery in the store at the time it was burned; but that much of it had somehow found its way into the trunk which Madame had prepared to take on the three-forty-one. Was she intending to collect insurance to which she had no right? Had she started the fire? It almost seemed so. But who could be certain?

Madame unwittingly supplied proof. She produced a letter, addressed to herself. It was written in a bold, rough hand, and purported to be from a rejected suitor. "I burned your store down," the writer said, and went on to state that he had hidden some of Madame's things in a certain culvert.

The letter, Madame hoped, would remove any suspicion that *she* had started the fire. But it had exactly the opposite effect. The letter was taken to Mr. John F. Tyrrell, of Milwaukee, one of the inner circle of a profession for which few men in the United States, besides himself, are fully qualified; and he proved beyond reasonable doubt that it was written by Madame herself, and that the rejected suitor, if he existed anywhere except in Madame's brain, had no hand in its composition. It seemed pretty plain, therefore, that the little milliner had lighted the match that burned her store, hoping to collect the insurance. She did not collect. And in a fury at losing everything, she had the audacity to try, vainly, to collect from the railroad for her burned trunk!

This case is (*Continued on page 144*)

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ILLUSTRATED BY
TONY SARG

"A cold mist cut me to the bones. The sky was a dirty lead-color"

My Visit To The Old Home Town

By Albert Payson Terhune

HUMAN nature abhors a vacuum.

This fact, and the fact that memory is gorgeously optimistic explain the most grisly disillusionment I ever suffered. It happened after I was full grown, and should have known better; but I never was bright enough to learn anything much, except through experience. Here's the story:

I had great times in Fallfield when I was a boy. Perhaps I had miserable times there, too; but those were forgotten. (One remembers only the picnic's jolly ball game and swim, and forgets there were ants and sand in the coffee.)

The memory of the fun and the friendships, and all the rest of my early life in Fallfield had glowed more brightly and more homesickly, year by year, after I left.

Every inch of the Old Home Town stayed fresh and beautiful in my memory. Every lineament and every trait of my old-time neighbors and chums was vivid.

I wanted to go back. Always I wanted to go back. It grew to be a kind of obsession with me.

Let me pause here, in the story of my return to the Old Home Town, to say that if this had been nothing more than my own long-time desire, it would not be worth your reading. But I believe it is the wholesale craving of all men and women who have left an Old Home Town.

Is there any former small-towner, now domiciled in a big and distant city, who does not find himself looking back yearningly sometimes to the Old Home Town, and who does not console himself in hours of blue loneliness by planning to return home, sometime, if only for a day or two?

I think not. It seems to be a yearning as universal as that for sudden wealth or for all-conquering fascination.

And so, for a few minutes, let's take a look at my return visit to Fallfield.

I left there when I was twelve. I did not go back again for fifteen years. With each passing year, that throb of homesickness at the bottom of my heart waxed more chronic.

Meanwhile, I went through college, in slovenly if happy fashion; then I wandered around Europe and loafed in the Orient; at last coming back to New York and landing a job.

BUT always in the hinterland of my brain was the memory of the Old Home Town—the front gardens in the springtime dusk, lush with pink and white June roses and breathing the sweet-bitter tang of syringa; the coasting hill with its muffled throng of boys and the multiple roar of the "double rippers" as they swirled down the steep ice-tracked slope; the Main Street shop windows in Christmas week with their incredibly glorious display of Aladdin riches; the kindly Old Folk; the swarm of boys of my own age with whom I had chummed and fought and played and got into mischief. All that kind of thing.

I wanted to go back. More and more I wanted to. Like many of the things we shiftless mortals most want to do, I put off my return, for one reason or another,

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until I reached the age of twenty-seven.

Then I had a two-weeks vacation. I resolved to spend every hour of it in the dear old town of Fallfield. I framed, for months, an elaborate program for each glorified day there, and for each portion of each day.

I would arrive on the first morning train. From then until afternoon, I was going to wander, ghostlike, through the undimmed scenes of my boyhood. Next, I was going to hunt up a bunch of fellows who had been my chums (my "rowdy little friends," my mother used to call them, with her mercilessly strict regard for the truth), and we were going to have an epoch-making dinner at the Massaquam House.

It was to be more than a mere dinner. It was to be a golden reunion, possibly a riot. We were going to talk over the glad old times.

The dinner, of course, was to be on me. I had been saving much cash toward it. It was to be one of those laugh-tinctured "Do-you-remember?" reunions.

I had not told anyone I was coming to Fallfield. It was to be a grand surprise. And it was. As you shall see.

THE moment I set foot on the platform I saw something queer had happened to the Fallfield railroad station.

From time to time, in the course of my world wanderings I had compared it favorably with the Gare de Lyons and Paddington and with the Grand Central. But now—

In shape it was as of old. But someone had been careless and left it out in the rain. It had shrunk.

Still, a station, at best, is a thing of minor importance; unless one chances to be too far away from it at train time. So I passed on into the street, and turned my steps toward the palatial Massaquam House.

The same devastating rain which had shrunk the station had done even worse havoc to the size and magnificence of Main Street. I looked forward to the Massaquam House, to restore my shaken sense of proportion.

I REMEMBERED that mighty caravanserai with a certain awe. It had towered to high heaven. It had mile-long white marble corridors with shimmering scarlet velvet carpets running down them. Its lobby had vied with the Taj Mahal in size and architecture.

But in my fifteen-year absence, someone had played a cruel trick on the Massaquam. An evil wizard's wand had changed the superb edifice into a resort for commercial travelers with small expense accounts.

The once-imposing lobby was cramped and dim. From it, to either side, debouched little passageways of near-marble, with strips of frayed and faded red carpet down the middle. All in all, the Massaquam was a caricature seen through the wrong end of an opera glass.

These were the first steps of a disillusion which grew as I tramped through the changed town of my golden memories. Into my dazed brain, as I roamed the new-old highways and byways, seeped a couplet of "The Wanderer's Lament," which I had learned (with three gestures), at Miss Kimball's school on Union Street:

The streets are narrow and the houses mean.
Did I, or Fancy, leave them broad and clean?

Of course the quotation was rankly unfair. Fallfield was, and is, one of America's beautiful little cities. Even at the time of my visit, fine modern hotels already had shamed the ancient Massaquam House, which was soon to be torn down. But the Celestial City itself scarce could have come up to my fifteen-year magnifying of my Old Home Town. (No, nor to your own homesick mind pictures of *your* Old Home Town, nine tenths of you who read this.) Even my father's former church, on Court Square, was no longer a close rival, in size and grandeur, to St. Peter's in Rome, nor to St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.

Well, I consoled myself, presently, for the shock of readjusted ideas, by thought of the joy that awaited me in meeting the boys I had known. I proceeded to hunt up the first of these—Buck Olin.

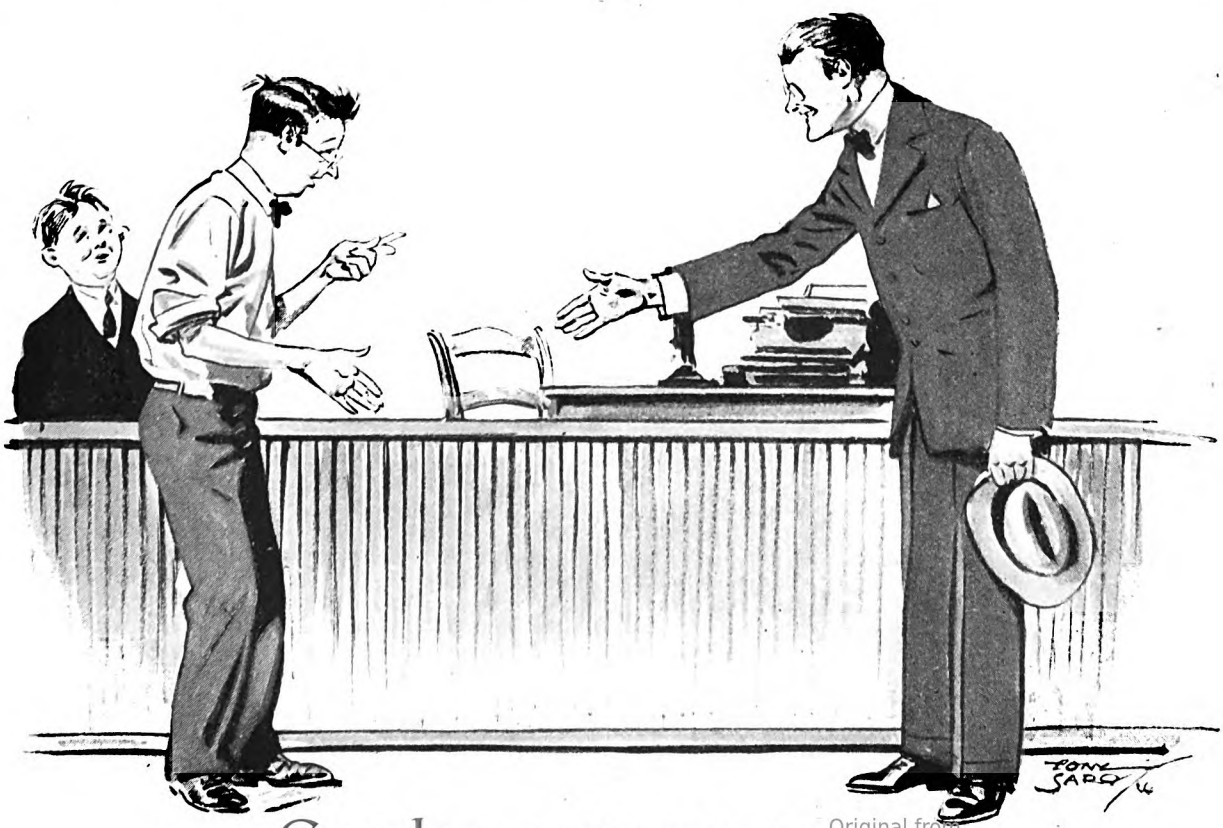
In the outer office of Buck's commission house on Upper Main Street, a stenographer told me Mr. Olin was busy. (It sounded odd to hear that youngster spoken of as "Mister.") The stenographer was correct. Buck *was* busy. I sent in my card. Then I braced myself to meet his whirlwind rush of welcome. Out came word, by an office boy, that Mr. Olin was in conference, and would I please leave my message?

THIS was going to be one grand joke on good old Buck when he should learn his mistake. I was not going to let him hear the last of it, either. Of course he could not have looked at my card!

I gave the office boy a half-dollar and told him to go back to his boss and say that Bert Terhune was waiting to see him. Also, that I had been waiting fifteen years to see him; and that I was going to bust right in on his "conference" unless he should come out on the jump to greet me.

He came. Buck Olin came. Studying my card. He nodded to me, then civilly he touched my eagerly out-thrust hand.

"You used to live here in Fallfield, didn't you?" he (*Continued on page 163*)



"You used to live here in Fallfield, didn't you?" he asked me

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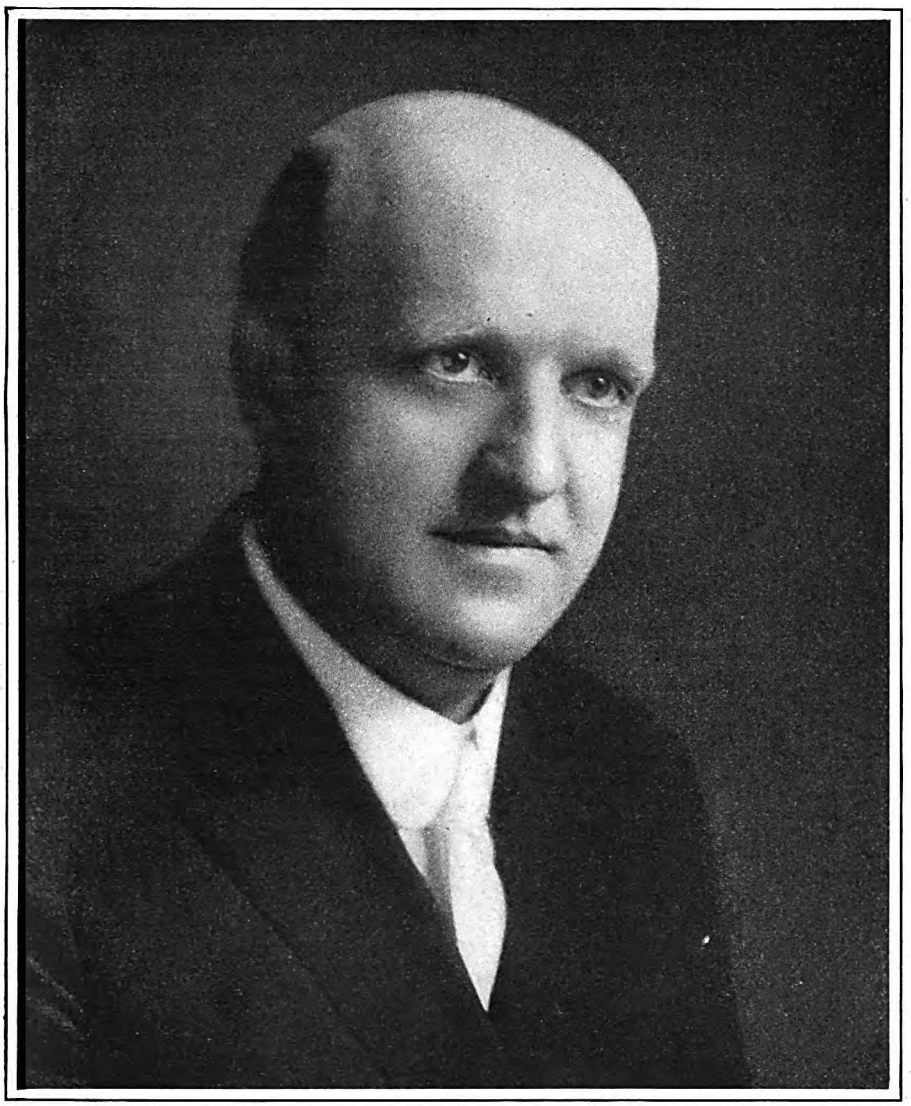
INTERESTING PEOPLE

He Preaches to Deaf-Mutes In the Sign Language



Ernest Christian Sibberson, pastor of a Lutheran church in Topeka, Kansas, learned the deaf-and-dumb sign language, and now holds special services for deaf-mutes in his church. He also preaches sign-language sermons in many different cities and states

ONE Sunday morning in June, three years ago, while the Reverend Ernest Christian Sibberson was talking to his older people's Bible class in the First English Lutheran Church, of Topeka, Kansas, three elderly women walked in the door. They hesitated, glanced at one another, and looked about, as if confused. The pastor went over to them. "Won't you come and sit down?" he invited, with a gesture.

The three women did not speak. Each placed a finger on her lips, then back to her ear. The minister knew nothing of the sign language, but he understood these simple motions, meaning: "I do not speak, or hear."

The pastor was embarrassed. He did not know what to say, or how to say it. "Well, that's too bad!" he finally exclaimed, pronouncing the words with mobile lips, thinking they might understand.

The three visitors smiled. The pastor bowed and pointed to his assembled class. The women nodded. He escorted them to a seat, then again took his place before his class. As he talked, he observed the three silent visitors watching him intently.

When the three women were about to leave, the pastor again approached them. He said: "We are very glad you came today. You must come again." Then one of them took from her purse a pad of paper and a pencil, and wrote, "What's the use? We cannot hear." The pastor wrote his reply: "But we will be glad to have you anyway." The oldest woman wrote: "We can't learn your language, why don't you learn ours?" The minister took the pencil, and scrawled his promise: "I will."

With that vow, the Reverend Mr. Sibberson, after twelve years in the pulpit, began a new career.

That afternoon, the oldest of the three women, Mrs. D. H. Mammough, seventy-two years old, became his tutor in the sign language of the deaf. The Bible was his textbook. The pastor went to her home at two o'clock. By four o'clock, he could recite the Twenty-third Psalm in her language. He studied with her two months, then went to the state school for the deaf at Olathe, where he studied for two weeks. Returning to Topeka, he became the pupil of Mrs. I. M. Croxton, an adept in the sign language. A month later he preached his first sermon to the deaf.

Since then, Mr. Sibberson has preached to more than one thousand five hundred deaf people, in thirty cities, in five states. Many of them never had "heard" a sermon before. Special services for the deaf are held at his church every Sunday afternoon. On Wednesday evenings, he teaches the sign language to a group of deaf-mute children. Two or three days a week he is out of town, conducting special services for deaf-mutes in other cities or rural communities in the state. He has nineteen regular preaching stations in Kansas. Each week he receives letters from churches and other organizations in different states, asking him to come and preach. He is devoting half his time to his pastorate and half of it to his work among the deaf, which he dreams of some day making nation-wide.

The little First English Lutheran Church and its nearby parsonage have been settings for many strange services. Half a dozen wedding ceremonies have been performed in it without a word being spoken. Once there was a double wedding, and neither the brides, bridegrooms, nor the friends who accompanied them, could speak.

Sunday afternoon services for the deaf are not devoid of music, for the deaf-mutes worship in song as well as prayer. There is a choir of twenty persons, a male quartet, a mixed quartet, and there are trios, duets, and several soloists, all deaf and mute. Although there is no audible sound, one unfamiliar with their language and music can easily tell that these deaf-mutes are "singing." The swaying of their bodies in unison, the rhythmic motion of their hands, the changing expressions on their faces, impart an understanding of rhythm and of music. During the hot summer months, when weather permits, union services are held on the steps of the statehouse, in which all

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churches join. Great crowds attend these services. Those who can speak join with those who cannot in singing the same hymns.

On one of his trips through the southwestern part of the state last winter, Mr. Sibberson met two brothers, both past sixty-five years of age, neither of whom ever had "heard" a sermon. And here, he believes, is the one great disadvantage the deaf-mutes have. Heretofore, only a fortunate few have had anyone to preach to them. Hungry for the word of God, they have been forced to seek it for themselves. Puzzled, they have had no one to help them understand. Whatever other handicaps they may have had, they have largely overcome them; but many have been denied the comfort of religious faith.

Mr. Sibberson translates in five languages, including ancient Hebrew and Greek. He calls the sign language the most nearly perfect of them all. It is more beautiful and more expressive, he says, than any tongue. It is also faster than articulate speech. He can preach a sermon in the sign language in less time than he can deliver it orally. In the sign language there is a sign for almost every concrete term in any language. Prepositions are eliminated, and the article is used only for great emphasis. Abstract terms and proper nouns must be spelled out. The sign system is universal. Nationality and locality are no barriers when two deaf-mutes meet. The American and the German, the Frenchman and the Spaniard, may converse at will, so long as they talk in concrete terms. WILLIAM FORD

This Farmer Does His Errands in His Own Airplane

DID you ever hear of a dirt farmer who keeps an airplane back of his henhouse for the purpose of flying to town and back on Saturdays, and making a little extra money on the side? Clyde E. Shockley, corn grower and hog producer, personally operates a two-hundred-acre farm northwest of Kokomo, Indiana, and as a side line pilots an airplane for pleasure and profit.

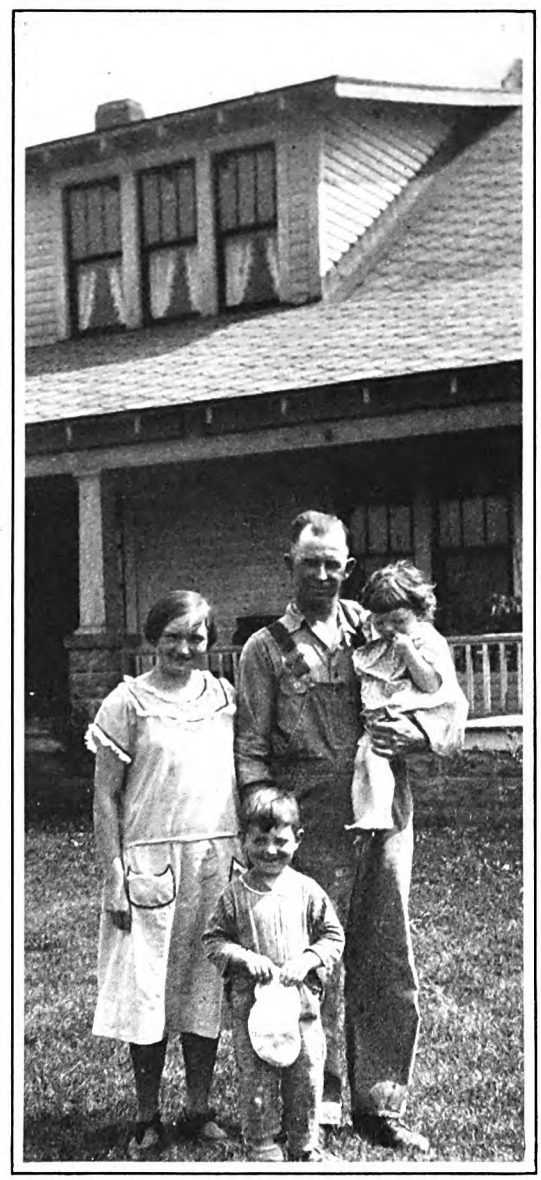
Shockley is a typical young farmer of twenty-nine years, born and bred in the country, and he does a full day's work on the farm some three hundred times a year. His "ship," as he calls it, has two purposes—doing the errands that would ordinarily be done in the family flivver and carrying passengers, to pick up a little spare cash. Flying is not a fad or hobby in the Shockley family, but just a regular event in the course of a hard day's work of making a living on a Hoosier farm.

"I've had the flying bug for several years," explained Mr. Shockley, when I asked how he happened to get started in this side line. "When the war broke out, I wanted to join the flying corps. I went down to Scott Field, at Belleville, and started to sign up. But when I wrote the folks about it, they were so worried that I gave in and went to the officers' training camp at Rockford, Illinois. When the Armistice was signed I came back to the farm, but I couldn't get the flying idea out of my head. A couple of years later an aviation squadron of the National Guard was organized at Kokomo. Every Sunday for months I sat along the fence watching the ships soar, and I was particularly interested in the commercial flyers who took up passengers.

"I was working at home then, and didn't get very big wages. But eventually I had enough saved to buy a fifteen-dollar trip, and that clinched my desire to become a pilot. One flight was soon followed by another, and in time I became well acquainted with the officers and joined the Guards. Soon after I had learned to fly, I had an opportunity to buy a plane at a reasonable price, so I borrowed a little money from the farm and started out on my own. I have been flying for five years now and have never 'crashed up.'

"My passengers have varied from fifteen months to ninety years, and a few times I carried Harry Rich, the aërial acrobat."

Although Shockley's first biplane purchase was pretty much of an experiment, the enterprise has since become an important source of revenue. When things are quiet on the farm he does commercial flying, carrying both passengers and freight. He pilots for emergency business trips, distributes handbill advertisements by scattering dodgers from his plane over the cities, does exhibition and straight flying at fairs, makes and sells aërial photographs to firms desiring such work, gives instructions in flying and occasionally sells airplanes on a commission basis. He will transport one person by air at forty cents a mile, or two persons for thirty cents on round trips.



Twenty-nine-year-old Clyde Shockley owns and operates a two-hundred-acre farm near Kokomo, Indiana, flying into town in his own airplane to do his marketing. When there isn't much to do on the farm, he carries passengers and freight, and does exhibition flying at fairs. Mr. Shockley is shown with his wife and two children

The net profit from his ship last year amounted to more than one thousand five hundred dollars. As he says, the ship has helped out the family budget during the past years of lean farming. Last January he sold his first plane and bought a new one.

A few months ago, Clyde leased seventy acres south of Kokomo, and is making it into a commercial flying field. The government aviation station, Fagley Field, is to be moved from Howard County, and this young pilot feels that there will be a real opportunity for a commercial station. Two small buildings have been set up, and the new Shockley Field has been highly complimented by aviation officers. It is now recognized as a part of the Model Airway System for government ships flying between Selfridge Field, at Mount Clemens, Michigan, and Chanute Field, in Illinois. An average of one or two planes land at the Shockley station every day and get gas and oil, and, according to commercial aviation authorities, it is expected to develop into an important aërial unit in the mail and freight service of the United States. The place is cared for by a young assistant while Mr. Shockley is home doing his regular farm work.

But Clyde is primarily and fundamentally a farmer. He has spent practically all of his life on the home place, and he is doing a successful and profitable job of farming it. His system is general, as is his rotation of corn, oats, and clover, with occasional small fields of wheat and soy beans. One year he produced nine thousand bushels of corn, and it is not uncommon for him to raise and fatten 250 head of hogs a year. A few cattle are kept on the place, while last year he sold eighteen head of heifers at a round profit.

Shockley believes in the use of modern, time-saving machinery. In his buildings may be found a tractor, a corn-picker and

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other up-to-date farm machinery. Poultry plays an important part in the farm income—thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Shockley, he says. His labor is systematically arranged and he operates the two hundred acres with the help of one man hired by the month, and occasional extra help during the rush days.

The two Shockley children play about and in the ship with as much familiarity as the farm youngsters a few years ago used to climb over the old family surrey.

The story is told of how a visitor to the farm was about to 'phone for a taxi and return to Kokomo after a lengthy business call. "Wait a minute," interrupted Mr. Shockley, "I'll take you in as soon as we get this last load of hay into the barn." Ten minutes later Clyde and the visitor walked around behind an old cattle shed, now honored by the name of "hangar." The plane was quickly pulled out from among the empty feeding troughs, and they climbed into the two seats. In five minutes they had soared seven miles and were gliding down to the edge of Kokomo. When later telling of the incident, the visitor complained that he was sorely disappointed. The family did not come out to see them take into the air and no one paid any attention to their landing. It was just Farmer Shockley coming to town.

JAMES H. WHITE

She Has Commanded River Boats for Twenty-Nine Years

THE watch is being changed. A stalwart, graying veteran in the pilot house of the big river boat relinquishes the steering wheel to a woman who has just entered. The woman is Captain Mary Becker Greene, master and pilot, the only woman to hold a master's certificate on the Western river system. The helmsman she has just relieved is Captain Gordon C. Greene, her husband and general manager of the Greene Line of river packets. The boat is the steamer "Tom Greene," out of Cincinnati, and Charleston bound, and has just made a landing on the Ohio River.

Captain Mary Becker Greene is rounding out her thirty-fifth year of steamboating on the Ohio River and its tributaries, and her twenty-ninth year as a master of steam craft. The steamer "Greenwood," of the Greene Line, which was recently rammed and sunk in the Cincinnati harbor, was her first command. At various times she has captained nearly all the boats of the line. She is the wife of a man who has been conspicuous for his success in river traffic and steamboat navigation since his early youth.

Captain Gordon C. Greene and Miss Mary Becker were married at Marietta, Ohio, in 1890. Since Captain's Greene's business kept him continually aboard boats, it was not long before they were making their home more on the boat of which her husband was in command than at their home on land. The young officer stood his watch at the wheel. His wife took a deep interest in the river and its navigation. As a result of the long hours of companionship in the pilot house, she began learning the tortuous channel, the shoals, and bars, the obstructions hidden from the untrained eye, and the numberless things a pilot must know to steer a boat safely where the channel is narrow and treacherous.

She took turns steering under her husband's direction until she became a skillful pilot. Mrs. Greene not only learned to steer in both fair weather and foul, but she also learned enough about the general operations of steamboats to make her a competent officer. In 1895, she appeared before the local steamboat inspectors at the port of Pittsburgh, and was given an examination in river navigation. She passed it with credit, and received a license certificate to pilot steam vessels. One year later, she again appeared before the board, and this time got a master's certificate. It must be considered that at that stage of the development of river craft, steam-steering apparatus had not been installed, and strength was nearly as important as skill in maneuvering a boat.

Captain Mary Becker Greene, master and pilot, has been steamboating on the Western river system for thirty-five years. She is shown with her husband, manager of a line of river boats. One of their two sons is a captain, the other a mate

Mrs. Greene helped to plan a part of the design for the steamer "Greenland," a handsome sidewheeler which was built and launched at Marietta, in 1903. It was this same boat that she commanded the following year, making several trips from points on the upper Ohio to the World's Fair, at St. Louis, carrying freight and visitors to the fair.

In a life filled with romance and adventure, some notable experiences stand out in Mrs. Greene's career, proving, in addition to her industry and business ability, extreme courage and resourcefulness. Soon after the "Greenland" was placed in commission and was plying the Ohio and Kanawha rivers between the ports of Marietta and Charleston, when near the junction of the two streams on the Kanawha the boat collided with a floating theatre during a storm. Mrs. Greene's coolness and skillful command of the situation averted a panic. From the bridge of the "Greenland" she directed the maneuvers of her own craft, meanwhile shouting orders to the floating theatre which brought orderly action out of chaos, and prevented some of the frightened people from leaping into the river.

Mrs. Greene is of average height or less, dark, and with features inclined to the rugged. Her appearance is commanding and her manner gracious. Her voice is soft and well modulated. She spends as much time on the river as in the handsome Greene home, at 3534 Shaw Avenue, Hyde Park, Cincinnati. The Greenes have homelike and commodious quarters on the steamer "Tom Greene" and live together there much of their time. Their youngest son, Tom, second mate of the steamer which bears his name, is now twenty-one years old. He was born on the steamer "Greenland" and reared on the river.

While at present Mrs. Greene does not have a regular command, she is available in the absence or illness of her husband, and will be ready to take charge of a new steamer if Mate Tom has not secured his master's certificate by that time. The other son, Chris Greene, twenty-four years old, is master of a fine steel steamer which bears his name.

Mrs. Greene shines as hostess aboard her boat; her gracious and charming manner makes the passengers feel at home, and she never fails to look after their comfort, or for their entertainment, for from her reading and study she knows the history of every settlement along the river back to Revolutionary times.

Mrs. Greene was admitted to Harbor Twenty-five, Masters and Pilots Association, at the port of Pittsburgh in 1896, and was for many years chaplain of the association. She is a member and worker in the Knox Presbyterian Church, at Cincinnati.

CLYDE M. BLAKE

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They Call Henry Field the Most Neighborly Man in Iowa

ONE of the best-known men in Iowa is Henry Field, owner and announcer of KFNF, the "friendly farmer station," at Shenandoah, a town of about five thousand people.

Incidentally, Mr. Field is the head of a family of eleven children and president of a large mail-order seed house. His business is capitalized at half a million dollars, and he keeps more than four hundred employees busy the year 'round. Because he saw in broadcasting a chance to get acquainted with more people, about four years ago Henry Field installed a radio station in his seed house.

"It comes sort of natural to be neighborly over the radio," he said. "For years, I had been sending to my customers pictures of my family in my catalogue, 'Seed Sense.' In the same way, I sent them friendly letters about how to raise better crops and prettier flowers. I saw that the radio would give me a chance to talk *direct* to these folks, and to any others who wanted to 'tune in'."

A tryout of his idea over an Omaha station preceded Mr. Field's decision to install a station at the seed house. A lot of people, he thought, would like to hear "old-time fiddling" and family music and hymns, such as used to be heard around the parlor organ. He arranged such a program. Congratulations on the program made the responses on regular programs look like the proverbial drop in the bucket. Henry Field decided to build his station.

"We are just a friendly, neighborly bunch of everyday folks," he tells his visitors as he sits at his desk, or meets them out in the seed house. "The broadcasting plant is owned and operated by the seed company; but it is used for the general good of Shenandoah and southwestern Iowa."

The truth of this statement is shown by the variety, community interest, and general usefulness of his programs. For instance, in an "old fiddlers' contest" one night, there may be entries from Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, and other nearby states. Maybe the home folks aren't interested in the outcome!

The next night, the retail merchants of Shenandoah may put on a program of local talent, or perhaps a "marrying parson" comes down from a neighboring city and talks. Still another program will feature a family orchestra from Nebraska, a Scotch trio from Omaha, a college chorus from a Missouri college, or the National Pullman Porters' quartet. Again, you may hear a program prepared by the employees of the Henry Field company, a talk on the next Sunday-school lesson, a community hymn singing, a pipe-organ recital, or a talk on gardening or cooking. In short, anything that might prove of interest to Henry Field's corn-belt neighbors can be heard over KFNF.

Requests to broadcast messages of interest in the district always get attention at KFNF. During the evening on which I was a guest at the Field station, a man came in and said that his horse had strayed away from home. Immediately, a call went out over the air to help locate the animal. The same evening, several local entertainments were announced. Not long ago, a Montana youngster wrote Henry that his pup had been run over by a car. The message went out, and now the lad has an Iowa pup.

Be it news of a criminal who may be caught through broadcast descriptions, an announcement of a community picnic, a play-by-play report of a nearby college football game, or how to make many blades of grass grow where none grew before, Henry broadcasts it if he thinks the item is of interest to his neighbors.

Hearing Henry talk of gardening or farming over the radio is just like meeting him out in the corn field. You can almost see him leaning on his hoe as he talks to you. City listeners tune in and write that it is just like going back home for a visit. Applause messages often carry gardening or flower questions and orders for seeds.

Field's customers are his friends. His station is at their disposal, and so is Henry. Twenty thousand neighbors cranked up the family flivver during August and went down to see the "voice" of KFNF. Shortly after Mrs. Field's death, listeners had a pipe organ installed at the station as a memorial to her. In response to a recent anniversary program, Henry Field received more than two hundred and twenty-five thousand messages of congratulation.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DEWELL, OMAHA

Henry Field, veteran seedsman of Shenandoah, Iowa, in his office, which is also the official home of station KFNF. Mr. Field installed his radio four years ago for the use of his neighbors and himself. In response to a recent anniversary program, he received more than 225,000 messages of congratulation. Henry Field started his career as a seedsman when he was five years old. He is now fifty-four, and his business is capitalized at half a million dollars

When I asked Mr. Field how his employees can take time to be friendly with so many visitors, he said simply, "Awful busy sometimes, but never too busy to see our friends. I have two million friends and neighbors on my mailing list," he added, "and I want to keep 'em. In the cities, people seem to do business as coldly as possible, and then duck away. Here is one place where business isn't going to be done that way."

It was a neighbor's helping hand that started Henry Field in the seed business.

"My ambition to become a seedsman began when I was about five years old," he told me. "At that time my dearest possession was an old seed catalogue published by James Vick, the father of the mail-order seed industry. I can remember begging my mother to read its pages aloud to me. Indeed, I insisted that my mother write to Mr. Vick and tell him that I had decided to follow in his footsteps.

"In reply, the dear old gentleman wrote me a personal letter, which I carried around until I wore it out. All that summer I saved seed from everything in Mother's garden. But, to my intense disappointment, when fall came I could not find anybody who would buy my wares.

"Finally, out of the goodness of her kind old heart, Aunt Martha Long, an elderly neighbor, gave me an order for fifty cents' worth of flower seeds. I worked several days making the en-

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velopes in which to enclose the seeds. Aunt Martha lived to see me well established in the business, and she was a good customer to the day of her death."

At eight years of age, young Henry was walking two miles to town to sell his garden stuff. At fifteen, he was learning the retail seed business in Des Moines, Iowa, and at twenty-one he was married, doing market gardening for himself, and putting up seeds to sell to neighbors.

"I had to turn the front room of our little four-room home into an office and the barn into a seed house," he smiled. "I made it a point to sell good, dependable seeds at a reasonable price," he went on, "and I always tried in every possible way to help my customers to make them grow."

The soundness of Henry Field's business principles is proved by the rapid growth of his seed company. Last year, his firm paid out more than $120,000 for postage alone.

C. M. McMILLEN

Mrs. Andrew is President of a Big Anvil Factory

SHE is down in the city directory of Trenton, New Jersey, as Mrs. Harriet Fisher Andrew. But in the Eagle Anvil Works of that city she is "the boss," to everyone from the superintendent down to the youngest apprentice.

For twenty-five years, Mrs. Andrew has enjoyed the distinction of being, so far as she knows, the only woman anvil manufacturer in the United States. Under her direction, the company of which she is president has grown to be one of the largest producers of vises and anvils in the country.

And, to add still a third distinction, she is a member of the American Manufacturers' Association.

All of which sounds very fine and rosy. But just sit down and talk to Mrs. Andrew for ten minutes, and you will realize that all these good things weren't handed to her on a silver platter. She earned them for herself.

She admits quite frankly that of all the titles which she has achieved, it's just plain "boss" that she likes best.

"Perhaps that is because I had such a hard time proving that I really was the boss," she explained to me. "You see, in the beginning the whole trouble started because the men in the factory objected to what they called 'petticoat rule.'

"When my husband, Captain Clark Fisher, died, many years ago, he left me his anvil factory in Trenton. What I knew about business could have been put into a thimble. My early training had been in polite finishing schools, where I studied music and learned how to do fancywork.

"But, despite my ignorance of the business world, I gathered up my courage and assumed the presidency of the company. And right then my troubles began. The first morning I went down to the office, the foreman and the superintendent, both of whom had been in the organization for thirty years, quit flat. A number of the workers immediately followed suit. They all declared that they were not going to work under a woman.

"Then and there, I realized that if I was really going to be boss in my own factory, I would have to learn the anvil business from the ground up. I started in at the very bottom, in the forge room. And for a year, the only time I saw a white-collar job was when I went up to the office once a week to sign the pay roll checks.

"I chiseled anvils, molded rail joints, operated huge cranes, and molded vises. What's more, I never once asked 'how' of any man in the factory. In short, I used my eyes and ears instead of my tongue.

"The men did everything in their power to get rid of me. They even tried to scare me out. One day when I was in the forge room, I heard a great commotion, and looked up to see the men making for the exits as fast as they could, while hot, molten metal flooded over the floor.

"Quick as anything, I had a flash of intuition, and I knew that it wasn't an accident that had spilled that hot steel on the floor. The whole thing was done deliberately—for my benefit.

"I jumped up on a chair and yelled with all my might at the men choking the exits, 'The first one of you that leaves this room, leaves for good! If you want to stay, get your shovels and go to work on this metal.'

"In five minutes, they had the leak plugged with sand and clay, and the metal which had escaped was covered until it hardened sufficiently to be handled. After that, they gave up trying to scare me out.

"At the end of a year, I could take crude metal and shape it into an anvil just as well as any man in the factory. About this time, the men began to realize that I meant to see the thing through."

Upon the death of her husband, twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Harriet Fisher, of Trenton, New Jersey, became president of the anvil factory of which he had been head. Under her management, the plant has become one of the biggest of its kind in the United States. About twelve years ago, Mrs. Fisher married Lieutenant S. A. Andrew, now associated with her in business

Inside of four years after Mrs. Andrew assumed control, the business grew so prosperous that the floor space of the factory had to be doubled. When word went out that the Government was calling for bids on the contract to furnish anvils for construction work on the Panama Canal, every anvil manufacturer in the country went after the job. They were all pretty much chagrined, therefore, when a woman won the coveted contract against men who had been in the business three times as long as she had.

In 1912, while negotiating with the Argentine Navy on an anvil contract, she met Lieutenant Silvano Alfredo Andrew. Subsequently they were married, and he has since that time been associated with her in the business.

In pre-prohibition days, when most of Saturday's pay was spent in the saloons, Mrs. Andrew instituted a change which forever gained her the friendship of the families of her employees. She moved the pay day from Saturday to Tuesday and thus lessened the temptation to spend money on holiday sprees. At first, the workers themselves did not in every case approve the idea as heartily as did their wives. But gradually the men themselves came to see the wisdom of Mrs. Andrew's way.

The workers now consult Mrs. Andrew on every subject, from the price of steel to the training of their children. They bring their domestic troubles and their financial difficulties to her.

HARRIETTE ASHBROOK

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Every hot delicious plateful contains fifteen tempting vegetables !

SOUP

and success

"SUCCESS is largely a matter of habit," wrote a very successful man. Just as truly he might have said that *health* is largely a matter of habit. For success, socially or in business life, goes hand in hand with health.

Science is teaching us as never before that good health depends mostly on a few simple fundamental rules, certain to bring the wished-for results, if only—and this is the all-important fact—if only these simple rules are followed habitually from day to day. Sleep, exercise, the open air, the right kind of food!

Eating soup and keeping well go hand in hand. Soup is one of the foods the experts tell us should be eaten every day. Soup appears in the daily menus for the family table as recommended by the leading dietitians and teachers of domestic science. Soup is a hot, liquid food which has a special place and usefulness in the daily diet, well recognized by the authorities. So do not think of soup as simply a delicious dish to be served or omitted as your fancy pleases. For soup *belongs* in the daily diet and should be eaten regularly, not just occasionally.

AND HERE are the reasons: Soup offers to your appetite a variety of tempting and delightful flavors you cannot get in any other food. Soup stimulates the appetite, arouses the desire for food, not only satisfies you but makes you keen for your other food as well. Soup causes the digestive juices to flow more freely. This has a favorable effect both on appetite and digestion. The food is assimilated into the body tissues more thoroughly.

Let this be one of your daily habits that go so far toward the building of health and success. Let no day go by without its plateful of hot, nourishing, delicious soup. You will enjoy it so much and it will do you so much good. So easy and convenient, too, with all the charming soups to choose from at your store! 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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Clothes Don't Make the Woman But They Help a Lot

(*Continued from page 19*)

on earth Mother kept me in good schools on what she made in those early days is still one of the unsolved mysteries to me.

"By the time I was fifteen, I was a pupil in an exclusive, fashionable boarding-school just outside of New York. During my second year there, I suddenly decided that I wanted to get out into the world. My secret ambition at this time was to be a fashion sketcher. As I had no technical training, I made up my mind to enter Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn, where I could acquire the necessary foundation.

I studied at Pratt two years, and got along splendidly in everything except drawing! It was a great blow to my pride when I failed to pass the examination in this subject. However, I'm glad enough to-day that I did fail. Otherwise, I might now be sketching for other houses instead of being a business woman on my own account.

"I now decided to leave school and go to work. My decision almost broke my mother's heart, but when she saw that returning to school would make me actually unhappy she gave in. With my recent humiliating experience fresh in my mind, I realized that it was not so much a question of what I *wanted* to do as it was a question of what I was *equipped* to do.

"One lovely spring morning, I was walking down Fifth Avenue trying to decide just what sort of job I dare apply for. But I found that I couldn't do much consecutive thinking for looking at the hats encountered—most of them were so obviously chosen without any consideration of the relation between the hat and the wearer. Before I realized what had happened, I was back at my old game of making 'let's pretend' hats that would really belong to the people who wore them.

"I pictured all sorts of hats for all sorts of faces. I dreamed hats that would throw tired lines into deep shadow. I visualized hats that would send the light just where it ought to go, on a mouth or a lurking dimple. And then, quite suddenly, I knew that I ached to make hats, in the same way that some people ache to make music, or to dance.

"THE very next day, I started out to look for a job as saleswoman in a good millinery shop. I picked an exclusive place just off the right side of Fifth Avenue for my apprenticeship. It was owned and run by the one man in New York from whom I thought I could learn most about the retail millinery business. I realized that, in addition to his exquisite taste, he had genuine creative imagination. A job in his shop seemed to me the logical first step in the realization of my dream.

"After walking up and down in front of the place for fifteen minutes, I finally mustered up my courage and went in. 'I believe,' I said boldly to the proprietor, 'that I could sell more hats for you than any girl you now have. And I believe that all the people to whom I sell will come back for more.' He looked me up and down. 'All right,' he said briefly, 'come back two weeks from to-day and we'll see what you can do.'

"I went out treading on air and hardly daring to believe my marvelous luck. It had all been so incredibly easy!"

BUT when Peggy Hoyt went back at the end of two weeks, she was told that the only place open was a job in the workroom. She swallowed her disappointment and took it. But as she struggled with stiff buckram frames in the hot, cluttered loft, she thought longingly of the salesrooms, with their soft rugs, beautiful hangings, and rose-shaded lamps. And she thought, too, of the customers on whose heads she wanted to place just the right hats.

"For over a year," said Miss Hoyt, "I worked in that loft. One season I stitched oilskin hats on a machine every day from nine to six. It was harder work than bending over a washtub. My hands were never clean and my nails were always broken. But I stuck. By this time I realized that I had been lucky to get the job I hadn't wanted. The man for whom I worked knew his business, and I was learning to make hats. That was what counted!

"My wages at this time were seven dollars a week. However, before I had been on the job two months, I was reduced to six dollars, in the hope that the cut would make me quit. This is what had happened:

"One night I carried home some hats to finish. The next morning, as I was coming in with a big box full, I ran into the manager, who asked me what I had been doing with the hats. When I told him, with a frankness more honest than wise, that I sometimes took work home at night because I wanted to learn the trade so that I could later go into business for myself, his pleased expression underwent a lightning change. The following Saturday night, my envelope contained one dollar less than usual, and I was curtly forbidden to take home work.

"But I knew what I wanted and I wouldn't quit.

"Toward the end of the year, I was unexpectedly called to the sales-rooms to help out in an emergency. I took off my apron and obeyed the summons with a fast-beating heart. When I entered the attractive place with its velvet rugs, its gleaming mirrors, its pretty sales girls in their unobtrusively smart costumes, and, best of all, its charmingly gowned, well-groomed customers, I made up my mind to stay there for the rest of my apprenticeship. It was child's play for me to sell hats, for I *knew* when I had found the right hat for a customer. Before the day was over I had decided to open my own shop.

"I had now mastered the technique of construction. The *chic* part of millinery—that is, the artful placing of a bow or ornament, or the effective tilting of a brim—I never had to learn. It was instinctive with me. When I discovered that it was easy to sell hats, I thought that the time had come for me to go into business for myself. With the optimism—and the ignorance—of youth, I could see no obstacles ahead that looked formidable enough to discourage me.

"Naturally, I hadn't saved much out of the money I had been making. However, Mother, still disapproving but always a good sport, said she would lend me three hundred dollars. And although she was greatly upset by the heavy debts I was making, she agreed to start me with a few wholesale millinery firms by acting as my reference for credit.

"The first thing I did was to rent a little cubbyhole of a room 'way up in a good building on Fifth Avenue. I held out for Fifth Avenue, because, at that time, the kind of hats I wanted to make would be bought by the kind of women who shopped almost exclusively on the Avenue. To-day, for a similar reason, my shop is located on a smart side street in the East Fifties. The people who are interested in my wares now hunt mostly for their treasures in the small exclusive specialty shops rather than in the larger department stores.

"In any business, especially one in which something is sold, location is a factor of prime importance. It would be folly to open a shop like mine in a district where people want to buy five-dollar or even ten-dollar hats. There are hundreds of places in New York where hats selling at these prices would 'go,' but upper Fifth Avenue is not one of them.

"EVEN with the tremendous advantage of the right location, plus my boundless enthusiasm, I wonder if I could have made the grade that first year if it hadn't been for the friendship of a fashionable tailor across the street. He was a successful man, and he numbered among his clients some of the wealthiest people in the city.

"For several years, while we lived in Brooklyn, he had been our neighbor, and he had always shown the liveliest interest in what he was pleased to call my 'artistic bent.' I remember that when I was twelve years old, he gave me an order for a dozen place cards. And when they were done, he not only praised my work highly, but he also paid me handsomely. That was the first money I ever earned.

"When I told him that I had decided to open my own shop, he encouraged me in every possible way. Day after day he sent me customers. The wives of his clients often came with their husbands to his shop. And every time they did, he would insist that they must run across to my little cubbyhole and try on my hats. He told everybody that some day I would be the most distinguished milliner and dressmaker in America. If a woman appeared the least bit backward about taking advantage of this 'tip,' he would take her by the elbow and personally conduct her to my tiny shop, where he frequently

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To Satisfy Yourself

Let us show you that the claims men make for this unique shaving cream are true—accept 10-day tube to try

GENTLEMEN:

You've heard men advance some pretty broad claims for Palmolive Shaving Cream. Claims which would make your present favorite take second place.

Let us prove to you that the claims men make for this unique shaving cream are true — accept 10-day tube to try.

Palmolive Shaving Cream embodies the expressed desires of 1000 men who were asked to name their supreme desires in a shaving cream.

It is different in 5 major ways from any other shaving preparation you have ever used. Made by the makers of Palmolive, the world's leading toilet soap. 60 years of soap study stand behind it.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1317 The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

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remained to see that she made a purchase.

"Of course I could not have kept the customers he sent me if I hadn't been able to design and make hats that pleased them. It is a great satisfaction to me that I still have practically all the clients who first came to me at my little Fifth Avenue shop. I have rarely lost a customer, and never a valuable employee.

"In the beginning, every woman who walked into my tiny shop was a challenge. I studied her build, her hair, her complexion, her eyes, and even her expression. And I did my best to make a hat that would *belong*, yet which would not look too different.

"The majority of women, even those who are conspicuously well dressed, do not want too much originality in their hats and gowns. They want clothes such as those worn by other smart women, particularly those worn by women a bit smarter, wealthier, and more beautiful than they.

"As a matter of fact, women are so sophisticated about clothes nowadays that designers no longer *create* styles in the same sense that they did even fifteen years ago. The world is on wheels; at least one woman in every small town in America has been to New York, to London, or to Paris. As a consequence, she *knows* what smart women are wearing. And it is the women of fashion who themselves set the styles. The most dictatorial designer in the world can only take the silhouette of their choice and individualize it. The dressmaker who gives to the prevailing mode a little lovelier treatment than her competitors succeed in doing is the one who achieves popular favor.

"I WAS quick to realize that, before I could be known as a creator of fashions in hats, I would have to number among my clients a sprinkling of women who were recognized leaders in smart dress. That is why I early made an effort to include on my list of regular patrons a few outstanding women in New York society, and several popu'ar actresses noted for their perfect taste in dress.

"One actress whose name now blazes in brilliant electric lights on Broadway was struggling along in a 'bit' in a musical comedy wholly unsuited to her wistful charm when I first saw her ten years ago. I believed in her. I believed she could act, and I knew she had the personality to 'carry' clothes, if only she had the right sort of clothes. I went to her and offered to give her all her hats and gowns if she would let me make them in accordance with my ideas of what was becoming to her. She agreed. It may be vanity on my part, but I honestly believe that the success which began to come to her almost immediately was largely due to the fact that the clothes I made for her revealed her true possibilities.

"In my first little shop on Fifth Avenue, I had no help, not even an errand girl. Mornings, I rushed out and bought materials, always returning breathless with anxiety for fear that a customer had chanced to drop in during my absence. There would be days at a stretch when I wouldn't get a single order. Then there would come a hectic day when I would be swamped with a dozen rush orders. That meant that, night after night, I would have to sit up until two or three o'clock in the morning making the hats I had contracted to deliver at a certain time."

YOU would think at this stage of the game, when her business was constantly trembling on the brink of failure, that Miss Hoyt would not have dared refuse a commission for a hat. But she did, many times over.

"I never promised what I could not see my way clear to perform," she said. "If I named a day upon which a hat would be delivered, it was delivered on that day. I have never deviated from this policy, and it has come to be one of my important business assets. I will tell you why.

"In the first place, it has helped me to hold old customers and it has brought me many new ones. Suppose two women are discussing hats for a coming event. One of them says doubtfully, 'Well, Madame X swore she would have my hat ready, but of course you never can tell,' and the other one replies with confidence, 'I *know* I'll get mine on time. Miss Hoyt said I should have it, and she always keeps her word.' And, naturally, if my hat appears at the event and the other milliner's does not, I stand a mighty good chance of filling the disappointed woman's order for the next time.

"If for some reason not under my control, such as the failure of a wholesale house to supply promised materials, a hat or gown cannot be delivered at the hour promised, I immediately telephone or telegraph my client, explaining the situation, and offering to release her from her order.

"Keeping my word about deliveries has made it possible for me to establish a system which goes a long way toward insuring prompt payment of bills—something which has always been regarded as practically impossible in the millinery and dressmaking business. If I keep my word, a customer feels guilty about not keeping hers. If I fail to live up to my end of the contract, she could salve her conscience much more readily. 'That milliner kept me waiting for my hat,' she can say; 'I'll just let her wait a while for her money.' And when you come to think of it, that's pretty fair logic!

"However, if I had to name the principal reason why I was able to keep my head above water, while all about me other young milliners, equally as ambitious and hard-working, went under, I would quote another iron-clad rule to which I pinned my faith from the beginning. It is this: Never, if I can possibly help it, do I allow a woman to buy an unbecoming hat in my shop.

"Sometimes this is a delicate matter, as a customer not infrequently sets her heart upon a hat which I cannot 'see' for her. But I know that if I don't tell her the truth every frank friend she meets will do it for me. And then I have not only lost a customer, but I have also made an unfavorable impression upon a dozen women who might have become customers.

"The short-sighted policy of urging upon a customer something he doesn't want or need is what puts many a business in the hands of receivers. Even when I didn't have the money to meet my bills for materials, I stuck to my rule. And in order to encourage my saleswomen to do the same, I refuse to allow them commissions on sales. I make up for this by paying them proportionately higher salaries.

"But I'm getting ahead of my story.

"At the end of a year, I took a larger room in the same building in which I had started. I also hired an assistant, a bright young girl, whom I began to train in my own methods. She is with me today as one of my valued forewomen.

At the end of the third year, I had completely outgrown my new quarters, and I was ready to move again.

"It was at this point that I came to the conclusion that fashionable folk were doing more and more of their shopping on the side streets just off Fifth Avenue. I took the house which I still occupy, a beautiful old private residence in the East Fifties. I fitted up the ground floor as a reception-room and exhibition salon, where my models are shown, a few at a time. The fitting-rooms are on the same floor. The millinery is on the second floor and above are the workrooms and a lunch-room for my girls. Recently, I have taken a part of another house in the neighborhood to provide additional workrooms.

"When I moved into my new home, I had space and facilities with which to realize another dream that had been lurking around in my subconscious almost since the day that I started making hats. This was to design whole costumes. But let me finish talking about hats before I get off on my dresses.

"BUYING a hat is a highly individual business," declared Miss Hoyt; "but there are certain general principles which it is well to keep in mind. A woman with a long, thin face must avoid with equal care a very wide brim and a hat that is brimless. But, above all things, she must steer clear of a high crown, no matter how fashionable it is. A softly draped crown, perhaps a little higher on one side than the other, and a medium-sized brim with irregular lines is nearly always best for this type of face.

"The woman with a generous figure and a head that is inclined to be small should choose a fairly wide brim, if she is to keep her head from looking insignificant. In general all stout women would do well to wear hats with some brim. The same is true of a small woman if she has a large face. Only the girl or woman with regular features and a classic profile can get away with the challenging severity of the sailor type of hat. The nearly brimless hats are usually at their best when they frame young faces with dainty features. Do not forget that your turban is a sophisticated piece of headgear. But, no matter how sophisticated she is, a woman with prominent features should never attempt this style of hat.

"The best piece of hat advice that I can give you is this: Find *your* hat and stick to it! In my business, I must average a new hat every other week. At present, I own perhaps a dozen that are wearable. And yet, as a matter of fact, I have worn the same hat for the past seven years. Of course, from year to year, and even from hat to hat, there are variations in color, tilt, and trimming, but fundamentally the lines of the hat remain the same.

"Nowadays, it is not how much, but how little, you can get on a hat. Line is the thing. In the street hat and in the business hat trimness is absolutely essen-

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Treat Mother *like a Sweetheart*

Give her Whitman's Sampler

The charm and traditions of the Sampler make it the most significant and expressive gift for Mother's Day. Its variety adapts it to the infinite variety of mothers. Its sweetness and purity are symbolic. It gathers goodness from the ends of the earth and its goodness is genuine. Every mother responds to the sentiment expressed in Whitman's Sampler.

For those who wish it, the Sampler is covered with a special wrap for Mother's Day—a cross-stitch design with Lincoln's famous tribute to his mother. All Whitman agencies take care of mailing and advance orders as well as your current needs of all Whitman packages. Look for the Whitman sign on the leading drug store nearby.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia

New York Chicago San Francisco

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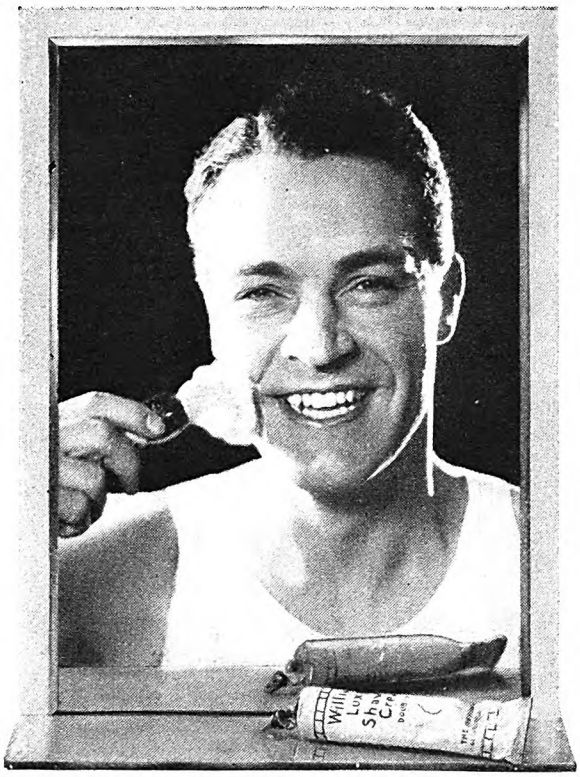

Why razors seem sharper with this *saturated* lather

ANY razor seems sharper when the beard is as thoroughly softened as it should be. Williams Shaving Cream springs into a thick, bulky lather simply saturated with moisture. It is this extra moisture held by Williams lather that works wonders in beard softening. No half-cut hairs—no annoying razor "pull"—the razor just glides along.

Williams lubricates the skin for easy shaving and gives your face that "barber's massage" feeling after the shave.

Learn for yourself how much this "saturated lather" can mean to your shaving enjoyment. Send for a free trial tube containing enough cream for a week's comfortable shaves. Use the convenient coupon below, or a postcard.

Williams Shaving Cream

Free Offer

Send coupon today for generous trial tube.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 15
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal
Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

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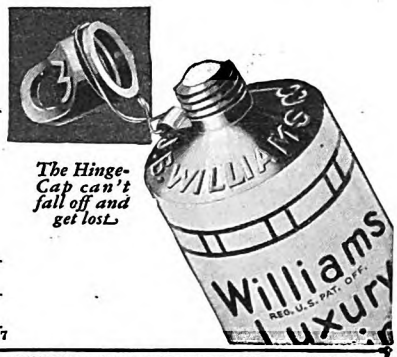

The Hinge-Cap can't fall off and get lost

AQUA VELVA, OUR NEW AFTER-SHAVING LIQUID, *KEEPS* THE FACE AS COMFORTABLE AS WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM *LEAVES* IT. WRITE DEPT. 15 FOR GENEROUS TEST BOTTLE.

tial. Even dress hats are usually very simple, depending upon color and curve for their effect. Often a single artfully placed flower or ornament is the only trimming on the hat reserved for the most elaborate occasions.

"Ten years ago, the wealthy woman bought forty or fifty hats a year, ordering them in lots of a dozen, as one orders handkerchiefs. This wholesale sort of shopping is a thing of the past. Even the woman of great wealth who is a leader in smart dress now purchases only a few hats at a time. But she shops for them at much shorter intervals. This is because the fashion designers now recognize six distinct seasons in clothes.

"In addition to our old familiar standbys, spring, summer, fall, and winter, we now have midwinter and midsummer styles. The woman who goes to Florida in January and to Switzerland in August must have at the same time both summer and winter clothes in her wardrobe. This explains why one sees in smart shop windows woolly coats when the thermometer is ninety-nine in the shade, and flower-trimmed hats and sheer organdies when icicles are dripping from the eaves.

"MOST women still buy too many dresses," said Miss Hoyt. "This is almost as true of the woman with a moderate dress allowance as it is of the woman with an unlimited checking account at her disposal. We are constantly recommending to our clients that they concentrate on a few carefully-thought-out costumes at the time. Three wisely chosen frocks a year are better than a dozen bought because they happen to appeal to the eye of the shopper, or because they strike her as 'bargains.' Nothing, no matter how cheap, is a bargain unless it fits in with your particular wardrobe scheme, or fills some special need.

"One of my friends recently came home from a shopping orgy, proudly proclaiming that she had bought a hundred-dollar dress for twenty-five dollars. In the end, that 'bargain' cost her more than the original price of the frock.

"To begin with, the dress was an unusual shade of green which required a new hat in exactly the same tone. New gloves and handbag followed, because her old accessories were a gray that did not 'go' with this particular shade of green. A few days later, my friend ran into a spring coat which she thought would be heavenly with her new green frock. She couldn't resist the temptation to buy it. And now, having gone into green, she can't get out of it!

"One of the biggest mistakes that the average woman makes is to start a season's shopping without a definite color scheme in mind. The smartly-turned-out woman, whether she pays two hundred or two thousand for her wardrobe, always gives an ensemble effect. She does this by confining herself to one or two tones of the same color, or to two harmonizing colors.

"If you will look closely at the most effectively dressed woman in any gathering, nine times out of ten you will find that, from hat to shoes, she has stuck to the two-tone effect. If a third shade or contrasting color is used, it is simply a touch for emphasis. Often this emphatic note is a flower, a colored stone in a pin, or a string of beads. Several colors in combination tend to break up the lines

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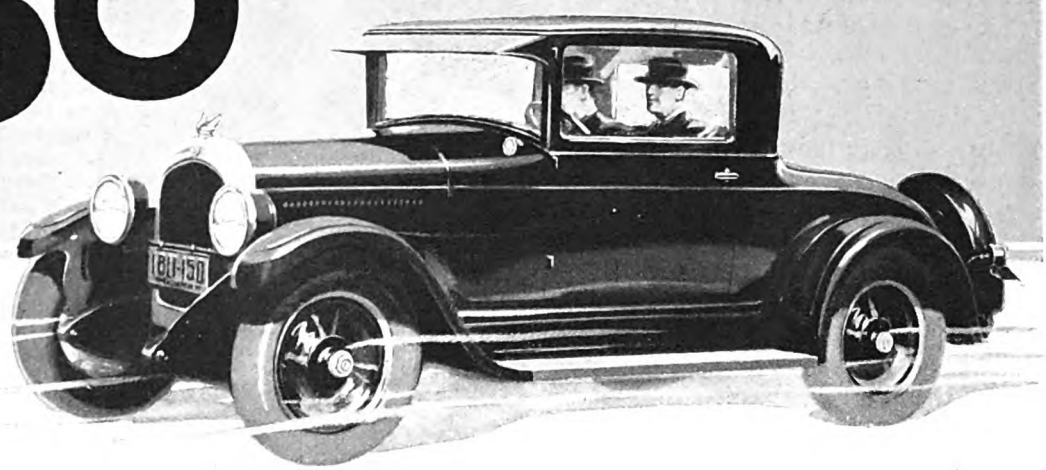
Where can you find so much *for* $750



* *50 miles and more an hour.*
5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds.
25 miles to the gallon.
Full-sized, with ample seating capacity for all passengers.
Mohair plush upholstery.
Chrysler smartness and beauty of line and color.
Low-swung bodies.
Special spring front engine mounting.

IN these features* and in scores of others, the Chrysler "50" reveals quality and value which single it out as far and away the greatest offering ever made in a car at this price.

Contrast these features with what you find in any other four-cylinder car—or any six approximating the Chrysler "50" in price. Either by mental comparison or by actual demonstration.

It then becomes perfectly plain that—at or near $750—only the Chrysler "50" gives these values.

CHRYSLER "50"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

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Beard Softening *Explained*

"Small-Bubble" lather the secret . . . softens base of every hair. Stubborn whiskers come off easily and quickly

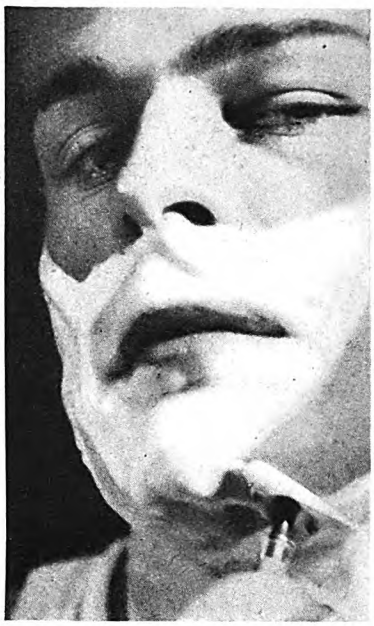
THE success of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather is due to the smallness of its bubbles. The smaller the bubbles, the more water and less air they contain, as the lather-pictures below prove. And science asserts that it is the water in the lather that is the real beard-softener.

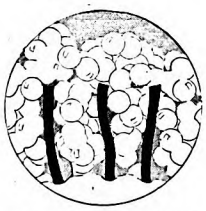
How Colgate Lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

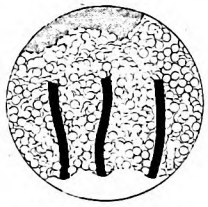
2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.





ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny moisture-laden bubbles hold water, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

A Week's Better Shaves—FREE

Once you try this unique "small-bubble" lather, we believe you will never go back to ordinary shaving methods. Prove this for yourself—at our expense. Clip the coupon. We will send you a generous trial-size tube—free.

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd. 72 St. Ambroise St. Montreal

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Dept. 501-E, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

and to destroy whatever individuality of coloring a woman may possess in her own right.

"In building a correct and useful wardrobe, the wise woman starts with her shoes and accessories, such as hand bag, gloves, and hose. These should be of the same color, or in harmonizing shades of the same color. I find beige and gray especially good foundation colors. Even if one does not stick to the two-tone ensemble, it is possible to choose hats, frocks, and wraps of several colors which will harmonize or contrast effectively with either beige or gray.

"IN CHOOSING a color for a dress or hat, you must first analyze your own coloring as expressed in your hair, eyes, and skin. The object is to decide on a shade which will emphasize your good points and minimize your poor ones. Most people find it wise to 'dress to their eyes;' but there are some whose chief claim to beauty or distinction lies in their perfect skin, or striking hair.

"In general, fair women with high coloring should avoid reds, rose, fuchsia, orange, and all pinks except the very delicate shades. These colors tend to cheapen a blonde; but, on the other hand, blues and grays and certain shades of beige and green lend her distinction. However, if a blonde has a tendency to look 'washed-out,' she will have to stick principally to blues and to pastels.

"There are certain types of brunettes who look lovely in warm browns with a touch of henna or orange; but usually it is the woman with rather neutral coloring who can wear the rich, warm shades to advantage. But look carefully to your skin before you go in for muddy browns, taupe, purples, and some of the darker, harsher grays. Unwisely chosen, these colors can add ten years to a woman's apparent age.

"Contrary to popular opinion, black is not a safe color refuge for those of advancing years. As a matter of fact, only the comparatively young can stand the severe challenge of black, and then only when they have flawless skin and good coloring. As a rule, the older woman looks much better in colors. If she is fortunate enough to have that lovely white hair with a blue glint in it, she can wear combinations of gray and blue and gray and rose that are marvelously flattering. One of the most stunningly beautiful women in New York is a dowager of sixty-odd who dresses to her wonderful white hair.

"Here is another good tip: Unless you are decidedly the type for it—and that usually means a raving beauty—don't go in for 'picture' effects in dress. Nothing is more likely to call attention to weak points. The whole object of dress is to make an unobtrusive background against which your own personality has a chance to appear at its best. And remember this: A really good dress cut along distinctive but conservative lines never goes out of style. Like your hair, or your eyes, it is a part of *you*.

"One of my most valued clients, a wealthy and very chic young matron who appears at all the important functions in the world of society, was seen at a smart restaurant the other night in a dancing frock I made for her three years ago. She told me that she intends to wear that dress

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For One Desk
-- or a hundred

Thousands of retailers find the Burroughs Portable, with its neatly printed list of items and accurate total, pleases, holds and brings customers.

Professional men of all kinds consider the Burroughs Portable an ideal figuring machine for both office and home.

Manufacturing concerns and large firms find that these machines in every department, save time and eliminate errors.

The Burroughs Portable is so convenient to carry that it is soon in brisk demand by everyone in the office who has figuring to do.

In the cashier's cage, too, the Burroughs Portable is being quickly adopted because of the small space it requires and its lightning-like speed.

Over 62,000 Burroughs Portable Adding Machines are now in the hands of satisfied owners in every type and size of business. Thousands of Portables are on the counters of large and small retailers. Hundreds of wholesalers use them. They are to be found in professional offices and on the individual desks of large manufacturing concerns.

The Portable is the "handy man" of figuring equipment. It is light in weight and small in size—has full standard visible keyboard—adds up to $1,000,000.00—has rapid one-hand control. It is built in the Burroughs factory to Burroughs standards from the best materials Burroughs experience can buy — passing the same rigid inspection as the highest priced machines—carrying the same guarantees — backed by the same Burroughs nationwide service. A strong, durable machine for use on one desk or a hundred.

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"Can a DENTIFRICE *Only* CLEAN?"

. . women ask . . and then, when they learn that Colgate's quickly brings dazzling white teeth, a healthy mouth, because it is designed only to clean, they—

AT first people are inclined to express their surprise when we say that Colgate's is designed solely to clean teeth.

"What curative properties has it?" they sometimes ask.

And then they hear from their dentist that the only thing any dentifrice can do is to clean; that charm of smile, brilliant whiteness of teeth, sweet health of mouth and gums, come only when teeth and mouth have been made scrupulously clean.

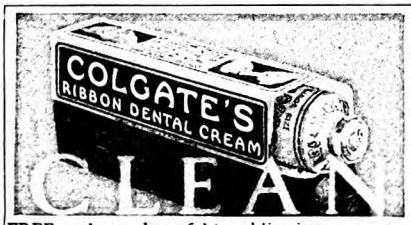
Finally, they realize why Colgate's works towards a permanent and fascinating dental beauty at each brushing . . . because its single purpose is to bring an unequaled cleanness.

Colgate's even *smells* clean as it expands into a bubbling, sparkling foam in your mouth. In this remarkable foam is calcium carbonate—a finely ground powder that delicately scrubs, whitens, polishes each tooth, removing harmful foreign matter, bits of clinging food.

Then, through a detergent-washing agent, this foam bathes in washing waves the entire inner mouth. Simple, isn't it? The causes of decay are first swept free—then washed away.

That is why Colgate's is designed only to clean. And why the ordinary tooth paste that pays half-hearted attention to cleaning—and tries to cure an imaginary gum trouble or tooth disorder—can never achieve the Colgate goal of complete cleanness.

Colgate & Co. EST. 1806



FREE to the readers of this publication — a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 200-E 581 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name _____

Address _____

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In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

until it drops to pieces, because it is so emphatically hers.

"It may interest you to know that a Paris label no longer has a hypnotic effect upon American women. They no longer buy French dresses simply because they are French. The modern American woman buys what she wants where she finds it, no matter whether it is in Timbuktu, or in Paris. And usually for the street she wants something along sports lines. Three fourths of all the daytime clothes shown everywhere show the influence of woman's interest in outdoor life.

"Nowadays, a woman wants to look slim and straight, because these are the lines of youth. In her effort to achieve the youthful silhouette, she sometimes becomes a trifle too masculine in effect. On the other hand, while a man also likes the slim, simple lines, he demands the feminine touch on a frock.

"Which reminds me to tell you that I long ago came to the conclusion that men are the best judges of what looks well on a woman. A woman frequently gets lost in details; a man nearly always gets the general effect. In working out a new dress, I am guided almost entirely by my husband's reaction to the finished garment.

"AND while we are on the subject of dress, let me suggest that velvet is not good form before luncheon. It is a bad choice for the woman with a limited income, anyway, because it calls for luxurious accessories and it soon shows wear.

"Satin shoes are also out of the picture in the forenoon. For that matter, they are not good street shoes unless one has a motor. Leather is more sensible, and I think it is smarter for street costumes.

"For this reason, elaborate dress is always in bad taste in an office or a place of business. If a business girl has a dinner engagement, and is unable to return home to make a change, she can wear a simple afternoon frock but never a dress that suggests evening.

"Women have grown amazingly younger-looking in the past ten or fifteen years. I think this is because a larger number of them are becoming more and more active physically and mentally.

"And, of course, the modern woman dresses to look young. As a matter of fact, there is no 'old' and 'young' in clothes today. With the necessary modifications for the individual figure, I use the same silhouette for grandmothers and débutantes. Two generations ago, the woman of forty was frankly middle-aged. She wore blacks and browns, and upon the appearance of her first gray hair she discarded hats for 'bonnets,' which definitely classed her as an elderly lady. To-day, the woman of forty is a very youthful person—and she looks it!

"Finally, let me emphasize this point: No dress in the world can lend an effective appearance to a poorly groomed woman.

"You remember what Barrie says about charm in 'What Every Woman Knows:' 'Oh, it's—it's sort of a bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else. If you don't have it, it doesn't matter what else you have!'

"And after that shining light of the soul which comes from within, grooming stands first in those things which make for charm in a woman!"

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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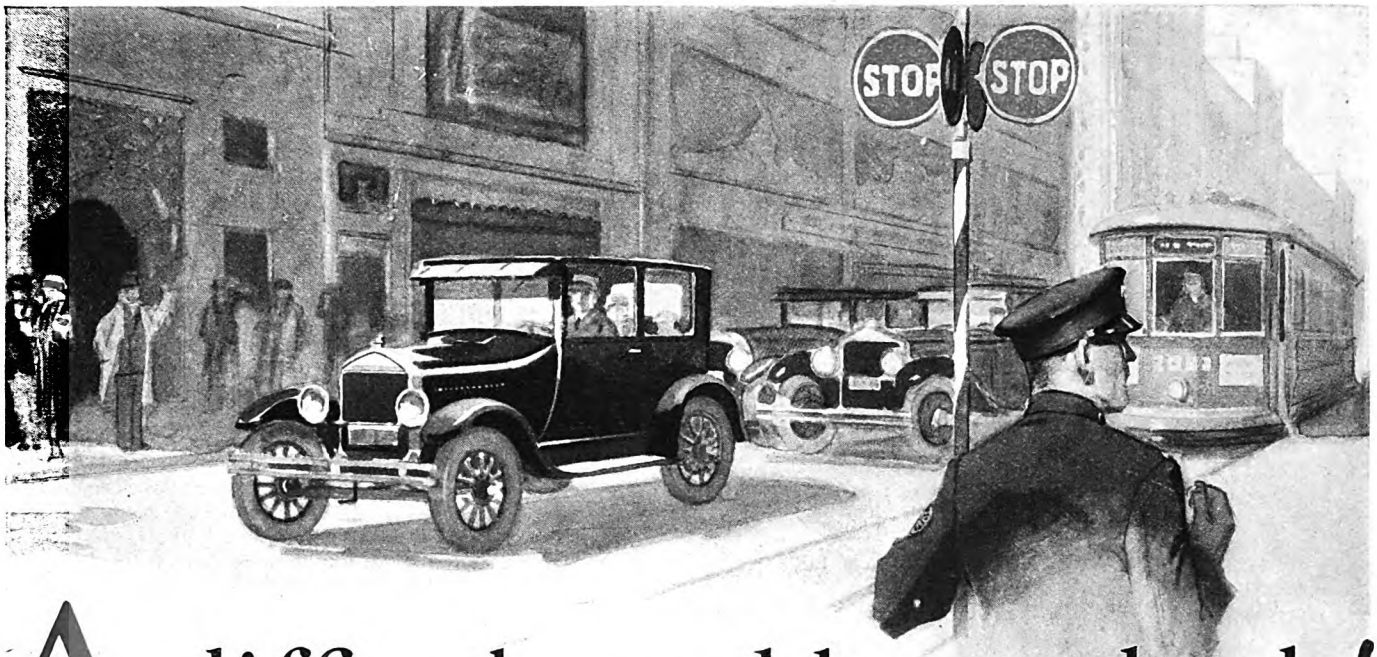

A difficult problem solved!

At last you can have smooth Ford starts and stops without adding to carbon troubles.

NOW you can have in your Ford car the two benefits every Ford owner is seeking.

1. Smooth starts and stops.
2. Almost complete freedom from carbon.

Until recently these two benefits were contradictory. Smoother starts and stops meant greater carbon formation. An oil that quieted the transmission bands would not correctly lubricate the engine.

The solution came with the new Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," produced by Mobiloil Engineers after five years of engineering study and experiment.

This new Mobiloil "E," placed on the market several months ago, has had a phenomenal success. It has been tested by Ford owners in every part of the country. And the most enthusiastic users of the new Mobiloil "E" are the ones who have compared it most closely with other oils for the Ford car.

You do not want carbon in your motor. An engine choked with carbon cannot deliver its full power. It knocks on the hills. The cost of opening up the engine is no trifle.

Here, at last, is real freedom from carbon plus real smoothness in Ford starts and Ford stops. Here is real freedom from overheating. Here are all the good points of the old Mobiloil "E" plus new ones. In perfecting an oil which was correct for the Ford transmission bands, the Mobiloil Engineers never lost sight of the major problem of providing correct lubrication for every frictional surface of the Ford engine.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil "E"
***for* Fords**

Worth proving

A gallon can of the new, improved Mobiloil "E" will just fill your Ford crankcase. Drain off your old oil and refill with genuine Mobiloil "E."

New smoothness in starting and stopping, more power and quicker pick-ups in traffic will immediately be apparent. As the mileage mounts you'll experience marked freedom from the expense of carbon removals, band replacements and repair bills.

A nearby Mobiloil dealer has the two new home garage containers of Mobiloil "E"—the handy 5-gallon Tipper Box, and the newly designed 10-gallon drum. These containers offer real convenience in handling oil in your own garage.

See the Mobiloil dealer today.

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You expect great things of him

Is he getting every chance? Even a little thing like this counts much

What a long hard stretch he has ahead of him—that boy of yours! Years of study, of growing that will require every bit of mental and physical energy he has.

He needs all the help you can give him. Not only in big obvious ways but also in little things, often overlooked.

For instance, school authorities are pointing out to mothers today one of these important little things.

It is the school day breakfast. They have proved in country wide tests that the kind of breakfast your child eats has a sure effect on the way he grows and learns.

This is now taught in every school health program. As the Breakfast Rule it is displayed on 42,000 school room walls:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

Only a *hot* cereal breakfast provides the mental and physical energy your growing children need for the strain of school.

It is easy enough to understand why nutrition authorities advise a Cream of Wheat Breakfast as the best preparation for a good morning's work.

First, a generous dish of Cream of Wheat is just full of energy substance—the mental and physical energy your child must have. Second, it is in such a simple form, so easy to digest that he gets all the energy it contains. And children always love its rich creaminess!

Remember that even such a little thing as the cereal you give your children counts much in their development. Tomorrow morning give them the one children's specialists have recommended for 30 years. Cream of Wheat! Your grocer has it.

This boy can knock it out of the lot. One reason is that every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast—*Cream of Wheat*

To mothers and teachers

Do you want to get the enthusiastic interest of your children in forming the hot cereal breakfast habit? If so, send for attractive colored poster to hang in your child's room. Posters are designed to make a "personal success" appeal both to boys and to girls of different ages. There is a 4-weeks' record form which the child keeps himself by pasting in a gold star every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast. We will send posters and gold stars free, also booklet on children's diet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," and sample box of Cream of Wheat to mothers. Quantities for school room use free to teachers. Mail coupon to Dept. P-5, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name.....

Address.....

Girl?.....*Boy?*.....*Age?*.....

If teacher, number?..... © 1927, C. of W. Co.

"Nevada"

(*Continued from page 62*)

Ben!" replied Franklidge, suddenly espying Hettie and Rose as they rode in upon the lawn.

At that juncture, the first cowboy reached Ben, to blurt out:

"Boss, Jim Lacy's here! He's just killed Dillon!"

Ben Ide leaped straight up in sudden, ungovernable fury. He clenched his fists high above his head.

"Killed! My best man! Where's this Jim Lacy?"

"He's settin' on the cook-house porch," put in Raidy. "Handcuffed, sir. . . . The sheriff's put him in irons. An', Boss, Tom Day has rid in with his outfit. They wanted to lynch Lacy. But Tom roared at them like a mad bull. Reckon you'd better hurry down."

Ina came running from the house. "Ben, what—in the—world's happened?"

"Ina, this is no place for women," returned Ben. "Dillon has been shot by that bloody rascal, Jim Lacy."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Then Ina caught sight of Hettie and Rose. She ran to them. "Hettie, what has happened to you? And who's this girl with you?"

"Rose Hatt. Marvie's friend," replied Hettie, bending down. "Oh, Ina, I've—"

Ben, striding away with his men, turned to call out, "Ina, stay back; an' keep those girls with you!"

BUT Hettie did not heed him. "Listen, Ina," she said wildly, "there are not enough men in Arizona to keep me away!" Then she bent down over Ina to whisper, "Jim Lacy is Nevada!"

Ina put a hand over her mouth to stifle a scream. "No!"

"Yes! I've known it a long time. And I *met* him to-day. . . . But I—I can't talk now. Come!"

Hettie, with Rose on her left, rode at the heels of the striding men. Ina ran beside Hettie, clinging to the stirrup.

They reached the crowd of cowboys and men strange to Hettie.

"Open up here," shouted Ben, in loud, hard voice. "Spread out. . . . Let me see this man!"

The crowd split in a hurry, leaving a wide V-shaped space, at the apex of which sat the prisoner on the edge of the porch. The dead man lay on the ground covered with a blanket.

Hettie recognized Nevada, though his head was bowed and his sombrero hid his face. His hands, in irons, hung over his knees. What a strange, pathetic figure! Hettie's heart failed her. What mystery was here? The moment seemed charged with indefinable and profound portent.

Macklin, the Winthrop sheriff, advanced a stride, with pompous gesture.

"Wal, Mr. Ide, here's your man. I've got him in irons," he boomed.

Ben advanced, his gaze passing from the dead man on the ground to the shrinking prisoner.

"Jim Lacy!" he called, sternly.

There was no movement from Nevada. Nobody else stirred. The air was fraught with tragic suggestion, with inscrutable

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When Parents Fail

THIS is a clumsy world for children. They are constantly running into the barbed wires of our grown-up principles and conventions. Every year thousands of them get into trouble which brings them before the Juvenile Courts for punishment or wisely tempered mercy. Rarely are these unfortunate youngsters really bad. Nearly always the hidden cause behind their waywardness is lack of training or proper guidance at home. Oftentimes, physical conditions cause their abnormality. When health is restored the vicious tendencies often disappear.

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Warm-hearted men and women in all parts of the country are doing splendid work in helping to salvage these bits of human driftwood. Organizations have been formed which send volunteer representatives to the Juvenile Courts to take boys and girls on probation and so save them from slipping into lives of crime. The kindly folk who do this work are "friends at court" to these youngsters.

Delinquent children are by no means found to come only from homes of poverty. From well-to-do and even rich homes have come children with tendencies toward crime which have amazed their parents. Too late these fathers and mothers learned that in reality they never had known their sons and daughters.

May Day—Children's Day

May First has been set aside by the nation as a day on which mothers and fathers, philanthropists and public-spirited men and women, interested in America's future, join in one great purpose—the big, important work of checking up the health of the children of this country.

It is a great forward step to set aside a definite day to have eyes, ears, noses, throats, and teeth examined for possible physical defects. But why stop half-way? Examine minds just as thoroughly for possible mental troubles.

In May, then, after you good fathers and mothers have found out whether or not your children are sound and healthy, physically, you will want to have an old-fashioned, heart-to-heart talk with the youngsters and learn what they are thinking about, who their companions are, and where they spend their time.

More especially will you want to do this if you have ever spent a few hours in a Juvenile Court where you will have learned that the young offender, in nearly every instance, lands in court because of bad companions or want of proper home training.

Lacking a friend at home, a child may need a friend at court.

Each year more than 200,000 children are brought before the Juvenile Courts charged with more or less serious offenses. Seventy-five per cent of all adult offenders begin their criminal careers before reaching the age of 21. The steps are fast from petty thieving to murder.

In the three year period, 1923, 1924 and 1925, the homicide mortality rate in the United States mounted to the highest point ever recorded.

In 1926 there were approximately 10,000 homicides. In recent years our homicide rate has been 600% greater than that of Canada and 1400% greater than that of England and Wales.

Even the best of children develop tendencies hard for parents to understand. These faults, if uncorrected, may produce serious consequences. As Judge Arnold of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, Illinois, says, "The first job of a parent of a boy is to understand him, not only physically and morally, but emotionally."

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "The Mind of the Child". It may help you to deal fairly and wisely with your children in solving the many vexing problems that come up in connection with them. Send for it. It will be mailed without cost.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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Millions of men buy Mennen *for a reason.* It gives them a quicker, smoother, easier shave. It soothes, tones up and conditions the skin. The Mennen process—*dermutation*—does more than just soften the beard. It flattens the tiny "mounds" around each hair. This prevents any scraping and nicking of the skin—therefore eliminates the usual smarting and soreness after shaving. Buy a tube of Mennen. Try it a week. **If your face doesn't feel better and look better, we'll return the cost of the tube.**

Once you know the luxury—the deep soothing joy—of a Mennen shave you are ready for Mennen Skin Balm *after* shaving. It's a *super* luxury. Cool, refreshing, antiseptic. Has a "zip" to it you'll like—and a fragrance that's distinctly masculine. Only 50c a tube. As a finishing touch, use Mennen Talcum for Men. It's a *man's* powder made for a *man's* face. Tinted so it doesn't show.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal

MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

meaning that yet transfixed the onlookers.

"Lacy, I'm goin' to hang you!"

Still no response from this notorious gunman, whose daring, whose cold nerve had long been a subject for camp-fire gossip.

"Stand up. Let me look at you!" ordered Ben suddenly.

With a violent wrench the prisoner jerked out of his dejected posture, and stood erect. He ducked his head, removing the sombrero, which fell to the ground. Composed and pale he faced his judge.

"MY HEAVENS! . . . Who . . . is this . . . man?" Ben Ide faltered.

There was no answer. The crowd of onlookers gazed spellbound.

"*Who are you?*"

"Wal, Ben, I'm shore sorry we had to meet this heah way," came the reply, in the old slow, cool accents. "But I reckon it had to be."

"*Nevada!*"

With the hoarse, wondering cry Ben leaped forward to clasp his old friend in a close embrace, and held him so a long moment.

Hettie saw Ben's face in convulsion, his eyes shut tight, his expression one to bewilder the staring bystanders. To her it was beautiful and somehow soul-satisfying. Her eyes were dim, her heart pounding.

"My old pard! Found at last! . . . Thank God! I thought you were dead. . . . All these long years! . . . It's too good to be true. I reckon it's a dream. Say somethin' to me. . . . Nevada!"

Ben held him back, hands on his shoulders, oblivious to all but that lean, stone-gray face.

"Yes, Ben; Nevada to you; but to all the world—only Jim Lacy."

Ben's transition to reality was swift and passionate. Suddenly white, with blazing eyes, he tore at Nevada's handcuffs. "I don't care who you were. You're Nevada to me—my friend—my pard. An' so you'll be forever! . . . Macklin, unlock these irons!"

"But, Mr. Ide, he's my prisoner," protested the sheriff. "He's wanted for rustlin'. He killed your foreman. The law—"

"To thunder with your law!" interrupted Ben fiercely. "Unlock his irons! Quick. Before I throw my gun on you!"

His hand went to his hip. Tom Day stepped out to get between Macklin and Ben.

"Easy now, Ben. Let old Tom have a word," he said, in his big voice, now full and resonant. "We've had enough gunplay for one day. . . . Macklin, give me the key to these irons."

The sheriff, red of face, flustered and intimidated, complied, with poor grace. Day unlocked the irons, removed them, and cast them at Macklin's feet.

Nevada rubbed his wrists, and then looked up to smile at Day.

"Put her thar, Texas Jack," boomed the old rancher, with a wonderful smile on his rugged face. "We're shore from the old Lone Star State. Let me be the first to shake the good right hand thet did for Dillon."

"Wal, Tom, shore you needn't rub it in," drawled Nevada, as he yielded to the vigorous onslaught of the older man.

"Come heah, Franklidge," called Day,

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They have learned the way to keep *the radiant* *MOUTH of YOUTH*

THE dazzling whiteness of your teeth, the sound healthy hardness of your gums are lovely charms of youth.

You can have them always if you keep your mouth glands active. These are the real guardians of your whole mouth.

But these vitally important mouth glands slow up.

Modern diet, with its soft, easily swallowed foods, restricts the natural fluids which the mouth glands should produce. Without hard chewing to exercise them, your mouth glands falter. Even in childhood, discoloration and decay begin, gums soften in disease.

To correct this, Pebeco was especially perfected. Its principal ingredient renews the normal action of the mouth glands, keeps them vigorous day and night. You can taste the important substance in Pebeco that does this. As you brush your teeth, you get its sharp, clean, pungent tang.

Your whole mouth feels wholesome, sweet. Even where the toothbrush cannot reach, Pebeco protects and purifies.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

How breathlessly enchanting you seem to others now!

Your gleaming smiles, your joyous laughter, win the admiration of all who know you. You know you are more charming when you use Pebeco.

"Pebeco is more than a tooth paste," so many users say. "It is necessary to perfect and complete care of the whole mouth. Its very taste is assurance of its help and protection."

Where the mouth glands begin to slow up even in childhood . . .

Often before we reach our teens, soft foods have caused the mouth glands to produce less and less of their natural fluids. Gradually they cease to wash away food deposits, to counteract day and night acids forming in the mouth. Pebeco contains the special ingredient that ensures active mouth glands, shown by the numbers, three on each side. This is the way to renew each day the smiling, healthy Mouth of Youth.

FREE OFFER: *Send coupon today for generous tube*

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D—29, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
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THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER APRIL, 1928

Keeps the Mouth Glands young

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It's spring out-of-doors —*are you foot free?*

AS free as a gay little brook, laughing its way across the spring countryside, are feet that wear flexible Cantilever Shoes. What better time of year, than now, to free yourself from the fetters of ordinary shoes and discover the comfort that Cantilever Shoes can give your feet.

Have you seen the smart, new Cantilever Oxfords? The springy, flexible arch laces up snugly to the undercurve of your foot. This gives your arch a wonderfully buoyant type of support that does not restrict its natural action. Your whole foot can exercise. Walking becomes easier. The result is that the muscles holding the twenty-six bones of the foot in arched formation, can keep their strength or regain it. That is why thousands have overcome arch weakness by wearing Cantilevers.

The natural shape of the Cantilever Shoe allows it to harmonize closely with every curve of your foot. You will be delighted with the way this shoe fits. The modishly rounded toe, the graceful high arch, the nice snug heel and the smart up-to-date designs make the Cantilever as pleasing to look at as it is to wear. Two of the new oxford models are illustrated at the right. A pair of these shoes will help you every day and add to your happiness all during spring and summer.

COMFORT THROUGH FLEXIBILITY

Cantilever Shoe

MEN · WOMEN · CHILDREN

AT the Cantilever store in your locality you will find intelligent salespeople who have been trained to fit shoes properly. In most cities only one store shows Cantilever Shoes. If the local Cantilever store is not listed in your telephone book under the name "Cantilever", the Cantilever Corporation, 402 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, will be glad to send you the address.

beckoning to the judge. "I reckon it's aboot time."

Ben Ide stood motionless, his eyes expressive of an incredulous wonder that he could not voice. His feeling was surely shared by others there. As for Hettie, she seemed to feel her blood and brain whirl madly. Texas Jack! That warm, splendid smile of the old rancher! Judge Franklidge moving forward with dignified step and grave, kindly face!

But the other black-garbed sheriff intercepted him.

"Mr. Ide, these are sure most extraordinary proceedings," he said authoritatively.

"Thunder, yes!" burst out Ben. "But it's an extraordinary case!"

"The law must take its course. Even if this Jim Lacy was an old pard of yours, he's now a criminal. Reckon his gun-play was always on the level. But he's a cattle an' hoss thief. We set out to hang the leader of this Pine Tree rustler outfit. Sure, Lacy is him. His killin' of Dillon proves that. If his is no hangin' case, it sure is one for jail."

"Struthers, I hired you to come up here," returned Ben, deliberately. "I admit I wanted Jim Lacy shot or hanged. But I've changed my mind. He's my friend. There's some mystery—some mistake here. That's for me to learn, an' not for you."

"All right. But I'll take Lacy to Phoenix for trial," replied Struthers.

"If you do, it'll be over my dead body. Take care, Struthers. This isn't Phoenix. You're up in the brakes."

Thus Ben Ide answered to his few months in Arizona. The situation looked grave again. But Judge Franklidge interposed to push Struthers back.

"YOU have no jurisdiction here, unless I give it," he said. Then he turned to Ben. "My son, don't distress yourself further. Just have a litt'e patience."

Judge Franklidge advanced to place his left hand on Nevada's shoulder, and extend his right, which Nevada quickly met.

Judge Franklidge turned to indicate in slight gesture the dead man on the ground.

"Dillon, of course, was the leader of this Pine Tree rustler gang," he asserted. "Otherwise you would not have risked revealing yourself here?"

"Wal, reckon I wouldn't," replied Nevada, with a smile that held no mirth.

"Dillon!" boomed Tom Day, his eyes rolling at the dead man. "Who was he, Jack?"

"Ed Richardson, late of New Mexico."

"Richardson? Lincoln County War hombre? Billy the Kid outfit?"

"That's the man, Tom."

"Wal, I'm a son-of-a-gun!" ejaculated the old rancher. "I begin to see light. Dillon was thick with Stewart. An' Stewart never worked the same for me after Dillon became foreman heah at Ben's. This mawnin' he was gone. An' he knowed where we was bound for. . . . Jack, what you make of thet?"

"Stewart was one of the three Arizonians that Richardson took into his New Mexican outfit."

"Ahuh! Who's the other two?"

"Burt Stillwell an' Cedar Hatt."

"Stillwell! . . . Jack, didn't you—meet thet hombre just lately," queried Day, "with fatal results to him?"

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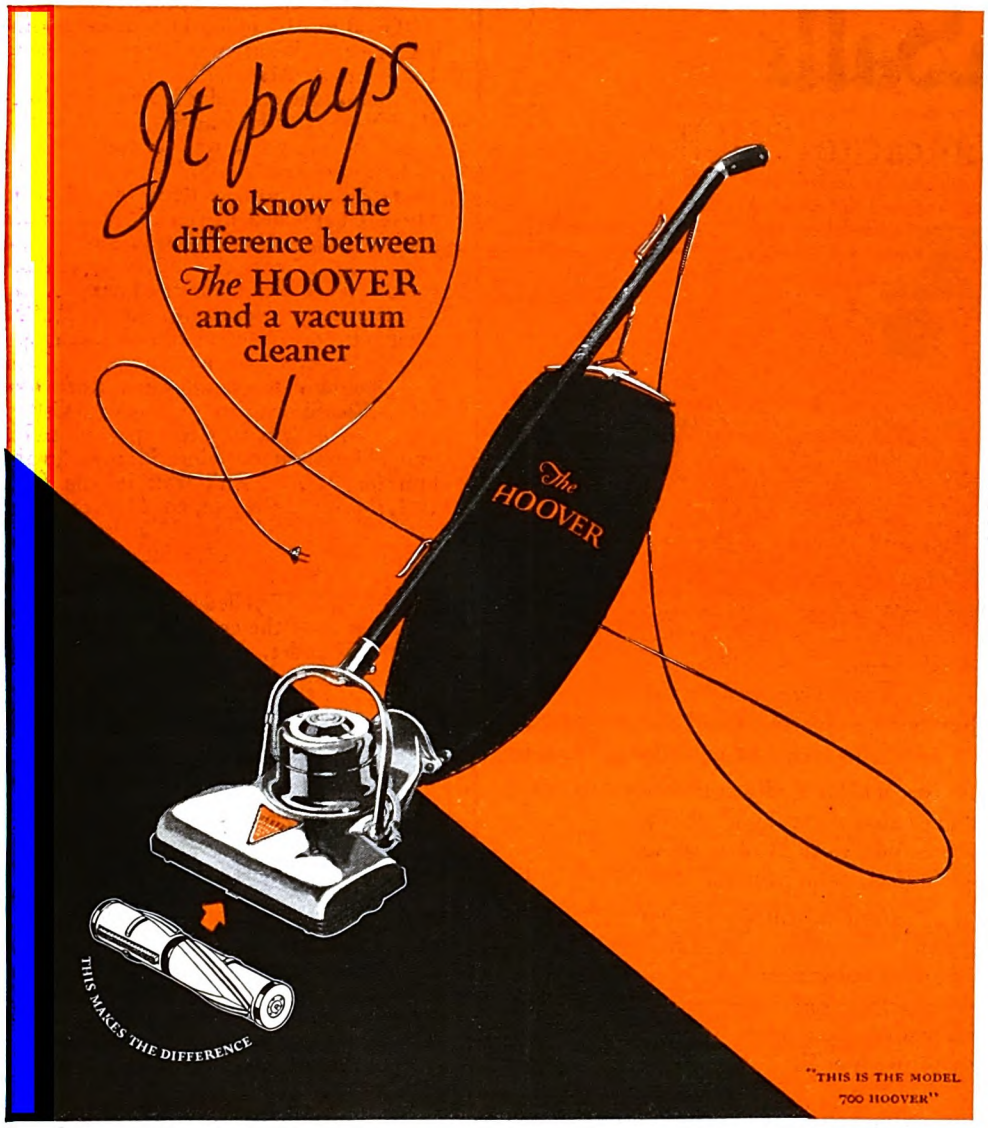
The New HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans



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"POSITIVE AGITATION"

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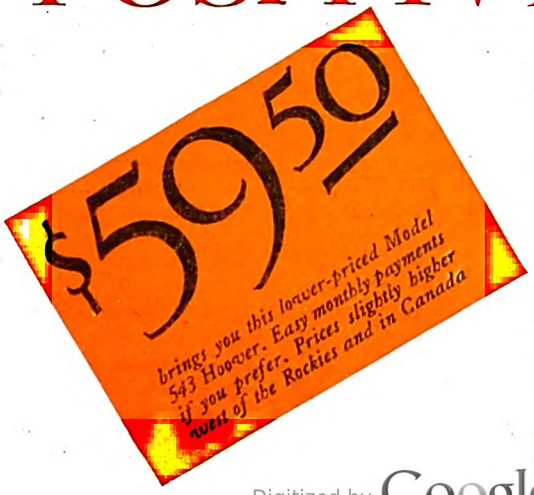

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LaSalle

a companion car to Cadillac

CARRYING FORWARD the policy of a quality car for every purse and purpose, General Motors saw the need for Cadillac's developing a high grade automobile which would be as socially acceptable as Cadillac itself, but with a slightly varying field of usefulness.

For this congenial task the Cadillac organization was invited to draw freely upon the entire resources of General Motors, including the Research Laboratories, the Department of Purchases, the Fisher Body Corporation and the Proving Ground.

The result is now revealed in Cadillac showrooms—LaSalle, a fine motor car built wholly within Cadillac's plants, but, in the widest sense of the term, a "product of General Motors."

Those who travel much in Europe have realized that there was an opportunity to introduce a Continental style in the appearance of an American car. LaSalle has realized upon that opportunity. It is radically unlike any other automobile; yet the poise and the breeding of Cadillac are there!

Never was a car so rigidly tested in advance of its presentation to the public as LaSalle has been tested at the General Motors Proving Ground. It is a new car to you; it is a tried and proved car to us—as distinguished in performance as it is different in appearance. We present LaSalle with very great pride and invite you to view its six models.

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND
BUICK · LASALLE · CADILLAC
GMC TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS, BUSES, TRUCKS
FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator

"Yes. It was Stillwell who stole Ben's horse, California Red. I made him send Red back. Reckon that riled Stillwell. . . . An' Marvie Blaine shot Cedar Hatt to-day. So the Pine Tree Outfit is shore broke!"

Ben Ide, in bewildered state, crowded closer to the speakers.

"MARVIE BLAINE shot Cedar Hatt?" ejaculated Judge Franklidge.

"Good lord!" added Day in his booming voice. "What next? Spill it, Jack. Tell us aboot Marvie!"

"I happened on Cedar Hatt to-day," replied Nevada. "He was ridin' down in one of the brakes an' I was on top. Wal, I soon saw he was trailin' someone. So I worked ahaid an' got down off the Rim. There I happened to run on Marvie an' his girl, Rose Hatt. I was lookin' for Cedar, an' I knew Cedar was lookin' for them. So I kept quiet. Pretty soon, Cedar slips up, right onto them. An' he begins to rave. Rose talked back, an' shore Marvie showed spunk. Cedar knocked him down, an' then Rose too. That riled Marvie an' he tore into Cedar. It looked bad, with Cedar pullin' at his gun. He got it out, but Marvie fought him for it. . . . An', wal, in the fight Cedar dropped the gun, an' Marvie, quick as a cat, snatched it up. Usin' both hands he throwed it on Cedar an' shore bored him twice."

"Whoop-ee!" yelled one of the cowboys at the back of the crowd.

"By thunder, I'd whoop myself if I had any voice left," returned Tom Day. "Where's Marvie? Come heah, you gun-slingin' kid!"

"Come here, my lad," called Judge Franklidge, beckoning.

Marvie slipped off his horse and stalked forward to confront the three men. What a moment for Marvie Blaine!

"Son, what's this we heah?" asked Day, bluntly. "Did you shoot Cedar Hatt?"

"Reckon I did," replied Marvie. "Here's his gun. It happened just about as Nevada told you."

"Who's Nevada?"

Marvie laid a hand on his friend.

"Oho! You mean Jim Lacy heah?"

"No, I mean Nevada," replied the lad, stoutly. "That Jim Lacy handle doesn't go with me."

"Marvie, you speak for me," interposed Judge Franklidge. "He may indeed be Nevada and Jim Lacy. But for me he will always be Texas Jack. He has worked for me for two years. And before that for Tom Day. We found him to be the best cowboy who ever threw a rope for us. And more—a splendid, honest man whom it is my privilege to call friend, and whom I would be happy to take into my cattle business."

"Hey, you sheriff rustlers," boomed Tom Day, with loud satisfaction. "Did you heah that? Wal, listen to some more. Texas Jack volunteered to clean up this Pine Tree Outfit. He had my backin'. He had Judge Franklidge's office behind him. He had free hand to become a rustler an' thief, to drink an' gamble an' shoot his way into the secret of the Pine Tree Outfit. And there wasn't any raid over the Rim. The judge's men have got the rustlers an' the cattle, too, by this time. Do you savvy? Or are you wearin' your hair too long? There won't be any

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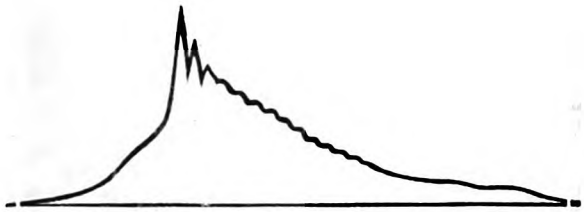
The first picture of that "knock"

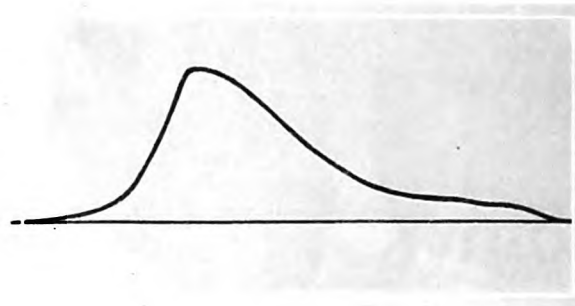


This is the "knock" in your motor

This shows photographically what occurs in the engine cylinder as carbon forms, when straight gasoline is used. The increased heat and pressure created by the carbon cause the gasoline to explode too quickly, with the result that there is an accumulation of high pressure heat waves which strike against the cylinder walls so violently as to produce an audible metallic sound. The bumps in the line are that "knock."

This is how "ETHYL" knocks it out

And this shows photographically what goes on in the same cylinder under the same conditions when straight gasoline is treated with "ETHYL" fluid. Note the absence of "knock-bumps"; the evenness of the pressure changes. The "ETHYL" fluid has neutralized the heating qualities of the carbon deposits and by maintaining the normal combustion rate of gasoline has turned the increased pressure due to carbon into increased power.



THESE PHOTOGRAPHS were made possible by a special instrument invented by General Motors Research Laboratories to find out what goes on in an automobile engine's cylinder when "knocking" occurs.

That invention led to the discovery that what you may call an "engine knock" or a "spark knock" is in reality a *fuel knock.* It is due to the tendency of a straight gasoline to explode too quickly as carbon forms and increases temperature and compression (pressure).

Having determined the character of "knocking," General Motors developed "ETHYL" fluid, a patented chemical compound which when added in very small quantities to straight gasoline forms Ethyl Gasoline, the most effective "anti-knock" fuel yet known.

Ethyl Gasoline transforms carbon deposits from a liability into an asset. It produces more power on hills and heavy roads. It gives a faster "pick-up," reduces gear-shifting, lessens vibration and engine wear and tear; and saves the trouble and expense of carbon removal.

Ethyl Gasoline has increased the motoring satisfaction of hundreds of thousands of car drivers. It is destined to play a still more important part in the automobile history of the future. TRY IT.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York

ETHYL GASOLINE is now generally available throughout the United States and Canada through the following oil companies, licensed to mix "ETHYL" fluid with gasoline. The "ETHYL" trademark on the pump is your protection.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
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arrest here. There won't be anyone danglin' on a rope!"

HETTIE lay upon her bed, face to the open window, with the cool, sweet, sage-laden wind blowing in upon her. Dusk had fallen. The last rose and gold of the afterglow of sunset lingered in the west. She never knew how she had got from Ben's courtyard, home to her own room. Dimly she remembered faces, and murmuring voices that had no meaning.

The door opened—closed. Ben knelt beside her bed—took her hands—kissed her face.

"Hettie, I came as quick as I could get away," he said, with deep agitation. "I was knocked off my pins. But, happy—oh, girl, never so happy before, except on the day Ina married me! . . . When I could think, I remembered you. So here I am."

"Oh, Ben!" she whispered, and clung to him, her overburdened heart lifting painfully.

"Hettie dear, joy never kills," he replied tenderly.

"If it were—only joy!" mourned Hettie.

"Child, there's nothing *but* joy," he rushed on. "It was a terrible shock to find our old Nevada—was Jim Lacy. But we always knew he was somebody bad. No, not bad. But somebody wild an' great. You knew, Hettie. . . . An' now he's turned up. He had given up the old, wild life. He had found honest work, an' had lived clean an' fine. As we knew him in those happy days at Forlorn River. So you see all your love an' faith an' hope were justified. He *was* worth it. Thank God I never lost—"

"Hush! You're killing—me!" gasped Hettie, writhing from his embrace.

"Hettie! Why, sister, this is not like you," he expostulated, in anxiety. "You're overcome. It has been too much for you."

"Not the joy, not the excitement," she returned. "But I have failed him so terribly!"

IT CAME out then, gradually, sometimes incoherently, the story of her meeting with Nevada; and Hettie, in her self-abasement, magnified all the bitter invective and woman's scorn which she had flung into his face.

Ben drew her head back to his shoulder and smoothed her hair.

"He . . . will . . . never . . . forgive me," she sobbed, with the relief that came through his sympathy, his championship.

"Nevada? Why, that fellow would forgive anythin'."

"I . . . can never . . . forgive myself!"

"Hettie, it will all come right. You're just overwrought by this sudden crash. Please, Hettie. Brace up, an' see it through. I swear to you Nevada will be just like I am now. On my knees to you!"

"Where is he?"

"I left him in the livin'-room playin' with Blaine. The kid took a shine to him pronto. An' Nevada! Lord, no one would ever dream of him bein' what we've learned to understand by the name Jim Lacy. He's just himself now, as we remembered him. He's Nevada, that's all!"

Hettie lay awake many hours and when she fell asleep she dreamed vague, unreal, distorted dreams. But she awoke to a

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Radiola 28, with 8 Radiotrons, $260

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RCA Loudspeaker 104, complete, $275

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A.C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for use with Loudspeaker 104 on 50-60 cycle, 110 volt A.C. lighting circuit . . $35

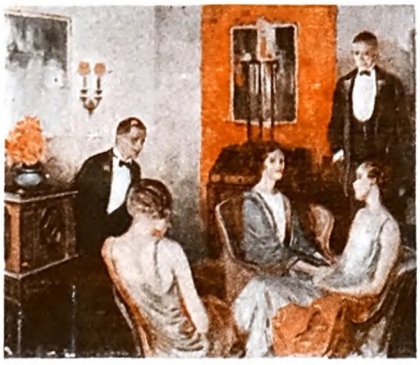
RCA has made radio *not only* greater—*but* simpler

The new RADIOLAS *that are such remarkable* MUSICAL *achievements are at the same time the* SIMPLEST *of musical instruments.*

EVERY RCA Radiola shows this trend toward simplicity—combined always with new achievements in performance.

Consider the eight tube super-heterodyne, Radiola 28. It is the culmination of twenty-five years of radio development—a remarkable instrument of music and of radio. Yet it stands as a simple, charming piece of furniture, and captures the magic of distant music with the turn of a single control!

In the RCA Radiolas of today, single control has been tried and proved . . . . it is no experiment. With these same Radiolas, operation from the lighting socket has had many months of testing and perfecting. They have shown the remarkable musical possibilities of radio when hooked up with the power of the lighting circuit.



The high sweetness of the violins carries the theme; the deep drums beat the rhythm; a great symphony holds a million audiences in its spell.

And practically every new feature that is heralded in radio today was first developed by RCA engineers—or by their associates in the General Electric and Westinghouse laboratories. In RCA Radiolas, modern radio has had the "road test" of experience and there is nothing to compare with them in tone or in performance.

They have made the old type radio obsolete, and have brought a new conception of radio—and of music—to thousands of homes. Whatever price you plan to pay for radio, be sure to hear the RCA Radiolas. From the least expensive Radiola to the most remarkable "electrical" model, each represents the most advanced radio of today—and the most thoroughly tried and proved.

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You may "kid" the "cold-bath liar"

but you envy him one thing

YOU know him—the "cold-bath liar." He brags, offensively, about the bracing, stimulating, zestful feeling he gets when he tumbles out of a nice warm bed and jumps under the icy shower. Yes—you may dislike him because you think he's lying half the time, but one thing you envy him. He gets by with a reputation for being antiseptically clean.

How about yourself? Have you recently shoved your own familiar face up close to a truthful mirror for a good honest look? Try it. You are due for a surprise and a couple of shocks. You are going to discover that your face is really not quite clean.

That off-color, almost-but-not-quite-clean look about your skin is caused by ordinary, unpleasant dirt. It comes from the air. The U. S. Weather Bureau estimates that there are 115,000 swirling bits of dust and grime in one cubic inch of city air. These bits of smoky grime are so small that they are invisible. They collect upon your face, in tiny wrinkles and open pores. Once there, they resist every effort of soap and water to get them out.

You can get clean—and stay clean. A Pompeian massage in your own home takes only seventy seconds—no more time than a hot towel and rinse. Use this invigorating massage cream after shaving, for that stimulating, zestful "feel." Use it to get clean, stay clean, then absorb some of the glory that gravitates to the cold-bath enthusiast. Above all, use it for the grand and glorious feeling that, by gosh! you really are clean!

Make this convincing hand test free!

Wash your hands thoroughly. Dry them. Rub a little Pompeian Massage Cream into the back of your hand until the cream first disappears, then comes out again. Notice this—*the cream goes in pink and comes out*

black! The black is dirt that you could not remove by washing. Now use this pleasant massage cream every day to give your face that clean and healthy look of the successful man. 60c at all drug stores.

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Increases Your Face Value

FREE •• TO MEN ONLY

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 14, Cleveland, Ohio. Please send me free, the sample tube of Pompeian Massage Cream, with enough cream to make the hand test, and to give me several massages.

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new day, new as the bright morning, and with a dawning hope, like the gold and blue of the Arizona sky.

She had no time for her own thoughts. Marvie rushed in upon her, in the kitchen, to be followed by Rose, shy, sweet, modest as the wild flower for which she was named. Already they had been out in the woods, and now they were hungry as bears. They wanted to go to Winthrop. Would Hettie go? Rose must have clothes and books and things. How Marvie's face glowed under his freckles! And Rose was in a transport. Had she forgotten that sordid home down in the brakes?

"Not to-day," replied Hettie, to their importunities. "To-morrow, maybe, if Ben consents."

"What has Ben Ide to do with my affairs?" demanded Marvie loftily. "I'd like to have you know *I* can ride for Franklidge or Tom Day, or any other big rancher in Arizona."

"Marv, boy, of course I know," she said. "But you must use some sense. Rose is to have a home with me. And I shall take her to San Diego for the winter. I should think you would want to be near her this fall, and also go to San Diego, at least for a while."

Marvie wilted under that.

"Well, if Ben crawls to me I'll consider comin' back," replied Marvie, condescendingly.

AFTER breakfast Ben came to her so utterly abject that he was funny.

"Now, what?" queried Hettie. "You needn't come to me for sympathy."

"Aw, Hettie, that's what Ina said, an' she stuck to it," said Ben. "But I've got to tell somebody. An' Nevada is moon-struck or somethin'. He never heard me."

"All right, Bennie," smiled Hettie, relenting.

"You know, I fired Raidy; well, of course I had to go to him an' ask him to come back. Reckon the old fellow was hurt deep. He didn't rub it in, but he was sure cold. For a long while I apologized, made excuses, swore, an' did about everythin' before he would take back the old job. But at that he was nothin' compared to Marvie Blaine."

"Indeed? Yes; I remember you fired Marvie too," said Hettie.

"You would have died laughin' to see that kid," went on Ben ruefully. "I sent for him. Did he come? Not much. He sent word back by my messenger that if I wanted to talk to him I could hunt him up. So I had to. An' I'm darned if I don't believe he watched me an' kept dodgin' me.

"Well, anyway, I found him at last an' asked him to forget our difference. Whew! . . . Say, he's expanded in this Arizona air. He had an argument that floored me. It *was* logic, though I wouldn't admit it. He made me crawl. You know I love Marvie, an' I could never let him leave Ina an' me, till he's grown up.

"Well, after he got his job back at a higher salary he put on the screws some more. He actually hit me for the reward I offered for any clue leadin' to the apprehension of the Pine Tree Outfit. That reward was a thousand dollars. Marvie claimed Rose was his clue. The cheeky little rooster! But Nevada backed him up. An' as a matter of fact, 'most every-

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"A grocer's simple advice made my son a healthy boy"

"FOR FIVE MONTHS *last year my seven-year-old son was so sick I didn't know what to do.*

"*Indigestion—terrible intestinal pains—frequent nausea. He suffered misery—looked so sallow and pale.*

"*And worst of all, nothing seemed to help.*

"*One day my grocer said to me, 'Why don't you give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial?' It could not possibly hurt, I thought, so I told him he could deliver two Yeast cakes every day along with the other groceries.*

"*That was on August 15th. Jimmy began taking them right away and in two weeks' time he was showing an improvement. His food began to digest. Soon his stomach gave him no more pain. He has got back his white skin and rosy cheeks. Today, thanks to my grocer's simple advice, he is a healthy, robust boy.*"

MRS. JOHN GUINEY, San Jose, Calif.

JAMES GUINEY *and one of his sisters at their home in San José, Calif.*

THERE is nothing mysterious about Fleischmann's Yeast—unlike medicines, yeast is simply a living plant—a fresh, corrective food.

To keep well the digestive tract must be kept *clean* and *active*. That is exactly what yeast does. It tends to counteract intestinal putrefaction, preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It stimulates the sluggish muscles of elimination, gradually bringing complete release from constipation.

Start today to eat your way back to health, to rid yourself of constipation and its attendant ills—indigestion, pimples and boils, and that constant feeling of weariness.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. J-40 The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

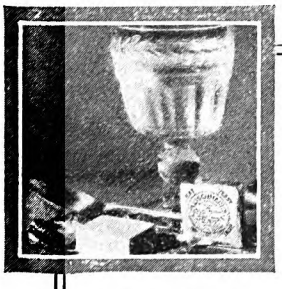
"SOME SIX YEARS AGO I became an airplane pilot. Sitting long hours in my plane, irregular meals, the constant strain of the work—told on me. After the first year I began to be bothered with constipation. My system seemed to become more and more poisoned. This lasted for five years—in fact, until I began eating Yeast. In three weeks after I started with Yeast my system began to function regularly. After six weeks I experienced no more heartburn. Today I consider Yeast a part of my daily food." R. F. KNOX, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

BELOW

MME. DOROTHY JARDON, *prima donna mezzo soprano of the Chicago Opera Company*

"THE DARK SIDE of operatic and concert work is the constant wear and tear on one's complexion. Long train trips, changes in food—all had their damaging effect. Loss of color and that sallow look became most alarming. I was panic stricken. At this period a relative suggested Yeast. I ate it daily and my digestion showed improvement—and naturally this was reflected in my face. My old energy returned. Now, when that sallow look threatens I use Fleischmann's Yeast."

DOROTHY JARDON, New York City



This Easy Natural Way to feel yourself again

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous purgatives will gradually become unnecessary.

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A Thousand Men to Help You Choose a Career

ONE of the principal reasons why there are so many near-failures and half-successes in every line of business and industry is because there are too many "square pegs in round holes."

Most men just drifted into the positions they hold today. When they first started to work, they took the first position offered. They were young and inexperienced and they did not stop to consider that the choice of a career is one of the most important decisions a man can make. Seemingly there was no one to help them analyze their own particular talents and find the line of work that would be best for them.

Today you will find them struggling along in occupations for which they are not suited—failing, not so much because of lack of natural ability, but because they neglected to make the most of that ability before it was too late.

For many years, the International Correspondence Schools have been cognizant of this situation and their representatives have been doing a really great work in helping men to choose the right careers.

There are more than one thousand of these I. C. S. representatives and they are service salesmen in the best sense of the word, trained to sit down with you in the quiet of your own home and talk over your problems.

They are men of character and ability. They are recognized as substantial business men in the communities in which they live. By the very nature of their work they are familiar with the needs of industry. As a part of their training they are required to study a thorough course in Vocational Counseling.

They offer you not one course, nor six, nor twelve, but the choice of more than 300 courses covering almost every technical subject and every branch of business. Consequently they are under no temptation to sell you a course that is not suited to your particular needs.

Because of this, we urge you to get in touch with the representative of the International Correspondence Schools if you are ambitious to achieve a satisfying career in business and in life.

Fifteen minutes—thirty minutes—a single hour spent with the I. C. S. representative today may be worth thousands of dollars to you in the years to come.

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES

- ☐ Home Dressmaking
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- ☐ Millinery ☐ Cooking

Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

thin' came through Rose. So I promised it to him. . . . Now what do you say?"

Hettie leaped up gladly. "Good for Marv! Now, Ben, run over and crawl to Ina. Then we—*you* all can be happy again!"

"Ahuh! I get the hunch that 'you' aren't included. I'll bet before this day ends you'll be as crazy as Marv, an' mum as his little wood-mouse Rose."

STILL Hettie was not to have any of the solitude she craved. No sooner had Ben gone than Judge Franklidge appeared.

"I've come over to bid you and Mrs. Ide good-by," he said, in his kindly way. "It has been a rather staggering time. But we're on our feet again, and 'ridin' pretty' as the cowboys say."

Then, leaning closer to Hettie, he continued in lower tone: "You recall one day at my home, when you said somethin' mysterious to me then, but pertinent now. It was about—*Nevada.*"

"I remember, Judge Franklidge," murmured Hettie, trembling.

"Well, would I be correct if I—sort of put two and two together—or perhaps I should say one and one? . . . Nevada and Hettie, for instance?"

His persuasive voice, deep with understanding, and his linking together the two names, quite subdued her poor and rebellious resistance. She dropped her head, murmuring a faint affirmative.

"I'm glad I hit upon the truth," he said, with eagerness. "I watched you yesterday, and I believe I saw then something of your ordeal. And I see now in your face the havoc that tells of your pain. It is my earnest hope to soothe that pain, Hettie Ide.

"It has been a terrible shock for you to find in your Texas Jack—or Nevada as you call him—no other than the infamous or famous Jim Lacy. This is natural, but it is all wrong. I've met, and trusted, no finer man than this same Jim Lacy. But I did not come to eulogize him. I want to make clear in your mind just what such men as Jim Lacy mean to me.

"I have lived most of my life on the frontier, and I know what its wildness has been and still is. There are bad men and bad men. It is a distinction with a vast difference. I have met or seen many of the noted killers. Wild Bill, Wes Hardin', Kingfisher, Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett, an' a host of others. These men are not bloody murderers. They are a product of the times. The West could never have been populated without them. They strike a balance between the horde of ruffians, outlaws, and the wild life of a wild era. It is the West as any Westerner knows it now.

"And we could not be pioneers, we could not progress without this violence. Without the snuffing out of dissolute and desperate men, such as Dillon, Cedar Hatt, Stillwell. The rub is that only hard, iron-nerved youths, like Billy the Kid, or Jim Lacy, can meet such men on their own ground. That is all I wanted you to know. And, also, that if my daughter cared for Jim Lacy I would be proud to give her to him!"

"Thank you, Judge Franklidge," replied Hettie, lifting her head to look straight into his eyes. "But you misunderstand my—my case. I do not mind—that Nevada has been Jim Lacy."

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"For heaven's sake, then, why all this—this—I don't know what?"

Hettie glanced away, out into the green, black-striped forest.

"I scorned him. I believed him lost to—to— I failed in faith. And I am afraid he will never forgive me."

"Hettie Ide," returned Franklidge, with solemn finality, "this Texas Jack won't even know he has anything to forgive!"

BEFORE Hettie could recover from this ultimatum, Marvie waylaid her. He hauled Hettie off the porch, and out under the trees.

"Hettie," he whispered in her ear, "I fixed it for you."

"Marvie! Are you— Oh, if you—"

"Keep in the saddle," he interrupted, shaking her. "Nevada just told me he was dyin' of love for you. . . . There now, Hettie, don't look like that. I'm dead serious. Cross my heart! . . . Didn't you make my Rose happy? Why, I'd go to torment for you. An' Nevada knows it. He's sufferin'. He thinks you ought to send for him, if you can forgive him for bein' Jim Lacy."

Hettie could only cling mutely to this glad-eyed boy who was torturing her.

"So I fixed it. You run out there across the bench," he went on, pointing with eager fingers. "You know. There among the pines where I always find you. Go now. Nevada is watchin'. He'll come. I swore I'd get you there, if I had to pack you. An' I will!"

Hettie kissed his brown, lean cheek, then ran wildly into the shelter of the pines. First, she meant only to escape Marvie, and all of them. But an irresistible magnet drew her to the secluded nook, where she went so often alone, to gaze out under the low cover of green to the purple sage and the changing radiance of the desert.

Nevada was there—somehow, the Nevada of old. Hettie ran into his arms.

"I—love—you! I love you!" she cried imploringly. "Forgive me. I'll never, never fail you again!"

Hours passed, and sunset again widened its golden effulgence down over the sage hills to the rolling slopes. Purple clouds like ships sailed in a sea of gold and rose.

Hettie and Nevada sat, backs to the great pine tree, their cheeks together, their hands clinging.

"Ben sprung somethin' on me," Nevada was saying. "Why not all of us rustle down to San Diego? Shore, it floored me. . . . But I'd like you to get away from heah just now, for a little. . . . So, darlin' Hettie, would I be asking too much if, if—"

"No. Ask me anything," murmured Hettie.

"If I'd ask you to marry me?"

"If! . . . Do you?"

"Shore. I reckon I'm darin' to."

"No," said Hettie.

He accepted that in startled silence.

"I mean no—you are *not* asking too much. . . . Oh, Nevada! Yes! Yes!"

The last golden flare of sunset burned from over the darkening range.

"Arizona is smiling at us," said Nevada, gazing at the sunset glow upon her rapt face.

"Nevada is smiling down upon *me*," she replied. (*The End*)

Today's *dandruff*

may mean tomorrow's *baldness*

a simple pine tar method to prevent it

THIS is not a "before and after" picture. To show you how subtracting hair adds years, the artist has simply sketched a young man with and without his hair.

Do you know that practically all cases of baldness trace back to dandruff? Foresight, as well as a gentleman's natural distaste for dandruff, suggests that we do something definite about it.

To stop dandruff, special care with a special soap is advisable—with a soap, like Packer's Tar Soap, made especially for hair and scalp.

How pine tar helps

Packer's contains *pine tar*. Practically every well known authority recommends pine tar in the treatment of common hair and scalp ills—especially dandruff. And leading physicians for over 50 years have been prescribing Packer's Tar Soap in the care of the hair, scalp and skin.

The dandruff treatment below lets your scalp enjoy all the soothing, healing properties of the Packer *pine tar* lather. It clears the gland openings; helps them to perform all their normal duties. It helps start the scalp toward renewed health.

The Packer Method

When you wash your hair, do this: Wet the hair with warm water, apply Packer's Tar Soap and pile up the rich, piney lather. With the finger-tips massage three minutes. Rinse. Lather again, repeat the massage, then rinse thoroughly.

In severe cases of dandruff, repeat this every other day for one or two weeks. (In milder cases, every third or fourth day may be sufficient.) Gradually decrease the frequency of the shampoos as your scalp clears. Then *keep up* the treatments regularly once a week to prevent the dandruff from coming back.

In most cases, this simple method will soon rid your scalp of dandruff and restore your hair's normal, healthy vitality.

Send 10c for Sample and Manual

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you a generous sample of Packer's Tar Soap and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for keeping your hair healthy and young-looking. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

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Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.
I enclose 10c. Please send me sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap and your Manual "The Care of the Hair."

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PACKER'S *Tar Soap*

"PURE AS THE PINES"

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No more "*one-cylinder*"

To plumbing merchants everywhere

Mueller equipment means for every plumber the large and flourishing business which invariably springs from an enthusiastic following. Users of Mueller equipment are always enthusiastic.

No piece of Mueller equipment, however small, can leave the Mueller factory until it is worthy of the Mueller quality reputation.

Through 300 plumbing jobbers located in the main distributing centers of the United States and Canada, plumbing merchants can get quick service in Mueller. Complete stocks of Mueller fixtures and fittings are here carried on hand.

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bathrooms for her!

HOME from her friends . . . and so glad to get home she could weep! The annoyance she'd endured! The embarrassment! The home she'd been visiting was a veritable artist's dream of loveliness. Vine-covered. Beflowered within and without. Altogether charming. But oh, that terrible bathroom!

Faucets that had taxed to the utmost her dainty fingers to turn. Old-fashioned contrivances they were—gripless and slippery—that hurt her hands—that refused to be turned on or off. And a tub and a lavatory quite as inadequate—whose slow drawing, slow draining waters invited anything but freedom of indulgence.

No wonder she was glad to get back to the luxury of her own Mueller-equipped bathroom—to those faucets and fittings, lavatory and tub, that always behaved so well. No more antiquated, obsolete, one-cylinder bathrooms for her! How can anyone stand the trials and the tribulations of an indifferently equipped bathroom? And with Mueller faucets, fixtures and fittings so altogether desirable, so dependable and so easily attainable, why should they?

With Mueller equipment almost any bathroom can be turned into a veritable model of beauty and convenience at a cost that is surprisingly low. For the bathroom of a new home, no finer equipment can be found.

How about your bathroom—are you entirely pleased with its equipment? Why not look it over. If it isn't all you could ask, get in touch with your merchant plumber. Let him give you an estimate on *Muellerizing* it.

Bear in mind Mueller service includes vitreous ware as well as faucets and fittings for every outlet all through the building—whether residential or otherwise.

MUELLER CO. [*Established 1857*] Factories: Decatur, Illinois; Port Huron, Michigan
Canadian Factory: MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia *Branches:* New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles

When, 70 years ago, Hieronymus Mueller founded this institution for the manufacturing of brass goods it was with the determination to build up to an ideal—not down to a price. Today Mueller faucets and fittings are second to none in quality and are accepted as such by the trade. Mueller vitreous ware, too,

measures up to Mueller high standards, and because of modern production methods and established trade outlets, it is, like the brass goods, priced most reasonably. Before committing yourself to any plumbing appurtenances, look into Mueller. Ask your architect, plumber, or public service man about it.

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MUELLER
FAUCETS & VITREOUS WARE

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The Supreme Court on Books gives its verdict for The World Book

THE American Library Association, whose business it is to determine the actual value of books through reports of librarians, is considered the Supreme Court on Books. In its official publication, *The Booklist*, it gives The World Book unqualified recommendation and calls it "best of its type."

The Elementary School Library Committee of the National Education Association, in preparing the "Graded List of Books for Children," gives The World Book first place.

These—and State Boards of Education, Textbook Commissions, Parent-Teacher Associations, State Courses of Study, have virtually authorized The World Book into almost every public library and school in the United States.

William McAndrew, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, says: "The World Book outclasses them all. It is used more than four times as much as any other book in our library."

Your boy and girl use The World Book. But school sets are limited in number. School hours are short. There is only one local library—and the children can't go there every night. They need The World Book at home . . . need the ten compact, beautifully bound volumes on the library table, handy for easy digging! Watch them refer to The World Book again and again in preparing a single lesson. This humanized world-knowledge fills in, alluringly, authentically, the outlines of their lesson assignments.

Encyclopedic in content—yet different . . . The World Book contains hundreds of correlated subjects of cultural interest never before in a reference work. Every article is an entertaining story; human, richly illustrated, strictly down to date . . . concise and more pleasing than the similar article in an ordinary encyclopedia.

Under the leadership of Professor M. V. O'Shea, University of Wisconsin, a staff of prominent educators and nationally known authorities compiled The World Book. Their purpose was to supply all the reference material demanded in both the grade school and the high school curriculum. The result is the most surprising, delightful, inviting reference set ever devised. Completely accepted by the highest educational authorities.

Such professional men and women as librarians, teachers, superintendents, are the exclusive representatives of The World Book. Through them you obtain it. Ask us for full information.

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Roach-Fowler Company, Kansas City, Missouri

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[10 VOLUMES]
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On Which Side of the Windshield Do You Do Your Cussing?

(*Continued from page 59*)

right, madam; go ahead and cross." She drew the baby carriage closer to her and shook her head in the negative. I repeated my invitation, but she continued to shake her head and look very dumfounded. Finally, I drove on. Am certain my show of courtesy completely baffled her.

Those entries show how it goes. Pedestrians don't expect any consideration from automobile drivers any more. A gesture of fairness knocks them quite bowlegged.

The same is true as regards the attitude of motorists toward one another. So accustomed has each motorist become to having the other fellow hog it, that a sudden display of etiquette completely flabbergasts him. Driving out the Jamaica Turnpike one afternoon recently in heavy traffic, I noticed a gentleman, who was coming in the opposite direction, stop to make a turn into the side street. In order to do this, he had to wait for an opening in the line of traffic. He tried to edge ahead sufficiently to make some of the drivers give way, but none did. As I neared the crossing, I came to a full stop and nodded to him to make the turn. He was so surprised that he stalled his engine!

When I waited while he started it again, he seemed thoroughly stunned, and when I last saw him he and his party were looking back at me as if they couldn't believe their eyes. This show of courtesy did not meet with the hearty endorsement of the drivers of cars behind me, as a riotous tooting of horns served notice.

It seems to be the ambition of most drivers to see how close they can come to the other fellow's car without actually taking off a fender, headlight, or bumper.

"Hew to the line, let the parts fall where they may!" is their slogan.

ONE of my consuming ambitions is to have money enough some day to have made for me an all-steel car, the fenders of which will be of extra heavy steel and sharpened to a cutting edge. It will be traffic proof. I am continually being crowded to the curb by taxicab drivers and truckmen. The taxicab drivers have nothing to fear, as their cars have been damaged so much that a few extra nicks wouldn't matter. The truck drivers are hardhearted because they know that in case of a crash the smaller car will take all the punishment.

Now, with my all-steel car with the sharp fenders, I figure that I can hold to a straight course relentlessly and unafraid, knowing that if a taxicab crowds me its fenders will be shorn off like so many hangnails, and that any truck that grazes me will be sliced up like so much bologna. I'm not joking about this; some day I hope to have such a car and try it out.

As a rule I believe the bark of the taxi-

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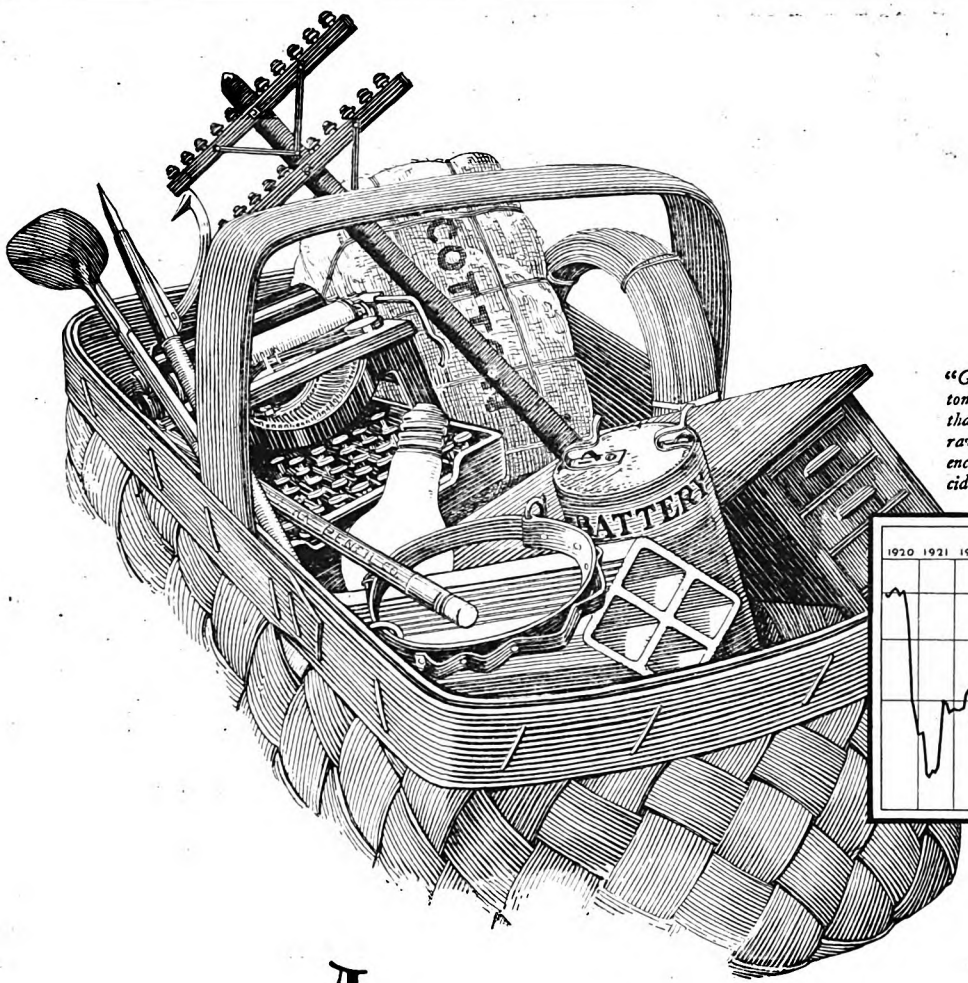
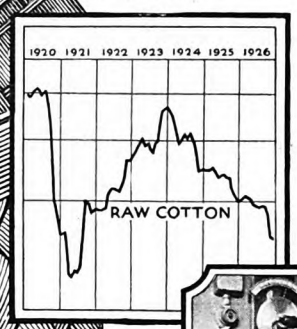


"Getting a line on cotton" is a job for more than a day. Charts for raw material price tendencies help our buyers decide when to go marketing.



Where the price charts leave off, the work of testing begins, to assure a quality worthy of telephone standards.

All in the day's marketing - - -

TELEPHONE poles. Lead pencils. Cotton. Conduit. Many and varied are the purchases which find their way into the market basket of Western Electric. As buyer for the Bell Telephone System this company carries on what is probably the biggest job of its kind in all industry.

To do this task right, Western Electric must study market conditions, past, present and future. This practice develops judgment in knowing when and where to buy to advantage.

Couple that with centralized mass purchasing, made possible because the materials and supplies have been standardized as to type—and you have important reasons why Western Electric purchasing registers substantial economies, which contribute to make your telephone service the cheapest in the world.

Back of your telephone

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

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Pipe Smoker Enjoys Can of Tobacco Sixteen Years Old

Of course, all good tobacco is aged before it is packed, but here is a case of "aged in the can."

On the strength of Mr. McDonald's letter we certainly owe our packing department a vote of commendation. For no tobacco could retain its flavor and goodness lying in a dark musty corner for sixteen years unless it had been properly packed in an absolutely airtight can.

So while someone was deprived of this particular can of tobacco for sixteen years, it did provide smoke enjoyment for an appreciative railroad cashier when it finally came to light.

Mr. McDonald's letter is reproduced below:

Waxahachie, Texas
May 18, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

The agent while going through his plunder stored in our baggage room came across a can of your tobacco, and on account of his not using a pipe he made me a present of this tobacco.

You will note the revenue stamp and your memo which was inclosed. The tobacco was put up in 1910, sixteen years ago. But it was in good shape, of remarkable flavor, and was greatly enjoyed by me.

Thought you would be interested in knowing how your tobacco held out in these days of fast living.

Yours very truly,
(signed) Gordon McDonald.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.*]

cab or truck driver is worse than his bite. He is not as destructive as he would have you believe. Probably he is almost as much concerned about an accident as you are, but he knows the psychology of the heavy threat.

Knowing that his own brakes are in good shape, he has it figured out to the inch how close he can come to your car without hitting it, as he dashes out of a side street when you are crossing his path. If you pay no attention to him, the chances are he will come to a grinding halt and surrender. The slightest sign of fear or hesitancy on your part will, however, cost you the right of way.

In other words, it is all a question whether you scare easily or not. As I have a dread of repair shops and service stations, I scare very easily. Any taxicab or truck driver with a stern expression and a "follow through" method of driving can cow me any time.

He who hesitates is bossed.

Occasionally I try to scare the other fellow, but it is no go. At the crucial minute I think of the nice luster on my mudguards, and of what a shame it would be to scratch the varnish. This is fatal. My bluffing average is something like .0005 for the season.

Sometimes I try to bluff another driver who is of the same temperament, and then a most embarrassing situation ensues. We tie up traffic for hours.

I ought to have more sense; but even if driving no place in particular and with no restriction on my time, I become extremely impatient if some motorist directly ahead of me on a narrow road drives leisurely. Once I get ahead of him, I am in no haste whatever; but I must get ahead of him. I seem to labor under a delusion that this position means a sterling silver cup or something.

A few years ago I had a small coupé. To me it was the last word in automobile construction. Nothing exasperated me more than to be rudely tooted out of the road by some high-priced limousine, the occupants of which would give me a look of amused disdain as they flew by. To-day I have a dossy limousine, and I often so far forget myself as to be quite intolerant toward the small car ahead.

Human nature is that way.

WHEN a man gets a motor car, he comes to regard scenery as something that is best appreciated when thoroughly scrambled. He gets so he can't enjoy a beautiful landscape unless it appears to be going over his shoulder at forty miles an hour, or better. He can't respond to a beautiful sunset without a desire to telescope or sidewipe it.

A stretch of purpled hills looks good to him only if seen while he is going around a sharp curve on two wheels. Nature is to him only grand when it spatters.

It's that way with me. I can't enjoy a small patch of country any more, I have to see miles of it to get a kick; and it mustn't keep me waiting. I demand at least thirty-five vistas to the gallon. There was a time when it was a treat to see one range of mountains and a couple of waterfalls a week. Now I feel cheated if I don't see a half-dozen per hour. And the appreciation isn't lasting any more. All my scenery goes in one eye and out the other.

The highways and byways are packed with millions of people who think they're enjoying the beautiful scenery, but who pass each field so fast that the grazing cows look like greyhounds in the whippet races, and the faemers at the plows flash by like ice hockey players in a last-period rally.

Barney Oldfield used to be something of a horrible example to automobile drivers. To-day he strikes the average motorist as too conservative. Fifty-passenger ten-ton motor busses go faster through crowded city streets to-day than Barney used to go around enclosed tracks. The great trouble with our licensing system is that it compels a man to pass an examination to prove he knows how to drive. He should be compelled to pass an examination to prove he knows how to wait.

Anybody can drive a machine fifty miles in an hour, but very few men know how to wait at a street crossing forty-five seconds with grace and composure. The States revoke a motorist's license for intoxication, recklessness, and physical disability. They should be able to revoke it for impatience, ill manners, and flightiness.

WHY not compel an applicant for an operator's license to fill out the following blank:

Name.....
Age.....
Address.....
Do you believe in the Golden Rule?.....
When exasperated do you mutter, growl, or grunt?.....
What is the color of your temper, light or dark?.....
Do you consider that the loss of ten or twelve seconds makes any great difference in a man's life over a span of sixty or seventy years?.....
Have you ever read the Book of Etiquette?.....
Do you use violent language moderately or to excess?.....
Have you ever been accused of habitual irascibility, acerbity, or wrathful indignation?.....
How thin is your skin?.....
Do you ever try biting your thumbs when annoyed?.....
If you drive through a pool of water without splashing mud on more than a dozen pedestrians, does it break your heart?.....
How do you cool your temper?.....
Do you think one horn on an automobile is enough?.....
Do you scoff at all women drivers as incompetent?.....
How many truck drivers have you killed with a look?.....
Give the total number of taxicab drivers shriveled by the fire of your withering contempt.....
List the names of three responsible persons who will swear you are the kind of man who will not become cantankerous, choleric, pugnacious, churlish, petulant, testy or waspish toward fellow motorists or pedestrians.....
.....

It is of much more importance that the State have a record of these tendencies than merely to know that an automobile owner has blue eyes, light hair; is five feet eleven inches tall; has never been arrested for any crime, and has driven an automobile for eight years.

I sigh for the old days of the horse and carriage. It was slow going then, but I didn't spend most of the time leaning out of the buggy cussin' at perfect strangers.

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The Charm of having things exquisitely *different*

In home decoration of today, individuality, expressed in color, is the keynote.

Lucas has responded fully to this demand with the marvelous new brushing lacquer—*Luco-Lac.*

The variety of the exquisite shades, and the satin-like finish with which each dries, allows the utmost in individuality.

Drying within one hour after application, there is no need of keeping the house torn up. Furniture and floors can be used soon after being *Luco-Lac-ed.* Curtains and draperies can be put back almost as soon as you put *Luco-Lac* on.

No wonder this new finish is so popular. Learn all about it. Send for our booklet—"The Way to Luco-Lac"—which gives complete information for successful lacquering. Also get our Color Card showing the delightful variety of shades. Both sent free upon request to Dept. A-5, our Philadelphia address, or our nearest branch.

The "Do and Don't" of Home Decoration

For those little painting jobs around the house that every home owner loves to do himself, there is a handy little *Lucas* book that simplifies the work and improves the results. Any of these books will be sent free. Address our Dept. A-5, Philadelphia, or our nearest branch.

Booklet J—"The Way to Luco-Lac"
Booklet L—"House Paints—Their Uses and Application"
Booklet U—"Treatment and Care of Floors"
Booklet C—"Treatment of Walls with Paint and Color"
Booklet A—"Enameling Inside and Out"
Booklet S—"How to Paint Furniture and Other Household Articles"

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And Local Distributing Points

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BRUSHING LACQUER

The Beautifying Finish That Time Improves

Your Social Duties Go Right On!

Would you think it possible to seat guests on chairs which had been painted but an hour or so before their arrival? *It is* possible with *Luco-Lac.*

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Your Uncle Ed

(*Continued from page 27*)

suddenly expanded to the most prodigious proportions in Uncle Ed's brain before it ever got started anywhere else.

With the money subscribed, and partially paid in, Uncle Ed was taken with a brilliant idea about the *cans* themselves.

"I'm going to have the best can on the market," said Uncle Ed. "There's been a great improvement in cans in the last ten years—cans and can-opening devices—but they haven't got the Ideal Can yet!

"Well, I'm workin' on it! I'm hard at work on it! I'm making the drawings! Right from the start, I figure, it will double our sales. Yes, sir, that Ideal Can of mine will give us a monopoly of the canned goods market inside of five years. There's millions in that Ideal Can of mine—hundreds of millions!

"DO YOU know how many people there are in America to-day eating at least half their meals from cans? No, you don't! But I do! Well, I'll tell you. . . ."

Uncle Ed always knew such things; and his figures were always prodigious, promising millions at a glance.

"As soon as the Ideal Can is on the market, that number will be doubled," said Uncle Ed, with triumph in his eyes. "And don't think of America alone! Think of the world! Do you know what the total population of the world is? Well, it's one billion four hundred million peop'e, that's what it is!

"But we have got to be conservative—we have got to be conservative on this proposition right from the very start. We've got to figure that only *half* these people will eat on an average of two meals a day from the Ideal Can, year in and year out. And let's leave a margin—I always believe in leaving a margin; it's more businesslike and conservative. We got to be hard-boiled about this! Let's say six hundred meals a year for each one of seven hundred millions of people. You multiply that out—six hundred times seven hundred million—and see what you get. Well, that's a conservative estimate of how many of our Ideal Cans will be consumed every year. I tell you, our Ideal Can is the biggest thing in the world."

Dad, at this point, got a little worried by Uncle Ed's vast figures and vast enthusiasm. "Aren't you," he suggested, "losing sight of the little local canning factory we planned?"

"No, sir, not at all!" cried Uncle Ed. "No, sir! After we get the cans going, we'll just naturally expand that original factory along with it. Why, that little first factory of ours will absorb the entire canning industry of the world. I tell you, they have *got* to have the Ideal Can! And any concern that hasn't got it will be just simply absorbed by us. Yes, sir, absorbed!"

And never after that could any of Uncle Ed's backers get his mind back to the modest little local industry originally projected. And after some months of experimentation with his Ideal Can, Uncle Ed was surprised and shocked and saddened when his backers refused to subscribe more capital to continue the experiments.

"Why, the Can, the Ideal Can, was the corner stone of the whole enterprise," said Uncle Ed, "and there's millions in it!

"The whole thing has expanded since I talked to you fellows. The Ideal Can will take in not only fruits and vegetables, but gasolene, oil, and, in fact, every manufactured product on the market that needs a container. Do you fellows know how many gallons of gas and oil are handled every year in this country alone? No, you don't. Well, I'll tell you. . . ."

And he told them the astounding figures, continuing:

"And now, with this enormous market opening up, right in our faces, you fellows want to close the door! You want to kick those millions away, for the sake of a few dollars! I can't understand you! No vision; no vision!"

It developed that Uncle Ed had not got the patents yet on his Ideal Can. But he had drawings—bushels of drawings—and he had cans in his shop. For he had rented another shop for his preliminary experiments with cans, and he had a practical tinsmith on a weekly salary to help him tinker. That's what had happened to the money subscribed; for now he found himself without enough cash even to get a patent on his Ideal Can. And he was *sure* that he had the thing almost worked out!

Dad lost not only his own thousand, but also what his friends and neighbors had put in; for he felt in honor bound to pay that back. So he didn't contribute to Uncle Ed's silk-worm project the next year, and the scheme to make vegetable pearls out of oyster plant left him equally cold. He didn't get too sore at Uncle Ed; nobody at any time ever thought he was dishonest about anything. You couldn't look into his eyes and not trust his honesty, and his generosity and his unselfishness. Things like the canning project just happened to him, somehow. He was so eager to have everybody happy and successful and comfortable! You never doubted that if he had made millions he would have distributed them with a lavish hand.

And if he had only had a little more money, a little more backing, how easily he could have made those millions!

THE trouble with the silk worm was nothing inherent in the thought that silk worms might be cultivated in Uncle Ed's latitude and longitude. It was merely that Uncle Ed got to thinking that there really ought to be some sort of mulberry leaf for the worms to feed on that would increase their production. And he used up what capital he could get hold of trying to coax such a superior mulberry tree into existence.

"Yes, you may laugh at me," he said, while he was experimenting, "but you've got to remember that there were a lot of ignoramuses who laughed at Luther Burbank at one time, too. Well, they don't laugh now! All I need is a little more money to get this tree to going, and there's millions in it, millions in it! Say, do you know how many yards of silk there are manufactured and sold every year in the world? Huh? No, you don't! But I do. I'll tell you. . . ."

Never exactly sick—never entirely well

When even parties seem a drag and daily duties leave you listless and let-down—Auto-Intoxication may be wearing you out and sapping your strength.

Follow a woman through an average day. Think of her worries and cares, of her social obligations and the hundred petty duties that clamor persistently for her time and attention.

Borrowing tomorrow's energy for today's tasks, the busy wife and mother is a flagrant offender against the rules of careful eating, prudent exercise and those daily habits which she strives to implant in her family.

Such neglect of Nature's a-b-c's of health leads most frequently to stoppage of waste products in the intestines. And when waste materials do not quickly pass out of the body they ferment and set up poisons which are carried through the body by the blood—causing Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

Self-poisoning shows itself in dull headaches, weariness, indigestion, irritability. It causes thousands of women to feel "never exactly sick, never entirely well."

To combat Auto-Intoxication, "stoppage" must be swept away. To do this Sal Hepatica is the safe and approved standby. Sal Hepatica stimulates the natural secretion of water in the intestines and flushes them clear. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salines with sodium phosphate, and the practical equivalent of the "cure" at the famous springs of Europe.

Dissolved in a tumblerful of water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling, palatable drink. You may take it on arising, or if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

Send for booklet telling about Auto-Intoxication and its effect upon beauty and health.

For booklet please address
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. L-57, 71 West St.
New York City

Sal Hepatica ©1927

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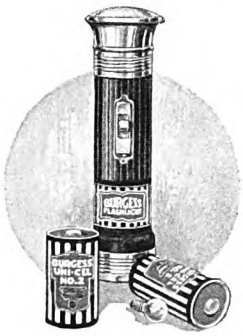
A . . . LABORATORY . . . PRODUCT

With a Blade of LIGHT he slew the Greatest of all Demons~ DARKNESS

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO
Canadian Factories and Offices:
Niagara Falls and Winnipeg



BURGESS FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

And the figures as usual were astonishing. He continued:

"When I get this tree *right*, there won't be a yard of anybody else's silk worn in the world! The *tree* is the fundamental thing. And you've got to go right down to the fundamentals on a proposition like this, always. What I need is a little more money."

The unfortunate thing was that the silk worms which Uncle Ed invested in, for experimental purposes, did not seem to share Uncle Ed's enthusiasm. His silk worms seemed to be poisoned by the leaves which he insisted on their eating, those leaves which he had invented himself, you might say; with the most depressing regularity the poor insects curled up and died, without giving a single fiber of silk to the world. And once again Uncle Ed's public lost faith in him.

But Uncle Ed continued cheerful. And, as far as he was able, helpful. Cousin Jim Higginbotham was cashier of the principal bank of our town, and Uncle Ed would kindly spend hours lessoning Jim on the mysteries of high finance. If Jim had only listened to him, Uncle Ed often said, he could have told him how to get the best of those Wall Street sharks! Perhaps it is fortunate that Jim never did. Uncle Ed had ideas for the education of every child born into the family, and he turned up semiannually with a device for Al Siler, another family connection, to use in Al's coal mine.

AS THE years went on there were times when Uncle Ed seemed actually to believe that he had at one time made most of the millions which he was always planning to make—had made them, and lost them. He identified himself, in his daydreams, with the great outstanding successes of the world. He spoke of Henry Ford, and Marconi, and the Wright brothers, and J. P. Morgan, and Luther Burbank, as if they were old friends and associates of his. He was glad that they had succeeded. He was not envious. He was a little wistful over not having millions himself; but you could see that he had, in a way, the feeling that he had done a lot for the world too. Everywhere he looked he saw some idea in operation that was one of his own ideas, he seemed to think.

And I can remember the last speech I ever heard him make . . . a speech that made us all a trifle uneasy at the time. It was when the first radio was installed in our community.

"My idea," said Uncle Ed. "Absolutely, my idea! I'll leave it to Martha, here, or Tom. Didn't I say, a few years ago, when I first heard about the wireless telegraph making good, that the very next thing would be the wireless telephone? Huh? Well, here it is! And there's millions in this thing—but not for this family. No, sir! You wouldn't believe in Ed!"

THE truth is, that Uncle Ed *had* said it, and we all remembered his saying it; and we had laughed—because it was Uncle Ed that said it. Perhaps five millions of people had said it at the same time, and perhaps a hundred thousand of them were Uncle Eds. But, for all that, our own Uncle Ed *had* said it, and we *had* laughed!

"All I needed," said Uncle Ed, "was a little more money, to get my experiments shaped up, and my models and patents into working order. But you all laughed at me! Just the way people laughed at Columbus when he said he'd sail around the earth. Just the way they laughed at Doctor Langley when he made his experiments with flying machines—and then the Wrights came along and made good, and the laugh turned the other way. But you wouldn't any of you back me on my wireless telephone. No, sir, not with a cent! And I could show you the drawings for it now, if they hadn't burned up the time my shop burned."

It wasn't until the Family remembered the Ideal Can and the vegetable pearls and the silk worms and a score of other things that they began to feel comfortable again.

And yet, something of a doubt always will linger, too. For now and then, an Uncle Ed somewhere or other *does* make good. And we'd give anything again to hear the old boy enthusing and expanding, or see him fussing and puttering around some cluttered shop of his, explaining that there's millions in it! Yes, sir, millions in it for the Family—and then the twins can go to college, after all, and Gran'ma can have the things she's been wanting so long, and Ed himself will give a playground to all the kids in town! It is impossible to look back on Uncle Ed without a smile, but it is never an unkindly smile.

My Queerest Acquaintance

Prize Contest Announcement

AFTER reading "Your Uncle Ed," by Don Marquis, it's a hundred chances to one that you'll say to yourself, "That's just like Uncle Eph, or Old Man Jennings, or Gran'pa Potter."

Everyone has a "queer bird" tucked away among the family connections or among his acquaintances. We may feel a trifle uneasy about these individuals when we are all dolled up for a social occasion, or when we are entertaining friends with whom we want to put on a front, but, none the less, these same "queer birds" add a great deal to the sum total of human enjoyments.

Just think of the queerest person you know, and write a true word picture of him or her. Remember that we do not want to hear about insane people, but about human folks who are just a bit different from the ordinary run of their fellows.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes May 20th. Winning letters will appear in the August, 1927, issue.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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Now a New Triumph in Music and Radio

Albert Spalding, Violinist, who finds Brunswick Electrical Records reproduced on the Panatrope the supreme medium for his art

THE FAMOUS BRUNSWICK PANATROPE

Combined in one beautiful cabinet with the 8-tube Radiola Super-heterodyne

HERE is by all odds the most remarkable musical instrument and radio known to the world. The marvelous Brunswick Panatrope . . . giving electrical reproduction of recorded music . . . has been combined in one beautiful cabinet with the 8-tube Radiola Super-heterodyne, unquestionably the finest in radio.

The Brunswick Panatrope reproduces music by an entirely new principle—the electrical. A principle different from that offered by any phonograph, old or new. A principle which gives musical results incomparably better than any other reproducing method ever discovered.

In this newest combination of the Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola Super-heterodyne, the most advanced discoveries in recorded music and radio are offered you combined as a scientific unit.

Everything in music or radio is yours to enjoy now right in your own home. You may hear great orchestras . . . priceless voices . . . as you never heard them reproduced before. Then, by pressing a switch, you may tune in with the finest receiver known on the choicest programs of radio, again obtaining musical results far beyond any you have known.

Unquestionably the Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola, Model 138-C, is the instrument you will want to own. It offers recorded music and radio of a musical quality obtainable in no other one instrument. It is so simple and scientifically perfected that a child can operate it. Hear this Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola and compare it with anything you can find. You'll agree there is nothing like it.

John Charles Thomas, Baritone, one of the greatest American singers . . . a Brunswick artist

Any Brunswick dealer will gladly demonstrate. Hear Model 138-C and the many other Brunswick Panatropes and Panatropes with Radiolas in his store.

Four world leaders in electricity and acoustics, Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Co., Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., and Brunswick, collaborated in perfecting the Brunswick Panatrope

Winners in Prize Contest

Brunswick recently offered prizes totaling $5,000 for a name with slogan for a New Musical Instrument which reproduces recorded music by new and advanced principles of *acoustical* reproduction. This is an entirely different instrument from the Brunswick Panatrope. In this contest, which closed December 15th, over a million suggestions were received. After months of work, in which every contribution was given consideration, the appointed judges made the following awards:

First Prize: $5,000 to Miss Mildred A. Bux, 1212 Melrose Ave., Melrose Park, Pa. Name: The Brunswick *Prismatone;* slogan, "*The instrument of colorful music.*"

Second Prize: $1,500 to Mrs. Herman Arky, 2003 Murphy Ave., Nashville, Tenn. Name: The Brunswick *Philharmonic;* slogan, "*Many instruments in one, one instrument in many.*"

Third Prize: $500 to Mr. P. L. Dickerson, U. S. Coast Guard, Section Base 13, Port Angeles, Wash. Name: The Brunswick *Synchromatic;* slogan, "*A new age, a new instrument.*"

Brunswick

Panatropes • Radiolas • Records

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., *General Offices:* CHICAGO. *For Canada,* TORONTO

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CHAMPION NATIONAL CHANGE WEEK, MAY 1 TO 7

INSTALL CHAMPIONS NOW

Once again Champion reminds you that to enjoy maximum engine performance during the next twelve months you should install a complete new set of spark plugs now.

Car manufacturers recommend and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every year to insure better and more economical car operation.

This is true, even of Champions, in spite of their world-wide reputation for remarkable long life.

If you have used your spark plugs more than 10,000 miles, a new set of dependable Champions will restore power and speed and save their cost many times in less gas and oil used.

Make Champion National Change Week your yearly reminder to install a complete new set of Champions.

***Champion X*— exclusively for Ford Cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors —packed in the Red Box—**

Set of Four, $2.40

***Champion* — for trucks and cars other than Fords — packed in the Blue Box—**

Set of Four, $3.00

Set of Six, $4.50

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO

"The World's Most Tragic Man is the One Who Never Starts"

(*Continued from page 37*)

ten or eleven years old, we moved to Chicago; I suppose because Chicago, rebuilding after the great fire, offered better opportunities in my father's line of work. He and I continued our walks, studies, and reading, and when the invention of the telephone was announced, and details were described in scientific journals, we made in play what I am inclined to believe was the first telephone circuit in the city. In Chicago, too, definite events gradually led on toward the profession I eventually adopted.

"For instance, one day we were walking on the prairie south of the city, about where Jackson Park is now; then it was wild. We carried a little box of bottles in which to preserve specimens; presently we met a man carrying a botanist's collecting kit.

"He introduced himself. He was Professor Bastin, head of the Department of Botany of the old Chicago University. He became interested in my interests, and eventually invited me to his laboratory, where, he promised, he would explain his collections, and show me how to prepare specimens properly for examination under the microscope.

"As it happened, I was not to have the privilege of a college training. Even my years in high school were cut from four to two. Therefore, the contact I had with Professor Bastin, and with others I met through him did much to make up for what I may have missed in formal training.

"A different sort of sequence led to my meeting Mr. Piper. As a house painter and decorator, my father made a careful study of his materials. He used to mix paints of different colors, and made up little books in which he recorded and exhibited the effects he got.

"ONE exacting customer was a man named Piper, one of the early handwriting experts, who used a brush himself, and also taught handwriting and drawing. Mr. Piper was so well pleased with the way my father handled his painting job that he talked with him and learned something of his special studies and attainments; incidentally, he learned of me.

"Mr. Piper invited us to his house. In the end, it was arranged that he should give me drawing lessons. It was from him that I learned how to draw objects under the microscope. I soon became somewhat expert at this, and as a result, at the age of fourteen, became a member of the Illinois State Microscopical Society. This was a men's organization. I was the only boy in it. Naturally, meeting men doing fascinating things, my enthusiasm for my own studies was quickened.

"Such things as my meeting Piper, and what it led to, are usually thought of as lucky accidents. I think they are something else. It was because my father cultivated a scientific interest in mixing paints and making artistic combinations that Piper took notice of him and, through him, of me. If my father's interest had not led to meeting Piper, I am confident it would have led to *something else just as significant.*"

Mr. Hoskins traces his choice of career to another sequence of events.

"Two of my uncles," he said, "were engaged in selling mining supplies in California. They occasionally visited us. Through listening to them talk about mining, I decided I'd like to learn assaying and the chemistry of minerals, and make that my business.

"At that time, chemistry as a practical science was so little understood and valued that only three men in Chicago were attempting to earn their living at it. One of the three was a Mr. Mariner, who earned a somewhat precarious living by making assays, by teaching young fellows like myself, and in divers other ways.

"I studied assaying in Mr. Mariner's laboratory. Eventually, he offered me a position and an opportunity to learn more than the chemistry of minerals. He pictured in glowing terms the future he saw for chemistry, and the pleasures and opportunities in following it as a profession. I was convinced, and became his assistant at five dollars a week when he had money, and nothing a week when he had none.

"THIS was in 1880. The connection led to the finest things in my life; to my wife (I married Mr. Mariner's daughter); to my family; to my profession, in itself one of the greatest joys; and to my business—for upon Mr. Mariner's death, in 1893, I became the sole owner."

Not long after he became Mr. Mariner's assistant, Hoskins made his first invention of any consequence, and obtained his first patent. And here again he traces an interesting connection between apparently unrelated events.

"My father," he says, "used a blowtorch as a means of burning off old paint before applying new. It generated an intense heat in a small flame. I had seen him use it, studied how it worked, used it occasionally in small experiments, and put the knowledge away in some compartment of my brain.

"At Mr. Mariner's, one of our frequent jobs was to make assays for clients. The assay furnaces in the laboratory were big and heavy, being made of brick lined outside with cast iron. Charcoal was the fuel. On summer days when the temperature in the shade was ninety, the interior of our laboratory would often be close to one hundred and thirty, and practically unbearable. It was on such a day that I remembered regretfully my father's small-flame, intensely hot, blow-torch, and suddenly I wondered if it might not be possible to make a smaller, handier, and cooler assay furnace, replacing charcoal with a blow-torch.

"I remember very well how I carried home fifteen pounds of fire clay to experiment with my first furnace. My father helped me, and we worked chiefly nights and Sundays. The furnace, as finally perfected, was standard apparatus for

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"Even those of us who are not dental cripples do not use our teeth vigorously enough"

Our modern food is soft—over-refined. Often it is eaten hastily—"on the run." These are the two chief reasons for the wide prevalence of gum troubles today.

So declares a famous dentist in describing the damage that soft food and hasty eating do to our teeth and gums.

As the four quotations on this page will briefly testify, dentists recognize the connection between our habits of eating and the present rise of troubles of the teeth and gums.

And bad as our soft and starchy foods are for our teeth, they are even worse, over a period of time, for our gums. For under our rich and creamy diet, with little or no roughage, our gums are deprived of stimulation—they become prone to softness, to bleeding, to ill health!

How troubles of the gums originate

To keep healthy, gums must receive work and exercise—the circulation of the blood within their walls must be quickened and stimulated by a brisk surface friction such as natural hard food once gave.

But these delicious things we eat are stripped of their fibre and roughage—they are cooked and refined to a soft consistency, to a creamy texture. They have no power to stir our gums to health. And all too often our nervous habit of hasty eating subtracts still further from the scant stimulation that our gums receive from our food.

And there you have, in everyday language, the reason why gums soften and weaken—why "pink tooth brush," the forerunner of worse troubles, is so widely prevalent—and why it is important for every one of us to care for our gums as faithfully as we clean our teeth.

How Ipana and massage will keep the gums in health

Happily, the remedy the dentists propose is not at all complicated or difficult to follow. They tell us to devote just a few moments, night and morning, to a massage of the gums—with the fingers or with the tooth brush—to restore to the gums the stimulation that our modern food denies to them, and to bring a fresh supply of rich, nourishing blood to the depleted tissues.

And thousands of dentists direct their patients to carry out this simple procedure with Ipana Tooth Paste, *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana contains ziratol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic which adds to the efficacy of the massage and aids in toning and rebuilding the gums to sound and sturdy health. That is why Ipana has enjoyed the profession's heartiest support since the first day it was put upon the market.

The full-size tube makes the best test of Ipana

The ten-day tube is gladly sent on receipt of the coupon—and it will prove to you Ipana's delicious taste and splendid cleaning power.

But the full-size tube from your nearest drug store—containing more than a hundred brushings—makes a better test of Ipana's benefits to your gums. So give Ipana the full thirty-day trial that may change your tooth paste habits for life!

How dentists condemn soft food—and advise gum stimulation

From a famous specialist:
"In our mouths, resistance to disease is very low. This is because we choose our food unwisely, eat hurriedly . . . . These factors contribute toward sluggish circulation of the blood."

From a radio talk by a well-known dentist:
"If you find that your gums bleed on touch, for instance, when you use a tooth brush—this is the time to take action. It is a signal sent to you by nature that something undesirable is taking place in your mouth. . . . . Pyorrhea is easily curable and preventable in its early stages."

From an article in a dental journal (describing massage):
"Beginning with the application of the brush, carry the bristles in between the teeth, pushing in such a manner as to make friction on the gum, and against the interproximate sides of the teeth."

Statement by an authority on gum disorders:
"I have long advocated the necessity of gum stimulation with the brush and have seen the beneficial results in the mouths of my patients for many years."

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. J 57, 73 West Street
New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

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IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

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LIKE FINDING MONEY!

— *This Fast Way of Selling Bottled Drinks*

Make Big Profits with

"LIQUID" BOTTLE COOLER

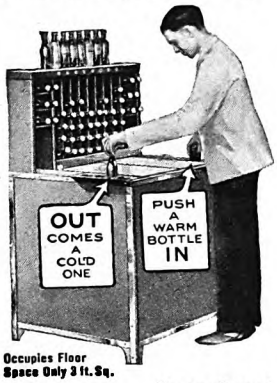
Push a Warm Bottle IN And a Cold One Comes OUT

Increases Sales 100% to 400%

Cuts Ice Bill 33⅓% to 66⅔%

Saves up to 80% Clerk Hire

Saves 60% or more Floor Space



Occupies Floor Space Only 3 ft. Sq.

Each Flavor has Separate Cooling Tube— Kept Filled Automatically

Thousands of brainy merchants are clearing up to $675 a month and more selling bottled drinks this new, fast, clean way.

Look—144 bottles sorted by flavors in "Liquid" Bottle Cooler — a separate cooling tube for each—8 tubes in all — each one filled with cold bottles in ice water bath — quickest cooling method known. To serve any flavor, take warm bottle from reserve rack above, push it in proper tube, and out comes a cold bottle of same flavor on the other side. You can't get a cold bottle out until you push a warm one in, and a glance at reserve rack tells when stocks are getting low and when to reorder—you can't run short.

Draws Crowds of Good Spenders to—

Cigar Stores
Candy Stores
Grocers
Roadside Stands
Auto Camps
Theatres
Play Grounds
Fair Grounds
Summer Resorts
Excursion Boats
Dance Pavilions
Amusement Parks
Carnivals
Ball Parks
Railroad Stations
Office Bldg. Lobbies
Hotel Lobbies
Chain Stores
General Stores
Delicatessen Stores
Billiard Parlors
Bowling Alleys
Gas Filling Stations
Garages
Waiting Rooms
Clubs
Golf Courses
Cafeterias
Coffee Shops
Lunch Rooms
Bathing Beaches
Ice Cream Parlors
Drug Stores, Etc.

"Liquid Profits" Book Free

The "Liquid" Bottle Cooler looks like $200 to $500 yet costs only $100 on easy terms. Stanley Edzey, Chicago, paid entire purchase price out of 5 weeks' profits. One man did it in 5 days. "Sales jumped from 4 cases a week to 16 or 20 a week — 500% gain!" says Hardacre, Kansas City. "Saved $1.00 a day on ice and paid for Cooler," says Murphy, Philadelphia. Martin, Minneapolis, writes, "Now save $15 a week on clerk hire." Kruger, Chicago, says, "Sold 1200 bottles one day." Similar amazing reports flooding in from 25,000 merchants who now own "Liquid" Bottle Coolers. Get all the facts in Free Book "Liquid Profits" — full of photographs of installations, signed reports of profits, etc. Saturday Evening Post color pages tell millions why bottled drinks served from "Liquid" Bottle Cooler are better, cleaner, colder. Cash in on big demand created. Write today for "Liquid Profits" — sent free if you give name of local bottler. Mail coupon now.

Free Book "Liquid Profits"

Liquid BOTTLE Cooler

MAIL THIS

The Liquid Carbonic Corp.
Dept. AM-5, 3100 S. Kedzie Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Send Free Book "Liquid Profits" and Easy Terms on the "Liquid" Bottle Cooler.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

My Business _____

Local Bottler _____

years. I made many of them myself, and sold them as far away as China and Japan; but I doubt if any of my customers ever had any inkling of the conditions under which the manufacturing was done.

"I was newly married, and by that time was earning fifteen dollars a week. We had bought a five-thousand-dollar house with a five-hundred-dollar down payment. It was in the basement of this house that I made my furnaces.

"We had only the crudest equipment. My father, who had picked up some knowledge of cabinet-making and carpentering along with his painting, made the molds in which the fire clay was poured. To make the completed furnace as light as possible, I mixed sawdust with the clay; under proper heat, of course it was burned out, leaving the clay porous. But I had no means of obtaining a heat sufficient to burn this clay properly. The best I could do was to dry and bake it thoroughly in the kitchen oven!

"Primitive as our methods were, however, I made enough money in that basement in odd hours to finish paying for the house."

AN EXPERIENCE Hoskins had while he was still drawing a meager salary from Mr. Mariner, shows how the whole course of a life may hinge on a single step taken, or not taken—a choice accepted, or rejected; a decision made, or neglected. He was offered what most people would have considered a fine opportunity.

"I used to buy supplies for my simple experiments," he said "from the Western Electric Company. They had a place on Kinzie Street, north of the river. I never had more than a few cents to spend, sometimes as much as a quarter. But the man who waited on trade got to know me after repeated visits, and one day he said:

"'Son, how would you like to take a job here?'

"The company in those days was very small, compared to what it is to-day; but, even so, it had enormous promise. Moreover, in the store were any number of glittering telegraph instruments, priced far beyond my purse, which my fingers fairly itched to touch. With a job in such a place, I could handle those telegraph instruments to my heart's content! I asked for a few days to think it over.

"During that week-end, I thrashed the thing out. I said nothing to my father, or to anyone else. And on Monday, having come to my conclusion, I told the man I had decided to remain where I was.

"Judging from most of the facts, my decision was bad. The Western Electric Company undoubtedly had a great future. A chance to start with such an organization on any terms was a splendid opportunity. On the other hand, the chances with Mr. Mariner seemed very precarious, and his was a one-man concern with very slight financial backing. Besides, Mr. Mariner was engaged in a profession that had hardly begun to establish itself.

"To-day, on my way to and from the city, I pass the great Hawthorne works of the Western Electric. I often reflect about that boyish choice. If it had been different, it is conceivable that I might now be president of that great company; it is also conceivable that I might be janitor. Nobody knows.

"But I do know this: If I had accepted, my life would have been wholly different. I would have entered a different profession. I would not have met and married the woman I did marry. My children would have been different. And I might, or might not have had the bully lot of fun I've had in the profession of my choice.

"It is a serious thing to give advice to a youngster at the outset of his career!"

The sequence of events that led to the development by Mr. Hoskins of the high-resistance wire which became, and still is, the essential part of all electrical heating appliances, goes back to the day when he was a boy in his early teens. In a scientific journal he read an account of an alleged way to make diamonds.

"Making precious stones," he pointed out, "has been a favorite dream for centuries. I performed the experiment described in the journal, using, I remember, some of my mother's jelly glasses to hold certain materials which had to sit in a dark place for two years. Fortunately, I avoided blowing up the house and family; but I did not make any diamonds. However, the idea stuck.

"Later, it came back as a desire to make rubies. Chemically, rubies and alumina are identical, the difference being that the ruby has been crystallized under extremely high heats.

"One day I read of the discovery of thermit, a material used in a process for producing extremely high heats; it is produced by chemical reactions brought about by introducing heat into a mixture of granulated aluminum and iron oxide. Here, I thought, was a good way to get a temperature high enough to fuse raw alumina and make rubies!

"I gathered magnetic oxide of iron laboriously from the sand of Lake Michigan, succeeded in producing the necessary granulated aluminum, and prepared about two hundred pounds of thermit, the largest charge, I believe, ever set off in this country up to that time. For my experiment I rented a blacksmith shop in an outlying district; above my workroom were living quarters occupied by a negro family.

"I put the thermit charge in a large crucible. Inside it, in a smaller crucible, was the raw alumina which I hoped to crystallize into a ruby.

"I set off the charge. In an amazingly short time, a terrific heat was generated. Things happened in a hurry. The negro family evacuated. The fire department came on the run. And I got no rubies.

"THE experiment was a failure; but it was not useless. Few things are. In due time there came a way to use the experience.

"A man named Marsh hunted me up. He was trying to build a thermopile, an electrical device in which a current is generated by applying heat at the junction point of different kinds of metals forged into a bar. Marsh was using an alloy of nickel and chromium as one of his metals, and a copper alloy for the other. He knew of no way to produce high enough heats to melt his nickel and chromium properly, and get a pure, carbon-free alloy. He had heard of my blow-torch assay furnace, and thought something like that might turn the trick. I knew he needed still higher heats, and here my experience with thermit came into play.

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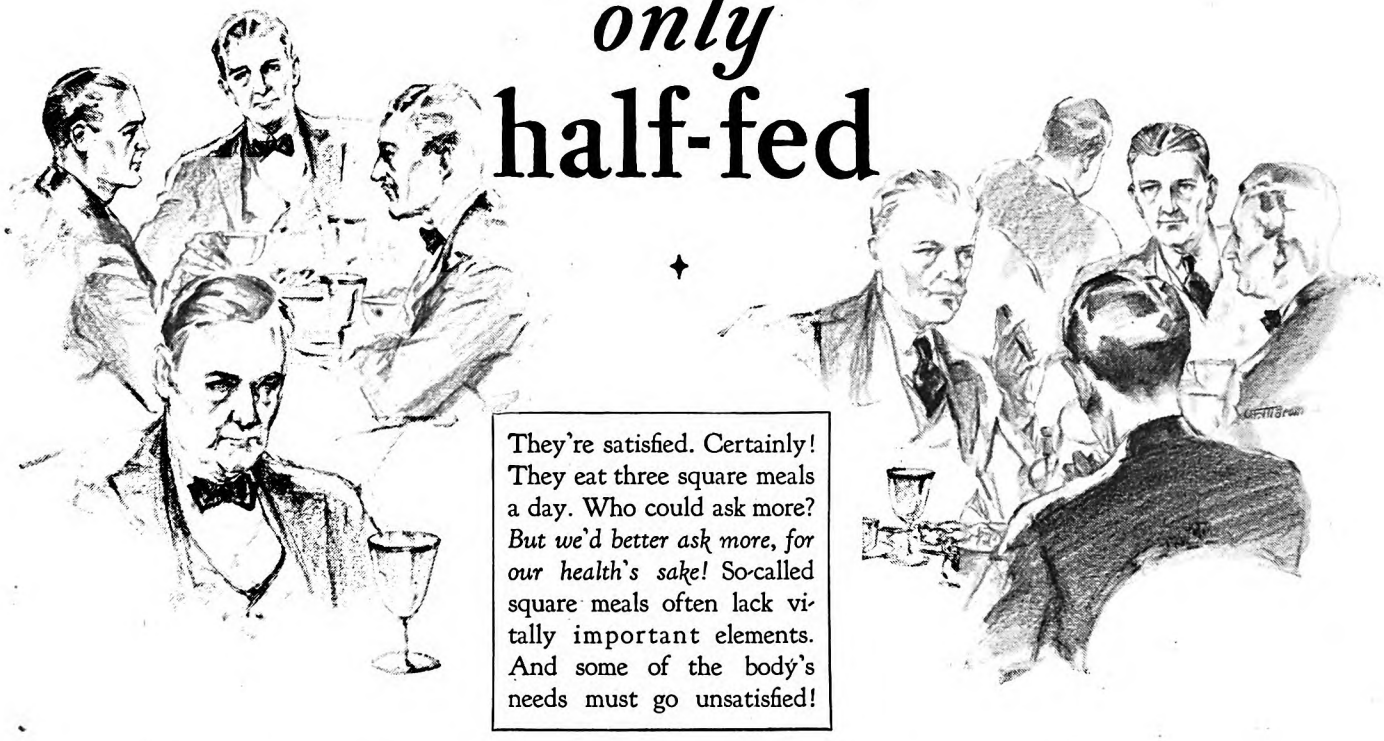
They don't know *they're only* half-fed



They're satisfied. Certainly! They eat three square meals a day. Who could ask more? *But we'd better ask more, for our health's sake!* So-called square meals often lack vitally important elements. And some of the body's needs must go unsatisfied!

A food—*a crisp, delicious food*— that helps you round out your diet

LUCKY the man who has learned what "plenty to eat" really means! . . . It isn't primarily a question of how large your meals are. It's a question of what those meals give you. Every day your body needs *all* the vital food elements, in proper quantities and proportions. Such diet—"balanced diet"—actually, actively, safeguards health.

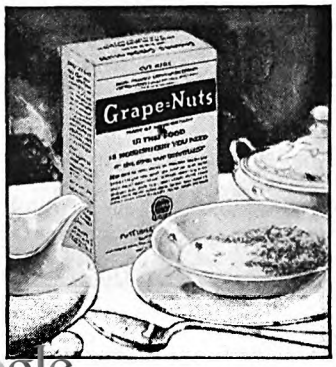
Modern diet often falls far below the ideal because many foods lack certain essential elements. That is why Grape-Nuts was originated. This crisp, delicious food gives your body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin B, a builder of appetite. A single serving of Grape-Nuts, eaten with milk or cream, supplies more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal!

You'll find Grape-Nuts an unusually delicious food. Its flavor is unique—nut-like, with a delicate suggestion of malt sugar. Your enjoyment will be increased by the tempting *crispness* of the food. This crispness is especially praised by dentists, because it benefits teeth and gums by giving them healthful exercise.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. Prepared by a special baking process, it is one of the easiest foods in the world to digest. That's important. Lots of nourishment, without tax upon digestion . . . Try this famous food for breakfast tomorrow. It's ready-to-serve. Your grocer sells it . . . Perhaps you will wish to accept the following offer.

Two servings of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts", free.

Mail the coupon and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, and an interesting booklet, written by a famous physical director. It contains valuable information on health and diet, and a series of menus for better breakfasts.



Post Health Products

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

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G—A. M.—5-27

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts" by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada
Address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, LTD.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

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SAVE MONEY on furniture *and* floor coverings *thru your* Local Dealer *and*

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By reducing overhead for maker and dealer, Peck & Hills service enables you to choose from the finest furniture and floor coverings and save money. A Signed Card of Introduction from your local dealer admits you, or he will show you our catalog. If he cannot serve you, write us for names of dealers near you who can. Address nearest house, Peck & Hills Furniture Company, *Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Seattle.*

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We sell and deliver through retail dealers only.

FREE BOOKLET

explains plan in detail and tells how to care for home furnishings. Write for Booklet A-5

"The story of the experiments begun then is long and laborious. The job took us seven full years, and first or last we encountered every conceivable obstacle. A sample was the fact that the electric light company in Chicago would not permit us to use the quantities of electricity we needed for certain phases of the work. We had to go to Evanston, a suburb, and set up a special shop; but even there we were permitted to use the current *only after ten at night and before four in the morning.*

"We made hundreds of tests with different alloys, to discover which were best. Furthermore, we did it without any very clear idea of just what we were going to do with this perfect alloy when we got it; that is, if we ever succeeded in getting it.

We at length made a thermopile that satisfied us. We hitched it up with a series of lights, ran a quarter-horse-power motor with it, and threatened to use it to run an automobile—until somebody pointed out that, while we could probably make such an automobile run, no woman would ride on the seat with a blow-torch popping in the rear. We also thought of making a motor boat.

"All these ideas came to nothing of practical consequence until we discovered that our alloy offered extremely high resistance to an electric current. It occurred to me that we might draw it into wire, and sell it to powder manufacturers to replace platinum wire for setting off dynamite discharges.

We then had to learn how to draw this extremely hard material into wire. After many trials we succeeded in that, and before we were through we were able to draw off a wire *one five-thousandth* of an inch in diameter.

"IT WAS an easy step to think of the possible use of the wire in electric heating appliances—and that is where its great use has been. Until the patents expired a few years ago, a royalty was paid to the Hoskins Manufacturing Company on the heating element in every toaster, iron, or other device of the sort.

"So, to return to my philosophy of sequences, the development of this very widely useful material can be traced to a more or less wild desire to manufacture diamonds out of base materials!

"Thus things happen, when a start is made, the most important results often proceeding from matters that seem of least consequence.

"A friend of mine once, on a visit to Europe, gathered a little volcanic ash in the vicinity of Mt. Ætna and gave it to me. I analyzed it under the microscope, was interested, put the sample away, and, as far as I knew, the matter was ended Many years later I similarly examined specimens of the silicate rocks of southern Illinois, and was interested to note resemblances to the volcanic ash. But I thought no more about it.

"One day William A. Spinks came to see me. He was the professional billiard champion of California, and had just returned from exhibition games in Europe.

"'That,' he remarked, handing me a small lump of material, 'is the best chalk for billiard cues I have ever seen. I got it in France. I wish you'd analyze it, tell me how it's made, and show me a way to reproduce it.'

"I had never played a game of billiards in my life, and I knew nothing about the chalk used on cues.

"'You say you got this in France?' I asked.

"'Yes.'

"'That may be,' I said; 'but the materials it is made of came from Italy.'

"I had recognized my old friend, the volcanic ash. That turned my thoughts to the Illinois silicates I had examined more recently. I asked Spinks to tell me what would constitute an *ideal* billiard cue chalk. As a result, I prepared such a chalk from Illinois materials, which he liked even better than his European find. We secured patents and formed a company. Later, Spinks drew out. I am still president of the William A. Spinks Company, which manufactures the chalk and other billiard supplies, though I have left the management largely to one of my cousins. This business, you might truly say, traces directly to a bit of volcanic ash sent me as a curiosity.

"I HAVE often seen this law of sequences work out in other people's lives. I am a commuter, and on the train I used to meet occasionally a young man whom I knew slightly as a chemist; he had a brother who also was a chemist. Sometimes we sat in the same seat and talked. One day the conversation turned to his private affairs, and he said things weren't going any too well.

"'What's wrong?' I asked.

"He explained that he was doing merely routine work; that he didn't see much chance for bettering himself; that he wasn't earning much. All in all, he was pretty blue.

"'What you ought to do, it seems to me,' I said, 'is start something on the side that you could handle without interfering with your employer's interests. In time it might develop into something worth while.'

"He shrugged his shoulders: 'I haven't the capital.'

"'It might not take much. Let's see. Isn't there a vacant room at your house that nobody uses?'

"'No.'

"'A basement?'

"'No.'

"'A garage, then, or a barn?'

"He said there was a barn.

"'Why!' I exclaimed, 'you've got capital—first-rate factory space!'

"'But,' he objected, 'what can I do *in a barn?*'

"'I don't know, exactly,' I said; 'but here's an idea for a starter: The water up and down this railroad is very hard, as you know. You're a chemist. Why not get up a good water softener, and start a little business?'

"He insisted he thought it would take a lot of capital, but said he'd think it over.

"I did not see him again for several months, but when we did meet he wore a cheerful grin.

"'We broke even last month,' he announced.

"'On what?'

"'Water softener!'

"Then I remembered.

"He and his brother, he explained, had taken my hint, were making the water

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How to select a perfect Timepiece

THERE is no mechanism so fine as a perfect timepiece; there is none called upon to perform such unfailing service. Prompted to purchase a watch because of its utilitarian purpose, only too often in the final selection beauty alone influences the choice. And yet how quickly that beauty fades when the watch fails to perform its duty—to tell time *on* time faithfully throughout the years!

Those artisans who build each BULOVA movement are inspired by a great ancestry who, too, were true craftsmen in the watchmaker's art. Each BULOVA movement symbolizes generations of painstaking effort. Its supremacy, its accuracy, rests upon such a background as this!

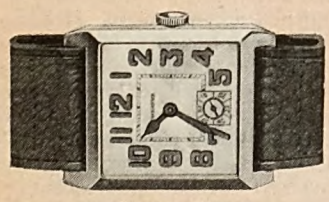
The design of each case, like all works of art is authentic. Time cannot antiquate it. Whether it be a simple watch for $25.00 or one adorned with jewels for $2500.00, true artists conceived it, true lovers of beauty will choose it.

In selecting a watch, then—influenced by beauty and by accuracy, one should choose a BULOVA—a timepiece that is truly the *Aristocrat of Beauty—Autocrat of Time!*

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY
Makers of Fine Watches
Fifth Avenue New York

PRESIDENT
14 kt. solid gold; handsomely carved; 17 jewel movement; radium dial; curved to fit the wrist $85.00
14 kt. gold filled; 17 jewel movement $50.00

NORMAN
14 kt. gold filled; handsomely engraved; 15 jewel; radium dial $37.50



AMBASSADOR
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel; radium dial $28.50

MERCURY
14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved; 17 jewel; radium dial $75.00

ROXANE
18 kt. solid white gold, exquisitely hand carved; 6 diamonds and 12 sapphires, set in platinum; 17 jewel $125.00

MIGNON
14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved and inlaid with black enamel; 15 jewel $55.00

LUCILLE
14 kt. solid white gold, handsomely carved; 15 jewel movement $50.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel movement $40.00

PRINCINE
14 kt. solid white gold, handsomely carved; 15 jewel movement $37.50
14 kt. gold filled $28.50

At the Better Jewelers ~ Everywhere

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TRADE **YALE** MARK

Screen Doors Should Stay Closed

If they don't they are not *screen doors!*
Yet if they slam, they are a nuisance.

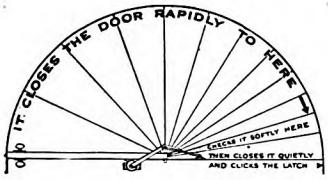
Yale No. 570 Household Model is made especially for screen doors and other light doors. You will be surprised at its modest price.

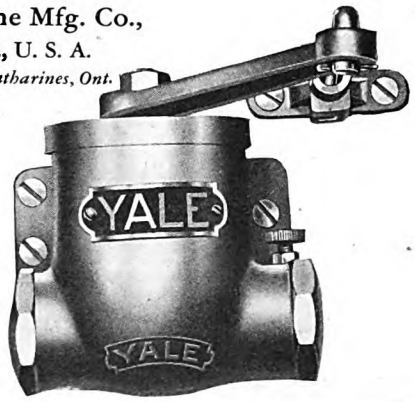
The Yale Door Closer is a door-closing power plant: perfect in action; made with the precision of a smooth-running engine; every part co-ordinated to the quiet closing of a door.

As the door is opened the power of a highly tempered steel spring is stored up waiting for release. As the hand leaves the knob, the spring unwinds, promptly starting the closing action, and at the right moment, controlled by a piston working within its cylinder against hydraulic pressure, the door gradually loses momentum and comes to a quiet stop as the latch-bolt clicks in the jamb.

Send for Booklet, "Why Swat the Fly?"

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.,
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.





YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

softener in their spare time, and were finding a modest sale for it.

"'But,' he confessed, 'we're having the dickens of a time with our labels; we can't make them stick on tin cans.'

"'You're not the first,' I answered him, 'to have *that* trouble. Why, in the name of common sense, being a chemist, don't you get up some good paste that will *make* labels stick?'

"To cut the story short, he and his brother did develop such a paste. To-day, after several years, they own the largest concern of its kind in the Mid-West, making all kinds of pastes; they no longer have anything to do with water softeners. Their experience illustrates perfectly my idea of sequences. They *made a start;* and they ended up at a place they never thought of reaching.

"Wherever anything is wasted or unused, there is always opportunity. For example, in the near future it is probable that somebody will introduce radical innovations in methods of illuminating homes and other interiors. Present methods are frightfully wasteful. The ordinary indirect lighting fixture, for instance, is only about three per cent efficient. By that, I mean that something like *ninety-seven per cent* of the current passes through the bulb and gets away without doing a stroke of lighting work. And of the light produced, perhaps one half is absorbed by walls and furnishings. Therefore, a man trying to read gets on the pages of his book only about one and one-half per cent of the electricity he pays for.

"There are plenty of other opportunities. Look at this."

FROM a drawer of his desk Mr. Hoskins took a card on which were fastened several bottles containing what appeared in daylight to be simple white powders. These, he explained, were refined phosphors, finely-ground phosphorescent earths. Mr. Hoskins has made more thorough studies of phosphors, probably, than anybody else in this country.

"Watch the earth in this bottle as I turn it in the sunlight," he said. "First, it looks perfectly white. I turn it so the earth shifts to a new position, and along the new surface the color is—"

"Gray."

"Yes. And as I hold it still, it turns white again. That is the nature of this material. Now come into this other room."

He opened a closet door. Holding the bottles in the obscurity of the interior, each one glowed distinctly, with a light of its own—purple, yellow, white—like the luminous dial of a watch in the dark.

"The point about these materials," Mr. Hoskins resumed, "is that they are not radio-active, but phosphorescent. The light given off in darkness is due to an entirely different force than radio-activity. I can use these materials as one constituent of a paint, which I put on the walls of my bathroom, and at night, no matter how dark it may be in other rooms not similarly painted, I can see my way perfectly well without the electricity. The light is not sufficient for reading; but it saves your shins!

"We need to know more. Investigations must be carried further. Some way should be found to produce these phosphors very cheaply. With them, or with something similar, it may be that in fu-

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ture we can have our rooms always lit with a cheerful twilight or sunny glow, on even the darkest night. Such a paint would at least dishearten burglars; it might do much more.

"In pursuing this idea, who knows what else it may lead us to? Let's dream a little: Suppose these phosphors are produced cheaply enough to mix them with cement. Suppose our concrete highways in the future are constructed of that cement. Then, it is conceivable that on the darkest nights every highway may be self-lighted, and automobiles may run without headlights night or day.

"It's a dream; yes! But impossible? No! Who would have said, ten years ago, that we would have such a thing as radio in universal use to-day? The most 'practical' scientific man always must be something of a poet, a dreamer. I call my laboratory a 'rainbow factory.' It is just that. Men who care and dare to live, following the trail along such frontiers of thought, can have the most satisfying, thrilling adventures of which I have any knowledge.

"HOW, you may ask, does this philosophy apply to the ordinary man; to a clerk, we'll say, in a big department store? Let's say he is selling ribbons. All right, I'll tell you how it applies to him.

"This ribbon clerk is one kind of man, we'll say. He doesn't care two hoots about ribbons, hates them, hands them out mechanically to customers, does as little as possible for as much pay as he can get, in order that he may have money to spend in leisure, which he wastes futilely. He makes no starts to become interested in ribbons or anything else. He will end his life a ribbon clerk, or something less, as surely as the sun goes down.

"But suppose he is another kind of clerk. He is interested in ribbons, either because he likes them or because he sees in them a means to some end in which he is interested. He studies how ribbons are made; where they come from; the kinds of materials that make the best ribbons. I don't know what will happen in the life of that young man because of that interest; but I know, as surely as two plus two is four, that *some*thing fine will happen. It may be he thinks of a new way to make ribbons, sets up a business, makes a fortune. It may be something wholly different.

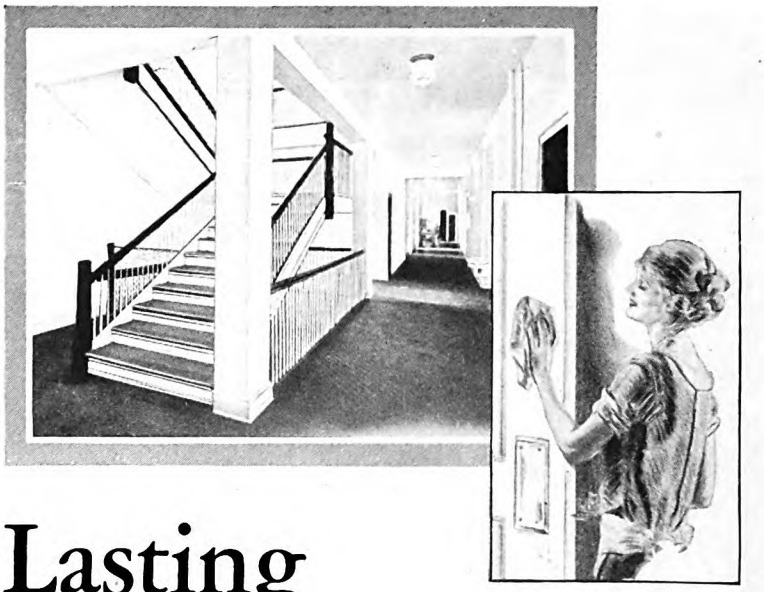
"There are sequences in finance and commerce, just as in science and production. The sequence for him may be advancement to a position as buyer, to managership of a division, to general managership, to presidency—all tracing back inevitably to an interest in something beyond the day's routine.

"The truth is, no one of us can foretell how things will be done ten years hence.

"No! Not all the chances have vanished—not all the ideas have been thought of—not all the opportunities have been seized—not all the great businesses have been built—not all the fortunes have been founded.

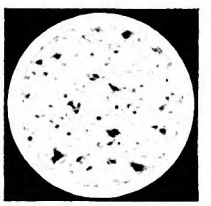
"I think we have gone only a little way. The future is so full of things to be done, of trails to be broken, that I, though I have lived sixty-five years, wish I could look forward to sixty-five more for 'rainbow chasing'!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣



Lasting Cleanliness

with this paint enamel



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint

Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

The microscope shows the difference

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

WHEN the "Wet Paint" sign is taken down, behold the beauty of clean white walls and woodwork! But for *how long?*

If it's ordinary paint, it will soon become hopelessly dirty. But if it's Barreled Sunlight, occasional washing will keep it *spotless for years*. For this satin-smooth finish can't hold dirt embedded.

Handsome as the finest enamel, but costs less and completes a job with fewer coats.

Guaranteed to remain white longest.

Quantity for quantity, Barreled Sunlight covers a larger area. And it is so easy to apply with brush or spray that many labor-hours are saved.

In Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat. Cans and drums. Where more than one coat is required, apply Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

Beautiful tints can readily be obtained by adding oil colors to Barreled Sunlight. Ask about the new easy-mixing Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors in tubes.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 12-K Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Philadelphia—Chicago—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. More than 7000 retail dealers.

Barreled Sunlight

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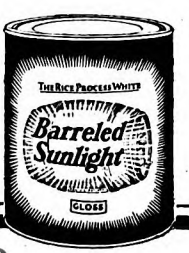

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
12-K Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Please send me information on the use of Barreled Sunlight in—
(Check) ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings
☐ Institutions ☐ Industrial Plants
(If you wish sample can enclose 10c)

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AT THE FIRST

CHECK IT!

Even the mention of dandruff makes you wince. And those telltale flakes on your shoulder are a real calamity.

Naturally, you want to end this condition as quickly as possible. And now loose dandruff (epithelial debris) can be controlled; an easy matter, too.

Simply douse Listerine on the scalp full strength and massage thoroughly. Keep it up systematically for at least a week—and longer in stubborn cases. In almost every instance results will delight you.

It's really a pleasure to use Listerine this way.

Your scalp feels so clean, cool and refreshed. Your hair is so easy to comb and stays in place so nicely. And it is safe—Listerine does not discolor it or leave it gummy.

FREE—One copy "Evidence," a book that everyone who has ever suffered from scalp trouble will want to read. Address Dept. D., Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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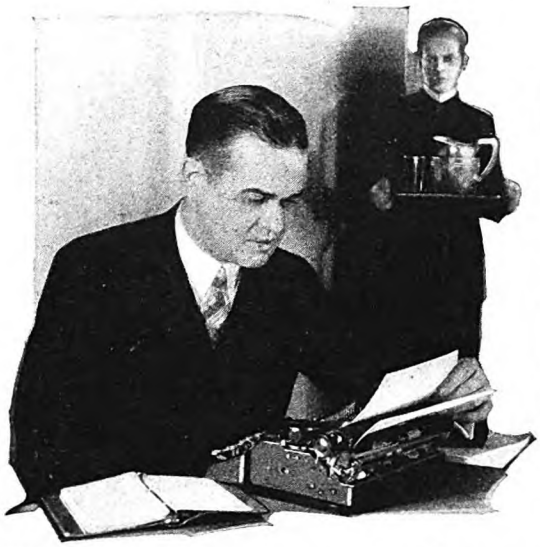
CORONA

has helped this salesman double his earnings



TWO years ago his wife gave him a Corona for Christmas. Now he credits Corona with 100% increase in his monthly earnings. Here are just a few of the ways it has helped him.

1 Letters to customers he expects to see later in the week. Many times a buyer will hold over an order, knowing this man is on his way.

2 Little notes of appreciation for orders just received or a reminder of some point omitted during his call.

3 Reports to the Home Office about conditions in the territory, credits, etc. All his reports are neat, legible and concise. Several salary increases have been the direct result of this.

Think of the ways you could use Corona to make the most of your job, whatever it is! Mail the coupon now! You will receive, free, a valuable new book, The Writer's Guide.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

Sales offices in principal cities of the world

Established 1903

Also manufacturers of the L C Smith Typewriter, the Ball-Bearing Office Machine.

Have you ever thought you would like to write short stories? This free book contains a new easy method of building a dramatic plot.

You can own this latest model CORONA

It's the finest Corona ever built—made by the world's pioneer manufacturers of portable typewriters.

A sturdy, dependable writing machine with full width (10 inch) carriage, twelve yard, two color, self-reversing ribbon, variable line spacer, everything you expect in an office machine. Yet it is compact, portable, easy to carry with you wherever you go.

Standard Keyboard

Corona has the four-row standard keyboard used in all offices and taught in business schools. If you are accustomed to using a large machine, you will be at home on Corona. If you have never used a typewriter before, you'll find that it is easy to learn with Corona.

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I own a.....typewriter

I should like to know its trade-in value.

Don't Tie to Health Rules Unless They Fit Your Own Case

(*Continued from page 43*)

"He hadn't considered that. Few of us do. The standards of the past generation can't be considered in gauging activities of the present. Where we live, and how we live, and what we are physically, are the factors which determine our capacities."

Doctor Wharton's business at the University of Pennsylvania is largely that of determining human capacities. During his thirty years there he has examined and rated thousands of young men, graduates who have come back to him for advice, and friends whom they have sent to him. An entire morning we sat together and discussed this work.

"Suppose we begin with the heart," he suggested. "No two hearts are exactly alike in capacity. For classification purposes here we give the heart three ratings: A, B, and C. These might be likened to the horse-power ratings of automobile motors. The 'A' motor, let us say, is of 90-horse-power; the 'B' motor of 60-horse-power, and the 'C' motor of 30-horse-power. Each is a good, sound, dependable motor. There is absolutely nothing wrong with it. But give the 30-horse-power motor (or heart) a task which it takes a 90-horse-power motor (or heart) to perform, and it will simply refuse to perform it. You wouldn't think of putting a little 4-cylinder engine into a 5-ton truck; but because nature *occasionally* does this very thing with hearts, we've got to be on the lookout for the inconsistency.

"Then take the nervous system. A highly temperamental, tightly-strung, excitable-natured boy will burn up several times the energy that would be used by a phlegmatic, easy-going, unexcitable type of boy. The first may become a sprinter, and a star at it. The second may become a cross-country runner, and star. But let them change places, and you need little imagination to picture their failures.

"I recall twins who were students here. I never saw two men more exactly alike in appearance. Yet they were no more related as to capacities than the ox and the deer.

"WHAT we do here is to try, not to find out what men are when they are sitting calmly in a chair, but to find out what they are in action, under stress. Your daily life is a series of strains which come to you in work, in exercise, in amusement. How much of this daily round can you stand, and what rest should you get properly to stand it? We try to find that out about our students. It is a good thing for anyone to know about himself.

"The fault with the old-fashioned physical examination as given by the average doctor in the past was that it didn't take capacity into account. You went into the doctor's office and sat down quietly in a chair. He then listened to your heart, measured your pulse, ascertained your blood pressure, performed his entire examination while you sat at your ease.

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"But in active life you are *not* at ease. That is why we have devised tests that show the individual's reaction to strain.

"Most of the students who come to the university wish to engage in some form of sport. Our object is to direct them to sports to which they are mentally and physically fitted. We get at the facts concerning their capacities in a way that your family physician could be asked to do for you.

"First, we examine the student physically while he is lying down and relaxed. In this position he is under practically no strain. A record is made of his heart, pulse, and blood pressure, on an individual card which is preserved throughout his stay at college.

"Second, he is asked to rise suddenly to his feet, an action that at once introduces a strain. Immediately, as he stands, the effect of this strain upon his heart, pulse, nerves, and blood pressure is noted, and the time ascertained that it takes him to return to his normal.

"Third, the student is directed to go through the motions of running, a process we call 'pumping him up.' After a moment or so of exertion, say, twenty or thirty running steps, he is stopped, and his heart, pulse and blood pressure are again noted, with the time required for a return to normal. If this test is satisfactory, he is directed to greater exertion of the same kind, checked up at the end of it as before, and the performance repeated until we have reached a fair estimate of the physical capacity of the man.

"As I said before, these tests can be given by any good physician who is equipped with the proper medical instruments. The more thorough his knowledge of you, the more satisfactory will be his examination. For this reason the family physician is preferable.

"AT THE close of the examination especially I keep my eye on what the boy does. If he simply takes the test as a part of the day's work, and saunters away without a question, the chances are that he won't be particularly successful in sports. At any rate, he lacks the enthusiasm and eager interest that are essential to leadership in any endeavor. But the boy who waits, watches his chance, and asks, 'Doctor, how did I make out?' is in earnest, and that is a point in his favor.

"In the end, we have a good preliminary estimate of a boy's mental capacity and attitude, of his nervous capacity, his heart capacity, and his muscular capacity. We have an idea, gained by casual questions, of his likes and dislikes; and, by direct questions, of his ancestry, of his parentage, and his medical history. This information is supplemented by further observation during his stay at college. All facts are recorded on his individual card according to points.

"The highest number of points to be made under the scoring system that we use is 18; but not five men in a hundred will score that total. Ten points or below indicate danger somewhere, and the particular danger is recorded. Thus, we are in a position to guard against his weakness and, if possible, to eliminate it. Usually, we are frank with the boy, not in order to frighten him but in order to win his coöperation. Remember, you only

Byron W. Moser
President, Security National Bank of St. Louis, Mo., says that without The Dictaphone he could not give stockholders full value for the salary he receives

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"That is, you gain all these advantages *if* you use The Dictaphone," says Byron W. Moser, President of the Security National Bank, St. Louis.

"In our offices," he continues, "Dictaphones save our executives so much time ordinarily wasted in running about, in conferences and in other ways that none would think of doing without them.

"I think any business man makes a mistake if he does not use Dictaphones in his offices all down the line."

To business *women*, the testimony of Mathilde M. Woltjen, Secretary to Mr. Moser and Manager of the Women's Department of the Bank, is hardly less impressive. She says:

"Today I seldom do transcribing myself. I should not be holding my present position if I had not been a Dictaphone secretary. The Dictaphone gave me time and opportunity to show that I could handle many duties and thus become more valuable to the bank.

"We simply couldn't get along without The Dictaphone in my department. I always advise business women to use Dictaphones."

Mathilde M. Woltjen
Secretary to Mr. Moser and Manager of the Women's Department of the Security National Bank asserts that The Dictaphone enabled her to rise to the responsible position she holds today.

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Executives say:—

"If she could only take it as fast as I think."

"I'm forced to cut dictation short."

"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."

"When I'm here alone I'm helpless."

"It's the 'ring and wait' system."

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A-3 *World-Wide Organization—London, Paris, Brussels, Sydney, Shanghai, etc.*

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"Cheer up, Ed; a couple of years ago I changed four tires at once and I haven't had any tire trouble since."

"What—changed four tires at once?"

"Yes, for a set of Kelly-Springfields."

waste the time of your doctor and yourself if you are not willing to follow his advice.

"At numerous times we have had proof of the efficacy of our rating system. We sent a relay team to England, for instance, to compete in a race there. Before the team left, I subjected each man to examination. The first made 17 points; the second and third 14 points each, and the fourth and fifth 13 points each. The men finished, as to time in the race, exactly in that order. They showed reaction to the ocean voyage and climatic change in that order.

"A RATHER remarkable story is connected with one of the members of this team, which indicates how capacity may be intelligently developed and increased. Upon examining the man when he entered college, I discovered that a heart valve was undersized but without any sign of disease. I explained to him that his condition wasn't serious, and that if he worked along with me faithfully we probably would be able to correct it.

"I'm a great believer in letting folks do what they most want to do, a thing which they go at with enthusiasm and enjoyment. I asked him what he most wanted to do.

"'Ever since I was a kid,' he said, 'I've wanted to become a cross-country runner.'

"It was about the last sport, under the circumstances, that I wanted him to suggest. It was far beyond the capacity of his heart, handicapped as it was by the under-sized valve.

"But he stuck to his assertion.

"'Very well,' I said finally. 'Provided you will do exactly as I tell you to do without question, I'll make you a cross-country runner. But it's going to take time.'

"'I'll do just as you say,' he promised eagerly.

"I sent him over to the gymnasium, had him put on running trunks, and *walk* around the indoor track as the starter for his training. Gradually, I let him increase the pace of his walk. Presently I let him jog about the track easily, then a little faster, and still faster. This training went on for months, during which the boy was kept under regular observation. The heart valve, slowly, surely, began to enlarge a trifle.

"A year went by, and as yet he had not even entered a race of any kind. But he was better. I let him try the outdoor track, and, as he continued to improve, I permitted him to enter a cross-country race.

"'But you're not going to win this race,' I instructed him. 'You are not even going to *try* to win it. I simply want you to jog along as you feel like it, at your own pace, without making any effort to keep up with the rest. And, remember, you're to quit the moment you get tired.'

"Well, he entered every cross-country race of that year. His repeated entries in the face of failure became quite a joke among the students.

"'Let 'em laugh,' I comforted. 'Next year you'll start to show 'em something.'

"He dragged in miles behind the slowest. But no man ever obeyed orders more faithfully. As soon as he tired he stopped and rested.

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The choice of thousands on these five *vital* features

Women particularly like the Whippet because of its unusually roomy and comfortable interior. There is actually more leg room than in any other car of this size or type.

THE great nation-wide popularity of the Whippet is of interest to every man, who is going to buy a car this year. It is a story of success without parallel in American motor car experience. Before you invest your money in any automobile you are entitled to know the facts . . . The Whippet isn't just an old car brought up-to-date. It is completely new—designed and built scientifically to correct modern traffic and driving difficulties that cars of this price class do not adequately meet. A car without precedent—yet with a background of 18 successful years of engineering experience.

Into 100¼-inches of wheelbase are concentrated every major engineering lesson of the past decade. You get speed—55 miles an hour is all we claim—but Whippet owners frequently tell us they get better than 60—faster than many light sixes—and in safety and comfort.

You get economy—we claim 30 miles on a gallon—Cannonball Baker, one of the world's most expert drivers, averaged 43.28 miles on a gallon in a drive from Los Angeles to New York this past winter. You get riding comfort that no other car can equal—a yardstick will prove this beyond all doubt—the Whippet actually has more leg room than any other car of its size or type.

Just imagine what this saving will mean to you in a single year. "30 miles on a gallon of gasoline"—well over 1,000 miles on a gallon of oil, with remarkably low upkeep expense.

And finally you get the necessary safety and protection of 4-wheel brakes. We say necessary advisedly. The whole trend is that way. At the 1925 Automobile Show 44.3% of the chassis were equipped with 4-wheel brakes. In 1926, 63.2%. And in 1927, 86%. Surely, no car is modern without 4-wheel brakes today. A year from now its resale value is bound to suffer.

Low-swung, graceful, distinctive. The Whippet's height and length are in true symmetrical proportion. It will park at a 14-foot curb. Gabriel Snubbers add to your riding and driving ease. Clear vision corner posts enable you to see both sides of the road.

To body engineering has been brought this same creative viewpoint. The Whippet sounds a new note in its low roof lines, the smart taper of the hood, the full sweep of the body, the low gravity center. Out of the crowd of cars you see on American highways, this *one stands out.* Smart, distinctive, colorful. Whippet-driving has become the vogue.

The Whippet is now available in six distinctive body styles—at new low prices that millions can afford. Touring $625; Roadster $695; Coach $625; Coupe $625; Sedan $725; Landau $755. Prices f. o. b. factory. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

4-wheel brakes enable the Whippet to stop in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles an hour. They provide 192 square inches of braking surface—far more per pound of car weight than any other light car built today.

OVERLAND *Whippet*

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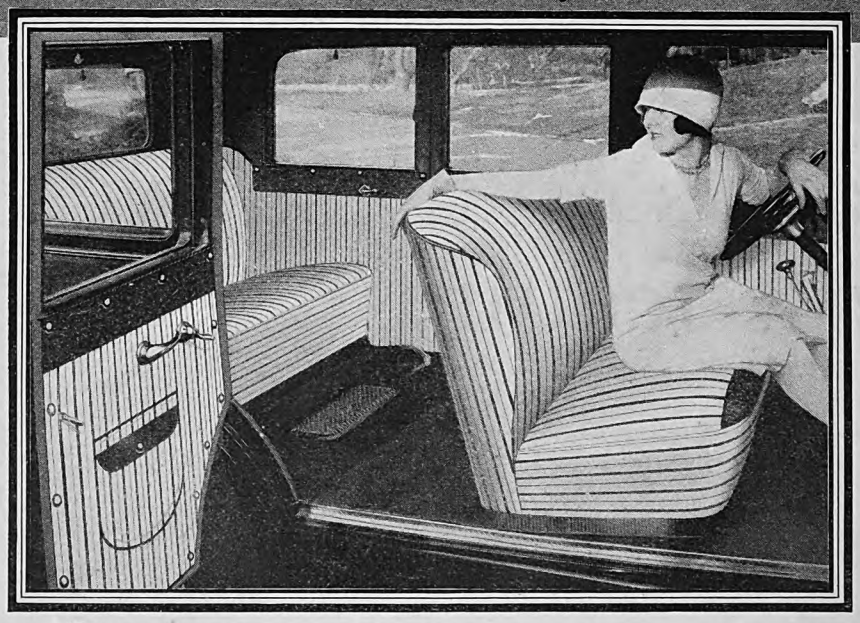
Protect and Beautify Your Car



4 vital improvements found *only* in New FANDANGO AUTO SEAT COVERS

1. Only FANDANGOS snap on or off in 10 minutes—by the watch. 2. Only FANDANGOS are attached with absolutely no tacking or sewing. 3. Only FANDANGOS leave upholstery and interior unmarred when removed. 4. Only FANDANGOS have the new fasteners whose features insure perfect satisfaction.

Guarantee Perfect Fit—FANDANGO Seat Covers must satisfy you in fit, workmanship, material, looks, every way. Over 100,000 car owners adopted FANDANGO Covers in 1926. Made by the world's largest seat cover manufacturers. Many $50 to $75 made-to-order covers do not fit, look or wear better than FANDANGOS. They fit perfectly because master patterns are cut for every model car we list as soon as released by the makers.

On or off in 10 Minutes—And—no harm to upholstery. Unlike other methods, with the new patented FANDANGO pin fasteners you can quickly snap covers on or off, leaving no marks in the upholstery. They need no tacking and no sewing. Complete instructions come in each box of covers.

You Get 10 Pieces in a Set—Set consists of covers for seats, backs, side panels and arm rests, and door covers with large pockets. Back cover of single front seat reaches floor, protecting against feet of back seat occupants. Wearing edges are reinforced with Spanish art leatherette harmonizing with cover material.

Beauty—the handsome striped seat cover material and harmonizing art leatherette trim beautify the interior of most new cars. FANDANGO Covers renew the interiors of old cars beautifully and economically.

Protection—Frolicking children, greasy hands, muddy feet, or road dirt have no terrors for a car protected with these improved seat covers. And—FANDANGO Covers leave no marks and do no harm to your car's interior or upholstery.

Higher Resale Value—The condition of the interior of cars greatly affects their resale value. FANDANGO Seat Covers keep upholstery new and clean. Car dealers are being advised this year to allow only what your car will bring when resold.

Sanitary—Your health and your children's health is endangered by germ-laden upholstery. FANDANGO Covers can be removed easily, cleaned and snapped on again. FANDANGOS keep clean, keep clothes clean and are easy to clean.

Exclusive Conveniences—The new, patented FANDANGO fastener permits snapping FANDANGOS on or off in 10 minutes. No sewing, no tacking or boring—no harm to your car or upholstery.

See these amazingly attractive covers on the car you are going to buy at your dealers. Or order direct from us. Read coupon carefully, then fill it out. We will ship your order promptly. Send no money.

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"At the end of the third year he was finishing among the leaders. The heart valve had grown almost to normal. No longer did he need to stop for rests. And when the trials were held of candidates for the relay team that was to be sent to England, he qualified by coming in second!

"I SAID something a while ago about how seldom we exceed our working capacity, though overwork is one of the accepted modern excuses for a nervous breakdown. I return to that because of another case which comes to mind here. It shows very clearly how easy it is to dissipate energy by modern living.

"A man I have in mind was in his fifties, and a famous breeder and trainer of horses. One day while at his work, which was performed largely on horseback, he collapsed. The physician who was summoned hurriedly diagnosed his illness as a nervous breakdown due to overwork.

"After a period in the hospital under the most careful treatment, he was sent to a health sanitarium for rest. Next he visited famous baths and health resorts. For months he was under the care of doctors. Eventually, when he was returned home, still a wreck of his former vigorous self, he was under strict orders never to mount a horse again, to avoid doing this and that, to eat only certain prescribed foods, and to keep away from all excitement.

"One day a mutual friend called my attention to the man. We were at a horse show. The invalid was on foot. He walked like a man of advanced age, spoke in a weak voice, and appeared literally to be dying on his feet.

"'Can't you do something for him?' asked the friend. 'I think he's dying of a broken heart.'

"I asked him to explain.

"'The one thing he loves most in this world,' he replied, 'is a good saddle horse. And he has been ordered, if he hopes to live, never to throw leg over a saddle again. That knowledge of never riding again has broken his heart.'

"The sick man and I got together shortly and had a long talk. I persuaded him to be frank with me, to tell me everything about his old life before the breakdown. I discovered that he had not been doing an unreasonable amount of work, and that he had worked because he loved it. He was never happier than when on a horse and directing horsemen.

"But he smoked entirely too many cigars. He was an inveterate coffee drinker, consuming a dozen and more cups of coffee a day. He was socially popular, and his evenings were a continual round of social engagements—bridge parties, theatre parties, dance parties. He had seldom got to bed before two o'clock in the morning. At six he was up and out for a morning ride, after which he started his day's work.

"He had *not* broken down from overwork. He had been broken by overpleasure, by too little sleep, by too many stimulants! He had not played fifty-fifty with nature.

"We formulated a program. It embraced a re-creation of his old life in *mod ration*. 'You may ride,' I instructed; 'but don't ride as much or as hard as you did. You may smoke; but your limit

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20 charming Body Types and Color Combinations feature the new Paige style cars!

4 chassis
Sixes & Eights
Prices ranging from
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6-45 Brougham
$1095

YOU must see—you must *drive*—these new Paige cars before you can fully appreciate what beautiful cars they are—what wonderfully performing cars—what truly amazing values.

Climaxing eighteen years of successful manufacture, these twenty new models are not only the most beautiful Paige cars ever built, but the greatest values Paige has ever offered as well.

The veteran personnel of the Paige organization, skilled and experienced in the manufacture of fine cars only, assures the complete dependableness and surprising ability of these new Paige cars—just as the great Paige resources and new Paige plant (adjudged by foremost engineers one of the most efficient in the industry) make possible the new low prices of these cars.

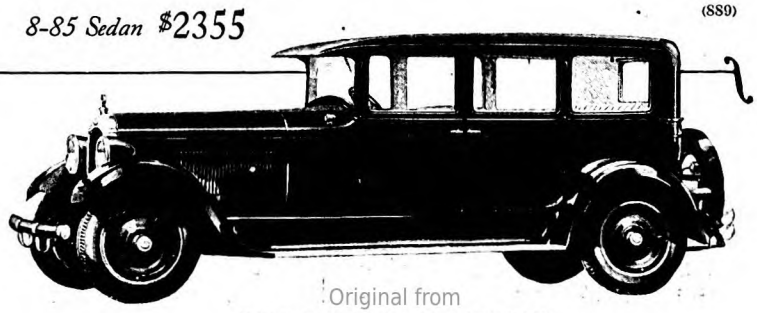
You've never had such an opportunity for personal expression as that afforded by the twenty charming models of the new Paige line. Among these many Sixes and Eights is one ideally suited to your requirements, and exactly expressing your taste.

Naturally these new Paige cars embody all of the latest mechanical improvements, such as air cleaners, silent chain timing, bronze-backed bearings, cushioned clutches, balanced propeller shafts, oil-seal universals—and the matchless safety of Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes.

In justice to yourself, you should by all means see the new Paige line for 1927 before you buy any motor car. Your nearest Paige dealer will permit you to drive the model of your choice, entirely without obligation. See him soon.

(889)

8-85 Sedan $2355



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henceforth is three cigars a day. Keep just a third of your social engagements; but go home before eleven. Sleep until you wake up. Let nature take care of the amount of sleep you get. Eat what you like, but don't overeat.' And I advised him how to restrict his diet and still enjoy his food.

"Within a year he was doing almost as much work as he had ever done, and he insisted that he 'never had felt better in his life.' He looked well, slept well, ate well, was happy. In fact, he felt in such fine fettle that he began to revert to his former life.

"'I'm all right now,' he argued. 'Why should it hurt me?'

"'It wouldn't,' I warned, 'if you were still young. Youth would give you recuperation. But you're no longer young. Your previous excesses have burned you out, lessened your capacity. If you step over the line beyond moderation again you'll crack, and the next time that happens you won't be able to come back.'

"Understand, he was once more doing almost as much work as he had ever done, but he was indulging in only a fraction of his old pleasures. And under this program he stayed in excellent shape, considering what he had been through. But as soon as he went back to the full round of pleasure, as he did go back, he lasted only a few months.

"WHEN a man comes into this office and tells me he is not getting on well in his work, that his work tires him out, and that he fears he is over-working, the first thing I want to know is what he is doing with his time *outside* of working hours. Every activity dissipates energy. Play dissipates it as surely as does work. You can't keep late hours, smoke, drink, and eat to excess, and play to excess, and then charge resultant aches up to work.

"The secret of health is moderation, not in one or two things, but in *everything*. Lack of health, lack of happiness, or lack of achievement invariably is a warning of immoderation. Too much rest is just as bad as too much of anything else.

"'How many hours of sleep do I need?' is a question frequently asked.

"That is a question that each individual must determine for himself. It is governed by the amount of energy he expends when he is awake. If you are tired and sleepy when you arise in the morning, don't blame it on the hour necessity compels you to arise, but put the blame where it belongs—on the hour that you went to bed.

"It may surprise you when I say that we *can't* get too much sleep. If you don't believe this, shut off the alarm clock, hang a do-not-disturb sign on your bedroom door, and turn in. Nature will awake you when you have slept enough. She is an unfailing alarm clock. For myself, I need ten hours' sleep nightly. I am of a nervous disposition that burns up that amount of energy each day. But I don't make up those extra two hours by lying abed in the morning; I go to bed two hours earlier at night.

"Most folks believe that they can rob sleep to-night and make it up by an extra-long stretch to-morrow night. Unfortunately, that can't be done. Sleep once lost is lost forever. It can't be made up. That part of your vitality, or energy, given you to cover your lifetime has been expended beyond recall. It is just so much taken from your storehouse. You may not miss it now, but you will when you pass the sixty mark.

"TO-DAY there seems to be a fad to be thin.

"Many people in middle age and beyond are the worst and most serious offenders in the matter of reducing," continued Doctor Wharton. "Nature intentionally, with most folks, adds weight with years. The layer of fat that becomes most noticeable over the stomach is furnished for additional warmth and protection to vital organs, and to compensate for the fact that with age the body generates less warmth. A little fat, at forty, is no sign of physical degeneration.

"What should be your normal weight? The weight that is the result of normal living, of living that practices moderation and has due regard for capacity in everything.

"It is a good plan, about every six months, to subject yourself to an impartial analysis. As a starter, make a list of your most common activities, of the things which you do regularly; and don't overlook your meals, the stimulants in which you indulge, such as tobacco, coffee, tea, and the like, and your hours of rising and retiring. Now check over the list; stand off in judgment over yourself. Which of these activities give you the most pleasure? Which of them bore you? If you get up with a bad taste in your mouth, what thing that you did was responsible for it? Do you sleep well? Eat well? If not, scan that list most carefully, and *before* you conclude to blame the trouble on your liver, your heart, or some other physical deficiency, see if you can't find a clue to it from the list.

"Experiment with your routine, if this seems necessary. Cut down here, add a little there. *You* know, far better than anyone can tell you, which of your activities is most likely to be of harm to you. We humans are peculiarly sensitive instruments. Invariably, there is registered somewhere or somehow in our consciousness a warning that the things which are not good for us, as individuals, are not right. Have will power enough to stop when common sense, or instinct, or conscience, warns you that you should stop.

"Balance your activities as carefully as you can alone, with the resolve that, while you are going to continue getting a lot of fun out of life, you are going to be sensible about getting it. Next, visit your physician and see what *he* has to say about you and your program. The time to go to him is now, *when you are well!*"

FREE, gratis and for nothing, Ellis Parker Butler tells you next month "Ten Ways to Make a Fool of Yourself." From that time in zero weather, when little Ellis licked an iron pillar that held up a porch two stories above the street, he has been testing out a number of ways in which one can achieve asininity. Any one of these ten ways offered are guaranteed to give full and complete satisfaction.

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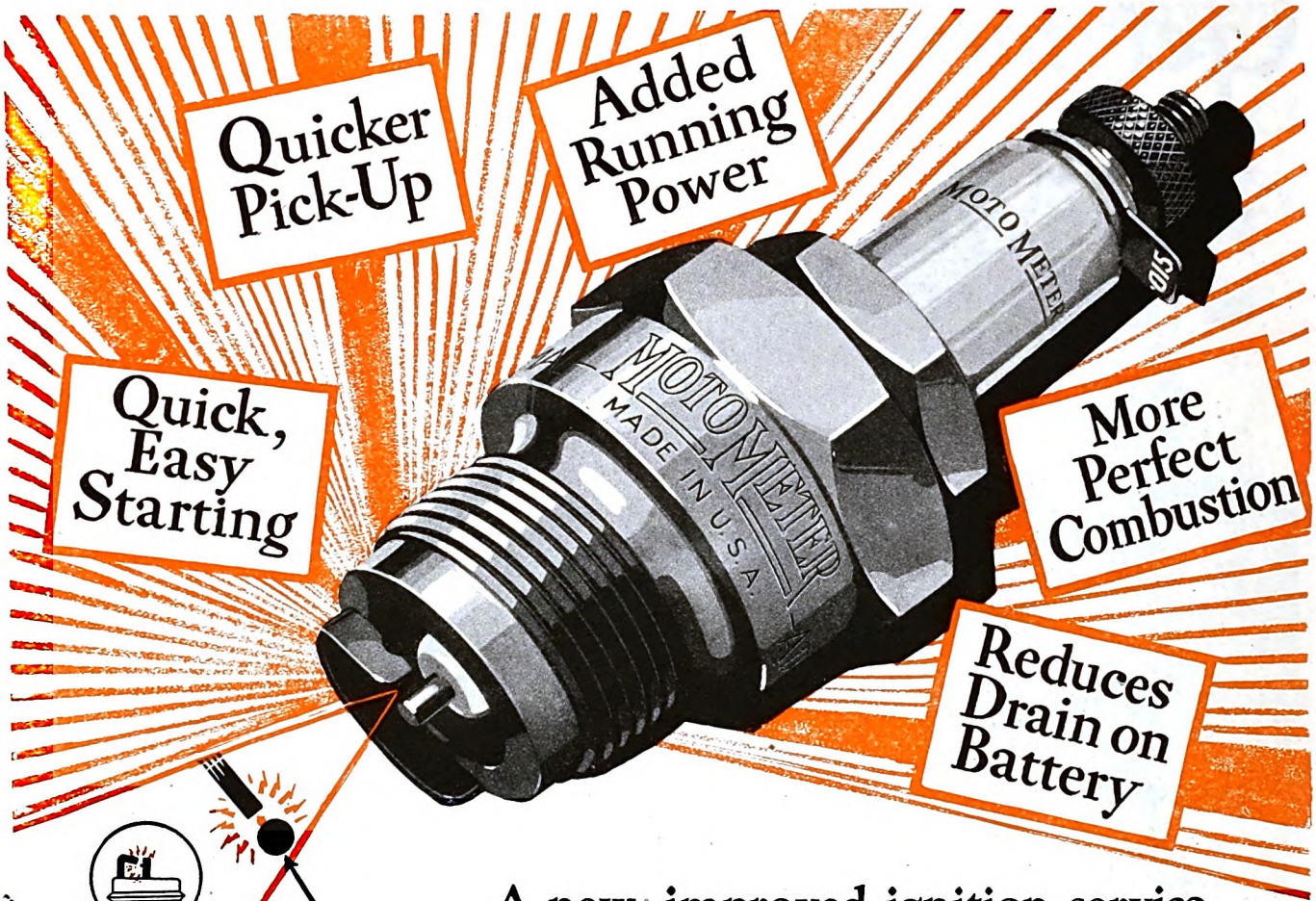

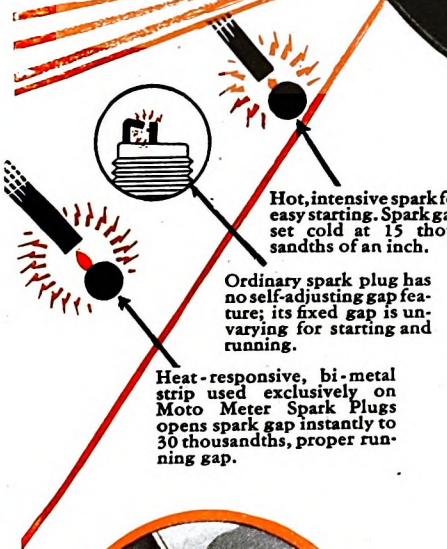

A new, improved ignition service —within the reach of every motorist

The Moto Meter Spark Plug with its self-adjusting spark gap, represents the greatest advance in spark plug design in 20 years.

The advantage of a small gap for starting and a wide gap for running, now available in this plug, is recognized and appreciated everywhere. The *ordinary* spark plug must necessarily be a compromise because its set, fixed gap cannot vary its performance to treat two such dissimilar conditions as starting and running.

With the Moto Meter Self-adjusting Spark Plug easy starting and smooth running are assured because the original gap of 15 thousandths of an inch increases to 30 thousandths the instant the engine starts. When the ignition is turned off, the gap adjusts itself to the original small opening. Its performance is unfailing.

Being a Moto Meter product, the motoring public may safely assume that other features which contribute to its remarkable performance, such as its new process insulator, double threaded terminal post, gauge, anti-rust shell, etc., reflect the high standard of quality that has been identified always with the famous Boyce Moto Meter.

The Moto Meter Self-adjusting Spark Plug offers a super-ignition service at a cost virtually that of ordinary plugs. Install a set in your own car; enjoy the thrill of improved motor performance; we know you will agree it is a real achievement.

THE MOTO METER COMPANY, Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.
THE MOTO METER CO. OF CANADA, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario

The name Moto Meter is the registered trade mark and exclusive property of this company

A proper size and type of Moto Meter Self-adjusting Spark Plug for every engine. For Fords 75c. For other cars 90c. For Bus and Truck (Heavy Duty) $1.00

When you press your foot on the starter—why do the lights go down?

Night or day, when you press your foot on the starter, a great amount of current is used to turn the engine; as a consequence, very little finds its way to the spark gap.

While starting, a battery may be only 60% efficient—a reduced voltage, just when maximum power is most needed; logically with such a condition a small spark gap is essential, to insure quick ignition and prevent drain on the battery.

MOTO METER
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

SELF-ADJUSTING

SPARK PLUG

Boyce Moto Meter — *Moto Meter Tire Tester*

IF IT'S A MOTO METER PRODUCT IT'S THE LEADER IN ITS LINE

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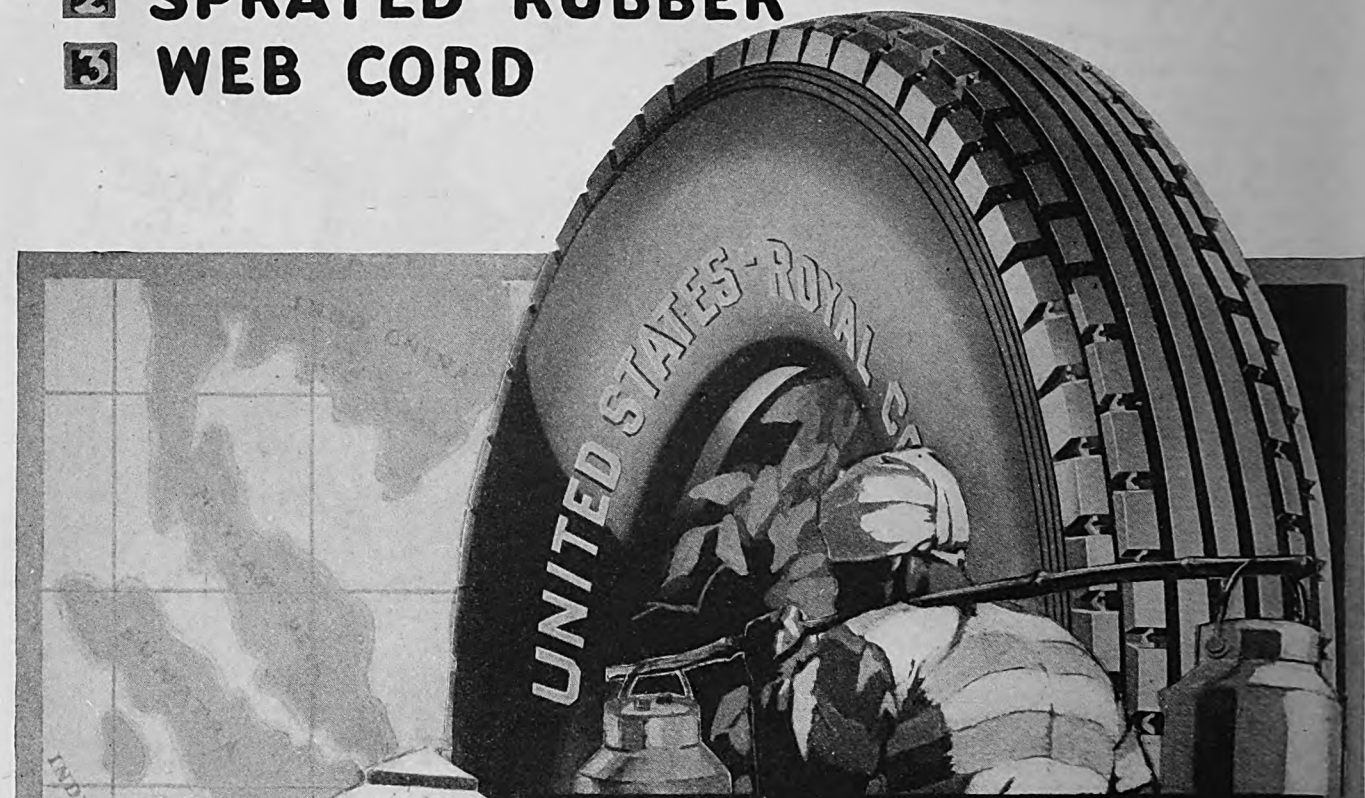
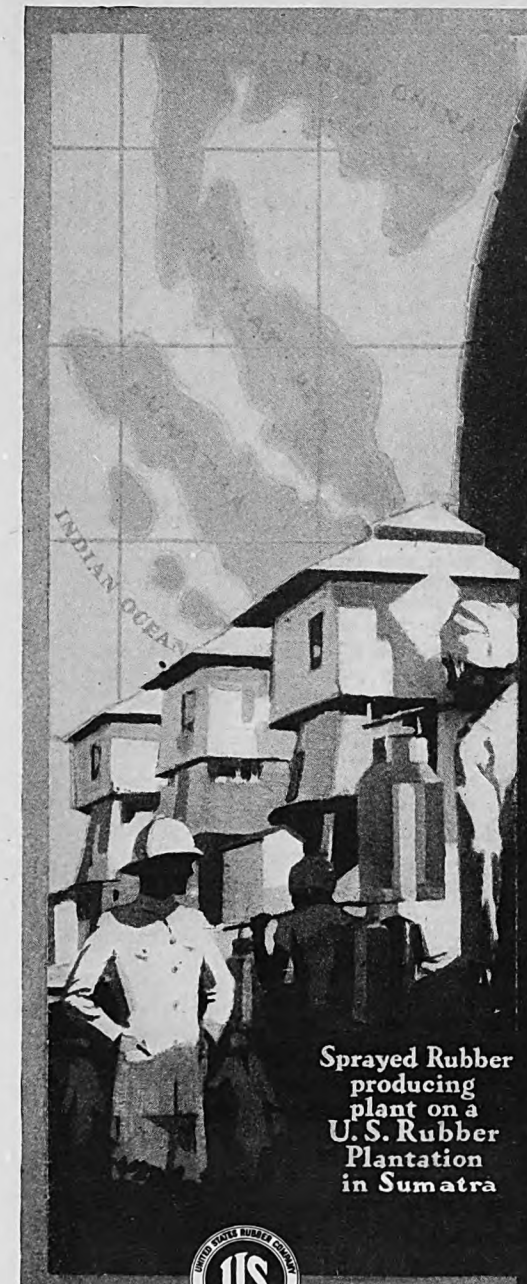
Get more for your money!

1 FLAT BAND METHOD
2 SPRAYED RUBBER
3 WEB CORD





Sprayed Rubber producing plant on a U. S. Rubber Plantation in Sumatra

Why does Sprayed Rubber give so much more to the car owner?

SPRAYED RUBBER gives more to the car owner because it gives him longer wearing tires.

It is stronger, more uniform, purer.

It is made from a specially fine rubber latex. It is produced by a new and exact mechanical method —and *without the use* of either smoke or acid.

The United States Rubber Company invented this method specifically to make better tires. Just as they established the United States Rubber Plantations in 1909 to improve the quality of their rubber supply.

By creating finer rubber, new methods of producing the rubber and of building it into tires, this Company is creating better tires all along the line.

UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

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Will These Tests Make You Change Your Job?

(*Continued from page 49*)

analysis,' but I am convinced that we have found a certain relationship between body form and bulk as related to the length of the limbs, which at least gives us a hunch as to whether a man, especially under twenty-five, is an introvert or extrovert. However, I will tell you more about that later.

"While our complete introversion-extroversion examination covers forty-eight questions, I believe I can give you a good idea of how to score yourself on them and what the questions really signify, by discussing some twenty sample questions in detail. For instance, if you answer eleven of these questions with a yes, you tend towards introversion. If you answer thirteen of them with a yes, it shows you lean rather heavily toward introversion; and the chances are three to one that you would not make a good salesman or a good foreman. Of course, you might pull through; many introverts do pull through as salesmen or as executives, but they are never really happy at their jobs. These are not the jobs that give introverts one hundred per cent self-realization.

"If, on the other hand, you answer thirteen of these questions with a no, you are undoubtedly a decided extrovert, and the chances are three to one that you will fail as a college student. I mean by that, that among those who do fail as college students, three times as many are extroverts as introverts. Being a college student simply isn't their sort of job.

"Let us take an extreme example: We had a student who had plenty of intelligence, but who had the greatest difficulty with his college work. Finally, he dropped out and by hook or crook worked his way around the world. He came back to college but again did very poor work.

"I ADVISED him to try sales work or to get a job handling men. He answered a want ad and was soon selling washing machines from house to house in Utica. He instantly proved to be a 'whiz' and made one hundred and fifty dollars the first week. He jumped to New York with this stake, and secured a job soliciting advertising, where he hit a fast pace.

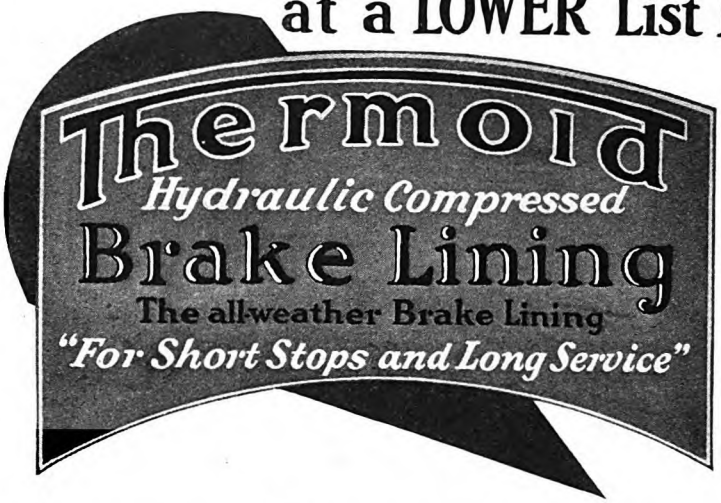
Within six months after he left school he went back to his native town of fifteen thousand people in central New York as manager of the daily newspaper, which was on the verge of bankruptcy. That was only a year ago. His newspaper is now on a substantial basis; he is a director of the Chamber of Commerce, a Rotarian, and the principal fellow in his town to get things done.

"Now, what a pity it would have been to force that extrovert boy through college! Of course, not all extroverts are going to do this well, but it indicates that our introversion-extroversion tests have some value, at least in keeping a man out of the wrong job.

"Let us discuss these twenty questions

a Real New Departure!

a BETTER Product at a LOWER List Price



Greater "Stopability" at Lower List Prices to Car Owners

AS A RULE, the leading product in its field is the most expensive. Thermoid is an exception to that rule. It is a *better* product which actually costs the consumer *less*.

Today Thermoid is better than ever. The outstanding hydraulic compressed brake lining. The type almost universally recognized by automotive engineers as the best for four-wheel brakes. And equally effective for two-wheel brakes.

Yet the hearty cooperation of the progressive garageman and our improved manufacturing methods make possible lower list prices to the car owner.

For your next re-lining job, look for the garage showing the Thermoid Service Sign. There you will get the *dependable* brake lining, installed *right* at the *right* price. Why pay more when you can get the best for less?

Thermoid *Hydraulic Compressed* Brake Lining is sold at 37% less than the old high list prices to car owners.
Thermoid *Interwoven* Brake Lining sells at 50% lower. Note these typical examples:

SIZE		Old High List Price Per Foot	Price Per Foot Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed	Price Per Foot Thermoid Interwoven
2½" x ¼"	Packard Straight 8	1.50	.95	.75
2½" x 3/16"	Hudson Lincoln	1.10	.69	.55
2¼" x 3/16"	Dodge	1.00	.63	.50
2" x 3/16"	Buick Master 6 Chandler Studebaker Standard	.90	.57	.45
2" x 5/32"	Chrysler 70 Nash Special 6 Chevrolet	.85	.54	.43
1¾" x 3/16"	Chrysler 80 Hupmobile 6	.80	.50	.40

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY
Factories and Main Offices,
Trenton, N. J.

Makers of Thermoid Interwoven Brake Lining, Thermoid and Rexoid Transmission Lining, Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints, Thermoid Radiator Hose and Mechanical Rubber Goods

THERMOID

Thermoid Rubber Co.
Trenton N.J.
Gentlemen:— Please send me the name of the nearest Thermoid Service Station and your booklet "All About Brakes"

(NAME) _____

(ADDRESS) _____

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Light up....for comfort

FIRST be sure you have good lamps everywhere in your car. Then you will have the real comfort of adequate light inside, and outside, the security and convenience of a clear driving light far down the road.

Light up for comfort with the improved Edison MAZDA* Auto Lamps. And for safety's sake, be sure that your lights are properly focused so that they give the maximum driving light without glare, and be sure that you carry spare lamps for an emergency.

Ask an Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Dealer to show you the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit and to fit it out for you with the proper lamps for every light position in your car. For his identification as a reliable dealer he displays the emblem shown immediately below.

For your own safety and the safety of others, carry spare lamps — in the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

which I spoke of as good samples, in some detail. You might gather the idea at first that we are unfavorable to the introverts. That is not true. The introverts do just as big work as the extroverts. One class is also just as intelligent as the other. Some introverts are brilliant and some are dumb-bells. The same is true of extroverts. The tragedy is an introvert in an extrovert job or vice versa.

"My first question is this: (A 'yes' answer indicates introversion, 'no' indicates extroversion.)

(1) Do you shift jobs during the day?

"The extrovert plows right through the jobs of the day. The introvert is inclined to tinker with his car a few minutes, then look at the furnace, then putter around his back yard, and then get back to his car. The extrovert sticks at the car until he gets it running.

(2) Are you inclined to forget the feelings of others?

"Not long ago I was at a scientific meeting when a certain distinguished scientist was suggested to head an important committee. All present threw up their hands in horror, and said, 'If you put that man on the committee, it will be just one continual rag-chewing.'

"Now I know that man to be an extreme introvert. The introvert is much more likely to tell you the blunt truth. He doesn't understand the feelings of others. He should understand them, for while he is outspoken himself, yet his own feelings are more sensitive than those of the extrovert. It is a sort of incongruity. The extrovert may think something offensive, but he keeps it to himself. The introvert works well alone, but is not a good diplomat.

(3) Do you keep yourself in the background at social affairs?

"The introvert actually *wants* to be a wallflower. Even if he can dance, he prefers to sit it out. He will not reach out for friends, and expects the other fellow to make all the advances.

(4) In social conversation, are you usually a mere listener?

"Your introvert likes to think, especially to day-dream, but he doesn't care to put his thinking into words. He may think better and wiser things than the extrovert, but just doesn't say them. All youngsters, for instance, are more extrovert than old people. They have not yet become reflective and self-centered.

(5) Do you ever try *not* to lend things?

"Here is something very interesting about that: While women in general are more introvert than men, yet they are usually more free in making loans. Moral: When you want to borrow, borrow from your sister. This shows up in the way girl friends wear each other's clothes. Men do not wear each other's clothes.

"Your hard-headed cashier at the bank is usually an introvert. The man at the pay window, who has to be affable to every customer, is usually an extrovert. Yet while introverts are tighter about loaning money, they pay up more promptly than extroverts. Moral again: Borrow from an extrovert—lend to an introvert.

(6) When praised, do you work much better?

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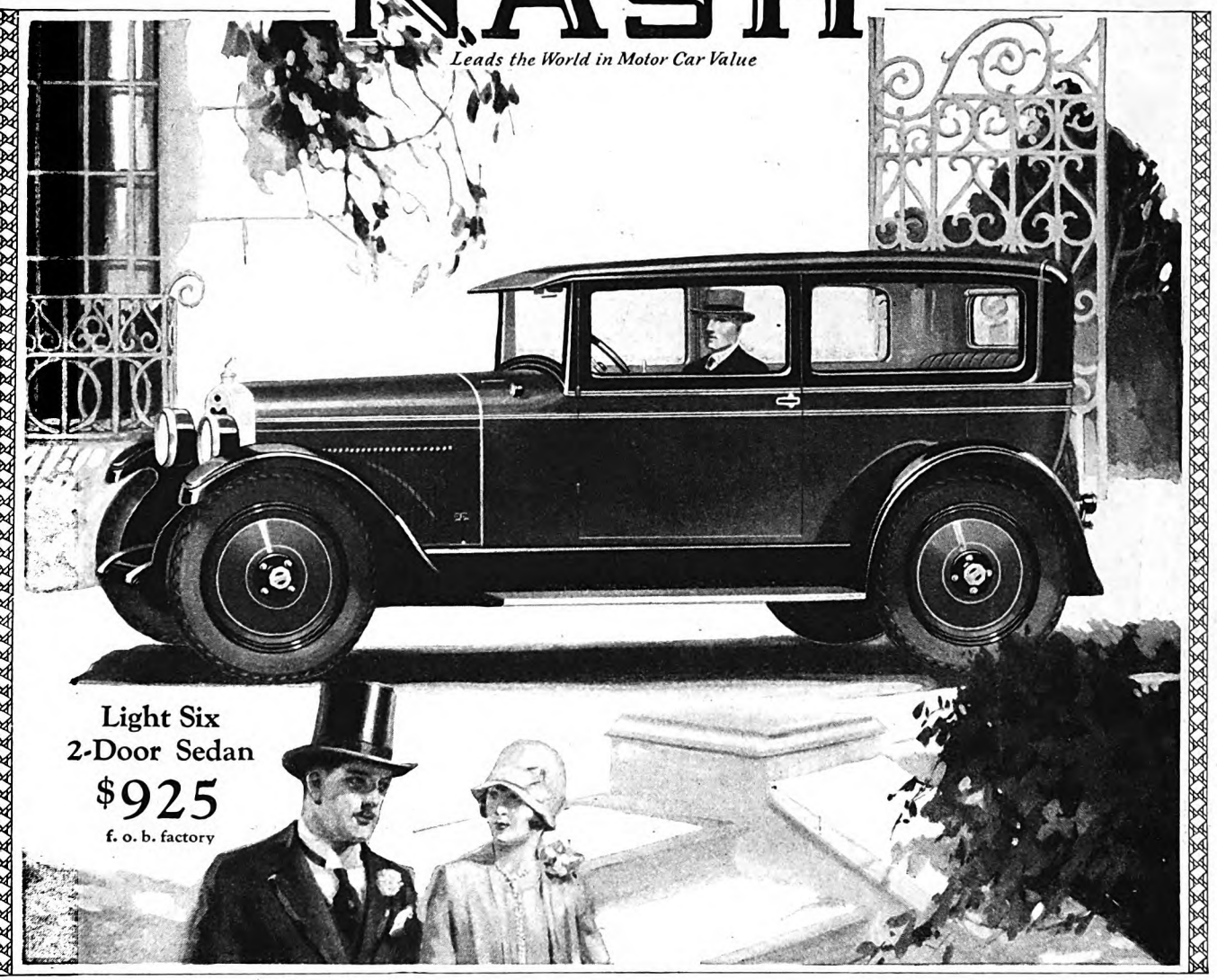
NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value



The Superlative Value of Its Field

With the Vital Advantage of a 7-Bearing Motor

From every viewpoint this new Light Six model completely outclasses any other car in its field.

It is the ONLY car of its type at less than $1,000 powered with a 7-bearing crankshaft motor—*the world's smoothest type.* This, alone, means absolute supremacy in power-*smoothness* and power-*quietness* throughout the full range of performance.

And added to such sensational performance-ability, this new car owns such rare distinction in appearance and such splendid equipment that its superiority is apparent at a glance. The body is noteworthy not only for its grace of line, but in its quality of workmanship. For it has the genuine wood-frame construction employed in the costliest cars of America and Europe. Doors are especially big and broad, and the front seats are of the luxurious parlor-car type.

Four-wheel brakes that are the most efficient known to the industry; 5 disc wheels; an oil purifier; an air cleaner; and many other important attractions are included in the amazingly low price placed on this model. (5045)

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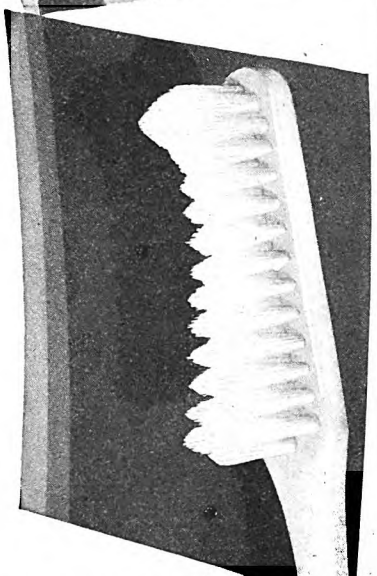

Front teeth
Back teeth
All are
"Smiling Teeth"
when you use the
Pro-phy-lac-tic
brush

THE success of a smile depends on your teeth. Frequently front teeth give a good report of brushing but a generous smile puts the back teeth on parade too. Can the back ones stand the test of a smile? To keep all your teeth beautiful and sound use a brush that cleans them all. Some brushes won't let you do this. But the Pro-phy-lac-tic will.

Sold by all dealers in the U. S., Can., and all over the world. Three sizes—Adult, Small, Baby; with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. Prices in U. S. and Can. are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60c.

MADE IN FLORENCE, MASS. U. S. A. Pro-phy-lac-tic STERILIZED GUARANTEED MEDIUM REG. IN U. S. PAT. OFF.

© 1927, P. B. Co.

"The introvert craves praise, and often actually fishes for compliments.

"It is mostly a waste of time to pass out compliments to extroverts.

(7) In your daily actions, such as walking, talking, dressing, eating, are you usually deliberate and slow?

"The fellow who walks down the street, his heels thumping hard every time they hit the pavement, his coat tails flapping as he turns the corner, is probably an extrovert. It is an introvert characteristic to be reserved in action. When the extrovert gets under pressure, he hurries; the introvert often gets rattled and blows up.

"We had thought that the extrovert, being more rapid, would meet with more accidents. But our investigations indicate no difference. It may be that the introvert, plugging along at twenty miles an hour in his car, meets with accidents because he is day-dreaming; the extrovert gets his because he is going forty miles an hour.

(8) Do you usually work out things without asking help?

"When the introvert goes to repair his automobile, he likes to think it out himself. He would rather blunder along than ask his neighbor, who could maybe fix his car in a minute. He sometimes carries self-reliance too far.

"We found that the men in factories who make the delicate, fine tools are almost to a man introverts. They are thinkers and designers. They resent interference. It is common knowledge among factory executives that tool makers are a hard bunch to handle. They call it temperament, but that is just their name for introversion.

(9) In personal appearance, do you try to follow fashions closely?

"For instance, have you noticed that there are almost no men's fashion magazines? There are a number of women's magazines in this field. This is probably related to the fact that we have found women as a rule more introvert than men, and introverts follow fashions more than extroverts do. Of course problems of sex are also involved here.

(10) Do you keep your personal property in good repair, and give it close attention?

"When I see an automobile going down the street, all spick and span, I say to myself, 'That man probably tends toward introversion; I would not try to borrow money from him.' However, if he were a lawyer, he would probably be the kind I should like to have prepare a brief; or if an architect, the kind I should like to have plan and design the details of my house, but not the man to build it. In contrast, when I see a car rattling along about two miles ahead of the junk heap, with the driver wearing a face like a million dollars, I say, 'There is probably a good salesman or a good foreman—an extrovert.'

(11) Has the opposite sex proved uninteresting to you?

"Bachelors and women who do not marry are more likely to be of the introvert type.

"The introvert has a much harder time in throwing off his love disappointments than the extrovert. Your introvert falls in love more deeply. He builds his whole home and future around one girl. If he loses her, it throws all of his thinking out of gear. The introvert woman is the same way. The extrovert says, 'I should worry; there are plenty more fish in the sea.'

(12) When physical courage has been needed, have you been frightened?

"The introvert makes a poor policeman or fireman. In a tight place he loses his head. There is too much action for him. The extreme extrovert is also just as bad, because of his foolhardiness. Moreover, the automobilists who hog the whole road, regardless of other people, are mostly extroverts. It is not malice, but just the recklessness of their emotional lives.

(13) Do you like to speak in public?

"Nearly every organization has a few men who are always jumping up and making speeches and offering motions and resolutions. These fellows are extroverts. They like to hear their own voices. The introvert may think more wisely and cautiously, and in the end determine the safest action, but it is hard for him to speak in public.

(14) Do you prefer to work alone or with others?

"This is a relative of question eight. The introvert finds himself good company, while the extrovert craves companionship.

"Of course a good deal of introversion and of extroversion is probably acquired—due to habits, education, and circumstances. How much is due to heredity and how much to environment is pretty difficult to say. I know a famous woman who was extremely introvert. She found it was getting her nowhere and making her life unhappy. So she took herself in hand, and forced an interest in other people. She is now a pretty good extrovert and personally much happier. Any person can do wonders in educating his emotions and personal attitudes.

(15) Do you like delicate, painstaking work, rather than coarse, rough work?

"The man who polishes diamonds, or the surgeon who likes to perform delicate operations on the ear, eye, or brain tends toward the introvert type. In contrast, the man who builds his own garage in a half day out of rough lumber shows the extrovert type. The extrovert is the promoter, the man who is interested in bold strokes. However, he is a poor man to figure out the details of a financial promotion, such as retirement, interest, amortization, maturity.

"The typical extrovert is the ideal salesman; the introvert is a splendid man to write the advertising copy—he likes to play with ideas. Some great executives are ambiverts; they are strong both in thinking and planning and working out minute details, and yet are decisive in action. You might speak of them as intellectual, thinking extroverts—good both in thought and action.

(16) Do you enjoy arguing?

"When two extroverts meet, they sell real estate or something else. When two introverts meet, they start an argument.

"The introvert argues for the sake of arguing. He just naturally takes the opposite side.

"Your extrovert doesn't waste much time arguing; he is always going to do big things, and very often does. He is the

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New Peaks
of speed, power and safety

As Thrilling in Beauty as in Performance

In appearance and value, as well as performance, Hudson is the most talked of car of the year. It has captured public imagination as no other car ever shown. Its dramatic welcome rapidly swept to new sales peaks, far exceeding the greatest factory output Hudson ever produced. And this leadership is still ascending on nation wide acknowledgment of the new meaning which the released Super-Six principle gives to performance.

The Super-Six has the smoothness of an electric motor. Four years' development led to full release of its capacity in power, stamina and safety. Your Hudson Super-Six never extends itself. It always has reserve power for the approaching hill or for greater speed. And its four-wheel brakes with the flexibility of the motor permit a flashing nimbleness you will like.

There is a car in its seven new body types that meets any desire for beauty, comfort and luxury.

The Super-Six Principle freed to the Limit

HUDSON

Standard Coach $1285 · Standard Sedan $1385

Custom Built Models

Roadster $1500 · Phaeton $1600 · Brougham $1575
5-Passenger Sedan $1750 · 7-Passenger Sedan $1850

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

Super-Six

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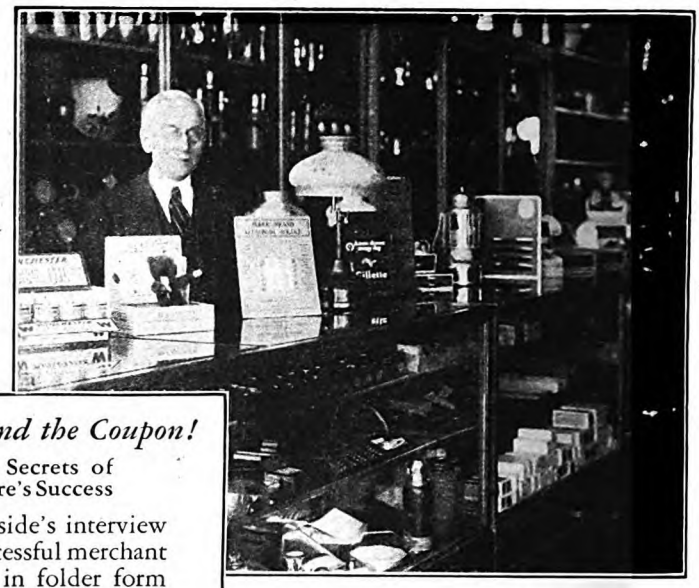
Are 'Sales' Necessary?

This Merchant Doesn't Believe In Holding Sales—and He's Made a Big Success



HOW can this merchant do a yearly business that's bigger than many big-city stores—when his store is located in a town of only 2600?

What are the secrets of his success? And why is it that in spite of his big volume of business *he's never held a sale?*

He Tells—

This store's methods have been so successful that Farm & Fireside went to the man who owns it and asked for the facts—in order to make them available to retail merchants generally.

For this is the kind of information that every wide-awake dealer in the country is interested in today: How to increase sales—how to speed up turnover—and how to spread the influence of the store over a much wider area, just as this New York State merchant has done.

Big Farm Trade

One of the most striking bits of information this merchant gave us was that *no less than 75 per cent of his total volume of sales comes in from farmers.*

That means he has taken unusual care to cultivate this class of business.

But what of the merchandising methods he uses to pile up his profits?

How does he *display* goods, for instance — so that people just naturally can't help but come in and buy?

DEALERS: *Send the Coupon!*

Get the Secrets of this Store's Success

Farm & Fireside's interview with this successful merchant is presented in folder form — and you can obtain a copy FREE by returning the attached coupon.

All these facts—together with a dozen other vital merchandising secrets—are told in folder form as a result of Farm & Fireside's interview with this merchant.

Get this Story

For instance — you can know why he's able to draw farm trade from a 20-mile radius—how he handles time-payment selling—what he's learned about effective merchandise arrangement—and about the store alteration that resulted in a big, healthy increase in his sales volume.

This store's methods are all practical, workable, tried and proven by the test of time and results. Any retail merchant who wants to increase his farm trade can use them to advantage.

The facts are all available to you in this folder.

Part of Farm & Fireside's 1927 Service to Retailers

This is the second chapter in Farm & Fireside's 1927 service to the retailers of the United States. And it's a rounding out of the service which retailers who sell the farmer expect from this magazine—for three basic reasons:

1. Over a period of years merchants have come to look on Farm & Fireside as the farm magazine of *national* authority and influence.

   They know its circulation reaches more than 1,200,000 farm homes—an average of one for about every two farms of a hundred acres and over throughout the country. And this means it is read by the cream of every rural retailer's local trade.
2. Retailers know that Farm & Fireside has a highly *personal* character—and that it is read with warmer interest than probably any other farm magazine.
3. And finally *because* of these facts, they know that the advertising pages of Farm & Fireside are working every minute to build more sales for them. And they have demonstrated this over and over by holding local exhibitions of the goods advertised in Farm & Fireside—to show how Farm & Fireside readers BUY.

The proof of these three fundamental values is the growth of manufacturers' advertising in Farm & Fireside—a faster growth than that of any other magazine in the field.

So in meeting the obligation to retail merchants and advertisers, which such leadership confers—Farm & Fireside will make available the business methods which successful retailers have used in building farm trade—as in the case of this store that never holds a sale.

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me the folder which explains in detail the methods this New York State store used to build its farm business.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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man who builds a house on five hundred dollars cash. The simon-pure introvert, however, doesn't begin to build until he has all the money, or more, in the bank.

"For all these reasons, your extrovert makes the best foreman. One of my former students, who is now superintendent of a brickyard, tried an experiment on this. He put an introvert in charge of one crew and an extrovert in charge of another—both crews doing the same kind of work.

"At the end of ten hours, the men under the introvert were on the verge of striking. Indeed, they agreed to come back the next day only after the superintendent promised them another foreman. But the extrovert kept his men in good humor and working hard.

(17) Are you cautious in making new friends?

"We have boys here who go through the whole four years of college, and hardly know a soul. We have others who know everybody by their first names the first month they land here.

"In some old Eastern towns, nearly all the extroverts have moved to the cities. The remaining inhabitants are uncommunicative. You know it is nearly impossible for a stranger to get acquainted in those places. I have often wondered what would happen if an introvert moved into an introvert town. He would probably remain lonesome the rest of his life.

(18) Are you inclined to choose associates who are below you in physical size?

"Nearly everyone wants to be a leader, and as a rule a leader is a big person physically, although not always. I have noticed that persons of extremely small stature try to show their leadership by choosing friends of much greater size than themselves. Also, persons of very small stature are likely to be introverts. This may be due to their being self-conscious of this one thing. They try to offset it by wearing high hats or clothes that make them look tall. We have also found that a noticeably small person tends to buy a big car. It gives him a sense of size, importance, and leadership.

"As an instance of this, we had a student, a decided extrovert, who went out to a Wyoming town to sell automobiles. They called him the 'Dude from the East,' but he outsold every competitor. One day one of his competitors had a car almost sold to a man who was scarcely five feet tall. Our 'Dude from the East' got the biggest car he had, and parked it by the side of the small car of his competitor. He then asked the short man to stand in front of the two. He instantly chose the big car.

"Now, this is all exactly in line with our work. This big car gave that man *self-realization.* And in one way or another we are all just like him. If we are not short on stature, we are short on something else, and we want the feeling of dignity, power, and greatness. The introvert takes his way of getting these things, and the extrovert takes his way. But if you carry either side to the extreme, you'll find it a severe handicap to your self-realization. Nearly all of us lean either toward the introversion end or the extroversion end of the scale, though few, perhaps, balance dangerously one way or the other. Whether these tendencies are inborn or

Add them up

Emergency antiseptic
Dental cleanser
Mouth wash
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Sunburn relief
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A SINGLE trip to the drugstore—a single bottle of Zonite on the bathroom shelf. And yet the whole family, through that one purchase, comes into possession of a well-equipped medicine chest plus a whole regiment of toilet necessities. Such a family may well feel thoroughly barricaded on all sides against disease.

* * *

Not that Zonite pretends to do many *different* things. Its wide range of usefulness simply means it does one thing extremely well, and that is: *it kills germs.* These germs naturally differ in character. Some enter through a cut or break in the skin, causing blood-poison. Some exist in drinking water. Others colonize on the mucous membranes that line the cavities of the body. For instance, the lining of the throat and nose is the favorite breeding ground for the germs that accompany colds, grippe, influenza and more serious respiratory diseases.

Besides its power to kill germs, Zonite has another important quality: *it is harmless to human beings.* And this is really what sets Zonite apart as the Great Family Antiseptic. Before its discovery, nobody dreamed of a powerful antiseptic-germicide that could actually be held in the mouth, if need be, without injury.

In a household containing little children, the harmlessness of Zonite amounts to a godsend, as contrasted with the caustic, poisonous nature of the old-time germicides such as bichloride of mercury, carbolic acid and iodine.

Fortunately, Zonite is now obtainable everywhere. Its fame as the Great War Antiseptic spread so rapidly that even in the smallest hamlet scarcely a druggist can be found that does not have the green-and-black label on display in his store.

For certain uses you can now buy the new Zonite Ointment, which gives a *continuing* antiseptic action; very grateful to the skin in cases of sunburn, and after shaving. Keep both Zonite and Zonite Ointment on hand at all times; they are household friends. Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Ask your druggist what he uses *himself*

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Full directions with every package

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

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THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
1200 Erie Street, Huntington, Ind.
The Galt Stove & Furnace Co., Ltd., Galt, Ontario

acquired makes no essential difference. The point is they represent inner necessities, and emotional needs which seek an outlet in work that gives to each individual full and complete satisfaction.

"We are now endeavoring to find out whether introverts choose introverts for their friends and extroverts choose extroverts; also, whether an introvert married to an introvert, or an extrovert married to an extrovert make the happier married couples. So far, our investigation indicates that like tends to choose its like in these respects, and brings the happiest results in friendships and in married life.

(19) Do you rewrite many of your letters before mailing them?

"We have found this a very good test of introversion-extroversion. For instance, not long ago I had a letter from a prominent New York editor who is a decided introvert in his thinking, although in his actions he tends somewhat toward extroversion. His letter was so full of interlineations, additions and corrections that it was evident his mind was still working on the letter after his secretary had finished it. Indeed, the letter was mostly rewritten. Introverts are always adding postscripts and afterthoughts to their letters.

(20) Do you talk to yourself from time to time?

"The absent-minded professor who walks about the campus, talking to himself and gesturing, is an example of the decided introvert. The introvert tends to live in an imaginary world. If it is carried to extreme, it develops into the form of insanity known as 'dementia præcox.' Extreme extroversion, however, is just as bad. It leads to the mental disorder known as 'manic-depressive insanity.' That is the kind of insanity where the afflicted person is hilarious and excited one day or one hour and depressed and melancholy the next.

"The introvert carries old grudges. He is still gritting his teeth and swearing under his breath at the traffic cop that bawled him out last week. The extrovert has forgotten the bawling out, and may have been arrested two or three times for traffic violations in the meantime.

"THESE twenty questions may seem very trivial. Each one taken by itself may not have great reliability; but when you score the whole twenty honestly with yourself, and especially if you extend them on to the entire forty-eight questions which Mrs. Laird and my students and I have spent five years in selecting and testing out on all sorts of people, you will find that they give a pretty reliable index of these large traits of your emotional make-up. They have no relationship that we can find to intelligence, that is, the introvert is just as likely to be a dumb-bell or a genius as the extrovert. But it does make a whale of a difference in your success or failure at your job.

"As a prime example of the usefulness of these tests, at least in keeping you from taking up the wrong job or profession, last year a big company put a new adding machine on the market and sent out a number of salesmen, some of them experienced and some of them new men. They all had about the same average intelligence and the territory was fairly allotted. We tested all the men with our introversion-extroversion battery. Some made a big success and some made a big failure; but among the failures there were three times as many introverts as there were extroverts.

"As I said in the beginning, we tested the students who have flunked out here in their college work, and we found that three extroverts flunk out to one introvert.

"AS ANOTHER evidence that these questions have real validity is that we find there is considerable relationship between the way you answer them and the *size and volume of your body as compared with the length of your legs and arms*. This comparison does not have much value after one is twenty-five, because so many people begin to put on fat after that age. If they do not, however, the comparison still has considerable reliability. Before that age the relationship we have found is very significant.

"What we measure is the sheer *trunk volume*—that is, the cubic contents of the body trunk—and then compare that with the length of the limbs. You can be easily deceived about this, as you are likely to think a person with short, full, bulky body has a great trunk volume. Sometimes this is true and sometimes not. But, even if so, it has no significance for our purpose except as you *compare it with the length of the arms and legs*.

"For instance, I have said that extroverts make the best salesmen. Yet, if you go to a convention of salesmen, you will see plenty of thin, skinny fellows that at first glance you would say were introverts. When, however, you come to measure the actual volume of their body trunk and compare it with the length of their legs and arms, you will usually find that they really have large body volume as compared with the length of their limbs.

"You will also find big, bulky-looking fellows who fail as salesmen because they are introverts. But you will discover, as a rule, that their big body bulk is due to fat, or else, when you size up their trunk volume, you will find it is small as compared with the length of their arms and legs. They really have what we call an introvert bodily make-up.

"We are finding that there is here a real anatomical basis for the general trend of one's temperamental characteristics. We have thirty measurements which we make with special instruments imported from Czechoslovakia by the Smithsonian Institution. They are the most accurate anthropometric instruments in the world.

"Speaking generally, the person who has moderate or small trunk volume *in comparison* to rather long legs and arms, tends to be an introvert; and those with large trunk volume *compared* to short legs and arms, are much more likely to be extrovert. President Coolidge is distinctly an introvert. He would certainly answer the question, 'In conversation are you a listener?' with a 'Yes.' He would probably say that in shorthand. Contrast him with such men as Roosevelt, Lloyd-George, and Mr. Bryan.

"Just look about among your friends, and think of the endless talkers and chronic visitors, and also study those who have the other introvert or extrovert characteristics which these questions, *when given as a whole*, bring out, and I am

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Your family and your guests may choose their food or clothing but are obliged to breathe the air in your home whether it is warm or cold, moist or dry, circulated or stagnant, healthful or unhealthful.

How wise it is then to get the heating system that guarantees uniform temperature in coldest weather, that circulates the air throughout all the rooms, that cleanses and tempers it with moisture. The Holland Vaporized Warm Air Circulating System although moderate in price does all these things with a surprising economy of fuel.

Millions now know that Holland Furnaces make homes better to live in, to rent or to sell. Holland Heating Service Men engineer every Holland system to the requirements of the home it is designed to heat. This service is available through 522 Direct Factory Branches and follows the rigid engineering standards established at the home office of the company. The service is uniform in all branches from one coast to the other because all branches are operated by trained Holland men.

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Better results unquestionably come with the use of a complete set of Grand Slam golf clubs, perfectly weighted and graded for power and distance. If, however, you want to "feel your way," there are certain clubs absolutely necessary—driver, brassie, three fairway irons, a trouble iron and a putter. These clubs you *must* have and your Grand Slam dealer will show you an excellent assortment. Later on, the addition of a spoon, a tee iron, two other fairway irons and two other approach clubs will round out your assortment, give you a standardized set of matched and graded clubs and prepare you to meet any playing situation. Prices, woods, $7 to $12.50: irons, $5; with steel shaft, $7. See coupon below.

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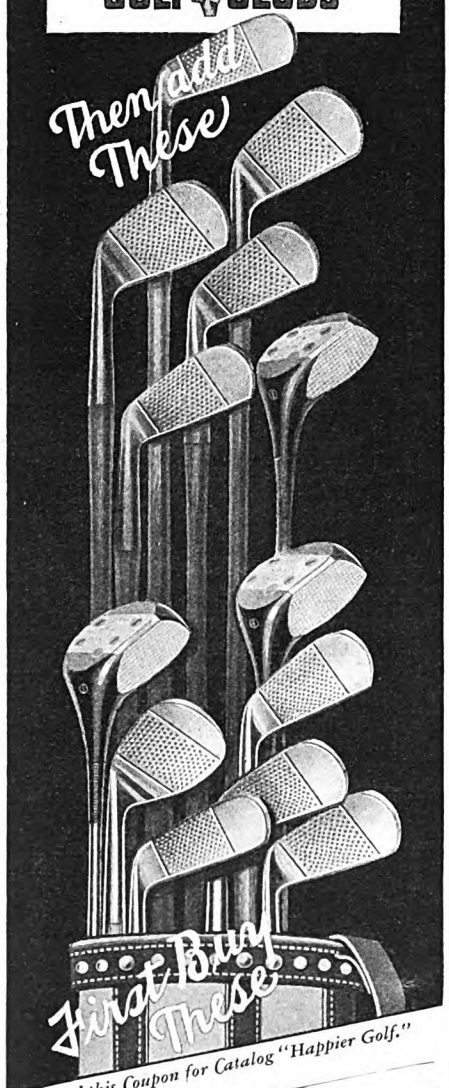

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sure you will see that there is a tendency for them to fall into these two types of appearance and bodily make-up.

"We do not pretend to be able, by these tests, always to tell a man just what job he should go into, but we can tell him what job he should not go into. And this is just about as good, because if we can steer an introvert away from an extrovert job, he is bound to land in an introvert job. And the same is true of the extrovert. And why should a man go through the mental suffering and hardship and discouragement of trying to make himself over. The marked introvert should cultivate extrovert qualities, and the extrovert should take lessons from the introvert; but there is no use of the one trying to transform himself into the other, or to do the other's work.

"Intelligence is only a small part of our lives. The satisfaction of our emotions, our hopes, passions, inspirations and desires is the greatest thing in the world. As Robert Louis Stevenson said, 'To miss the joy is to miss all.' And our hope is that our 'Colgate Mental Hygiene Tests' have made a little step toward the time which Kipling prophesied, when every man should work for the joy of working. That time can come only when psychology and industry will be able to fit each man to his job and the job to the man. That is what I mean by the term self-realization. It means doing your best work and making the most of yourself at the same time."

Score Table

No. of questions	*Score marks*	*No. of questions*	*Score marks*
1	5 to 10	25	7 to 10
2	1 to 3	26	1 to 3
3	1 to 4	27	7 to 10
4	1 to 4	28	1 to 3
5	1 to 4	29	8 to 10
6	1 to 4	30	5 to 10
7	6 to 10	31	9 to 10
8	1 to 3	32	1 to 4
9	7 to 10	33	7 to 10
10	7 to 10	34	1 to 5
11	1 to 6	35	1 to 4
12	9 to 10	36	1 to 5
13	1 to 3	37	1 to 4
14	1 to 4	38	1 to 3
15	7 to 10	39	1 to 3
16	1 to 3	40	1 to 3
17	1 to 2	41	1 to 4
18	6 to 10	42	1 to 2
19	1 to 2	43	1 to 4
20	1 to 4	44	1 to 6
21	7 to 10	45	4 to 10
22	8 to 10	46	1 to 4
23	1 to 5	47	1 to 5
24	1 to 6	48	1 to 6

NOTE: The score marks given in this table indicate only *introversion*. Therefore, if any of your crosses to the questions on the Personal Inventory are under numbers not given on *this* table, then you are an extrovert or ambivert on that particular question. For example: If your X mark on question 5 of Personal Inventory falls on 1 — 4 you are an introvert on that one question; if on 5 — 10 it signifies extroversion or ambiversion (according to the placement of the mark). If your X mark on question 33 of Inventory falls on 7 — 10 it signifies introversion; if on 1 — 6 extroversion or ambiversion is indicated.

As the totals of men and women have a different significance, women requiring a higher total to indicate introversion, extroversion, and ambiversion (owing to the fact that women are more likely to be introverts than men) two separate scores, for men and for women, are printed below.

Scores for Men

(1) If you are a man and have 15 or more crosses which fall under the numbers printed in the scoring table, you are introvert. You would probably find the greatest self-realization in one of the following occupations: proof reader, research investigator, accountant, inspector, die-making, jeweler, artist, and all similar occupations which require fine, keen careful attention and accuracy.

(2) If you have 5 or fewer crosses falling under the numbers in the scoring table, you are not introvert, but extrovert, and would likely be happiest and most successful in the following occupations: salesmanship, foreman, organizer, nurse, hotel clerk, politician, demonstrator, contract man, explorer, and similar occupations requiring plenty of contact with people and the outside world generally.

(3) If you have anywhere from 6 to 14 crosses (inclusive) falling under the scoring table, you are ambivert and would probably find excellent self-realization in the following: office clerk, general mechanic, store proprietor, minister, teacher, chauffeur, detective, manager, and those occupations which require a good many of the qualities of both the introvert and extrovert.

Scores for Women

The difference between the scores for women and for men is that a woman is introvert if she has 20 or more crosses under introversion, where men require only 15. She is extrovert if she has 10 or less under the scoring table numbers where men require only 5 or less in order to be extrovert. This shows how much more likely men are to be extrovert than women. A woman is ambivert if the total number of her crosses which falls inside the scoring table range from 11 to 19 inclusive.

A woman introvert, extrovert or ambivert, finds self-realization in occupations calling for the same sort of mental traits as fit the occupations assigned to the men of the same type.

HAVE you ever speculated about the vital changes that this country will undergo during the next twenty-five or fifty years? Changes that may decentralize industries, depopulate sections of the country, overcrowd the cities, cause the decline of certain localities, and build up new industrial sections and centers of culture. It's a fascinating speculation. But Dr. Joseph Russell Smith, in an amazing article next month, has done more than speculate about it. A rare knowledge of both economics and geography enables him to read the present signs and predict the future. And his predictions are based on deductions and observations made during years and years of close study of our industrial and agricultural facilities, our natural resources, our climate and our civilization.

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"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars"

POWER . . The soft purr of the Packard motor hardly hints its vast reserve power. Yet a touch of the accelerator and the great car leaps forward with the eagerness of a living thing.

In its swift response to the driver's will lies the promise of superb and sustained performance. Mile after mile through the starts and stops of the crowded city, hour after hour on the long pull of the mountain grade, the Packard proves superior to all requirements — Packard power now reigns supreme.

Packard design—widely imitated but never equalled—has long been recognized as an outstanding combination of smartness, beauty and comfort. And Packard power —now unsurpassed in any motor car— offers matchless traffic agility, hill climbing ability and, when emergency demands it, *speed.*

Packard distinction — Packard power! A combination of qualities which has restored to many thousands of new owners their waning zest in motoring.

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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Humpty Dumpty sat high on the wall
Humpty Dumpty had quite a bad fall!
Did the little Spearmen leave him in the lurch?
No indeed—they hoisted him back upon his perch!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

If you want REAL Peppermint flavor

Cool, lasting, refreshing—
Just look for Double Mint
on your dealer's counter
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Made with utmost care for
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The Grateful Lunella

(*Continued from page 31*)

goes to school. And the thing is—she's so grateful. I don't know what for, but it's—well—pathetic."

Again was Clare disarmed by his kindness to Lunella.

"If you'd care to come in until she's finished—" she said, not very cordially.

"Thanks!" said he eagerly. "Nothing I'd like better! You know, I enjoyed our little talk last night."

Our talk!

He sank into a chair with a sigh; but almost at once straightened up again.

"Look here!" he said. "Perhaps I'm bothering you. Perhaps you want to cook your dinner—something of the sort. . . ."

"I don't waste my time in cooking," said Clare. "Restaurants—"

"I'm so sick of restaurants I never want to eat any more!" said he. "But what a pretty little place you have here. Homelike. I tell you, it takes a woman—"

"No, it doesn't!" Clare interrupted. "It takes a little planning and management, that's all. I'm away from home all day, just as you are."

"Yes, I know. But it takes a feminine mind to think of all these things."

"I hope I haven't a 'feminine mind,'" she said, frigidly.

"But don't you want to have one?" he asked, in genuine surprise.

She did not trouble to answer this, and for a time they were both silent. Mr. Arthur was evidently thoughtful.

At last he began to talk, and now he showed a proper interest in her. Not in her work; he always evaded that topic; but he liked to hear what she thought about things, he liked to hear about her art school days; and she fancied that he rather liked to look at her. Because every time she happened to look at him, she caught him looking at her. And this did not especially annoy her, even if he did think she had a feminine mind.

IF LUNELLA knocked on the wall, nobody heard her. Two hours had passed when he sprang to his feet.

"After nine!" he cried. "That's too bad!"

"But it's been very nice to talk to you," said Clare politely.

"Yes, I know," he said; "but I had a lot of work to do this evening. I had no business to waste two hours."

Off he went, in a hurry, slamming the door after him. Clare sat down and picked up a book, a very interesting book.

"Beast!" she said to herself, in a trembling voice. "Rude, selfish beast! *Wasting* two hours—that's what he called it! Very well; I'm sure I don't care—"

The doorbell rang.

"Let it ring!" she thought. "I don't want to see—*anybody!*"

Another ring, and this time she opened the door. There he was.

"Look here!" he said. "I'm afraid I was a bit—abrupt, wasn't I?"

"It doesn't matter," said Clare.

"It does!" he insisted vehemently. "It does! Because I—I was so happy in there with you. I— Please! Look here! I'm sorry!"

In spite of herself she was mollified by this artless speech, and he must have read this in her face.

"See here!" he said eagerly. "Won't you take dinner with me to-morrow night? Anywhere you like—"

"You said you were sick of restaurants."

"Well, so I am. But with you—"

"Then come here and have dinner with me," said Clare suddenly, "and we'll have a *home* dinner."

SHE told herself the next morning that she was a perfect idiot. A home dinner, indeed! She had no time after her day's work to bother with anything of the sort.

"But as long as I've asked him, I'll do the thing properly," she said to herself.

At odd moments all through the day she thought of the various details of her dinner, and when she left the office she had her list complete.

She really enjoyed going to market, for a change. And the first thing she did when she got home was to ring Mr. Arthur's bell.

"Lunella," she said, when the little girl opened the door, "do you want to come in and wait on the table? Mr. Arthur's having dinner with me."

"Yes, ma'am!" said Lunella gravely.

There was a marked change in Lunella; not only was she wearing a new dress and new shoes, but her manner had become portentous.

"Mr. Arthur must have everything jist so," she observed, as she followed Clare. "Mommer always told me so, and now I can see it—"

"Nonsense!" said Clare briskly. "Now then, if you'll set the table, Lunella—"

Clare worked for an hour and a half over that dinner. The table was charming with a centerpiece of violets and lilies-of-the-valley; the room was so tranquil and pretty in the lamplight. She was glad to think that she could do this sort of thing well—when she wanted.

Mr. Arthur was very late; but, after all, no particular time had been mentioned, and Clare sat down with a book and waited. At last she heard him go into his own apartment, and she hurried into the kitchen for a final inspection of the dinner. Then she waited ten minutes, fifteen, twenty, half an hour—and she would have gone on waiting indefinitely if Lunella had not come to the rescue.

"I guess I better jist step around an' see what he's doing," said Lunella. "Maybe he got started workin' and forgot the time."

But as she was leaving Clare's flat she met her Mr. Arthur coming out of his own door. And Clare heard.

"Why, Mr. Arthur!" said the little girl, in a tone of stern surprise. "Ain't you goin' in ter Miss Clare's?"

"Yes," he said. "I did think I'd stop in, later. But I'm going out to get some dinner first."

"Why, you're eatin' there to-night!" cried Lunella, in horror.

"Merciful heavens!" said the young man; then, in a whisper, which Clare also heard, "Look here! *Don't* let her

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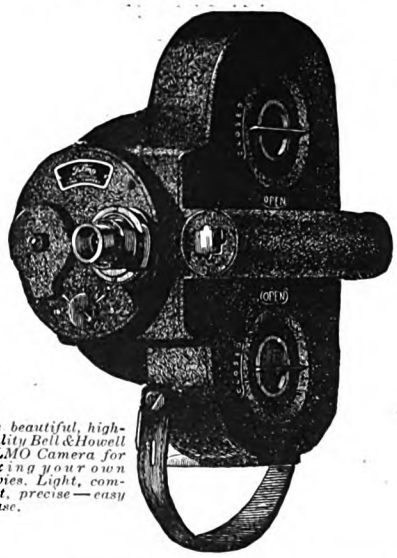

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(2) In case of an accident to your watch, you can get it repaired quickly and at *nominal cost,* by sending it to the INGERSOLL SERVICE DEPARTMENT at Waterbury, Conn.

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know! Here's a dollar for you, Lunella!"

Clare retreated into the living-room, and when he appeared ushered in by Lunella, she met him with a perfectly polite smile. But she was angry and she was hurt, terribly hurt.

"Look here!" he said. "I'm so sorry I'm late! I'm—I'm so sorry!" He paused. "I'm so *sorry!*" he said.

And he apologized again and again, with such unnecessary vehemence, with such pathetically artless contrition, and he looked so tired, and he was so boyish in his clumsy efforts to conceal from her the fact that he had forgotten all about her invitation that her anger melted into a very genuine kindliness.

They sat down at the table together, and Lunella brought in the dinner, course by course. He kept on talking to her, in a much nicer way than he had ever talked before; but he neglected the dinner.

"You're not eating!" Clare protested.

"Sorry!" said he. "But I'm rather sick of this soggy, creamy stuff they send in from the restaurant!"

CLARE had no intention of being a fool. She admitted to herself that she had been in grave danger of being one; she had even gone so far as to cry, after that home dinner. But she had realized her folly in time, and it was over now. Absolutely over. For three evenings she had taken dinner down-town and stayed away from her apartment until it was too late for anyone to bother her.

"Because," she said to herself, on her way home in a taxi, this third evening, "what *is* the use of going on seeing him? Anyone who wanted to be—friends with him would simply have to play second fiddle. I don't believe he really means to be so overwhelming—but he is! He and his work. . . . It's not exactly selfishness; in fact, there's something rather fine about it. And he's very gentle and kind with Lunella. But—well—I'm not fond of playing second fiddle, that's all!"

As she put her key in the latch, her foot touched a package leaning against the door. She took it in with her, and in the living-room she opened it. Three wilted pink roses wrapped in brown paper, and tied to one of the stems, a slip of paper upon which was written in a neat hand:

"Compliments. From Mr. Arthur."

"But—how queer!" she cried, astounded. For, with all his tactlessness, Mr. Arthur had not impressed her as a man who would send a lady three wilted roses wrapped in brown paper, and with such a peculiar greeting.

"He must know better than that!" she thought. "It's—"

Then, without the slightest provocation, she began to cry, for the second time that week.

"I don't care!" she said. "It's pathetic! He is so blundering, and so dreadful, and so—"

She stopped crying suddenly.

"Nonsense!" she said to herself, a little frightened. "I must be overtired. I'll get into bed and read."

But first she picked up the outrageous bouquet and put it into a vase of water.

As she stood in the doorway, ready to turn off the switch, the most curious emotion came over her. That room, which had always seemed so charming, appeared to her now as the stupidest, primmest, most hateful room she had ever seen. Each chair in its place; the magazines lying on the table in a neat row, overlapping each other, those neat, polite flowers!

"It's—a nasty—detestable—*old maid* room!" she cried, with a sob, and snapped out the lights, to be done with it.

In the dark she remembered how it had looked with the chairs kicked aside, and ashes all over the floor, and the table in wild disorder. How—how human it had looked then!

Miss Payne, Clare's assistant, arrived in the office next morning with a traveling-bag and an air of suppressed excitement.

"I'm going back home to-night," she said, "to spend Thanksgiving on the farm."

"Thanksgiving!" Clare repeated. "That's to-morrow, of course. I'd forgotten."

Indeed, she had no especial reason for remembering it. She had no farm to go back to, no family; not even any particular memories of past Thanksgivings. The air of festivity in the office vexed and troubled her. The bookkeeper was garrulous about his turkey—a twenty-two-pounder, he said—picked it out himself in Washington Market—the wife always left that to him—said she couldn't do half so well.

"She only tells him that to humor him," thought Clare. But somehow the idea did not annoy her as it would once have done.

An odd, unhappy mood came upon her. She was reluctant to leave the cheerful office; she lingered, listening with unusual interest to other people's plans, to all this talk about family dinners, and homes and turkeys.

A high wind blew, a cruel wind. She buttoned the collar of her fur coat about her neck as she stepped out into the street, and set off resolutely to walk to Washington Square, where she would take a bus. She made a point of getting plenty of exercise.

"I take good care of myself!" she had said, with a smile, when Miss Payne had urged her to take a taxi.

And as she was fighting her way against the wind, those words came back to her.

"I take good care of—*myself.*"

Yes, that was just what she did. And at the end, she would have the love and gratitude of—herself. And of nobody else; nobody else in the world.

A sort of terror seized her. She knew now what was the matter with her. She was horribly, unbearably lonely.

"I'll—I'll do something for Lunella," she thought, panic-stricken. "I'll help her—I'll teach her. I'll *make* her love me."

WHEN she got home, she gave the hall boy and the elevator boy tips that astounded them. "For Thanksgiving!" she said. And as she went up-stairs, she was at least followed by a hearty "Thank you" from somebody.

She had sent for her dinner from the restaurant again. It was early, quite early enough for Anybody to come, if anybody wanted. . . . The doorbell rang. And she was glad. She wanted to see him, she wanted to be kind, to be gracious, to hold out her hand to this stranger, in honest kindliness.

She opened the door, and there he stood, with two traveling-bags beside

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him. In his overcoat and soft hat he looked somehow unfamiliar, older and graver; but when he saw her, he took off his hat and smiled, and it was the same boyish and engaging smile.

"I've got the commission for the country club!" he said. "I thought maybe you'd like to know."

"Yes!" said Clare, unsteadily. "I'm very glad to know. Very."

And so she was; glad, and proud, and beyond measure touched, that he should come to her like this, so sure of her interest and her sympathy.

"They approved the plans this morning," he went on. "So that's that. It's been a bit of a strain—but I'm going back home to-night, to Boston, to spend Thanksgiving with my people. A rest!"

He too! And he never thought of asking what she was going to do; he was just going off, "back home," to "his people!"

"I hope you'll enjoy yourself," she said politely.

"Well . . . " he said dubiously.

He stood there, looking at her, with the shadow of a frown, and she fancied she saw in his eyes a troubled and unhappy inquiry. As if he were waiting. Those poor, poor little flowers. . . . He hadn't ever meant to offend her; she knew it; it was just his way. . . . He looked so tired, and he had come to her direct with his good news. . . . She could not let him go like this.

"Thank you for the flowers," she said very low.

"The flowers?" he repeated.

"Yes. I—I got them, thank you."

"But, see here!" he cried. "I never sent you any flowers! I—"

The front door closed smartly. He rang, but no one came. So he went away.

AT LAST Clare tried knocking. Ringing had had no effect, although she knew very well that Lunella was in there; she had heard her singing. And when she knocked, it was unmistakably the knock of one who intends to be admitted. It was effective; presently she heard footsteps come pattering along the passage and a stern voice asked:

"Who's there?"

"Open the door!" said Clare, and Lunella did.

"'Scuse me!" she said. "I didn't know it was you, ma'am. I—"

"Come into my flat, Lunella. I want to speak to you."

"'Scuse me!" said Lunella, again. "But—" She hesitated, squirming beneath Miss Clare's steady regard. "I—I got Baby here."

"Baby? What baby?"

"Mine!" said Lunella, beginning to cry. "I jist thought Baby an' me could sleep here while Mr. Arthur was away. It's so—so sort o' crowdy at home. An' I was goin' to give Baby a good bath 'fore I put him in the bed. . . ."

"Upon my word!" said Clare. "Very well! I'll come in and talk to you here."

This was a mistake. For a long time Clare had been sitting alone in her own apartment, and she had become convinced of Lunella's guilt, and filled with a just anger against her. But she was already half-disarmed by Lunella's tears, and when she entered Mr. Arthur's sitting-room, the last little bit of justice died in her heart.

Seated upon a carefully spread-out newspaper on the floor was a tiny, pale, blue-eyed baby, his head swathed in a bandage. At the sight of the stranger, he put his arms across his eyes, and gave a faint gasp.

Lunella yanked his arms down.

"Ain't you ashamed o' yourself!" she admonished. "Actin' like you're afraid o' Miss Clare!" She turned to Clare, apprehensive, yet proud. "He's the younges' o' seven," she explained. "An' every one of 'em dead but him an' me!"

"What will Mr. Arthur say?" asked Clare. But her tone was not so severe as she wished, because that baby was looking at her through his fingers.

"I acted for the best, ma'am!" said the tearful Lunella. "I didn't think he'd mind"—and added, with fine candor "—if he didn't know."

Clare was silent for a moment.

"LUNELLA," she said at last, "you put those flowers outside my door, didn't you?"

"I—acted for the best!" sobbed Lunella. "I jist knew Mr. Arthur would o' sent you flowers, if it had o' come inter his head."

"Where did you get them?"

"M-Mr. Arthur's key fits—your door. I jist took a few o' y-your own flowers. . . ."

"Didn't you know that was very wrong?"

"I jist acted for the best," said Lunella, still weeping, but resolute. "That time I saw you an' Mr. Arthur eatin' dinner together it was jist like one o' these here movies where there's a gen'leman and a lady so took with—"

"Never mind!" Clare interrupted hastily. She stood for a moment, looking at the two forlorn little intruders. "You can't stay here," she said.

"No, ma'am," said Lunella, with a trembling lip. "Only Mommer don't expect us back ternight. We said we'd stay here—an' she's went out. . . . An'—an'—I jist did want W-Willy ter git a nice, good bath for onct!"

"Oh, you poor little girl!" cried Clare. "You poor little thing! Lunella, I'll tell you what! We'll bring your little brother into my place and give him a nice hot bath, and you and he can sleep on the couch in the living-room. And to-morrow, Lunella, we'll have the best Thanksgiving dinner we can possibly buy. Just you and I and—" Her voice had grown a little unsteady. "Just we three, Lunella," she said.

"Oh!" cried Lunella. "Oh, you're jist like a nangel!"

So they all went, and the decorous quiet of Clare's flat was disturbed, at ten o'clock at night, by remarkable stir and bustle. Water running in the bathtub, Lunella's willing feet running back and forth, putting sheets on the couch, fetching plenty of clean towels, getting ready a bowl of warm milk and graham biscuits to revivify the baby when his unprecedented adventure should be over.

Lunella went to her bath first, quite pale with awe of this glittering room, this great, deep tub of water, this beautiful soap, this heavenly talcum powder, all this incredible luxury freely offered to her. And as the door closed after her, Clare picked up the baby.

It was a very, very good baby, quiet in

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that subdued way of babies who have learned that their tears will bring them no benefits; but it had an alarming habit of falling off things, and Clare decided that she would hold it until it was safely stowed away for the night.

She took off the bandage, and found a great bruise under its silky matted hair; she did not quite know what to do for this, but her heart suggested a very ancient remedy: she held the little thing close in her arms, and it lay there, quiet and content.

THE doorbell rang.

"No!" she said, half aloud. "I won't! I won't! I can't!"

Nevertheless, she had risen, and taken a step toward the hall when the bathroom door opened and out dashed Lunella, with crimson face and damp wild hair, wearing an old flannelette nightdress Clare had given her.

"Mr. Arthur!" she shouted. "It's him!"

And, stumbling over the long nightdress, down the hall she rushed, and flung open the front door. There he was.

"I saw a light—" said he. "So, I thought—"

"You said you were going to Boston," said Clare coldly.

"Yes, I know," he answered. "I know. But—I couldn't. I got as far as Stamford, and then I—came back."

"Oh, did you?" said Clare civilly.

"I know you were offended because I hadn't sent you flowers—"

"Offended!" she cried, hot with anger. "How can you dare to think that? Why should I—"

"Oh, please!" he interrupted, terribly distressed. "I know I always say the wrong thing. But I don't *think* like that. I—well, you can't imagine what I think! Please let me give you these! Please take them!"

He stooped and picked up a long box from the floor beside his bags—a florist's box—and came down the hall with it.

"Please!" he said, holding it out to her. Then, apparently for the first time, he noticed the baby.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Lunella's little brother," she answered, and something in his face made her glance away hastily. "He's such a nice baby!" she said. "We're going to give him a bath now—and it's awfully late. . . ."

"Look here!" said he. "Would it be tactless if I said that I never—never in all my life—saw anything so—so womanly and lovely as you are—this minute?"

"No," said Clare, after a long pause. "It's only being 'feminine' that I don't like! But—really it's very late—"

"I know that's a hint," he said forlornly; "but—look here—it's too soon, isn't it, to say anything yet? I mean—about a ring, and so on, you know. . . ?"

"I don't know," said Clare doubtfully. "You're so absent-minded! You might forget if you waited too long."

He stared at her for a moment.

"Clare!" he cried.

She shook her head. She smiled, though her eyes were misty.

"I don't want to talk just now," she said. "It's late—and I'm busy. But—Lunella and I invite you to Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow. Don't forget!"

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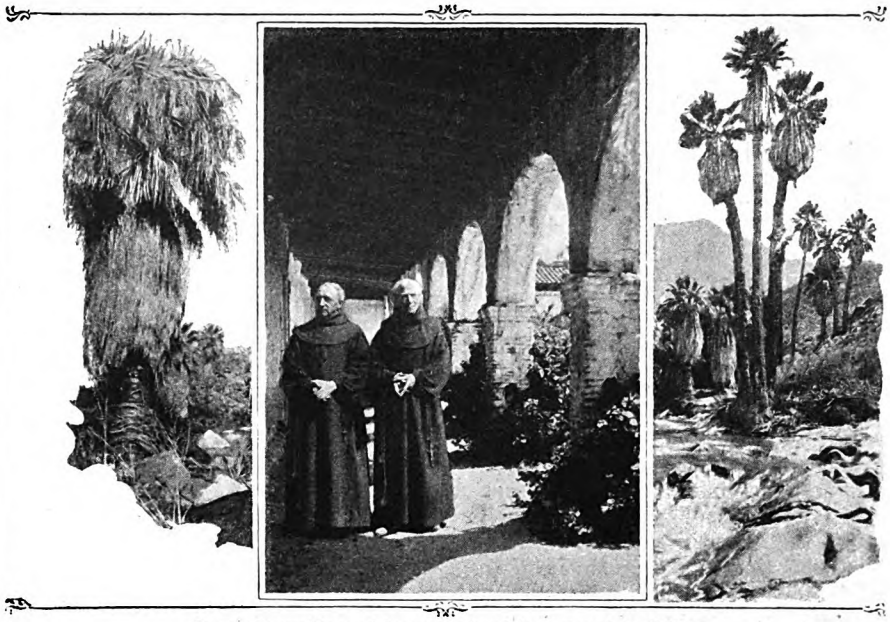

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OMAHA

WHEN Lincoln stood on the heights of Council Bluffs and looked across the Missouri at the little frontier village that marked the beginning of the overland trail, he was already visualizing the sweep of empire westward across the billowing green and golden plains.

But even Lincoln could not foresee the astonishing growth of Omaha!—or its sister, Council Bluffs, already springing up about him! Great buildings, enormous grain elevators, vast stock-yards, with twelve railroad systems pouring the wealth of one of the richest agricultural regions of the world into its storehouses. A city-state like ancient Nineveh rising proudly upon its teeming plains. A great independent metropolis distinguished for its varied commerce and its culture.

LOCATION: Astride the broad trail that leads West; dominating the middle reaches of the Missouri River; the natural metropolis for the vast region that includes Nebraska, Wyoming, and sections of adjoining states—a region more than twice the size of all New England.

POPULATION: Within Omaha's corporate limits, 215,000; within a radius of 50 miles, 500,000 divided among 154 towns and 29,330 farms. All within shopping distance of Omaha and Council Bluffs.

MANUFACTURES: Annual output of packing industry, $210,000,000. Smelter products, $46,000,000. Omaha leads the country in the production of pig lead, is third in packing-house products, and is the greatest butter manufacturing center in the world, 55,000,000 pounds. Flour mill products, agricultural implements, bakery products, share largely in the output of Omaha's 600 manufacturing plants.

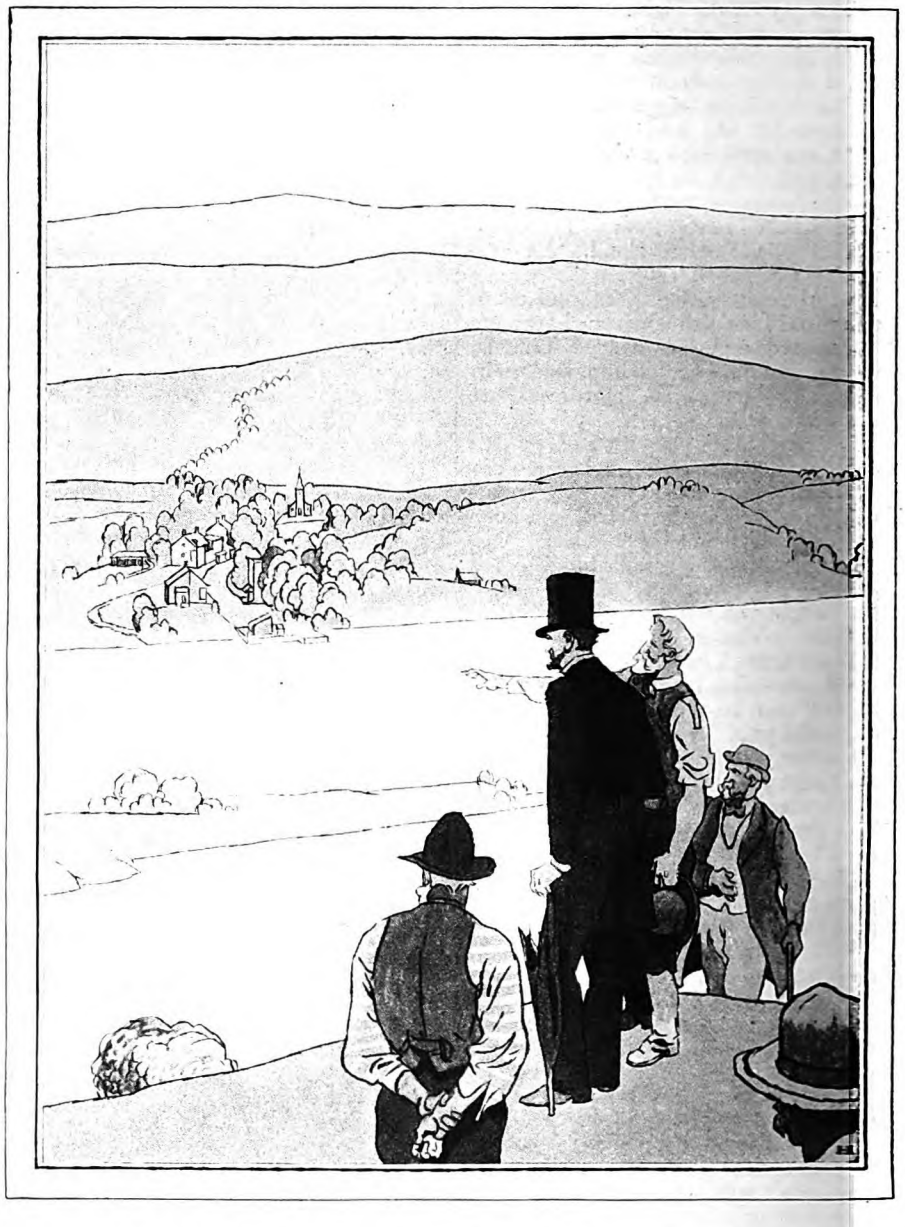
TRADE: Wholesale territory embraces 1500 towns; 310,000 farms averaging 390 acres. Crop value, $2,000,000,000; livestock on farms, $1,000,000,000. Bank deposits, $1,500,000,000. Omaha is leading retail center between Chicago and Denver; annual business, $157,500,000.

TRANSPORTATION: Twelve railroads converge at Omaha and Council Bluffs as through a great gate. The chief outlet from Omaha to Chicago and points eastward is the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

A natural metropolis

Born on the edge of the prairies, Omaha and Council Bluffs have grown from the richness of an incomparable soil. There is an opulent conservatism about it that has insured steady growth. Living wealth—the value of growing animate things—of an inexhaustible nature is a positive guarantee of Omaha's inevitable progress and expansion.

Omaha's history is rich and varied, colored by the turbulent adventures of explorers, fur-traders, Indian wars, and the migrations of the Forty-niners. It is a city of varied interests, of fine homes, of splendid country clubs, of exceptional educational facilities. With a population over 85% native born American, it is a metropolis worthily placed in the center of the nation.



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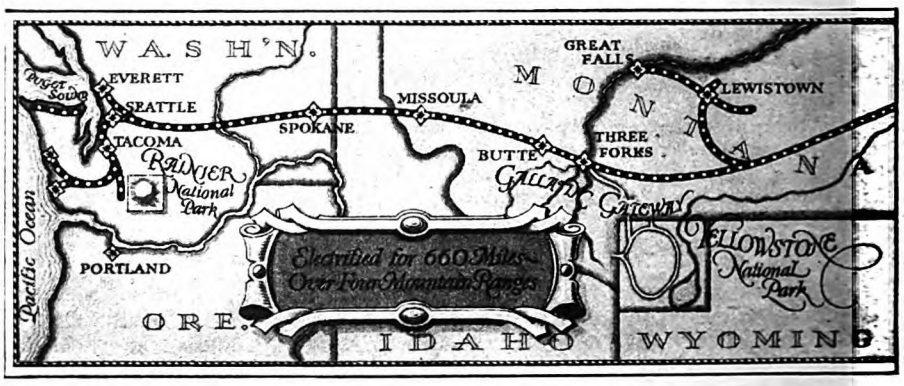

The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

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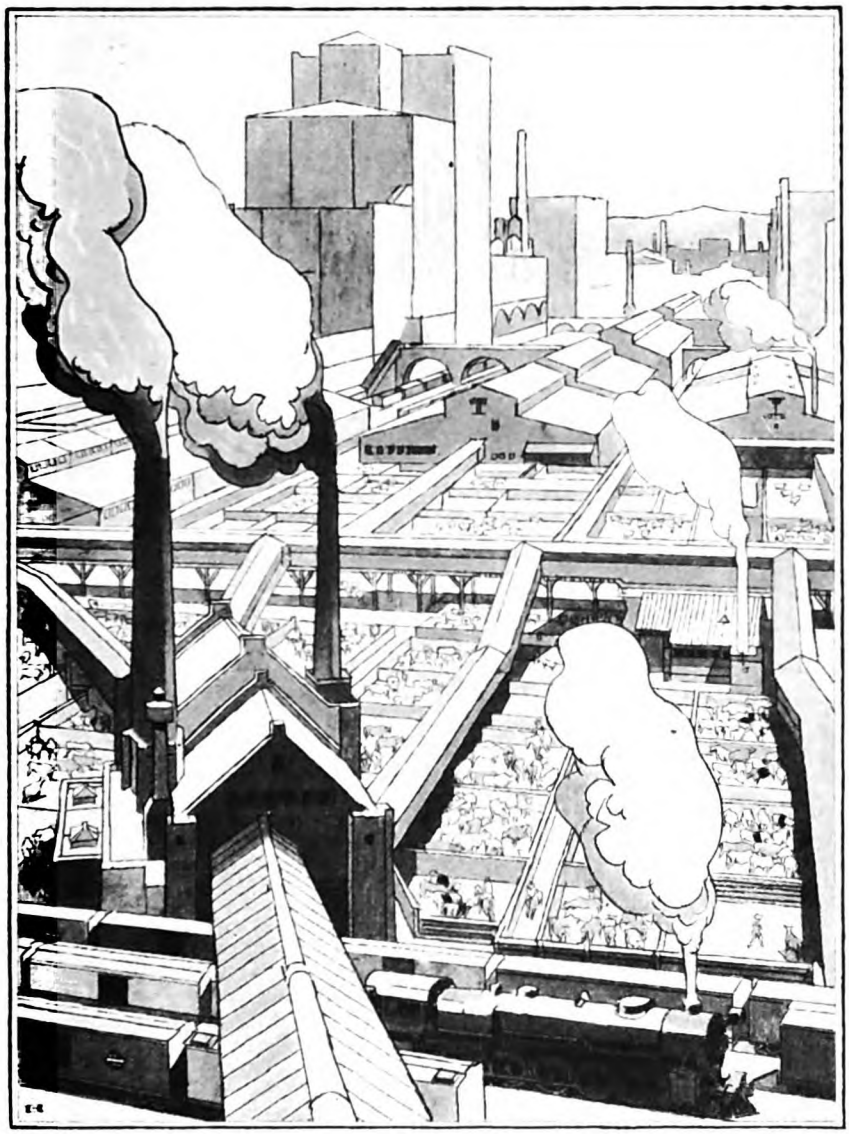
—the Western Gate



A network of polished rails

THE run from Chicago to Omaha over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is only an overnight interlude in business between these two great cities. Business conferences are often continued on the splendid Milwaukee trains that serve the Western Gate.

The Milwaukee Road not only serves Omaha with a trunk line across golden Iowa, but it serves with equal facility the great metropolis that is the pride of all the Southwest—Kansas City. Its vast system, extending along 11,000 miles of track, operated by 60,000 employees, forms a network linking all important centers northwest of the lower Mississippi Valley. From Chicago to Kansas City, Sioux City and Omaha; to the Twin Cities and Duluth; to Milwaukee and the Upper Michigan Peninsula; to Puget Sound and the Pacific. Spur lines and feeders tap vast resources of raw materials.

The Milwaukee Road is the shortest link with the Pacific Northwest. For 660 miles over four mountain ranges—the Belt, the Bitter Root, the Rockies, the Cascades, to shipside—*it is electrified.* This is one of the greatest achievements in railroading. Another revolutionary advance has been the adoption of *roller bearings* for passenger cars—the first time this has been done in the history of railroad transportation.

Splendid trains to serve you

If you wish to visit Omaha on your way to the Coast, the *Pacific Limited* is the train to take. If you are going to Kansas City, go by the *Southwest Limited.* The famous *Pioneer* takes you to the Twin Cities. Then there is *The Olympian*, the de luxe limited that travels to shipside at Seattle or Tacoma, after passing the most beautiful and diversified scenery in America, through a new empire bursting ripe with opportunities!

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"Trash" because these Cheques are ***only*** TRASH to the thief—and of no possible good to the finder, should you lose your purse—since neither thief nor finder could use ***your*** Cheques without committing forgery. In either case ***you are not the loser;*** for the American Express Company refunds the amount of your lost or stolen Cheques, if such Cheques are uncountersigned or not exchanged for value.

The every-day use of American Express Travelers Cheques—right at home or on travel trips—is simple common sense.

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Conceived and originally issued by the American Express Company 36 years ago to safeguard the funds of travelers ***abroad,*** these Cheques today are of ***even greater value to people who don't travel at all.***

The enormous and steady increase in the sale of American Express Travelers Cheques for every-day use is convincing proof of their timely, economic and serviceable value.

They are the soundest type of insurance-protection of that which you are bound to carry—money. They come in convenient denominations from $10 up, and cost only 75 cents for each $100.

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How a Handwriting Expert Solves Mysterious Crimes

(*Continued from page 63*)

only an incident, one of hundreds that have passed through Mr. Tyrrell's hands, but it suggests some of the strange side lights on human nature seen by an examiner of questioned documents, for that is the profession Mr. Tyrrell pursues.

Handwriting and typewriting are familiar to us all. But probably few suspect more than a fraction of the interesting facts about them known to an expert. A slight pen stroke or pencil mark may clear up a mystery. A single typed word may serve to identify a whole chain of circumstances. An erasure or alteration not apparent to the naked eye may be visible to the camera or the microscope, and when seen thus may disclose secrets that somebody thought too well hidden ever to be detected. Murderers, forgers, blackmailers, thieves and cheats, men seeking to conceal old crimes by new, men spurred by hate, revenge, or cupidity, women lying for a few dollars or a few hundreds, men lied against and unable to clear themselves by ordinary means—all these Mr. Tyrrell has dealt with, in their writings, and learned the truth. Often the clues were so elusive that they would have escaped the eyes of a million casual observers, yet were perfectly plain, even to the untrained, when traced and pointed out.

John F. Tyrrell has taken part in many famous cases, such as the Molineux murder case, the Patrick will case, the Leopold-Loeb case, and scores of others. The questioned documents that he has examined include wills, contracts, bank checks, promissory notes, letters, envelopes and package wrappers. Some of them were typewritten, some were handwritten, some printed, and in one strange case "ghost-written." The questions about them have been as various as these: Is it the genuine writing of the person supposed to have written it? Was it written at the time stated? Was it made on *this* typewriter or *that?* What ink was used, what paper, what kind of pen? With which hand was it written, and how did the writer hold the pen?

Correct answers to these questions have saved many an innocent man or woman from punishment and have fastened the guilt on the right party.

BORN in Australia sixty-four years ago John Tyrrell was brought to this country at the age of three, and has lived in Milwaukee almost all his life.

His father, a man of the old school, believed that every boy should learn a trade. Consequently, at seventeen John was apprenticed to a trunk maker, and for four years he was learning something in which he had no interest. Promptly on becoming his own man, at the age of twenty-one, he quit the trunk-making business and joined the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company as a clerk.

He has remained with the company ever since, and is the superintendent of an important division; but with a special arrangement allowing him time to follow his work of questioned document examiner.

"Handwriting interested me from the time I was in school," Mr. Tyrrell told me; "and since a person does well at what he likes, I was good at it. The teacher used to exhibit my writing and drawings, and had me make models for other pupils. But my interest in handwriting as applied to questioned documents began with a case that was famous in the newspapers forty-five years ago.

"A colored boy was appointed a cadet to West Point. Because of his race, it created a furor. One day his ears were cut and maimed, and he presented a threatening note he claimed to have received, telling him he 'had better look out!'

The authorities believed that whoever had cut the negro's ears and written the note was connected with the school, so they began a rigid investigation. From each cadet they secured three samples of handwriting. These were assembled into three sets, with a sample from each boy in each set. The samples were then numbered in such a way that only the authorities could identify the writers, and the numbering scheme differed on each set, so there could be no collusion between experts. Each expert took one set of the samples, to compare, one by one, with the writing on the note the negro had received. When their reports were turned in, it was found that their conclusions were identical. The author of the note was the *negro himself.* He had written it and cut his own ears, in the hope of winning sympathy!

"THAT case interested me tremendously. I sent for copies of all the documents, and studied them from beginning to end. Thereafter, I was an examiner of questioned documents—in the making!

"I soon discovered that my chosen profession, or hobby, was not an easy one. It took me years and years of exhaustive study—most of which was done in my spare time—to gain a comprehensive knowledge of styles and habits of handwriting, the history in detail of all makes of typewriters, kinds of papers, water marks, pens, carbon paper. I also had a great deal to learn about photography and certain chemical processes.

"Then, bit by bit I had to collect my instruments and apparatus. An up-to-date document examiner has to have in his kit the finest obtainable magnifiers, specially built microscopes, steel rules, glass alignment scales, test plates for typewriting, and, among other delicate scientific instruments, a micrometer caliper with vernier scale that will ascertain to the thousandth part of an inch the difference in paper thickness, and measures graduated on glass to the five-hundredth part of an inch. A camera with a battery of the finest lenses, and a fuming apparatus for restoring obliterated writing also form a necessary part of his equipment."

Mr. Tyrrell's studies as a questioned document "detective" have won him na-

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P. A. sure does things to a pipe!

TO TWIST an old saying, a pipe is only a pipe, but a pipe packed with P. A. is a *smoke!* I'm here to say it is. Why, Prince Albert can take the balkiest pipe and give it a sweet disposition in *no* time. Because P. A. is that kind of tobacco!

Just open a tidy red tin of Prince Albert. Half-close your eyes and breathe that marvelous P. A. fragrance. A peach-orchard in blossom-time has nothing on P. A. Now . . . tamp a load into your old jimmy-pipe and light up. Here's the real thrill!

That taste . . . that wonderful taste of wonderful tobacco. Cool as a letter from a credit department. Sweet as the news of promotion. Mild as a summer breeze . . . mild without sacrificing that full, rich tobacco body you demand in a smoke.

You find yourself loading up and lighting up all day long when you pick P. A. for packing. Because this grand old favorite never bites your tongue or parches your throat. No matter what your present set-up is, I suggest you try Prince Albert. Do that!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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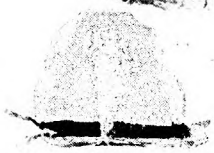
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tional repute; but no one looking at this small, white-haired, mild-mannered man would think that his life was as thrilling as a perennially continued mystery story, and that he has played a leading rôle in the unraveling of many baffling crimes.

"Let me tell you about a case," said Mr. Tyrrell.

"Arthur," he went on to explain, "was a ne'er-do-well who was willing to come by money by any means, so long as he did not have to do any honest work. Out West, where he was living, he heard that the hotel keeper of Ladysmith, a town of some three thousand people in northwestern Wisconsin, had died, leaving his widow a fortune of between forty and fifty thousand dollars.

"'That,' said Arthur, 'is the girl for me!'

"Going to Ladysmith with an oiled tongue and winning manners, he soon induced the hotel keeper's widow to become his wife; but you may be sure he had no intention of settling down to a placid married life in a remote small town. At the first opportunity, he persuaded his wife to open a joint bank account. She put a little more than ten thousand dollars in the account; and without more delay than was absolutely necessary, Arthur drew out nearly all of it and left town.

"However, he had not realized how sincerely his wife loved him. She was a good woman, although not educated. She followed and found him, forgave him for taking the money, and induced him to come back to Ladysmith. Soon after his return, she visited her lawyer, saying she wanted to draw a will in her husband's favor. The lawyer, knowing Arthur, said:

"'You mustn't sign a will like that. If you do, it will be your death warrant.'

"He refused to draw the will. But Arthur easily found another lawyer to draw it, and she signed it. Soon after, her health began to fail rapidly. A physician was called in, but about a week later she died in terrible agony, her shrieks being heard all over the village. A bottle containing strychnine pills was found, and the explanation was given out that she had been ill and had committed suicide.

"PEOPLE who knew her had their suspicions of this explanation, for she was a fine, big woman, and had always enjoyed splendid health. Suspicions, however, are not proof, nor can they be introduced as evidence; and Arthur was supported in the suicide theory by a letter he said he had discovered by accident.

"It was a most curious document—impression writing, some would call it; 'ghost writing' was the name given it by others. It appeared on an ordinary ruled tablet, and was not done with pen or pencil, but seemed to be such an impression as is left on an underneath sheet when, in writing, one bears down more or less heavily on the top sheet. The original of the note was not found, but the impression was legible. It said:

Aug 9, '15

Dear Artie
i will soon be gon i cant stand this pain dont wory you will bee better of good by Dear
Jennie
i cant get well god will for give me.

"The woman had sisters. They did not allow the suicide theory to go unchal-

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If you were a Californian, and in business, your customers would be the kind who own twice as many automobiles . . . buy more of everything people like to have . . . and *then* put twice as much in savings, as the average American

You are going somewhere this summer—and California offers, in addition to a hundred vacation lands, a picture of ideal living, rapid growth, and great opportunity, told in part by the letter we are printing on this page.

California is closer to you than ever before; reduced train schedules have brought it nearly a business day closer by rail, and, if you motor, the new Victory Highway in conjunction with the Lincoln Highway will take you straight across the country into California's Great Valley and to San Francisco, the center of it all.

In San Francisco you will see a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of new buildings. The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange now ranks next to New York in financial volume. Here, and in the cities and towns around, are many square miles of factories, residences, offices and shops on land that was vacant when you saw it last. Little towns of the Great Valley are now thriving cities; the larger cities have grown still larger; orchards and farms have multiplied. Everywhere, on giant new industrial plants, you see world-famous names transplanted from the East. California, third agricultural state, is also *eighth* in value of manufactured products.

In six years, California has grown thirty-five per cent in population—with corresponding growth in land values and business opportunities,—a perfectly normal and natural development, going on all the time. There is room for twenty million people without crowding—room for you, if you are getting ahead where you are and possess a moderate competence with which to start.

One such business-man tells what he thinks of California, in the letter printed below. Read it—it is a true and typical experience:

"San Francisco, Dec. 1, 1926.

"This year I have learned how short a time it takes to become a Californian!

"Not many families were bound together by so many strong ties as ours was back East. Nearly a dozen of us had lived all our lives in the same middle-western state where the family business was founded fifty years ago. Our brothers' wives and our sisters' husbands were people we had all known since we were children.

"When our California business grew until it was necessary for one of us to move out to San Francisco, and the choice fell on me, I boarded the train with my wife, two sons and a daughter, all feeling as though we had been banished to some strange country.

"Now our boys have finished college and have come to work with me in a business that has grown fast enough to need all three of us. We supply the entire West, Australia, Hawaii and the Orient with our products. My daughter finished her professional training in one of our fine California universities and immediately began to earn an independent income.

"And when I went back last winter on a business trip, I found myself making it as short as I could—to get back to California. I discovered that we are Californians, all of us. This country of cool summers and pleasant winters is *home*.

[Name on request] R. W. B."

If you or your family are interested in California's wider opportunities for personal living and business success, write to Californians Inc., for this 48-page illustrated booklet, "California, Where Life is Better." It will tell you much that you want to know. Clip the coupon and send it now!

Californians Inc. is a non-profit organization of business institutions and citizens interested solely in the sound and permanent development of their state. Its service of information is thorough, authoritative and free of charge.

WHAT THE *Californian* OWNS:

Climate: Year-round producing climate. *The Californian* can work, grow crops or play every month in the year.
Growth: From 3,500,000 to 5,000,000 population in six years—three times faster than the United States average.
Wealth: Twice the national average of wealth, twice the average number of savings bank depositors and twice the average deposit. Only three states report more income tax returns; none has so many automobiles per capita.
Health: 6 of the 15 most healthful cities in the United States are in California. U. S. investigations prove California children bigger and taller, than the average.
Education: *The Californian's* schools share first rank only with Massachusetts in efficiency. Five states have larger enrollments; only two exceed California's expenditures.
Recreation: Four National Parks, a thousand miles of ocean shore, a thousand-mile-long Sierra playground, 30,000 square miles of National Forests, 42,000 miles of improved roads. Year-round motoring, golf, fishing, week-ending out of doors.
Crops: More than $600,000,000 yearly. Six million acres under irrigation with great mountain reservoirs supplying abundant water.
Industry: One of the youngest states, California is eighth in value of manufactured products.
Markets: From San Francisco's great harbor, the largest on the Pacific Coast, the Californian successfully sells his manufactures and crops throughout the Western and Eastern States, and exports enormously.

For every Californian—here or on the way—these advantages spell Opportunity.

California

Where San Francisco hill-homes watch the sea

A sailor of the seven seas returns to his home port—San Francisco

MAIL *this coupon for* **FREE BOOKLET** *about life in California*

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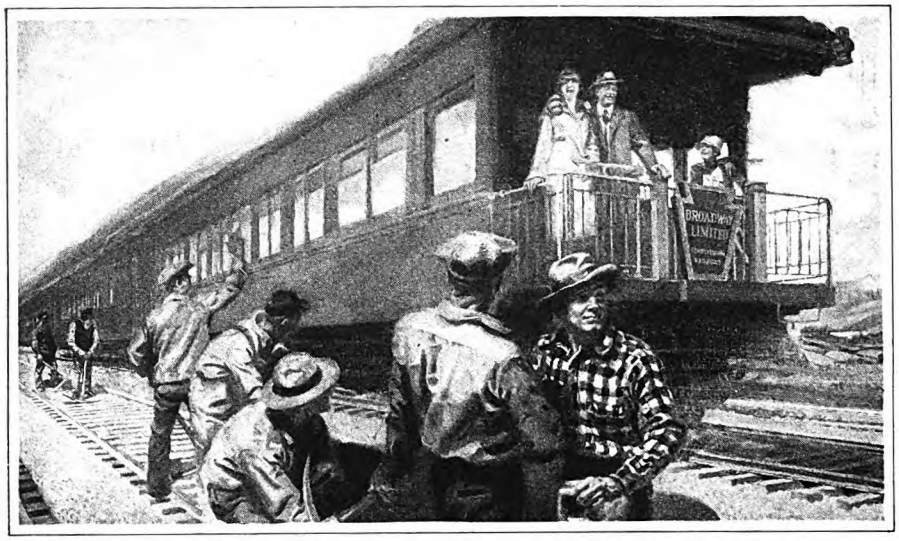
TO GET THE TRAINS THROUGH . . . SAFELY, SWIFTLY, AND ON TIME



As the test car speeds along, officials watch two sets of glasses filled with water. The number of drops which splash over give one test of smoothness. Another record is made simultaneously by the extremely sensitive "track-o-meter."

The 'splash test' smooths the way for these swift trains

ALONG the 11,000 mile front of the Pennsylvania a great army of over 20,000 men is always at work on the right-of-way.

Year in, year out, they labor to perfect this highway of commerce: deepening the ballast, installing the heaviest rails, cleaning, leveling, tamping, pausing only to move aside for the passage of the swift trains for whose safety and comfort they strive.

Day and night their work will be constantly inspected by track walkers, foremen, supervisors, engineers. But once every two months the supreme test of the quality of their work occurs. For then the "splash test" is made.

So that the test may be based on actual conditions, the car containing the testing apparatus is coupled to the end of one of the regular trains, and whirled swiftly over the division, while officials make careful notes of the record of each section.

To those responsible for the best sections of track will be given valuable prizes—rewards for fine work—recognition of the important part they have played in getting the trains through swiftly, smoothly, and safely.

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New York and Chicago
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lenged, but insisted on an investigation, believing a despicable crime had been committed. I was brought in to see what evidence the documents might yield.

"The dead woman had followed the businesslike habit of making carbon copies of her letters, though she wrote everything in long hand. We therefore had any quantity of genuine writing by which to make comparisons of suspected bits. One fact I discovered was that, as is often the case with large people, she wrote with a light hand. This prepared me to appreciate the significance of another fact I discovered about the impression writing: it had been written with a very heavy hand, so heavy that the impression was visible not only on the top sheet, but also on *the three succeeding sheets*.

"I wanted to know about how much pressure on the pencil was necessary to produce so deep an impression, and I rigged up a crude but effective device to find out. Taking a funnel, I sealed a pencil in the narrow end, and closed the outlet. Then I poured shot into the large open end. By dead weight, I found that in order to produce an impression about as heavy as the woman's ordinary writing, I needed eight ounces of shot in the funnel; but in order to produce an impression that would show through on the fourth sheet of tablet paper, there was needed *three pounds and more*. This was strong evidence that she had not made the writing.

"There was other evidence. She wrote slowly and carefully, never forgetting to dot an *i* or cross a *t*. Instead of writing the first personal pronoun with a capital *I*, she used the small *i*. The fake message also used the small *i*; but only four out of the ten were dotted, and some of the *t*'s were not crossed.

"WHAT had happened was this: Someone—and the someone obviously was the husband—having access to the woman's files, had carefully picked out letters containing the words needed for the false message. Over these he had traced with a stylus, bearing down heavily, for his object was to make an impression that could be read. The resulting message certainly retained many characteristics of her writing, but differed so in essential points that we could positively say she had not written it.

"Another document turned up strangely in this case. The husband told some of his friends about a startling dream he had after his wife's death. She appeared to him, he asserted, and said:

"'Artie, did you get the last letter I wrote you?'

"'What letter?' he said, and she replied, 'The one I hid under the rug.'

"His friends told him he had better look under the rugs; but he pretended to scoff at the idea. However, the story of the dream was given wide circulation. And when, after a while, the husband hired a man to take up the rugs and beat them, sure enough, a note in his wife's hand was found. It said:

as i am to blame for all this i did it all alone.

"This was not an original, but a carbon copy consisting of two lines on a strip of paper torn from the bottom of a page. I examined it, and satisfied myself it was an impression of her writing. But under

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the microscope I saw there had been an erasure and a substitution. I ventured the opinion the original wording read:

as i am not to blame for anything as i told you all about it.

But the thing remained a mystery for years.

"The man was tried and convicted of the murder, and was sent to the penitentiary for life. Seven years later he appealed for a pardon, and seemed to have a reasonable chance of winning it. But one day he wrote to the lawyer who had originally refused to draw the woman's will, and asked for a certain letter which he said he believed was in the lawyer's files. It was a letter, he said, that his wife had written to the lawyer, and he told about the date and the substance. The lawyer found the letter, and brought it forth at the second trial. Then the mystery of the "dream" note was cleared up. In the letter the dead woman had complained about the lawyer's handling of a business deal for her, and wound up with these words: 'as i am not to blame for anything as i told you all about it.'

"By altering a few words on the carbon copy of the letter, the murderer had a document well suited to his purposes. In the penitentiary, brooding over his affairs, he realized that the original of the letter was probably still in the lawyer's files and might come to light. He wanted it destroyed. By his own act he brought it to light and created fresh proof against himself. His appeal for freedom was denied. He died in prison.

"THE Patrick will case," Mr. Tyrrell continued, "was another famous example of murder and forgery, and it illustrates an interesting point about handwriting. An aged New York millionaire named Rice lived for a time at Houston, Texas. His wife died there. According to Texas law, as it was at that time, a woman resident of the state died possessed of half of her husband's estate. Mrs. Rice had relatives who sought to take advantage of this law and constitute themselves her legal heirs, hoping to extract four or five million dollars from Mr. Rice. He, of course, contested their rights and returned to New York City, which he claimed as his legal place of residence. There the Texas relatives sent a lawyer named Patrick, to see what information he could dig up that might be helpful to them.

"Patrick smelled money, and decided to line his own pockets. How he connived and conspired with one Jones, a combination valet and secretary to old Mr. Rice; how they doped the millionaire with a slow poisonous irritant; how they devised the scheme of a Rice Institute of Belles Lettres, which Mr. Rice—unknown to himself!—was to endow, and of which Patrick was to be trustee; how they prepared false wills and manipulated bank checks; and how they finally killed the old man with chloroform in a great hurry, and tried to have him cremated before an inquest could be held, makes a long story. The interesting thing from a handwriting standpoint was the detection of forgery in the signatures. There were several false documents, and eleven forged signatures.

"Now, nobody ever writes his own

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It is open - - - - *in the South*

A variety of fertile soils and a moderate climate—coal, iron and other minerals—timber tracts—water power—these are some of the natural resources in the South lying ready for industry to fashion into fortune.

And back of these there is the substantial Southern citizenship—of American stock, hard working, homogeneous and contented. Prosperity and progress are as much a matter of men as of things.

Each year many new industrial enterprises are established in the South, and Southern farmers grow more and better things.

The South is a region rich in opportunity for ambitious men and women.

The Southern Railway System, with its 8,000 miles of lines, serves the South from the northern gateways at Washington, Cincinnati and Louisville—from the western gateways at St. Louis and Memphis—to the ocean ports of Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, and the Gulf ports of Mobile and New Orleans.

The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.

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Nothing like its magnificence among the natural wonders of the world. It is earth's scenic wonder. Pullmans to the rim.

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Santa Fe

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name twice in *exactly* the same way. It is impossible to control the muscles so that there are not some differences, great or small, as to sizes of letters, shape, or character of line; and the differences, if necessary, may be measured with accurate instruments.

"But the four signatures purporting to be those of Mr. Rice, we found, were all so much alike that they were suspicious for that reason alone. We measured them from all sorts of positions: from the tip of the *W* in the first initial to the tip of the final *e* in Rice; from the top of *R* to the tip of *e;* from the top of *R* to the bottom of the same letter, and so on. We chose all sorts of angles and measured them, and found that *in no measurement did any one of the signatures differ from any of the others by more than one sixty-fourth of an inch.* That is only about the thickness of a horsehair.

"What was the conclusion? Why, the murderers and forgers must have traced the four false signatures from one original signature! And that was just what they had done.

"There were other details, also, that gave the forgery away. For example, Mr. Rice was eighty-five years old when he was murdered, and he had learned handwriting in an early school, when the goose quill was used instead of the steel or gold fountain pen. He held his pen nearly parallel with the *side* of the sheet of paper, thus shading his letters of the down stroke. This was evident in all his writing. The forgers, however, had used a different method of holding the pen, and at the angle they used—more nearly parallel with the *top* of the sheet—the shading fell on the cross strokes.

"To anyone understanding handwriting, this detail in itself was immensely significant. The manner of holding the pen is only one of those little everyday actions that develops into a habit, finally becoming so firmly fixed that it is hard to change.

"Handwriting is a rather complicated process made up of a lot of habitual actions, and that is why forgery is not more often successful when the forged document comes under an expert's eye.

"Patrick and Jones were both arrested and convicted on this evidence.

"SOMETIMES we find genuine signatures on false documents. August Wiganowski, for example, was an industrious Pole who lived with friends in Milwaukee. After he died, these friends presented a promissory note as a claim against his estate, amounting to three thousand and fifty dollars. His lawyers did not believe the note was genuine, and they brought it to me.

"'Wiganowski signed the note!' I informed them.

"That was perfectly clear. The signature, as shown by comparing it with admitted signatures, was genuine.

"'But,' I added, 'he did not sign a note for *three thousand* and fifty dollars; he signed one for only fifty dollars.'

"This fact was detected by a perfectly simple method that can often be employed when a document has been folded. In folding a piece of paper, you break the writing surface to some extent, and the ink 'acts up' on these surfaces.

"Wiganowski wrote the note for fifty dollars before the paper had ever been folded, a fact that was evident, because, although a fold crossed the note at 'fifty,' none of the ink had run into the fold. But the words 'three thousand,' by the same reasoning, had been inserted afterward, after the note had been folded, for the ink had run into these folds, on a smaller scale, but in much the same manner as it does when you try to write on blotting paper, which has no writing surface. The path of the ink into the folds was plain under the microscope and on enlarged photographs. Wiganowski signed the note; but they raised the ante!

"Another case was similar in intent, though the method of detecting the fraud was wholly different. A woman died, and her sister presented a promissory note against her estate for five hundred dollars. The note was typewritten, and dated sometime in the early eighties.

"At that time, only a few makes of typewriters were on the market. Even at the present time, however, when there are dozens of makes, it is still possible to tell, by means of the type faces, what kind of machine produced a given piece of copy, and what particular machine, if we have other samples from the same machine; and moreover, we can often prove that the very same machine produced two samples of typewriting, but that one sample was produced at about a certain time, while the other was not produced until considerably later. It is our business to know where to look for the telltale details that disclose these facts, which may be very important.

"The case of the woman who presented the promissory note for five hundred dollars was very simple. The note was dated in the early eighties; but it was written on a make of machine which *was not manufactured until the early nineteen-hundreds!*

"CHEATING the polls on a big scale was proved in the Chicago vote fraud by a study of handwriting characteristics in so simple a thing as the cross that voters put on election ballots. A certain candidate was shown by the first count to have been defeated. On the recount, however, he gained a sufficient margin of votes to be declared the winner.

"When we came to examine the ballots, we saw how he had gained the winning votes. His friends among the officials presiding at the recount had short-penciled him to victory! Whenever they could manage it under the watchful eyes of other, unfriendly, judges, they had put crosses against his name where the voter had not done so. In cheating like this, they had to bear down lightly, write hastily, use short pencils which they scarcely lifted between the two strokes, and consequently they produced crosses totally unlike the careful, honestly-marked crosses. Their crosses were nearly all connected at one end by a faint line, a sure indication of haste. We found dozens of these short-penciled ballots, and the guilty were convicted.

"Revenge is not a common motive in serious crimes, but occasionally it is a contributing motive, and I have had to explore the documentary evidence in at least two cases where it was the controlling motive. One of these was the Molineux case. Like the Patrick will case it was a famous, long-drawn-out affair. I

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will not go into all the details, but this is substantially what happened: Harry Cornish was physical director of the Knickerbocker Club of New York, of which young Molineux was a member. Cornish offended Molineux, and when the directors refused to discharge him, preferring to take Molineux's resignation if it came to that, Molineux sought revenge.

"A few days before Christmas, Cornish received at the club, through the mail, a Tiffany box containing a bottle of bromo-seltzer in a silver holder. There was a plain card inside, as if to make it appear that the sender had intended to enclose his visiting card, but had accidentally chosen one on which the engraving had been omitted. Cornish took the gift as the joke of some friend, and wondered who it could be. He saved the wrapper, thinking it might enable him to establish the identity of the sender, and he put the bromo-seltzer in the medicine cabinet at home.

"Not long afterward, his cousin woke one morning with a violent headache. Cornish recommended his new bromo-seltzer. She took a dose, and died within a few minutes. Examination disclosed that the bottle contained, not bromo-seltzer, but cyanide of potassium, a deadly poison.

"THE detection of the guilty person took some time, but young Molineux was finally connected with it by means of his handwriting. Some of the details are specially interesting, because they illustrate those habits which we all develop, and which make handwriting highly individual.

"Molineux was a nervous, quick person, and his handwriting revealed traces of these characteristics. For instance, when the letter *i* occurred in the middle of a word he was writing, he did not finish the word and then come back to dot the *i*, as most people do; he had the impatient habit of breaking the word after the *i*, putting his pen down again where the dot was supposed to be, and continuing from there with the next letter. He also had a curious way of writing the small letter *b*. Instead of rounding it at the bottom, as it should be, he made an indentation in it, so that the lower part of the letter looked something like a miniature *w*.

"These peculiarities, with others which were found constantly in Molineux's genuine handwriting, also appeared in the address on the wrapper of the package that had contained the 'bromo-seltzer.' These two characteristics alone would have been almost proof positive of Molineux's connection with the package; however, there was supporting evidence, and he was convicted.

IN THE year 412 B. C. Diogenes left his tub, lit his lantern, and went around in a hopeless search for an honest man. In the year 1919 A. D. a big executive sat in his swivel chair and searched his mind for honest men. Next month, in "Diogenes Had the Right Idea," you'll find out how this executive beat the old Greek philosopher in his search without moving out of his chair.

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Burlington Route

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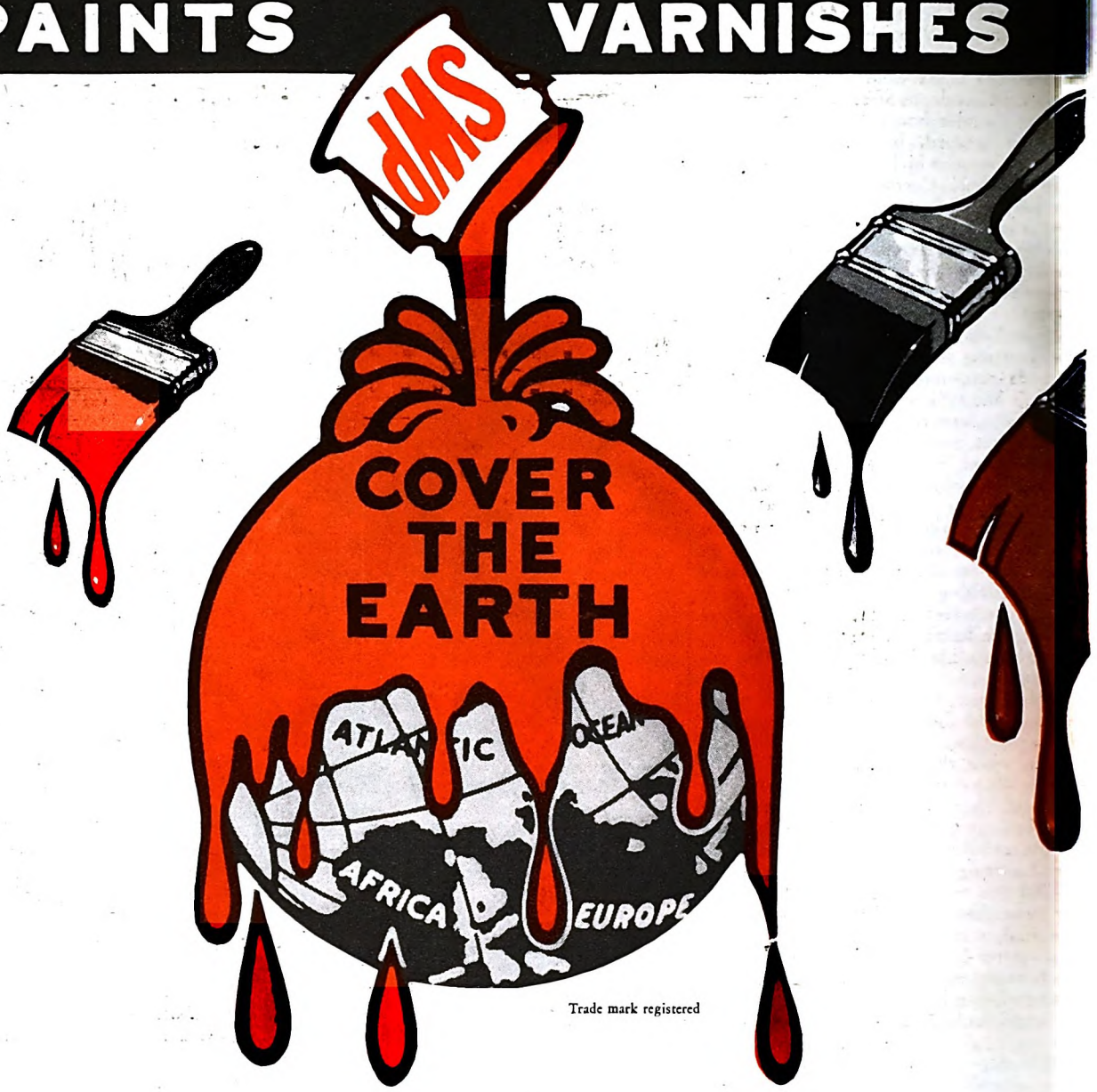
SHERWIN-
PAINTS VARNISHES



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"PAINT HEADQUARTERS"

The Sherwin-Williams dealer's store

There you will find the famous Household Painting Guide. It is a scientific service that enables the Sherwin-Williams dealer to select unerringly the right finish for any surface. Behind this service and the products specified is the famous "Cover The Earth" trade mark—known and respected in every corner of the civilized world.

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WILLIAMS

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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
HOUSEHOLD PAINTING GUIDE
For Painting, Varnishing, Staining and Enameling
IMPORTANT: Each of the products specified below bears our name and trade mark

	TO PAINT USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO VARNISH USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO STAIN USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO ENAMEL USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW
AUTOMOBILES	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BARNS, SILOS, OUT-BUILDINGS, Etc.	S-W Commonwealth Paint S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			S-W Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior	S-W Flat-Tone S-W Semi-Lustre	S-W Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Flo-lac	S-W Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	S-W Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain for new wood	S-W Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	S-W Scar-Not Varnish gloss S-W Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044	S-W Flo-lac S-W Handcraft Stain	S-W Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	S-W Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	S-W Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	SWP House Paint S-W Metalastic iron or wire only S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain S-W Carbolic-ol	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	S-W Inside Floor Paint	S-W Mar-Not Varnish	S-W Flo-lac	[illegible] Floor Paint
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			[illegible] Floor
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FU[illegible] Indoors	S-W Enameloid	S-W Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Flo[illegible]	[illegible] Dutch
Porch	S-W Enameloid	S-W Rexpar Varnish	S-W [illegible]	[illegible] Enameloid
[illegible] GARAGE	SWP House Paint	S-W Rexpar Varnish	[illegible]	[illegible] Old Dutch Enamel
[illegible]MENTS, TOOLS, [illegible]CTORS, WAGONS, TRUCKS	S-W Wagon and Implement Paint	S-W Rexpar Varn[illegible]		
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	S-W Mar-Not [illegible]		S-W Inside Flo[illegible]
RADIATORS	S-W Flat-Tone S-W Alumi[illegible]			S-W Enam[illegible]
ROOFS, Metal Shingle Composition	S-W R[illegible] S-W [illegible] S-W [illegible]		[illegible]-W Preservative Shingle Stain [illegible]-W Carbolic-ol	
SCREENS				S-W Screen [illegible]
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)				S-W Old Dutch E[illegible] S-W Enameloid
WOODWORK			[illegible]ft Stain	S-W Old Dutch Enamel S-W Enameloid
NOTE: [illegible] had [illegible] prep[illegible]				Copyright, 1926, The Sherwin-Williams

Write! We will send you a copy of this valuable Household Painting Guide. It will save you money.

A warm *and* human business

It is sometimes said that Sherwin-Williams grew to greatness principally because likable, understanding, human men have always served as sponsors of this enterprise.

And it is true that unselfish solicitude for the customer's welfare—inbred into this business by its pioneers—has, for sixty years, been winning us warm friendships in every corner of the civilized world.

Among the many Sherwin-Williams services that are of value to you is the useful and exclusive Household Painting Guide—which, because it suggests the correct Sherwin-Williams product to use for every surface in or about the average home, helps to stop mistakes in painting.

You will find it distinctly advantageous to follow this *Guide* to *"Paint Headquarters"*—the sign you will see on the store of a local merchant who carries the Sherwin-Williams line for your convenience.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY, *Cleveland, Ohio*

THE WORLD

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THE PRESIDENT

first choice of America's first executives

A "CARGO OF VALUE" comes sailing home in The President, a Studebaker Big Six Custom Sedan for seven, and America's first car to combine custom charm and performance with common sense economy.

In six short months, this masterpiece of custom design has become the most popular seven passenger sedan in the world—indicating the purchasing judgment of executives for whom The President was created.

Its long, custom body is swung low for safety and beauty—lustrous with long-lived lacquers. Its interior is richly upholstered in broadcloth or fine mohair with broadlace trim, and enriched by silver-finish inlaid hardware. The patented Studebaker ventilating windshield insures *draftless* ventilation in every sort of weather. Powered by the quiet Big Six L-head motor which first beat the coast-to-coast time of the crack Limiteds, only seven American cars equal The President in horsepower rating—and they cost from two to four times more.

The President is waiting to see you—now!

THE PRESIDENT $2245

A Studebaker Big Six Custom Sedan (for seven)

f. o. b. factory, including 4-wheel brakes, disc wheels, bumpers and other equipment as listed

Equipment—No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker; front and rear bumpers; Watson stabilators; engine thermometer, clock and hydrostatic gasoline gauge on the dash; coincidental lock; oil filter; automatic windshield cleaner; double rear-vision mirror; vanity case; smoking set; arm rests; toggle grips; dome light, automatically turned on when right rear door is opened; rear traffic signal light; emergency lamp on extension; 4-wheel brakes; full-size balloon tires; and two-beam nickel-plated acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel.

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Gee—I've Had a Fine Time!

(*Continued from page 34*)

got to Panama some of the people went ashore and had an uncomfortable time looking for a good hotel.

But I was lucky enough to be with a man who showed me the sea wall around the city. This wall had a prison in it, full of terrible torture chambers and undersea dungeons in which the early Spaniards kept their prisoners. I learned how the first city of Panama was destroyed by the great English pirate, Morgan. Morgan's men nearly starved before they reached the city but ended up with millions in gold and jewels.

It was fun in this way, living history over again. But it wasn't half so exciting as opening up whole new worlds of animals, such as we did when we got down to the Galápagos Islands. As hardly any ships go to these islands it is possible to see hundreds of forms of animal life in the same state as they were before man came along to disturb them.

The first thing that struck me was the large number of animals, such as sea lions, lizards, strange fish, and thousands of birds. The second thing I noticed was how tame they all were.

These two facts make me believe what the scientists say about animal life in the days before there were so many human beings. The woods and plains and seashores were once overloaded with animals.

Down in the Galápagos Islands the animals seemed to think of us simply as other animals. As we didn't seem hungry and they weren't hungry, there weren't any hard feelings on either side.

SOON after we arrived, Doctor Beebe let me go down with a diving-helmet on. This helmet is just a big cup of brass and glass which you put over your head. It weighs forty pounds in air but hardly anything in the water. It was a funny feeling to climb over the side of a rowboat in about fifteen feet of water and go down to the bottom and look around just as if you were going down in the cellar.

At first the fish were a little frightened. Then they began to come closer and look at me. One came right up to my face and looked in. He was a shiny striped fellow with eyes that stuck out as though he were frightened.

Later on I watched Doctor Beebe spear fish away under the surface. He even stayed down while sharks swam around him. He had a special wire cage affair that was let down in the water, big enough for him to get into. And when the sharks were around he could use this and keep quite safe.

The trouble with the helmet was that deep water could not be investigated with it. For deep water we used the dredge, which brought up thousands of eels, shrimp, starfish and other forms of deep-sea life that I had never seen before, even in a book.

At first a mass of animals like these look interesting because they are brightly colored and have such funny shapes. But when you begin to understand why they have their colors and their shapes and do the funny things they do, you realize how wonderful life is.

I remember there was one fish that had a sort of electric light out in front of it. Another was striped so it could lie on the bottom where sunshine came through the seaweed and would be invisible, because its stripes looked like shadows.

Once when we were out in the small boats we got a giant devil fish. This is a big, flat fish like a skate. Two of our men harpooned him and the boat pulling on the harpoon line tired him out. When we finally got him aboard we found he was 18 feet from wing to wing and weighed 2,400 pounds.

ASHORE the animal life was awfully interesting. The big sea lions didn't seem to mind us unless we disturbed their families. You know sea lions have wives and children and a lot of customs that people have.

It was a terrible sight to see one of the sea lions get into the hot water near the volcano we discovered. The water was made hot by boiling lava which flowed down from the shore into it. He ran right into the scalding water near the shore. Instantly he threw himself straight up into the air to escape. He did this five times, then flopped down dead.

Booby birds and frigates were nesting on the sides of the hill just above the beach on Albemarle Island. They were so tame that I could go right up to them and lift them off their nests. I used to watch the frigate birds sweep down with their long taloned claws and pick fish out of the sea. The boobies were better off because they had webbed feet and can dive in and swim after the fish. But the frigate got even by stealing the boobies' fish every time he had a chance. A frigate bird would chase a booby that had a fish in its mouth and frighten it and make it drop the fish, which the frigate bird would then catch in the air. Sort of a mean trick, wasn't it?

This part of the world is thickly settled with lizards and bugs. There have to be lots of bugs to feed the lizards.

There was one big kind of lizard, four or five feet long, which was pretty close to the old-fashioned dragon. It was the ugliest animal I have ever looked at. Reptiles like this are of particular interest because many of them are survivors of prehistoric monsters, about which we know only what we learn from their fossils.

After three months in the "Arcturus" we reached home again. I remember the day we landed in New York. There was a big crowd down to meet us. I could tell by the looks on the faces in that crowd how much they wished they could have gone off to the edge of things and seen the strange animals and strange lands we had.

Sometimes I think what a shame it will be when the whole earth is explored and well known, so that excitement in travel will be taken away.

I thought nothing could be more exciting than the "Arcturus" trip. But last summer my father chartered the two-masted schooner "Effie Morrissey" and

New York. Gazing down from lofty Croton Dam.
Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

NARROW, winding, climbing roads, dotted with cars and presenting each moment a new problem in driving, are often the price of visiting scenes of beauty. Such problems lose their difficulties when the driver *knows* his brakes are dependably lined. Distinct peace of mind belongs to the driver whose brakes are - -

Safe in the Grip of

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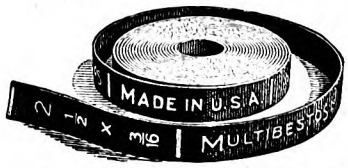

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your dog

Boston Bull Terrier

Dog Saves His Master

"SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont., Jan. 29, 1927. After a terrific struggle against adverse winds, Prince, a dog as loyal as he is strong, swam to the shore of Michipicoten Island near here, dragging in tow his master in a canoe."

At this time of year, your dog needs a tonic. Guard him against sickness and general weakness with Sergeant's Condition Pills. Full directions on Page 20 of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Hardly a day goes by but the papers chronicle a new dog hero. If you have a dog, you have a faithful friend that deserves your care.

Save Your Dog

You do not have to be an expert on dogs to know how to care for your dog and treat his ailments. You need only be a dog-lover, thinking enough of your dog to write for this information. Every dog owner can, without cost, find out how to treat dog diseases.

All dogs, puppies especially should be wormed. It may save their lives. Reasons are given on page 15 of the Dog Book.

Moreover, there are safe and effective remedies for every dog ailment, and you can easily find out when and how to use them.

Famous Dog Book Free

Guided by fifty years' experience, our staff of expert veterinarians have compiled a book of intense interest to dog-owners. It tells the symptoms of dog ailments and explains fully the best treatments for each. It explains proper methods of feeding and breeding. It is written in clear, explicit, non-technical language. It contains a unique Symptom Chart, making it easy to tell what's the matter with your dog. It is revised yearly and kept strictly up-to-date, and has been used as a guide by millions of owners. It has saved the lives of thousands of valuable dogs. A copy will be sent free to anyone who cares enough for his dog to write for it.

Fleas make dogs miserable and may cause serious skin troubles. Kill fleas with Sergeant's Skip Flea Soap or Powder as directed on page 42 of the Dog Book.

Expert Advice, Free

If your dog develops a condition that puzzles you, we urge you to write us, stating fully age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our own skilled veterinarian and his staff will answer personally. Complete instructions for care and treatment will be sent you promptly without any charge. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over 50 years, are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corporation, 1562 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Write for FREE sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

went to Greenland with a party of scientists and big game hunters. Captain Bob Bartlett was in command, Peary's old skipper who went within a hundred miles of the North Pole.

Just as in my visit to the tropics, I soon found in going North there were very distinct things that stood out, things that most books failed to mention. One of these was the queer way temperature, vegetation, people, and animals, and even the sea, changed as we approached the Arctic regions.

We left home in June. The trees around our house were a hundred feet high and covered with leaves. When we got to Labrador, half way up, the trees were half a hundred feet high and had very small leaves. Part of the way up the Greenland coast the trees shriveled up to bushes, owing to the short Arctic summers. And when we reached Cape York we found the trees had disappeared altogether!

In the same way, the sea in Long Island Sound was about 70 degrees in temperature. Down the Straits of Belle Isle off the Gulf of St. Lawrence it was only about 45 or 50 degrees. When we reached Northumberland Island, where we were shipwrecked, the temperature was 29 degrees.

Incidentally, this is especially interesting because the temperature of the sea never goes below 28.5 degrees Fahrenheit. Captain Bob told me that, because of this, in the middle of the winter when the air temperature is 60 degrees below zero, the sea smokes like a kettle of water. The water is still nearly 30 degrees above zero, while the air is twice that below zero

IN CONTRAST to the sea's loss of heat and the land's loss of trees was the increase in bird life. Our harbors in the South are thick with sea birds, particularly gulls and kittiwakes. But nothing in the South can compare with the bird life which begins along the Labrador coast and extends north to the Arctic Ocean.

Among the Smith Sound Eskimos this heavy bird life is very important. The natives go up on the cliffs and dip birds out of the air with a net on the end of a long pole. They make shirts out of the bird skins and put the bodies of the birds down in sealskin bags for the winter.

While we were near Cape York we took a good many specimens of big Northern animals for the American Museum. One of the most interesting and unusual was the narwhal. This is a big grayish-white fish about twenty feet long. It has a long ivory tusk sticking out of its snout. No doubt it was samples of these tusks that once made people believe there were unicorns. In fact, the narwhal is the unicorn of the sea.

The Eskimos paddle up to a herd of narwhal and throw the harpoon into a fish's side. At the end of the harpoon line is a float and a drag, which tire the animal out. They kill him by driving long lances into his ribs.

Walrus are captured in the same way. We got some by shooting them while they lay on the ice floes. I was surprised at my first looking inside a walrus's mouth. I asked one of the scientists about this.

"He has to have good teeth," I was told, "in order to chew up the clams which he eats."

It seems that the walrus digs clams out of the sand with his tusks. He chews them up and spits out the shells. The first thing an Eskimo does when he kills a walrus is to cut open his stomach to see if it is filled with fresh clams.

In fact, the walrus almost supports the entire tribe of Smith Sound Eskimos which lives in the Cape York district. Walrus meat is the best dog food. The walrus's windpipe is the Eskimo's chewing gum, walrus eyes are the babies' gumdrops.

We went over to Ellsmere Land west of Greenland, in August, after bears. There aren't so many Polar bears as there used to be, at least not in waters a ship can go in. The whalers and exploring expeditions have pretty well cleaned them out. A bear lives on fish and seals. He creeps up on a seal lying asleep by its hole and strikes him with his big paws. Although the seal-skin is tough, the bear's long teeth grind it up into small bits.

Polar bears hibernate. That is, they sleep most of the winter. Sometimes, so the natives say, a bear will occupy a scooped-out place in an iceberg for a great many weeks, sleeping most of the time. When I saw a live bear I could understand this. The bear was fat enough to live for a long time, it seemed to me, without eating anything.

How curious it was, with bears and walrus and icebergs all around, to find beautiful white flowers blooming right on the edges of snow banks.

Of course I brought home a great many small trophies and souvenirs from the "Morrissey" and "Arcturus" trips. I wanted things to remind me of the places, people and animals I had seen.

Now I have a regular museum in my room at home. I have snake skins and booby bird eggs, walrus tusks and bear teeth, Eskimo carvings, and ivory and a lot of other junk. It isn't really junk, though. I find it reminds me more and more of the wonders in this great world of ours. It helps make it interesting to read books of travel and to study up on birds and fishes and animals.

IN THIS little museum room of mine, one of the things I like best is a fossil shark's tooth sent to me from the sandstone of southern Colorado. It comes from Mesa Verde National Park. It was given to me by Deric Nusbaum, the son of the superintendent of the Park. That was last year and I didn't know Deric then. But I had an awfully nice correspondence with him.

Deric is just my age—thirteen now. I sent him a sea lion's jaw I found down in the Galápagos Islands, and he swopped for it the fossil he found out there. Since then Deric wrote his book "Deric in Mesa Verde." Deric's story tells about his adventures out there in archæological work. He lives right in the country of the cliff-dwelling Indians of long ago.

This coming summer, as I have said, we are going up to the Hudson Bay country, and Deric almost surely will go with us. In the meanwhile, this spring I think he is going to write another book.

I have spoken of the lots of letters that come in to an author, even a boy like me. Well, there are even worse things than that! You would be surprised at the number of invitations to speak, to autograph books and go around and meet people, and all that. I think seven different out-

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Through a Painter's Stencil

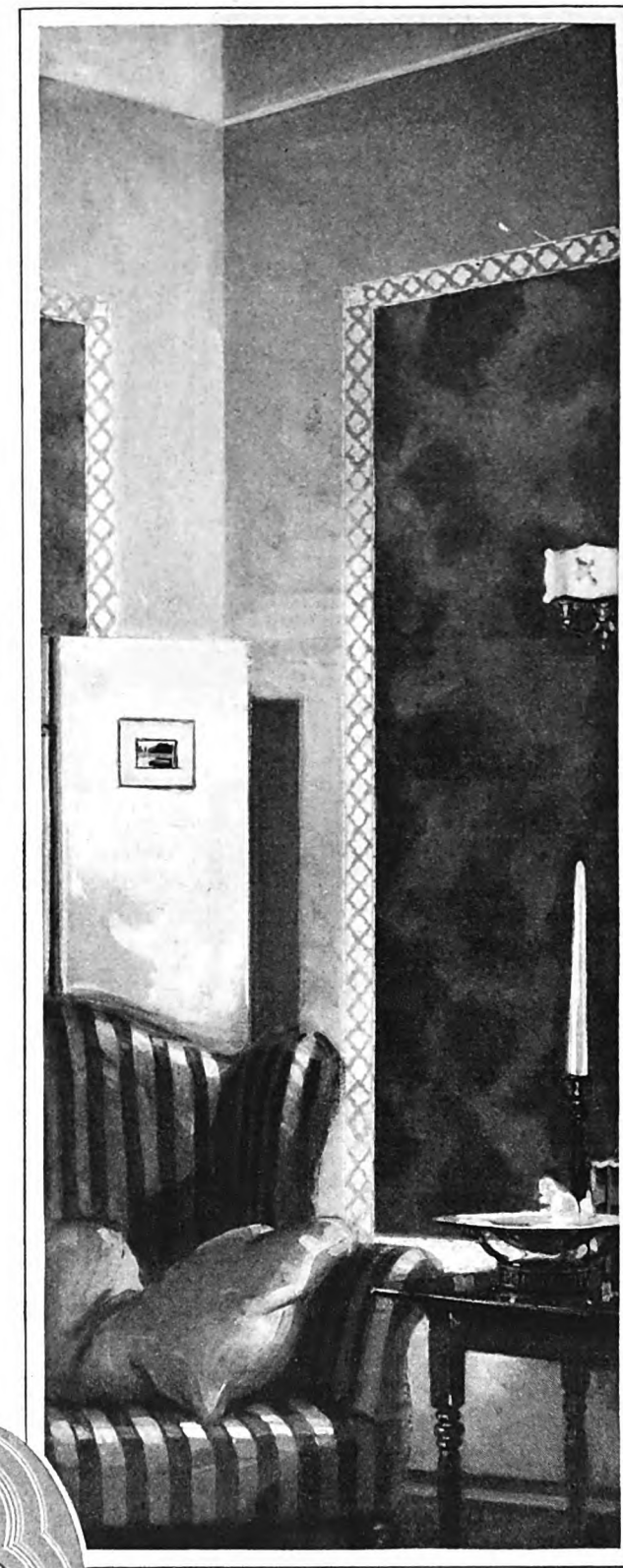
Borders that frame your walls in beauty

THE painter puts his stencil against the wall . . . . brushes over it. And behold, a design on the wall takes definite shape. The room itself acquires new beauty of color—new life. Where before there was perhaps just a plain, painted wall, there is now a wall panel outlined by a stencil border the color of which blends softly into the decorative scheme.

Stencils may be used to advantage in several other ways—as a frieze below the drop ceiling or as a single motif or an all-over treatment in panels. Where the rich, blended Tiffany finish is used, a new and delightful effect is achieved by placing a stencil against the wall and wiping out the topcoat colors where they show through the stencil openings.

No matter what colors are selected for the stencil designs and for the entire wall, you can obtain them exactly with paint made of Dutch Boy white-lead and Dutch Boy flatting oil, the all-lead, all-color paint.

Stenciling is only one of the distinctive and unusual effects obtainable with Dutch Boy white-lead paint. A new booklet, on decorating the home, shows some of these finishes in color and tells how to obtain them. With the booklet you will receive a decorator's data form from our Department of Decoration. Use this form if you want help in selecting a color scheme for your house. For the booklet just write to our nearest branch requesting "Booklet I."



An example of the applied stencil used as a border for a panel. Other uses are as a frieze around the entire upper side wall and as an all-over treatment in panels. The stencil may be either a deeper or a lighter tone of the same color over which it is put. Or it may be a strongly contrasting color. Several colors are used sometimes in a stenciled design.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway — Boston, 800 Albany St.
Buffalo, 116 Oak St. — Chicago, 900 West 18th St.
Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave. — Cleveland, 820 W. Superior Ave.
St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St. — San Francisco, 485 California St.
Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.
Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

***The Dutch Boy Painter is the trade** mark of pure white-lead, which makes an all-lead paint. This paint prevents deterioration of property, protecting it completely against sun, wind, rain and storm. It can be applied to any paintable surface inside or outside your home. The Dutch Boy Painter is a guarantee of purity and high quality.*

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for CLEANLINESS *for* BEAUTY *for* DURABILITY

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THE BELT CHAIN WAY IS SAFER AND MORE ATTRACTIVE

WHEN summer finds you on the golf links . . . in camp . . . motoring . . . in a hot office or shop, or any place where the vest is left behind, the Simmons Slipon Belt Chain is the ideal way to carry your watch.

It's the neatest watch chain for the trousers watch-pocket ever made. The clasp fits on the belt regardless of width, and the chain is just long enough to serve its purpose.

Your jeweler has the Simmons Slipon Belt Chain in several attractive designs. All are made by the special Simmons process of drawing natural gold, green gold or white gold over a stout base metal. Durability is the natural result. Make your selection now and you will be ready for those hot days when you leave your vest at home. Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS TRADE MARK CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

fits have asked me to talk on the radio. I talked twice, and it was pretty dreadful.

The first time most of the gang who went north on the "Morrissey" had a sort of party, Dad leading the talking and asking questions to fill in a bit. And another night Dad and I had a "father and son" conversation. He talked about the trip, and then asked me to tell my ideas about things.

But I have got lots to do in school and I really hate to do this sort of thing. And so, for the most part the invitations are turned down. And I know Dad tells them that he thinks the place for a thirteen-year-old boy is at home and in school. And I think the home part of it is right anyway!

I honestly think about the best fun in the world is playing football, and although I am not a very good player I like hockey and baseball and basketball. And swimming I love. Of course that is one thing you miss when you go up North in the summer time.

So I am hoping that we will have one more Northern trip next summer. But if that falls through I will be very happy because there is so much else to do that is interesting. I would like to learn to play golf and get a chance with my tennis, which isn't so good. But, best of all, perhaps, I would like to go out to Mesa Verde and visit Deric and his nice mother and father, and have a chance to dig around in Indian ruins out there, and really learn something about fossils and the interesting life of the Indians who lived there long ago.

The Great Cascade Tunnel

(*Continued from page 41*)

advances, its line of direction must be absolutely accurate, in order that the different sections shall meet at an exact point. In this case, the Great Northern engineer had repeatedly stayed all night in the tunnel, so that he could give the working crew their "line" just when they had to have it.

If they had been obliged to wait while he was sent for, it would have caused them to lose a little time in their race for the pennant—and the bonus.

This spirit of loyalty reaches across those thousand miles and more, between the Cascade camps and the St. Paul offices. In fact, that spirit was created in those offices. Mr. Baxter, in talking with me, spoke of R. F. Hoffmark, general superintendent at the camps, and of W. E. Conroy, his assistant, as "the best tunnel men in the world."

It was the same when he spoke of the men above him: of H. L. Mundy, his president; and Charles Ffolliott, the chairman of the board. Apparently, the spirit of loyalty, in all ranks of the organization, is of the double-back-action variety. And it is machines and methods, *plus this spirit in men*, that is doing the tunnel job.

NOW for the job itself, for it is almost as interesting as the men who are doing it.

Imagine yourself facing a mountain. Under its surface blanket of forest, you know, or at least you believe, it is practically a solid mass of granite. If you are an engineer, you wish it *would* be a solid mass. But you know it is more or less veined with cracks and fissures, filled with the water which has drained into them from the surface.

A 16 by 24 foot hole, almost eight miles long, must be bored through this mountain. Let us see how machines, methods, and men will have bored that hole, lined it with concrete, laid the railway track through it, and electrified it—all within *three* years.

In the first place, even they could not accomplish the task in anything like three years if they simply started at the two ends and worked inward. There is only one solution to their problem. Somehow or other, they must tap that eight-mile route at several points! Then they can work *both* ways from each of these points, until all the sections meet.

We have to admit that it's a great idea. But how in the world can they get into the heart of that granite mountain at half a dozen places?

Well, in this case, they got into it at one place by sinking a shaft from a point on the mountain-side called Mill Creek. This point was *directly above* the line of the proposed tunnel. The shaft, 659 feet deep, tapped the tunnel route about two miles west of the Berne end.

THAT gave them four "working faces," one inward from Scenic; one inward from Berne; and one in *each* direction from the foot of the Mill Creek shaft.

Four faces were better than two; but still they had to have more. They got them by the "pioneer tunnel" method, which I promised to explain.

The Mill Creek shaft divides the tunnel route into two sections, doesn't it? The short section is between the Mill Creek shaft and Berne. The other one, from the shaft to Scenic, is about five miles long! The mountain mass above this section is too deep to permit the sinking of shafts. Yet that section must be tapped at various points. Otherwise, the work would drag along for years.

This problem was a serious one, and after studying the methods used in driving all the long tunnels in the world, the one used in the very longest, the Simplon, between Switzerland and Italy, was adopted, and two tunnels were started. One is the main bore, the railroad tunnel itself. The other is the pioneer tunnel; not so large as the main bore, but a good big hole—8 by 9 feet—nevertheless.

The pioneer tunnel runs parallel with the main route, with a 60-foot wall of granite between them. At intervals of about 1,500 feet, a diagonal passage is cut through this wall, *tapping the line* which the main tunnel is to follow. The pioneer bore, being smaller, can be driven ahead faster than the main one.

Several cross-cuts have been made to the actual tunnel route; and at *each of these points*, crews are working in *both* directions twenty-four hours a day.

What seemed to you an impossibility

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A changing creature is the woman of fashion. A source of never-flagging study for those who have to do with her adornment, whether they design her watches or her clothes

We have watched her as jealously as any French modiste

For thirty-five years Wadsworth Cases have led the style in the dress of fine watches

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How woman's tastes have changed in a generation!

From bustle and bodice and trailing hem to the short skirts and trim lines of today, how many different stages!

Yet the history of her clothing offers no greater contrasts than the history of her watch.

Compare the heavy locket timepiece of the lady in bustles with the dainty convenient wristlet of 1927.

Compare the elaborate ornamentation, the intricate scroll designs of thirty-five years ago with the simpler lines, the exquisite taste of the modern wrist watch.

The change in the woman's watch, naturally, did not take place over night. Like the change in her clothing it has been the result of gradual development.

For thirty-five years we have watched her as jealously as any Paris couturier. For thirty-five years the design of Wadsworth Cases has accurately reflected the increasingly better taste of the woman herself.

That is why Wadsworth Cases continue to lead the styles in the dress of fine watches. Why the leading manufacturers and importers have consistently selected Wadsworth Cases for their finest movements.

Among the many Wadsworth creations you are sure to find a case exactly suited to your taste, at a price quite within your means.

When you buy a watch, select the movement you prefer, or that which your jeweler recommends. Probably you will find that it is already dressed in a case by Wadsworth. If not, ask that it be so dressed.

For the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside is your assurance of correct design, finest materials and workmanship, and that exactness of fit essential to adequate protection of the intricate mechanism contained within. Look for it when you buy.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky, Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

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"Engine of my car was overheated. Took off the radiator cap to investigate. Was scalded severely on face and hands. Smeared on Unguentine. Thankful for the relief. In a few days all trace of the burns was gone."

STOP the maddening pain of burns

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THEY'RE an ordeal—these countless burns and scalds—and they come to everyone . . . There is no time to lose with *any* burn. Ease the pain at once—ward off the evils of infection—prevent a hideous scar . . .

Dress the wound as a surgeon would—*Unguentine, quick!*

Spread Unguentine thick on all the burns and cuts that any active family is subject to. Keep a tube ready at hand. In severe cases, spread liberally on gauze and apply, bandaging lightly. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. At your druggist's, 50 cents.

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Please send me a free trial tube of Unguentine and "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M.D.

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is therefore being achieved. Men and machines *have* been taken into the heart of a granite mountain. The five-mile line of that long section *has* been tapped at several points. As the work proceeds, it will be tapped at still more.

"All very fine," you agree; "but what about the cost? You said money was an important factor in railroad operation. These folks are building two tunnels instead of one. Doesn't that cost a lot more?"

YES, it does cost more; although not as much as you might think. It *saves* some expense directly—and a whole lot more indirectly. You remember, I said there are two important factors in a case like this: time and money. But time *is* money! If you are investing ten million dollars in a tunnel, in order to gain economy in operating a railroad, you want to get some return *just as soon as possible* on the millions that you are putting into this hole in the ground.

Interest on these growing millions is steadily piling up. You want to reap the benefit of this job, which will pay that interest and will eventually pay for the job itself.

By means of the pioneer tunnels, which will parallel the route of the main bore between the west end and Mill Creek, the job will be finished in a quarter of the time it otherwise would take.

These parallel tunnels speed things up in various ways. Instead of only four "working breasts," they will provide twenty or more in the main tunnel. They furnish ventilation, air being blown into the main bore through the pioneer tunnel and the cross-cuts. When the rock faces are blasted in the main bore, the débris doesn't have to be hauled out by that route, delaying the work in progress there. It is quickly loaded into small cars, which are run through the nearest cross-cut to the pioneer tunnel, and thence outside to be dumped.

These are only two examples of the many ways in which the pioneer tunnels justify their existence. Moreover, while the age of *initial* railway construction may be over, the age of *double-tracking* is only fairly begun. And when the time comes for double-tracking the Great Northern from Berne to Scenic, behold the pioneer tunnel, ready to hand! It will be comparatively easy to enlarge it to the required full size.

I wish I had space to describe all the dramatic details of a job like this. But here is just one sample of the sort of thing these men are doing. It concerns the Mill Creek shaft.

If you ever have stood at the mouth of a mining shaft, you know that this opening is "straddled" by a high framework. The four corners are four legs; as if a giant quadruped—or the skeleton of one—stood squarely over the shaft. This "quadruped," whose bones are of wood and steel, is called the "head-frame."

The one which straddles the Mill Creek shaft is 87 feet high. Its legs are wooden ones, but it is no cripple! Each one is a single timber; no splicing in it. Yet the timbers forming the back legs are 114 feet long.

To save time, the digging of the shaft and the building of the head-frame proceeded simultaneously. But both could not be done at the same spot! The head-frame could not be erected over the opening where the shaft was being sunk, without the two jobs getting in each other's way.

So, under the direction of Frank J. Kane, the superintendent at the Mill Creek shaft, the huge, four-legged skeleton was built off to one side of the shaft opening. During its construction, the shaft had reached a depth of several hundred feet, and was then ready to use the head-frame with its accompanying machinery.

But the skeleton's legs couldn't *walk* to their new position. So the whole mass was jacked along, inch by inch and foot by foot, until it stood in its proper place.

The job of moving it began at eight o'clock one morning. It was completed in five hours! Then, instead of calling this achievement a day's work, cables were hung, machinery was connected, and at ten-forty-five that same night, the new equipment hoisted the first skipful of dirt out of the depths of the shaft.

It was really broken rock; but "dirt" is a comprehensive term, much used by men on such jobs. In fact, civil engineers often refer to themselves as "dirt movers."

To a certain extent that is what they are. The construction of the Panama Canal, for instance; what was it but a gigantic task of *moving dirt?* Taking it from somewhere and putting it somewhere else.

BEFORE leaving the Cascade tunnel-makers to their job, it will be interesting to see how that tunnel will rank:

It will be one of the five longest tunnels in the world. The others are:

Simplon: 65,734 ft.—12.4 miles.
St. Gotthard: 48,893 ft.—9.26 miles
Loetschberg: 47,685 ft.—9.03 miles.
Mont Cenis: 42,150 ft.—7.97 miles.

(The Mt. Cenis tunnel, which is between France and Italy, was originally 37,385 feet long, as driven in a straight line, but it was afterward opened up on curves at the end, which lengthened it to 42,150 ft.)

New Cascade: 41,142 ft.—7.79 miles.

Although the Cascade tunnel isn't the longest, it is the speediest one in the world. It took more than seven years, for instance, to drive the St. Gotthard tunnel; and it is less than one fourth longer than the Cascade one.

Part of this gain is, of course, due to vastly improved machinery and methods. But it is due also to the human engineering which fosters a spirit of loyalty and co-operation that keeps the entire force, from top to bottom, on its toes.

"STRANGE Places of Worship"—a woodshed in a rain, the peak of a mountain range, the top of an old rail fence, a cabin where dogs slept—these and other odd shrines are described next month by Archibald Rutledge. This is an article that has profound spirituality as its base. It comes from the human heart, and is addressed to the human heart. It is a rare picture of devout persons seeking solitude that they may commune with their Creator. You will find peace, beauty, and reverence in it.

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Photo by H. D. Carsey

"The Russian lady—ah how she delights in the puff of a fragrant cigarette! As a Russian I have tried them all—the cigarettes of Cairo, Paris, London, Madrid—but here in my adopted country, America, I have found my favorite cigarette 'The Lucky Strike.' In addition to its lovely fragrance and wonderful flavor it has no bad effect upon my voice—so even when I go abroad I carry with me my little trunk of Luckies—and enjoy a puff from America."

Nazimova

The Dramatic Actress, Nazimova

says, "I have found my favorite cigarette, the Lucky Strike"

Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked. They are made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process in treating the tobacco. "It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection

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Starry-eyed— Starry-eyed!

THAT'S what he called her as she nestled close to him in her twelve-cylinder car.

How could Val ever tell her that he was only a $25-a-week clerk? But then twenty-six horse shoe nails came to the rescue. And Val found that it's easy to become a millionaire—and win the starry-eyed heiress—if you just double your bank account often enough. Be sure to get the beginning of this fast-moving serial in Collier's April 30th—

"The Horse Shoe Nails"

By GEORGE WESTON

Then for a good laugh turn to Elmer Davis' little story,

"Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl"

She lived in Edgewood—but was determined to carve a niche in New York. Flower-like face and rose silk knees—a toothsome morsel for the ravenous maw of Manhattan. But it never occurred to Victor Strawbridge that she might prove indigestible!

In the May 7th issue you will again be entertained by that master of baffling mystery stories

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM *with* "The Happy Ending"

—the story of a drab little clerk who suddenly discovered he had been missing a lot of romance in his years of married life—and dropped out of existence one Friday night. Where and with whom did the Honorable George Angus—private detective—find him?

These are a few of the eminent writers who appear in Collier's. *Your* favorite is sure to be there. And of course those famous weekly short features—*"The Gentleman at the Keyhole"*—*"Picked Out of the Air"*—*"Tom Masson Says"*—*"Catching Up With the World"*—besides the typical Collier's articles and interviews by America's leading journalists.

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My Visit to the Old Home Town

(*Continued from page 65*)

asked me. "Up somewhere on Maple Street, wasn't it? Yes, of course. I remember now. What can I do for you?"

As he spoke he was eying me appraisingly. Presently he shook hands again, and less formally, as he ushered me out.

Well, Buck Olin was only one boy, after all. The others would more than make up for his casualness. Will Bryant was dead; and Carl Stebbins was living in the West just then; but there were plenty more of the old crowd in town. I began my round of surprise visits to them.

One of them was too busy to see me. Another sent back my card with a penciled line on it saying he saw salesmen only by appointment. A third remembered me with an affectionate warmth that went straight to my heart—until he brought the talk around to a note he had to meet in five days. Perhaps for boyhood friendship, I'd help out an old pal who was in merely temporary difficulties?

I don't know who went on his note. It was not I.

After six interviews, I gave up my project of gathering my old friends around me.

MY PROSPECTIVE two weeks in Fallfield tapered down to something short of two days. The joke was on me, but it was a long time before I could class it as a joke. I had gone away when a small boy, and here I had returned with silly notions that I still meant something to the town. I had taken no part in its life for fifteen years; I had not even kept up with what had happened there. Why should I have expected the Old Home Town to keep tab on me? I shouldn't have—and it hadn't!

(By the way, in more recent years I have had some mighty pleasant times in Fallfield. Apparently my dog yarns have won me a welcome that memories of my boyhood could not. Indeed, a family hotel there has been named "Terhune Hall" in my honor, a compliment which flatters and delights me vastly.) No, the town was not to blame for its chilly reception of me on that first return visit. The fault—or rather the folly—was all mine. I had taken with me a galleryful of glorified mental pictures. With the passing of time, these pictures had become enhanced and idealized out of all semblance to reality.

It is always so with one's recollections of an Old Home Town. We, who go away, are soon half forgotten by those who stay on; whether it is a town or a world that we go from. Nothing worth while is free, and this is a part of the price we must pay for going to distant places, which offer us, we imagine, better opportunities than we could find at home.

We all learned in our elementary physics that nature loathes a vacuum. So does life—as I learned on this visit to Fallfield. Gaps fill, with swiftness and completeness. It is normal, and it is infinitely better that it should be so, and that newer interests should crowd out the absentees. Life must go on. Nobody is at fault.

The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

Cleanse Teeth of Dingy Film

To Brighten Smiles Quickly

The new way to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders—which numbers of leading authorities suggest

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

WHEN teeth lack gleam and whiteness, it is usually because they are film coated.

Ordinary brushing has failed to combat film successfully. Thus thinking people, chiefly on dental advice, are adopting a new way in tooth and gum care called Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

FREE — Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1157, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

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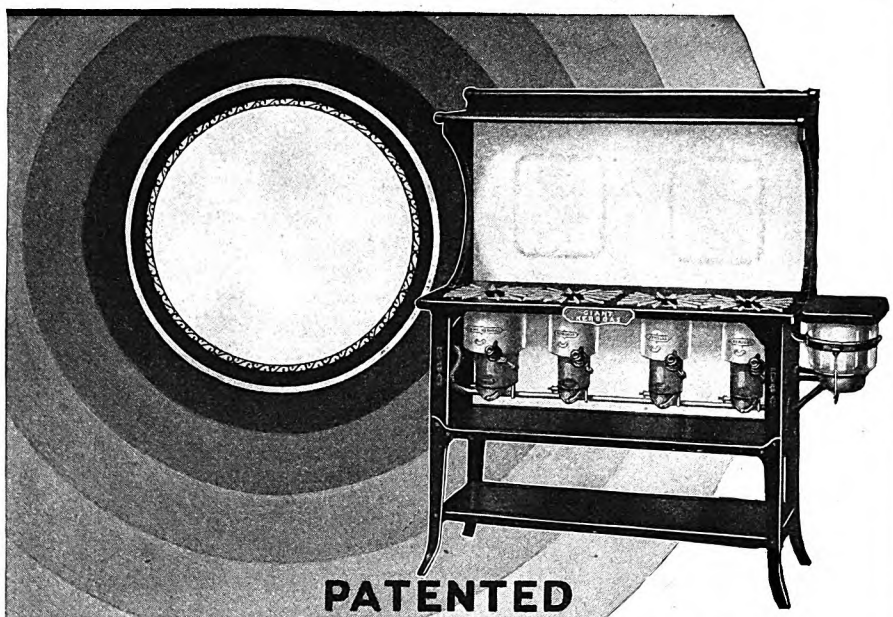

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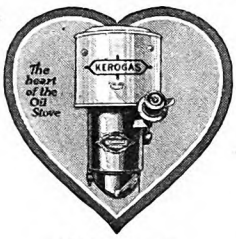
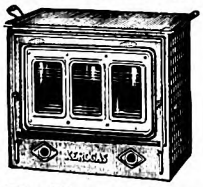


The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.



The Kerogas Oven

for Baking and Roasting is a fitting companion for the Kerogas Burner. As reliable as any range oven ever made, and as durable. Gives sure, uniform results because its temperature can be regulated perfectly.

To Prepare Appetizing Meals

—use a stove equipped with Kerogas Burners

Chicken—crispy brown surface, tender white meat! Browned potatoes, tempting to a queen! Piping hot biscuits!

The Housewife who has a happy, hungry family to feed knows that absolute mastery of her fire is the crux of perfect cooking.

Oil cook stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners give this mastery. Intense, moderate, low or simmering flame—each is at her command.

Kerogas Burners mean time and labor saved; they offer the clean, hot flame of a gas range combined with the economy of 400 parts air to one part kerosene.

You may choose stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners from a great variety of makes. Be sure, however, you see the name "Kerogas" on the burner. You may also select either the Patented Kerogas Burner, using kerosene, or the Pressure Kerogas Burner, using gasoline. Your dealer will show them to you—or write us.

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You may not agree with anything I am saying. I hope you don't. For I should like to think that your Old Home Town is, in reality, all that your memory pictures it to be. If so, my clumsy tale may have no meaning to you, except as you are interested in the experiences of another.

It is said that not one New Yorker or Chicagoan in two hundred was born in New York or in Chicago. That means, in those two cities alone, there are several million residents who have left an Old Home Town.

The same thing applies in a lesser degree to people in any of a hundred big cities. One might safely say that the bulk of America's urban population is made up of Old Home Towners.

It is still safer to say that the big majority of those many million Old Home Towners have times of yearning unspeakably to go back to the place of their birth and of their childhood.

Perhaps some of them, after long years of absence, have made the trip and have found everything just as fancy and memory painted it.

Perhaps.

But, out of more than a hundred men and women to whom I have put the question, only one has replied in the affirmative. That one had just returned to New York from his first visit in twenty-two years to his native Kansas home.

"I found it just as I left it," he told me. "Folks treated me just the same too. Last time I was there, they stuck me in jail; and they did the same this time. Same jail; same cell. Everything the same!"

I asked the question, years ago, of a restaurant man who since has grown rich and influential. This is the story he told me:

"I WAS born in Naples. I lived there until I was twenty. Then I came to New York and got a job as a waiter. By and by I started a little restaurant of my own; and made good money. I was able to save a few thousand dollars. I married and had two children.

"But always my heart was sick for Naples. I would look out at the snow and slush and ice in the New York streets, and I would remember southern Italy, where it was always sunshiny and warm and full of flowers and music. I hated America; and I prayed every night and morning for a chance to go back to Naples.

"At last I was able to sell my restaurant for a big price. I sold it. I said good-by to this cold and crowded and hustling country, and I sailed for Naples with my family. I told them we were turning our backs forever on rain and snow and hustle; and that we were going to live evermore in a land of eternal sunshine and gayety.

"I was not a rich man, from an American standard. But I had enough money to live in luxury as a landed proprietor in my own dear Italy.

"I woke up at dawn, on the morning our ship cast anchor in Naples harbor. I had been telling my wife and the boys that the Bay of Naples was the most lovely sight on earth with its fire-blue water and the crescent of city rising toward the green hills, and with old Vesuvius smoking in the sunlight.

"The anchor chains woke me that morning. I jumped into my clothes and

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ran on deck, herding my family ahead of me, to get that wonderful first view of my home city.

"Then I stood still and stared.

"A cold mist cut me to the bones. The sky was a dirty lead color. So was the city. A sluice of winter rain was falling. Under that wetness and gloom, Naples looked hideous. Gray mud and rain puddles and chilliness! No sunshine, no flowers, no music! The mist cut off all view of Vesuvius, and of the other mountains I used to love.

"Do you know what I did? I went below, and found the purser; and I bought return passage to New York on that same ship. I didn't even set foot on shore, all the rainy time we were anchored in the Bay of Naples. I came back here to New York and bought another restaurant with the cash I had been going to use in buying an estate near Naples. Here I am going to stay."

Yes; if the sun had been shining warmly and brilliantly when they arrived at Naples, and if everything had been at its Italian loveliest, the story might have had another ending.

In the days of his youth, there had been cold rains and raw mists, occasionally, brooding over Naples. But, with the passing of the years, they were forgotten in the happier memories of sun-kissed quays and shimmering waters and moon-drenched nights when a hundred street singers are abroad; until at last Italy had become to him a bourne of perpetual beauty and warmth and music and flowers.

A SCULPTOR—justly world-famed—found much of his inspiration in the memory of a semi-wild Western townlet that had been his boyhood home. He brought its details and its suggestions into his work. Years passed before he went back there; but always he carried its picture in his mind. Always it inspired and guided him in the delineation of certain phases of his art.

Then he returned for a visit. At least it was going to be a visit. As events turned out, it was only a stop between trains.

The town had progressed as fast as had the rest of urban America. Where dusty cowboys had galloped their pinto ponies down a twisting yellow dust road between picturesque wooden shanties, now a neatly painted interurban trolley car made its sedate way along a wide asphalted street, a street whose shops were of modern architecture and full of modern city goods.

Where once cowboys and barefooted little ragamuffins and frontier men and women had tramped the narrow wooden sidewalks, the broad concrete pavements now were trodden demurely by white-collared business men and up-to-date flappers.

Shielding his eyes from the changed scenes, and with the air castles of decades crashing down about his ears, the sculptor went back to the railway station and took the first outbound train, heedless in which direction it might be headed. His loved source of inspiration was in danger. He wanted to remember that town as he had known it, because he needed the vigor in his work that sprang from those memories of early frontier life.

Both in the case of the sculptor and of the restaurant man, the mere external appearance of their former homes was enough to smash their roseate mind-pic-

Resinol Soap wins professional favor

The effect of its Resinol properties brings warm praise from nurses

CRISP, immaculate, clear-skinned and wholesome, trained nurses are quick to recognize real merit in a toilet requisite and to adopt its use when they find it produces comfort or other beneficial results. Resinol Soap has won their endorsement through its distinctive Resinol properties.

They realize at once that these Resinol ingredients make the luxuriant lather soothing as well as cleansing and help to keep the skin soft and natural. They freely express their satisfaction, and in their letters are such statements as:

"Has always been my preference because it has such a soothing feeling on the skin."

"Am delighted with the wonderful lather, and appreciate its healing qualities."

"I recommend it to those who are seeking a smooth, natural complexion."

"Use it for my patients because it is so refreshing."

"As a cleansing agent, I like it very much."

Why not follow the example of these nurses and begin today to use Resinol Soap. Your druggist sells it. Of course we will be glad to send a trial size cake, free, if you will mail us the coupon below, but a full size cake gives a more satisfactory test.

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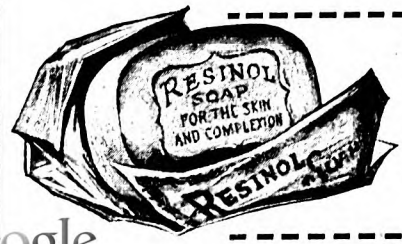

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tures of other days. Oftener, I think, it is the change in the Home Town people, rather than in the town itself, that does this work of demolition. More often still, it is the change in the one who has gone away.

His former friends and acquaintances have developed new interests; they certainly cannot stand still mentally, living through the years on experiences they had as children and as young grown-ups. The one who went away has also found new interests, new friends. The things you talked about years ago—youthful parties, school items and the like—no longer furnish you with sufficient topics of conversation. The man who goes away, remains away for years, changes and grows up, yet expects the Old Home Towners to remain the same, is expecting the impossible. If he stopped to think, if he cross-examined his ego, he would not expect to be important to persons he has not seen or written to in years—as I expected on that memorable visit to Fallfield.

AN ACQUAINTANCE of mine left the middle-size Middle-West city of his birth and youth, and came to New York. He rose to the control of a huge corporation. His name became internationally known. Last year, he told me of a return visit he paid to the Old Home Town. Like myself and like millions of others, he had been looking forward for years to such a return. With his desire to see the old place and his old friends, was a forgivable pride in the career that had been his, and the joy of anticipating his townsfolk's pride in his high achievements.

He went thither for an indefinite stay; planning all the gorgeous things I had planned for my visit to Fallfield, and with the added ambition to invest there a goodly slice of his several-figure fortune.

He stayed little longer than I had stayed at Fallfield. Like myself, he was all but forgotten by his former intimates. The few of them who had followed his career were in awe of him. The rest were not interested. Here is one of his minor experiences, as he related it to me:

"John Smith was my side-partner and my buddy up to the time I left for New York. He was the first one of the old crowd I looked up. He is running a small factory, and he isn't running it any too prosperously. I figured it would be fun to take a silent partnership in his business and lift it high off the rocks and help him toward Easy Street.

"I touched on the plan. At once, I could see he thought I had some sinister purpose in meddling with his business. But he said he'd talk it over with his wife. I invited them both to dinner. Smith hadn't heard anything of my work in New York and in London. I made it as mild as I could; but I could see he thought I was bragging. His wife was in no doubt at all. She was certain I was a monumental liar.

"Smith and she seemed to think I was trying to make an impression of wealth, and that I was probably a shipping clerk with wild-cat investment tendencies.

"When I ventured to bring up the theme of Smith's factory, saying I was sure I could find at least one hundred thousand dollars capital to put into it, she arose and told Smith it was time to go home. The next day when I called at his factory he sent word he was too busy to see me."

There is little use in wasting your time by piling up these anecdotes. All of them go to prove the same thing; and most of your friends can tell you similar experiences of their own, with more point to them. It comes down to this: The Old Home Town changes, develops, improves; the Old Home Towners change, and you change. Which is exactly as it should be. You surely wouldn't have your former home and former friends stagnate, so that when you drifted casually back you could take them up right where you left off years before!

If the Towners should hold a permanent Lodge of Sorrow every time some boy or girl went to another city to live, the price of crape would become prohibitive. If they should be foolish enough to keep vacant spaces in their hearts and lives, one space for each acquaintance who moved away, they would find life decidedly empty.

They go on with their lives, filling the gaps with new interests and wisely looking ahead instead of behind. Then, when one of us exiles strays home, if he has been away a long time he may be nothing more than an obscure character in a book long since read and put away. How can they be expected to set the clock back for a term of years, and to brush aside all later interests, in order to do honor to a half-defaced memory? (It shames me now to recall that I expected Fallfield to do that for me!)

When John Jones, who used to live near Sunnybank thirty years ago, comes back to Pompton Lakes and calls on me, I don't lay aside my work and give up the day to reveling in his society.

Why should I blame Buck Olin for giving me similar treatment when I dropped in at his Fallfield office in the middle of a busy work day? In fact, I don't blame him at all. It is all part of a life which is much larger than the people who must live it.

THE people who stay have no time to grieve over the people who go. Life, close at hand, shuts out the vision of life anywhere else; even as To-day must always block the picture of Yesterday. If we, who yearn to go back to the Old Home Town, would bear that in mind, we should save ourselves from grievous heartaches.

Napoleon III—Louis Bonaparte—Emperor of the French, spent part of his youthful exile in a New Jersey village. I can visualize him as having come back there, say in 1871, after his subjects kicked him off his throne and chased him into banishment.

Let us say the fallen emperor revisited New Jersey, during his wanderings; just for a look at the Old Home Town, and for a reminiscent chat with his former neighbors. The first man he happened to meet as he left the railroad station was Jed Perkins, who once had lived next door to him. With no undue exaggeration, I can hear in fancy the following dialogue:

"Why, hello, Jed! Don't you remember me? I'm Louis Bonaparte."

"Why, ye-e-s, I do seem to remember you, now. Been away, haven't you?"

"I've been away for twenty-odd years, Jed. I was Emperor of the French, from 1852 to 1870."

"You don't say so! You'll have to drop

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in some evening and tell the wife and myself all about it. By the way, the seven-twenty-nine express has been changed to a local. What do you know about that? These railroads think they own the earth, don't they? Well, g'-by—le's see, the name's Boneheim, isn't it? Oh, Bonaparte of course. I remember, now. Well, so long. I gotta get to the office."

It is far more important to Jed Perkins—yes, and to you and to me—that the 7:29 express has thrown out our whole daily commuting routine by degenerating into a local, than that a former townsman has been dethroned, three thousand miles away. Can you blame us?

I don't think I shall be sneered at, as maudlinly sentimental, when I say there is one touch of magic which can keep the Old Home Town from changing its *attitude* toward us, or from checking our whole-souled joy in returning to it again and again.

That magic touch is supplied if our parents still live there. Our parents will keep the neighbors from daring to forget us and from thinking we are anything but the best and cleverest people on earth. Our parents, too, will make the place continue to be our Home, not simply our Old Home Town; no matter how long we may have been absent, or how seldom we go back.

The Feud in Hell's Kitchen

(*Continued from page 23*)

Dave. Thirty a week—when you work all week."

"That ain't it, Ellen. He'll make me a gateman after a while—and there's a lot of pickings there. Some of those fellers make seventy, eighty dollars a week on the gate, and make it legitimate. Vann'll do it for me too, if I stick a while."

So Dave went back to the water front as a cargo guard. For a long time nothing happened. An occasional fist fight when some longshoreman found temptation too great, a wordy battle now and then; but for the most part there was that something in Kerry's eyes which gave warning that he was not the safest sort of person in the world to fool with.

"You see, Ellen," he told her a month later, "everything's apple sauce. I never have no real trouble."

"Just the same," she said, "I wisht they'd let you carry a gun."

"Well, they won't. So far's I know, there ain't but three piers on the West Side where they let the watchmen tote gats . . . and they're company men, not agency. We don't really need guns. Maybe it's even safer not to have 'em."

And that was that. Dave did nicely and worked faithfully, with always the bait of gatemanship dangling before his eyes. But even at that he should not have volunteered to watch alone in the hold of the "Regal." It is customary to send two watchmen below decks in each hatchway. But Dave was tight pressed for ready cash, and when he volunteered to handle the job alone Old Man Vann assented. He raised Dave's pay a dollar a day for the job and wished him luck. Of course

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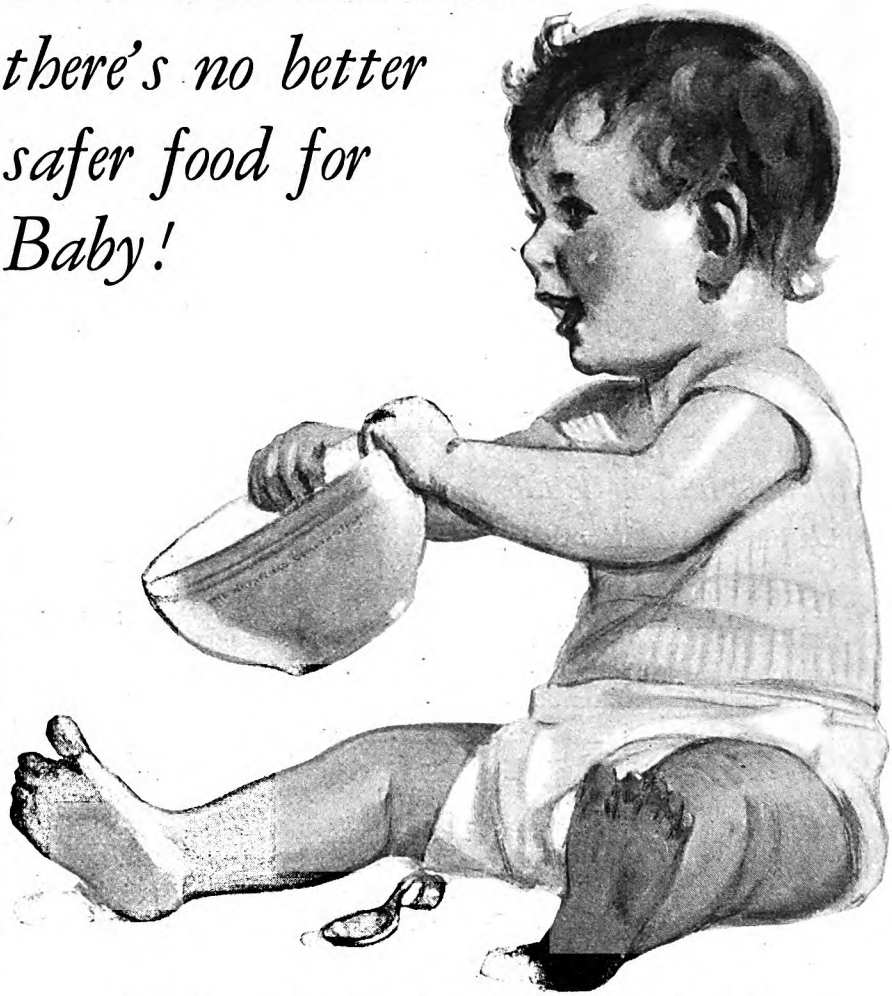

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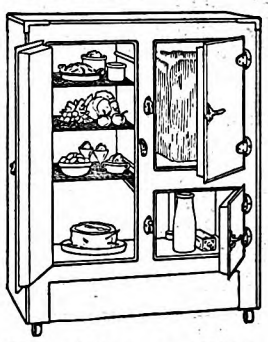

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he considered that Kerry was foolish; but even he did not know how foolish Kerry was. It meant nothing to Mr. Vann that the "Regal" was docked in the Hell's Kitchen district.

The "Regal" started taking cargo Tuesday. On Tuesday afternoon a certain Mr. Cockeye MacShane informed Mr. Eddie Grogan that Dave Kerry was watching alone below decks at hatch number two.

Eddie substantiated Cockeye's tidings and carried them to Glory Lawson. That afternoon Mr. Lawson was busy. For one thing, he ordered Mr. Red Gissing to be at the Trans-Oceanic pier at seven o'clock sharp the following morning. Identical orders were issued to Messrs. Tony Canzano and Jim Hennessy.

Glory's next step was to visit a sharp-nosed gentleman of easy conscience and acquisitive tendencies.

"You're the assistant boss stevedore over at the Trans-Oceanic now, ain't you?"

"Yeh."

"An' you're runnin' the shape-up every morning, ain't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, I'm Glory Lawson; you know me?"

"Yeh—sure I do."

"Good." Glory shoved a crisp bill into the other's hand. "That's extra. What I'm givin' you is orders. To-morrow morning when you shape 'em up, you pick me for loading below decks at hatch number two. You used three men down there to-day. All right; the other two will be Eddie Grogan an' Jim Hennessy. Red Gissing is to handle the winch. Tony Canzano is to get the job of gang boss. Got that?"

"I got it. . . . Say, listen, you ain't plannin' no haul, are you?"

"No. If we was, we'd cut you in on it."

That night Glory Lawson played pool with his friend Eddie Grogan. Eddie won consistently, but Glory's expansive contentment was undisturbed. "To-morrow," he commented, "I'm sure gonna learn a certain party it ain't safe to marry Glory Lawson's girl!"

DAVE KERRY reached the Trans-Oceanic pier at fifteen minutes before seven o'clock the following morning. It was a chill gray day, and he hastened into the shelter of the big pier with never a glance toward the motley gang of poorly clad longshoremen, shenangoes and wharf rats waiting patiently for the shape-up. Dave slouched into the roundsman's office, and chatted for a few moments with that person, then made his way along the pier.

It was the still moment of morning before the water front begins to hum with a thousand discords, when the stillness preceding the bedlam of winches and trucks and shouting voices is in itself symphonic. The whistle of a river tug, the rattle of a ferry in a slip near by, the low-toned conversation of other watchmen taking their appointed places by huge piles of cargo awaiting shipment. . . .

Outside the pier, the crowd of would-be workmen grew more dense. The assistant boss stevedore appeared, notebook in hand. Every morning this happens; every morning at every pier where there is cargo being loaded or unloaded. It is the great moment of the longshoreman's day—for a longshoreman's job is a daily one. The fact that he has worked hard and given satisfaction to-day does not assure employment to-morrow. This is the shape-up; the daily selection of the laborers who will handle cargo from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon.

The assistant boss stevedore was nervous. He tried to control his voice as he picked man after man and assigned each to a particular job:

"You—with the torn britches—on the pier. Georgetti, you'll load in hatch number one. Lawson, you'll be in hatch number two. Smith, take the winch on number four. Grogan, below in hatch two. . . ." And so on and on and on. Canzano was duly appointed gang boss; it was his job to stand on the deck and signal the winchman when each draft was ready. These particular Gophers met at the timekeeper's window, where each was handed a brass check, which was to be cashed on pay day. They did not look at each other, although once when Eddie Grogan found himself standing next to Jim Hennessy, he whispered the single question:

"Heeled?"

"Sure."

That was all. They wandered out on the pier, waiting for the starting whistle. The shape-up had taken perhaps forty minutes. At eight o'clock work was to start.

AT FIVE minutes before eight Dave Kerry made his way for'ard from the ship's galley, where he had been chatting with one of the cooks. He located hatch number two, and clambered down the ladder—down three decks. It was a forbidding place, with cargo blocking the bulkheads for'ard and aft. On the deck immediately above were a few scattered cases; but the real task of loading was being conducted from the lowest deck upward.

Dave seated himself on a box. He was very much at ease, and victim to no slightest premonition. He heard someone coming down the ladder of the hatch; and it was not until he looked into the smiling eyes of Glory Lawson that he suspected anything unusual.

A moment later Eddie Grogan appeared. Hennessy, slender and lithe as a panther, was next. They did not glance in Kerry's direction; but the watchman was not fooled. For the first time he began to believe that he had been too hasty in volunteering to watch below decks alone.

The hold was very much of a trap. The big bulkheads for'ard and aft contained doors; but these had been securely blocked by heavy cargo the previous day. The single mode of exit was up the ladder to the deck, and Dave knew better than to attempt that.

He knew perfectly well what the presence of these particular gangsters portended. They had no intention of permitting him to leave the hold of the "Regal." He noticed that they had brought their lunches, just as he himself had done. No shadow of an excuse then to clamber out at the noon hour.

He experienced an uncomfortable sensation at the pit of his stomach. He knew that this was just such a situation as men of the Glory Lawson type revel in. Odds of three to one, no possible escape; and of course they were armed, and he was not.

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Worse than that, they knew he was unarmed. The Trans-Oceanic watchmen were supplied by an agency and were not privileged to carry guns. Theirs was a job of bluff; they were there to prevent cargo stealing, and were vested with only such authority as they were courageous enough to assume.

At eight o'clock work started. Silence was transformed into bedlam as all of the winches commenced at once. There were hoarse shouts and bellowings, a sudden clatter and clangor of trucks on the big pier; hoarse-voiced orders, a din which reverberated down the hatchway and echoed from the steel sides of the big ship. Dave Kerry sat silently and smiled; but it was a smile only of the lips. He fully appreciated his danger.

LOADING started in hatch number two. There was a shout from the gang boss on deck as the longshoremen on the pier slung a draft on the heavy iron hook. Then a snorting of the winches on deck, a shrieking of cable, and the big sling with its load of cargo was lifted from the pier, and suspended over the twelve-foot hatch. At another signal it was lowered three decks, to where Glory Lawson and his henchmen were waiting.

They were skilled workers. The giant hook dropped gently, so expertly that it unhooked itself and swung idly back and forth in the middle of the hatchway. The men stepped forward and removed the cases of cargo from the sling. Then the signal was given the gang boss, and the hook and sling returned through the hatchway to the pier, while Glory and his men busied themselves placing the cargo.

It was not until an hour later that an overt move was made by the gangsters. They unloaded a half-dozen small cases and inspected them carefully after the sling had shot upward. Then, quite deliberately, Glory Lawson drove his hook into one of the boxes and tore it open. It was filled with watches; and he fingered them provocatively as he addressed the grave-faced watchman.

"How about it, Watch? You in?"

It was a set question. When larceny is to be attempted in the hold, the would-be thieves question their watchman in that manner. If he is of easy conscience, he nods affirmatively; and when the longshoremen check out that night they carry in their clothes a wealth of small stealage.

But Dave Kerry realized that this was no ordinary situation. He knew that they knew he was not a grafter; he knew that they had smashed this case of American watches not with any particular desire to steal, but in order to provoke him to action. And he had no idea whatsoever of being betrayed into an offensive move.

It was his task to protect the company. It was incumbent upon him to prevent thievery below decks. He saw them waiting for him to do something. And he did precisely nothing.

The morning dragged away. Hatch number two was working slowly. Less cargo was loaded than should have been. The gang boss was undoubtedly aware of the situation below, for occasionally Kerry could see his swarthy face peering down the hatch and, when Glory and his men were slow in unloading the draft, he bim-

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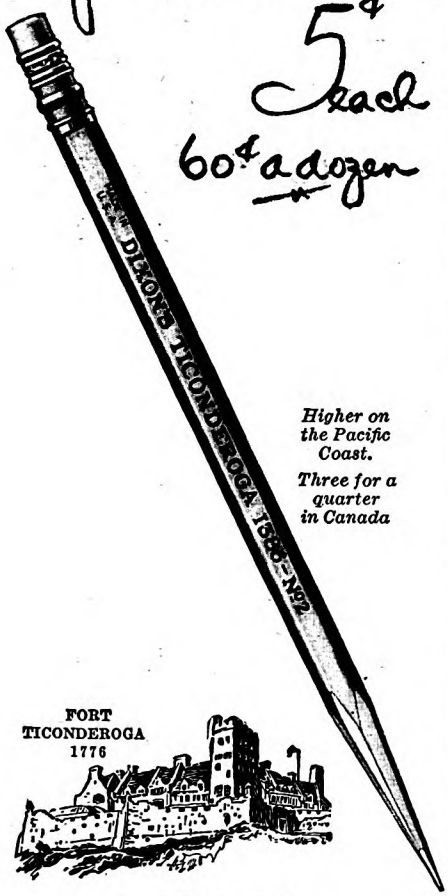

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self manipulated the slack cable until the big hook was loosened.

Once, when Kerry rose to stretch himself, Eddie Grogan deliberately shouldered him and turned with an ugly growl: "Whyn'tcha look where you're going?"

Dave Kerry grinned good-naturedly: "Sorry, Grogan. My fault."

NOON—and an hour of absolute quiet. Once, shortly after work had started again in the afternoon, Kerry moved to the very edge of the deck where it terminated at the hatch opening. He wanted to see what the others would do: whether they would construe this move as an attempt to escape. Glory left his work and moved forward; and at that instant there was a shrieking of the winch, a singing of heavy steel cable, and the massive iron hook came crashing down into the hold, missing Kerry's head by inches.

The watchman leaped back. He knew definitely now that the men above were in on the plot. The hook had been sent to crush him—and then there would have been the usual alibi: faulty winch—accident.

Afternoon wore slowly away. Tension was growing; there were frequent whispered conferences among the Gophers, all of which Dave Kerry watched calmly, but with inward trepidation. After one particularly lengthy conference Glory Lawson swaggered near to where Kerry was sitting. The watchman rose warily, and Glory sneered.

"What you gettin' up for, Watch?"

"Just stretching. Seventh inning."

"A-a-a-ah! Trying to be cute, ain't you?"

"Guess I was born cute, Glory."

"Uh-huh. And you're most likely to die the same way."

This much Dave Kerry knew: even to the lengths of committing cold murder, they had no slightest intention of letting him escape. He fancied he knew what they would do. Corner him, rough him up a bit, provoke him to physical combat, and then pump a bullet into his body. It had been done before. It could be done again. He noticed the others watching him even more closely after Lawson moved away.

The cargo on that particular deck had not been expertly loaded. Lawson and his fellows were not intent on their job. A couple of dozen big cases had been dumped willy-nilly near where Kerry was standing, waiting to be trimmed in with the other cargo. Eddie Grogan, at a signal from Glory, moved toward the watchman. He placed hands on hips and stared insolently.

"Well," he inquired, "don't you like it?"

Kerry arched his eyebrows. "I ain't got a thing to do with cargo-trimming."

Grogan did not notice that as Kerry spoke he moved around so that the longshoreman stood between him and a blind passage behind the big cases.

"You been lookin' kind of funny."

"I never did think I was good-lookin'."

Grogan released a stream of vituperation. Kerry grinned. "Gosh!" he commented. "I wouldn't say that sort of thing about anybody."

And then something happened. It happened like the stroke of a rattler, and it happened to Mr. Eddie Grogan.

Dave Kerry struck. The blow came with such devastating swiftness that the two men watching from across the hatch did not even see it. They heard the impact of fist against flesh, a startled grunt, and saw Mr. Grogan fall flat behind the bulwark of cargo.

It was a clean knockout, deftly delivered. And instantly, as Grogan fell, Kerry leaped to safety behind the packing cases. Two shots spat from across the areaway and buried themselves in the cargo. Kerry heard a shout and cursings, and meanwhile he was not idle.

He had negotiated a tactical coup by unexpectedly taking the offensive. He bent over the form of the unconscious Eddie Grogan and relieved that gentleman of a vicious little .25-20 automatic which was snuggled beneath the left armpit. Almost at the same instant Mr. Hennessy hurled himself recklessly around the corner of the dark alley where the watchman had taken refuge. The bark of his gun was answered by a snapping spit from the weapon in Kerry's hand.

There was a shrill scream, the sound of a revolver skimming across the iron deck and Mr. Hennessy collapsed into a state of complete uselessness.

Kerry dropped to hands and knees and worked his way along the floor. He was just in time to see Glory Lawson, automatic in hand, disappearing behind a pile of cargo on the opposite side of the yawning hatchway. Kerry's pistol spat once and an answering bullet splintered the wood over his head. For a few moments he sat there, then quite deliberately fired again—at nothing in particular. Immediately, he ducked back to the form of Eddie Grogan. That shot had been a ruse; he wanted to assure himself that Glory Lawson would remain under cover until he should have had time safely to tie Mr. Grogan with some rope which he had cut from a bale of cargo.

That detail attended to, he resumed his vigil. The situation had changed considerably. The odds of three to one had shifted to even. Hennessy was not to be entirely ignored, of course, because Dave didn't know just how severely the man was wounded; but he did know that Hennessy had lost his gun.

AND then started a catlike battle. Once he heard a scraping along the top of some crates which were piled high against the side of the ship. He crawled to meet it, and in the blackness he and Lawson exchanged shots. Another time Lawson tried to shift position to where he might command the alley in which Kerry was sheltered. Two bullets from the watchman's automatic sent him scurrying back to the other side of the hatch. Time seemed to creep; yet Dave Kerry knew that not twenty minutes had elapsed since he had flattened Grogan and precipitated the battle.

He moved some of the cargo and hid behind it. From that vantage point he essayed one more shot when Lawson exposed himself for a moment. He missed, and Glory's answering crack came perilously close. And then Dave Kerry made a decidedly disconcerting discovery; he realized that he had exhausted the last cartridge in his clip.

He was aghast at the discovery. He realized that once again the tables were

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Amer. Mag. 5-27

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turned. He wondered whether Glory knew of the situation. That was unlikely, of course. But it was possible.

There was only one thing for him to do: to remain under cover, hoping that Lawson did not know he was bereft of ammunition, and to wait for that gentleman to attack. It was dark where he crouched, he couldn't hope to find Hennessy's gun that had skidded across the deck. But the chances were that Glory would not essay an open assault.

Kerry shifted slightly. Working with painstaking slowness, he managed to see between two packing cases, and as he watched he became more and more certain that Tony Canzano, the gang boss, had heard, for he could see that a great display of loading cargo was still being made. Three times he saw the slender steel cable drop into the hold with drafts, saw the cable sway limply as the gang boss manipulated it to release the hook, then saw it shoot upward again.

Very clever, reflected Kerry. With the clatter and sputtering of winches drowning out all noise of the gun battle, those on the pier could not know that anything unusual was transpiring below. So far as anyone outside could tell, cargo was being loaded in hatch number two.

KERRY was thinking with lightning swiftness. He was trapped, and knew it. The bulkhead back of him contained a steel door, but that door was safely blocked by cargo. And he knew that even if he could move the cargo where he stood, he would run into a solid wall of cargo on the other side of the door. It was a pity, he reflected, that he didn't have the room which was afforded by the deck above, where there was as yet virtually no cargo.

Meanwhile, Glory Lawson had not stirred. The man's strategy was obvious. He was safely entrenched, and wisely awaiting an offensive move from Dave Kerry. If the watchman showed himself, or made a break for escape—

. Once again a draft of freight clattered into the hold; once again the gang boss shook the big hook loose from the sling and signaled it up. An idea came to the trapped watchman: Suppose he should make a sudden dash as the cable started upward and swing onto the hook.

He discarded the idea almost as soon as it came to him. "Just two things would happen," he reflected; "and either of them would kill me." He knew that the moment the gang boss saw him swinging on the hook something would go wrong with the winch, and he would be dropped uncere[illegible]i usly back into the hold. Or, failing that, Glory Lawson would step from behind his barricade and pot-shoot him as he swayed helplessly on the cable in the middle of the twelve-foot hatch.

Kerry was nervous. If only he had another bullet in his gun and could trick Lawson into the open! But that was impossible. And five o'clock was approaching. That might mean that Glory's men from above would descend into the hold to complete the job. They could do it then without attracting attention. He whistled softly.

"I've got to do something. But what?"

And then an idea came to him: a plan which held possibilities and was fraught with danger: The deck above was clear. If he could make that, it would be a simple matter to walk for'ard to hatch number one through the bulkhead door, and thence up the ladder and into the open air, where he knew not even Glory Lawson would dare shoot him down.

The cable snaked down into the hatchway once more, bearing its draft of cargo. The freight flumped in a heap on Kerry's side of the hatch. He saw the cable grow slack and then wiggle excitedly, proof that the gang boss was trying to loosen the hook from the sling. And then he saw the cable sway idly across the hatchway and swing leisurely back in a graceful arc.

Dave Kerry acted. Once again he banked solidly on the element of surprise in his attack.

He leaped from his place of concealment. There was the sharp, surprised bark of Lawson's gun, and a bullet missed his head by inches. At the same instant the swaying cable shot upward.

The muscles of Kerry's legs responded like steel springs. He leaped outward across the hatch; his hands caught the rising hook, which was swaying in the direction of his jump.

Then there was a shout from above, and at that moment Kerry released his grasp of the hook and flung himself forward. His hands clutched the deck above. With amazing speed he clambered to safety on that deck, directly over Glory Lawson's head—and he heard the vicious spank of the hook as it dropped into the hatch again.

Glory Lawson had fired his first shot mechanically as Kerry made his break for safety. He had been expecting some such move. He cursed as he saw that his bullet had missed, and as the watchman disappeared up the hatch, Glory leaped from his place of concealment, pistol in hand. One good shot at the man on the cable. . . .

He reached the edge of the deck. At that moment the cable and hook clattered at his feet. But there was no sign of Dave Kerry. Glory looked up. . . .

KERRY was crouched, waiting. He peered down from his vantage point on the deck above, and as Glory appeared the watchman carefully dropped a case of canned goods on that person's head. Save for a surprised grunt, Glory Lawson did not utter a sound. He pitched forward and lay sprawled at the bottom of the hold.

Kerry satisfied himself that Lawson was not shamming. Then he turned and walked swiftly for'ard. The bulkhead door was open, and he made his way to hatch number one. He mounted the ladder and emerged on the main deck.

The ship still buzzed with activity; but at hatch number two all was still. As Kerry moved toward that hatch he saw that the gang boss and his winchman were staring down into the hold. The watchman touched Canzano on the arm and that worthy whirled, his eyes popping with amazement as he recognized Dave. There was a grim smile on Kerry's lips, and he spoke with honeyed softness.

"Listen here, Tony," he counseled significantly, "I'd sort of investigate if I was you. I've got a hunch that something has gone wrong down yonder."

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Why I Quit Being a "Family Fixer"

(*Continued from page 57*)

the poorhouse, and no child of mine should ever say: "We could do so many more pleasant things if we didn't have poor old Dad around."

But the very concentration on economy which has insured me against being poor has kept me equally from ever being rich. And by rich I mean not in money merely, but rich in achievement, in full-blooded living.

I doubt if any more numbing emotion can possess a human mind than the constant thought of money. For years I scraped and saved and denied myself, slipping one dollar after another into the savings bank, and saying, as each five dollars accumulated: "There's one more day of old age provided for." This habit of thought grew so strong upon me that, long after I had accumulated a competence and might properly have begun to enjoy life more, I lacked all capacity for enjoyment. Only the help of my wonderful wife enabled me finally to conquer the stern inhibition against reasonable spending.

I give this glimpse of the family background in order that the reader may understand something of the circumstances which made me a "family fixer." There burned in my heart a fierce and unquenchable family pride, born partly of real affection for my brothers and sisters, partly of resentment against my stepmother, and the determination to rescue them from her ungracious rule and secure them permanently against subjection to any other untoward influence.

So strong was this passion that I could not bear to finish my schooling. Four years of college and three years of professional school was a delightful prospect, one that my heart hankered for, for I was a natural student and loved books; but what right had I to spend seven years on myself when there was so much to do for the others? What unimaginable dangers might not befall my younger brothers, and my sisters coming up so fast into womanhood, while I was thus away? No; there could be no college, for I must strike away into the wilderness of the world and build a stockade behind which these defenseless ones should be secure.

DOES this sound like the mock heroics of an over-sensitive child? I admit the charge, and offer no defense. I was over-sensitive; I was over-fearful. I was the eldest son of a hard-up family, conscious that there was no lingering affection for me in the home, and eager to be up and doing on my own account and for the sake of the others.

In this spirit I slipped away from the house one dark night, paid a last visit to the grave of my mother, and set out for the city. I walked all night; but, as the first flush of sunrise was brightening the east, I lay down for an hour's rest beside a friendly haymow. There the owner found me about six o'clock, and let me ride with him on a load of vegetables. Thus I entered Chicago, with eleven dollars in my pocket and all the burdens of a large family on my soul.

This is not the story of my business career, and so I shall cut that part short. Suffice it to say that I very quickly discovered that just because a town is big is no reason why one should stand in awe of it. If there are a million people within the corporate limits, instead of a thousand, that means that there are just so many more "clock watchers," just so many more who do as little as possible, and wonder why they don't get more. Speaking broadly, I believe it is easier to make a success in a large town than in a little one. True, Chicago and New York are great magnets that draw keen minds to them from all directions, and the pace is swift. But what oceans of mediocrity they are! How quickly a little extra work is seen and appreciated!

I FOUND a job the first morning; not much of a job, to be sure—just sweeping out a wholesale produce market and carrying heavy bags of potatoes off the carts. But it gave me enough for food, and the proprietor allowed me to sleep in the rear, which saved room rent.

In the next ten years I came to know everybody up and down South Water Street, which was the center of the produce market. The business was one which had no friends. The farmers protested that they received too little for their produce; the retailers cried out that they were charged too much, and periodically the newspapers took up the cry, and even the courts occasionally gave heed.

I began to look into the laws that governed the business and gradually began to read more books on law. When, after several years, I took the bar examinations and was admitted, I found that among my market acquaintances I had already a good beginning of a profitable clientele. Those first clients have stayed with me, and year by year I have extended my circle.

I married young, which is the way to marry. My wife and I shared together the whole program of struggle and success. We were grandparents long before our heads began to turn gray—and that brings me back again to the point of the story.

As I said before, my intimate association with the man who committed suicide by trying to decide everything for his relatives began a change in myself. But it was only a beginning. It took my frank and outspoken daughter to bring the final result. I was standing with her one afternoon on the shore of Lake Michigan, where her little family was spending the summer. We were watching her boy and girl paddling in the water. I was nervous about them, for the waves were getting higher, and they seemed a long way out. I said nothing, but she saw the look in my eyes, and she turned on me with a speech which had apparently been corked up for a long time.

"Father, if you are going to worry about my children, you can just take the next boat and go home!" she exclaimed. "You worried about your own sisters from the time they were knee-high to grasshoppers. Didn't you?"

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"Well, I was the eldest," I answered meekly.

"Yes, and so you worried day and night. And did any one of them ever drown? Aren't they all alive? More than that, aren't they pretty successful on the whole? Just how much good do you think your worry accomplished? What's been the use of it, anyway? And, since it's been no use, why are you starting in to worry about the next generation? Just tell me *that!*"

She had me flabbergasted. *My* worry about my brothers useless. My years of solicitude, of careful planning, of fixing things, all wasted! What a terrible thing to say. Later, in the solitude of my room, came a more disturbing thought: Perhaps, I said to myself, the girl is right.

THAT night after the others had gone to bed I sat with a pad of paper on my knee and commenced to set down a frank statement of what my attempts at "family fixing" had netted. When I finished I had the following record. I make no comment on it; it speaks for itself.

One: My sister Anne is a year and a half younger than I, and shared with me to a considerable degree the sense of family responsibility. Her passion was music, and even as a little child she showed an aptitude for the piano that promised much, if she could have continued her studies. But at eighteen she left home to become a school-teacher in a neighboring town. When she was twenty-three she had saved enough money so that she thought it might be possible to go to Chicago and enter a conservatory, and she asked me to make some inquiries.

It was at that period of my life when I was struggling to keep my head above water and to provide some sort of a place in the world for the younger children. Hence, I had the feeling that Anne, the only one who was settled, ought to play safe rather than add herself to my already long list of responsibilities. Accordingly, while I made the inquiries at the conservatory, as she requested, I conducted a somewhat more vigilant campaign of inquiry for a better teaching position, and presently I ran onto the trail of a position as supervisor of music in a nearby suburb. "Just the thing for you," I wrote her. "Here's a chance to teach the subject you love, and you will be near enough the city to come in for lessons on Saturdays." With decided reluctance she took my advice, and I breathed a sigh of relief; Anne, at least, was "fixed."

Her instinct, which made her reluctant, was wiser than my judgment, at least at this distance I think so. For getting to town on Saturdays proved increasingly difficult, and the progress she made with these fitful lessons was so slight that she gave up within the year.

A hardware merchant in the town persuaded her that she loved him, and so she married and settled down. He is a good-enough sort of fellow, but decidedly her inferior intellectually. They are neither happy nor unhappy, just an average couple with three healthy children. But the passion for music in Anne is dead. I wonder what she might have become if I had encouraged her to follow her star, instead of having tried so hard to get her "fixed."

Two: My brother Joe came up to Chicago after his graduation from high school,

"You Must Have Spent *Years* on Shorthand"

"NO; *I Learned it in 6 WEEKS!*"

HER employer laughed aloud. "Six weeks! You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks."

"But I *mean* it, Mr. Chapman. When I came here to work for you I had only studied shorthand for *six weeks*."

The president of the large corporation hesitated; the girl was evidently sincere; she expected him to believe her. But *six weeks!*

"You're fooling, of course, Miss Baker. You have been with us not more than a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why,—a great many young ladies who have been here with us had studied shorthand for ten months or a year or more and still they made a great many errors."

"That wasn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. Old fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I——"

"Speedwriting?"

"Yes. Haven't you ever seen my notes? You can almost read them yourself. See—"

The big business man took his secretary's note-book.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A. B. C.'s!"

"Yes, surely. That's the secret. That's how I learned it so quickly. *Anyone* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every "character" you use is a letter you already know,—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"And it's called *Speedwriting?*"—Mr. Chapman was more than interested.

"Yes. Isn't it simple? Can't you read that? See—here is the first letter you ever dictated to me. Those notes are a month old, but I can read every word of them. That is another advantage Speedwriting has over all other systems,—notes *never* get cold. And my notes are just as plain to another Speedwriter as your handwriting is to one of the salesmen."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. . . . . You can write it rapidly too!"

"One boy I know who studied Speedwriting *in his own home,* took *court testimony* at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, will you get me some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

Two months later Mr. Chapman and all of his stenographers were Speedwriters.

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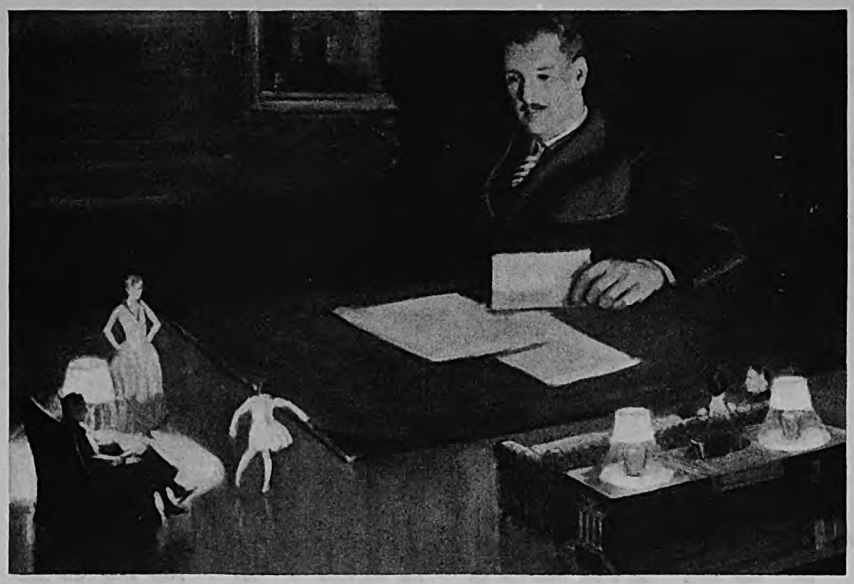

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and I felt very proud to be able to meet him at the train with the news that I had found him a job. It gave me a nice sense of success to have friends in the city who were willing to take my brother on my say-so. Joe lasted three months in the job, hating it all the time; and then came home with the sad news that he had been fired. It was a blow to me, but I hustled around and placed him in a paper house from which our concern made large purchases. This job he hated worse than the other, and so I hunted up another. Four times this process was repeated, at continuous cost of nervous energy. Then one night I returned to the little flat—he was living with me but paying no rent—and found a note pinned on my pillow. "I have taken twenty-five dollars out of your purse, and am going to Kansas City to get a job on a newspaper. It is the only thing I ever wanted to do; but I know if I stay here you'll never let me do it."

I was hurt and disappointed. Two months went by without a word from him, and then I received a letter enclosing a money order for twenty-five dollars. He was working as a reporter at fifteen dollars a week, and was having the time of his life.

I have always looked on Joe as a semi-failure. He is well along in his forties today and is city editor of a small town daily at a salary of about four thousand dollars. I have always felt that if he had stayed with the paper business, where I started him, he might be president, and earning ten times his present salary. But he's the youngest-looking and happiest one of the crowd. Would he be so happy if he had let me "fix" him?

THREE: We always regarded Jim as utterly irresponsible. Anne and I combined to underwrite his college expenses, feeling that if we could pound four years of mental discipline into him he might steady down. In his freshman year he got into a row with the faculty over some student escapade, and instead of letting him work it out himself I rushed down to the college town and stayed there a week, neglecting my own business while I interviewed the president and the dean and promised that Jim would never do it again. He didn't thank me for my intervention, and I sensed the feeling on the part of the boys at his fraternity house that I was babying him. However, I had seen my duty and done it, and I went back satisfied.

Jim's college course was not a success. He just managed to attain a passing average during the next two years, and in the spring of his senior year we heard a rumor of the most terrible sort. He was engaged to be married to one of the co-eds. If he had been arrested for highway robbery the news could not have shocked us more. Visions of having another family on my hands ran through my worried brain, and I hastened to get in touch with the girl's father, who obviously had the same feelings. Together we labored with the young people, pointing out the reckless iniquity of marrying before they had established a place for themselves in the world. They listened to us with the amused tolerance of all-wise youth toward middle-aged apprehension, and they answered our arguments by eloping just a week before commencement.

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For the next three years the girl's father and I held monthly luncheon conferences. He showed me her letters, and I showed him Jim's, which were infrequent and uninformative. We met each time with a decided tension, each expecting the other to break the bad news that the youngsters were starving or had been thrown out of their apartment for non-payment of rent, or had separated because the economic strain had proved too great. We found two different business openings for Jim, but he refused them haughtily. He allowed us to send the usual birthday and Christmas presents; but when the girl's father sent her a check for one thousand dollars, Jim made her mail it back, and wrote me that he wanted it understood once and for all that they could stand on their own feet. And they proved it.

The Chicago papers carried a little paragraph one day to the effect that Jim had been made assistant sales manager of the biggest business of its kind in town. He moved into our midst, and proceeded to forgive us for all our well-meant meddling. But his wife has never quite forgotten that we tried our hardest to keep them apart, and, candidly, I don't blame her.

FOUR: My wife and I made my sister Elsie's marriage a subject of profound thought and planning. We arranged to lure her up to our home for visits at least twice a year, and I combed Chicago for desirable young bachelors who could be induced to risk their freedom in exchange for a meal and a theatre party. Three of them fell in rapid succession, all good chaps with secure positions and fine prospects. And what did independent little Elsie do but turn them down one after another, borrow a thousand dollars from me, and light out for New York?

There she has a little shop on the upper East Side as an interior decorator. She goes to Europe every other year, visits in the best homes in the city, and steadfastly refuses to think of matrimony. My wife still thinks Elsie will never be properly "fixed" until we have equipped her with a husband. But as she refuses to visit us any more, except on condition that we allow no bachelors or widowers in the house while she is there, there seems to be small prospect of our success. "If all the work and worry that we have wasted on Elsie were laid end to end," says my wife, "it would reach from Chicago to Los Angeles and back." It would, and what good did it do?

FIVE: Tom was, and is, the baby of the family. I was financially secure when the time came for him to go to college, and I sent him as a gentleman's son. When he visited us during his Christmas holidays I used to ask him if he had made up his mind what he wanted to do; but he seemed to have no definite notions about anything but football and girls.

My wife said, "Don't hurry him. He's entitled to a little fun in his youth. Goodness knows, you had little enough in yours."

So he finished the four years and, evidencing no great craving for work, he drifted on through three years of law school. He is now a clerk in my office, and will, as a matter of course, one day become a partner. He is the only one of the family who has stayed "fixed." I arranged his

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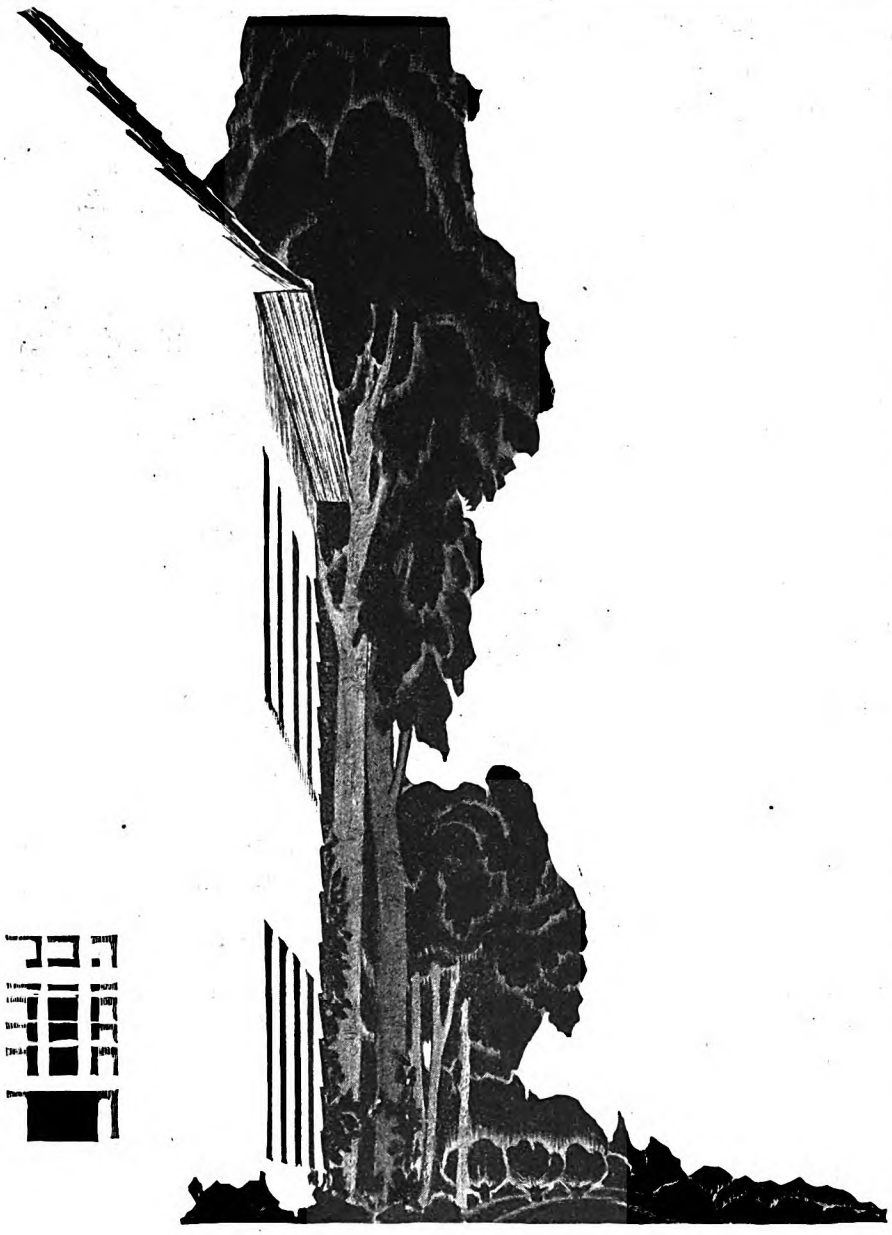

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life and I shall apparently continue to arrange it. He seems perfectly contented to shift all responsibility, and allow me to go on "fixing things" for him as long as he lives.

Curious that I had to wait so long to learn my lesson; that not until the death of my worrying client and my daughter's abrupt challenge had I ever stopped to analyze the facts of my long years of attempted "fixing." Written out in black and white, even in this brief form, the record is almost shocking. Hours and hours of patient, well-intentioned planning and worry, and to what end? Three of my five brothers and sisters take their destinies out of my hands and do better for themselves than I could possibly have done. One sister follows my guidance and scores only a moderate success, to say the least. One brother resigns himself wholly to my molding and up to date shows no evidence of ever being able to travel alone.

I have given the matter a great deal of thought since that night when I first faced the facts. It is too late for me to make much change in my own life, except as regards my grandchildren and perhaps my brother Tom (him I should cast off to make his own way; I know it, but I haven't the heart). But I can tell my story for the possible help of others.

I KNOW now that if there is one thing that history teaches more plainly than another it is that no man can lead another man's life. It matters not how strong the man, nor how worthy and painstaking his attentions, the attempt to "fix things" for other people almost inevitably ends in failure.

Similarly, I am now convinced that it is exceedingly dangerous, and sometimes fatal, for any one of us to try to select another's career. Stevenson's father wanted him to be an engineer, and fastened him to a drafting board for painful years. Voltaire's father, a hard-working small-town business man, was shocked when told that his son contemplated a literary career.

"Literature," he exclaimed, "is the profession of a man who wishes to be useless to society, and a burden to his relatives, and to die of hunger."

Both these fathers, and many others of whom history gives us the record, loved their offspring, and honestly believed that their mature wisdom was far more trustworthy than the vagrant impulses of youth. But what a tragic loss the world would have sustained if their wisdom had prevailed.

Youth has a marvelous capacity for landing on its feet. Every generation of grown men and women is greatly distressed about the "rising generation." These thoughtless, self-centered, lazy boys and girls, whatever is going to become of them? Who will do the work of the world when we workers are weary, and these useless youngsters have grown into lazy manhood? From the beginning of time this has been the sad lament of maturity!

The parents of the brilliant Cardinal Wiseman were in terrible distress because their boy was so "dull and stupid." Charles Darwin, whose patient lifetime of hard work turned all scientific thinking into new channels, was so lazy and useless

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as a boy that his father confidently expected him to be a "disgrace to the family." Wordsworth was so lacking in ambition up to the age of seventeen as to be "incapable of continued application to prescribed work," and James Russell Lowell was suspended from Harvard, where he later served as a professor with such brilliant distinction, "on account of continued neglect of his college studies."

WITH such examples as these to encourage us, surely we parents and elder brothers may strengthen our faith, believing that sooner or later youth will find the task for which an all-wise Providence has intended it, whether we "fix" things or not.

The principal obstacle to our faith, of course, is our love. Having struggled ourselves, we are almost morbidly eager to spare our loved ones from struggle. It is a fine emotion, in a sense, and one feels almost sinful in combating it. Yet there is no doubt that this very over-carefulness on the part of parents is the principal reason for the failure of many children. It has been remarked that great men are seldom followed by great sons, and Emerson, in commenting on that fact, says:

> The genius of a race or family is a stream always equal to itself, and if the present tenant fishes it too much, the next tenant, his son, will find the stream poor, and must withhold his nets and seines. Hence we say, "A great man has not a great son."

In other words, if one man uses up too much of the energies of a family, he has exhausted the supply, and the family strain must lie fallow for a generation or two until there is a chance to recuperate.

This may be one explanation of the failure of successful people to have successful children. Doubtless there is truth in it. But a greater truth, I believe, is the super-love which makes the path of the next generation so smooth that strength and courage are not bred into the fiber. And other children, less sheltered, and hence more tough, pass them on life's highway.

Finally, and this is the thought that has become more real to me year by year: the lives of those we love are too sacred to be tampered with, even with the best intentions.

What we need is not more planning, more "taking thought for the morrow," but more Faith. More simple, childlike trust that the God who sent these other lives into the world has some plan for their work, and will, if given a chance, guide them to it.

"GIVE me a newborn child and in ten years I can have him so scared he'll never dare lift his voice above a whisper, or so brave that he fears nothing." So says Dr. George A. Dorsey, author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," one of the best-selling non-fiction books of recent years. Next month, in "How Do You Get That Way?" Mr. Dorsey explains why you are what you are; moreover, if you're not satisfied he holds out hope that you can make yourself someone else—within, of course, certain physical and age limitations.

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"Scotch Valley"

(*Continued from page 15*)

You've had an excellent education and a valuable experience in France. Your war record won't tell against you. Just now, everyone's sentimental."

Gladden raised his eyebrows.

But he cried out loud in his heart. This was his first encounter with the "back to normal" attitude of the civilian who feared, perhaps unconsciously, that the returned army might try to run the country. The returned army was in one state of mind, the civilian population in another.

And the advantage was certainly not with the army, which had been, for some time, subjected to the physical and moral confusion of war. Gladden did not know whether to pity or to despise his uncle. He felt superior, yet he felt whipped. He knew the baffled mental surrender of knowledge to ignorance.

"Thank you very much," he said. "I accept your offer with gratitude. Only there is something I must do first."

THEN he told his uncle about Smith, and his promise to look after Smith's family in California.

"You don't mean to tell me that you expect me to put up the money?"

Gladden shook his head.

"Not a cent. It's nobody's business but mine."

Mr. Gladden became inquisitive.

"Have you any money of your own?"

"A few hundred dollars."

"How do you expect to support a wife and children on a few hundred dollars?"

"They're not *my* wife and children!"

"I thought you said—"

Gladden rose with a certain dignity. He saw that it would gain nothing to argue with a man like his uncle, a man who never made a misstep, who was incapable of soft-headed, blundering philanthropy.

"I have no doubt," he explained carefully, "that I am being a fool. The Smith family will probably kick me out."

"Why don't you write to them?"

"And give them a chance to refuse charity? No. I'll go out there and see for myself whether they have any need of a young man with no money and a medal. Of course, if they throw me over, I'll be glad. I don't *want* a wife and a family of children!"

"Not yet," his uncle interposed.

"Never. I don't like the idea."

He held out his hand.

"Good-by."

"I think you're an idiot."

"I got my code from *your* generation. A promise is a promise."

Mr. Gladden, with a startled look, clasped his nephew's hand.

"Of course. Of course! The war hasn't changed all that. I don't want you to be selfish. Only, I have decided ideas as to what is best for you. I never change my mind. Never. I simply refuse to give you money to throw away on these hypothetical Smiths. They have no claim on you."

"Good-by," Gladden repeated.

He went out into Broadway, crossed Forty-second Street to the station, and paid cash for a ticket to Los Angeles. The train left in two hours. He packed his bag and spent the balance of the time in the station, enjoying the mulling about of people, the echo and remote, humming vibration under the starry roof; the business of departure and arrival; the excited, tense faces of travelers; beginnings and endings; tears and kisses; eyes stark with separation, passionate with gratification. Little knots of immigrants with bundles, shuffling over the marble pavements, silent and embarrassed, apologetic and inspired. Porters carrying wonderful leather bags, golf sticks, fur coats.

All women looked at Gladden. He liked it, yet it embarrassed him, very much as the immigrants were embarrassed. He knew he was not ugly, but he could never believe that he was gifted with that magnetism which in some men, otherwise negative, is an open sesame to the perilous delights of the flesh. Therefore, he passed up many opportunities for experiment.

In the great station at New York he stood with the crowd at the gate, sensing acutely the marvelous promise of life; it actually brushed him in passing; he felt the currents; he stood braced, expectant, and his heart beat a little faster when the gates opened and the crowd streamed down the shadowy incline toward the long, silent train.

THAT train, crawling over a continent, had brought Gladden to this uncomfortable moment.

There had been a Scotch Valley near San Diego; but no Smiths lived there. There were no inhabitants, save a few nameless Indians, who lived in 'dobe huts and drove little cars to market. Gladden had been on the point of returning to New York, when a stranger to whom he had confided his bewilderment, assured him that there was another Scotch Valley farther north. He was even explicit, in the manner of those who speak with the voice of conscience.

And now Gladden was actually in that Scotch Valley which sheltered the family he sought. Having found no flaw in his urge to go on, he picked up his heavy suit case and started again along the road. He wished that he had left some of his possessions in New York. He certainly had no need for a silk lounging-robe or a smoking-jacket, or for linen knickerbockers. He had purchased all of these things during the brief stop-over in Chicago, impelled, perhaps, by a vague and youthful desire to be ready for any adventure, to be equal, sartorially, to any romantic occasion.

Save for his two years in the army, Gladden had had a very agreeable experience; he had not sprung full-fledged with a gold spoon in his mouth; but he had been permitted to lick the parental spoon. The only thing that saved him from being an insufferable waster or a congenital snob, had been the death of his mother and his father's remarriage to a woman of spirit. Gladden's stepmother

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THE BANK OF ENGLAND
Looking towards the Mansion House
LONDON

The Bank of England required 32 years to erect, 1795-1827. A century's progress in materials and methods cut to a small fraction the time and expense of building the Fresno High School (below). Coates & Travers were its architects; its cast stone was made with Atlas White by MacGruer & Simpson

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Pyorrhea still claims 4 out of 5

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had gone a long way toward undoing the harm his own mother had done by insisting that her son should be spared both the sin and the rod.

"We're going to laugh the Fauntleroy out of you," his stepmother had said. "For your own sake, try to laugh with us!"

He had. But there had been moments when the fruit of knowledge tasted bitter as poison. He would have drifted back into his habit of lazy dreaming had he not been driven by jealousy and resentment into daily combat with his stepbrothers. They were good-humored, healthy, normal, rather stupid and, like their mother, utterly devoid of those impedimenta of the imagination which make life torture for the artist.

They did everything well. They were crack shots; they played a swift game of tennis; they could swim like seals; they rode like demons. Gladden did everything they did, not because he wanted to but because he had to, or lose his self-respect. He took some bitter victories and learned, at last, to enjoy being laughed at.

GLADDEN and the brothers, Alex and Karl, went to different schools. Mr. Gladden may have felt that it was a case of two to one—the balance was all on the side of conformity. Perhaps he had a sneaking hope that his son might develop a few fascinating if reprehensible irregularities of his own. After all, he had loved this boy's mother. She had made him suffer. But she had given him the only hours of glamorous delight he would ever know.

So Gladden went to one school, while the healthy stepbrothers went to another. In summer, with benevolent grins, they returned to the business of making a man of Gladden.

Gladden had surprised them, later, by winning a place on the varsity nine at Princeton, and still later, at Tech, he developed into the fastest swimmer of his class. His scholarship he kept to himself.

He was not ashamed of his ambition to be something more than the son of a rich man; but he was wise enough to realize that unless he licked his stepbrothers at their own game, he would be their bone all the rest of his life.

When his father died, just before the war, it was found that Gladden had inherited nothing. What was left of that substantial fortune belonged to his stepmother. She sent at once for Gladden, and for the first time he saw her chastened. Definitely older, tears had blurred her eyes, thickened the bright lilt of her voice. He had never liked her so well.

"Of course," she said, "I will give you what is yours—"

"Thank you. But I can't accept it."

"Why not?" She leaned forward and put her hand over his. "You don't hate me, do you, Jimmy—for what I've done?"

"What *have* you done?"

She shook her head. "I was afraid you might want to play the piano."

"I do," Gladden said. "I always have!"

He got up, stooped quickly and kissed her. "Don't worry about me. I'm going to France. And when I get back, you must invite me to visit you. I'd like that."

But she hadn't.

Gladden guessed that he had hurt her more than he had intended. She wrote him simply that she was happy to know that he had returned from France. She had not been so fortunate. Alex and Karl had both fallen in Belleau Wood.

The road that Gladden was following dipped down from the crest of the hill and turned sharply to the left. Mount Soledad seemed to wheel, to present another, sterner face. There were sheep in a meadow, and white-faced, big-horned cattle grazing on a slope so steep that their hoofs had terraced it, terrace upon terrace, like the steps of a Mayan temple, to the crest.

A row of silhouetted horses, cropping, stood in identical attitudes against the sky. When they moved, it was as if sculptured horses developed a momentary, rigid animation. A great bird hung up there, drifting on wide-spread wings, scanning the remote and tragic earth for small carrion—rabbits, ground-squirrels, moles, gophers.

Gladden thought of German 'planes, hovering over the lines. "I hope he starves!" he said.

At the crest of the little hill, he saw the ford: planks laid across the dry bed of the river. In a cluster of tall trees, the uncertain outline of a house and sheds, a whitewashed fence in great disrepair, a fence that sagged and leaned and staggered like a drunk on a narrow sidewalk.

He slid down the bank in a clatter of small, smooth stones, waded through a few yards of sand, and gained the planks. "I'll have to fix these," he thought. "First thing I do."

The planks rose and struck at him. They teetered and rolled. Once he fell on his knees, and rose in a bad temper. "What a place. What a place. Good lord! What am I doing here? I'd better go back, while there's still a chance."

But he went on, over the bank, through a growth of brittle nettles, a knee-high forest of great purple thistles gone to seed, and across another sand pit to the gate.

No one was about, so Gladden climbed over. "They've all gone away," he thought. He was both relieved and disappointed; he wanted to see what these children of Smith's were like: they would of necessity have inherited some of that priceless vitality, that steam-engine drive, that restless enthusiasm which in the end had driven their father headlong into death. "*My* death," Gladden thought. "And here I am alive."

THE yard was deserted. The usual promenading, gossiping hens were absent. The barn door gaped like a mask's mouth. An old car, topless, battered, stood on its rims in the dust of last year's hay. And high in the rafters, up there in the cloudy dusk of the eaves, pigeons were making love. Gladden called, "Anyone here?"

He went back to the yard. Poverty was written on the face of things: poverty, hunger, thirst. The trough was dry. Not a drop trickled out of the pipe that came on straddling trestles from somewhere behind the house. The house itself was like a blind beggar sitting empty-cupped in the middle of a desert. In the narrow shadow of the porch the parched remains of a little garden struggled for existence in a tangle of coarse and hardy weeds.

Gladden set the suit case down and climbed the uncertain steps to the porch. He knocked at the door. There were no

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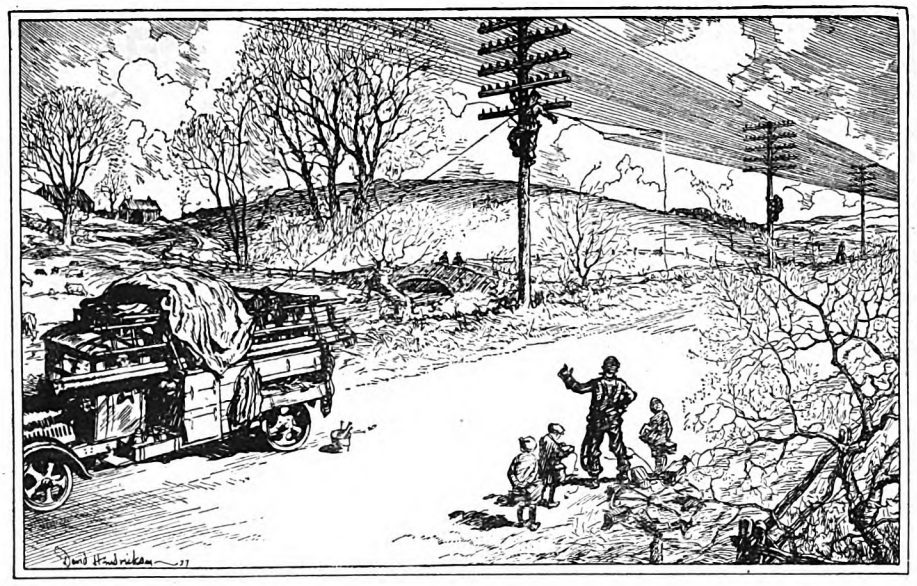

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footsteps within, no answer. Only a sudden, indefinable tightening of the silence, as if someone listened, terrified, on the other side of the door.

Gladden waited. He thought he heard a sort of sighing, rhythmic and faint. Where? Inside? Or outside? Someone snoring? He hurried down the steps again and went to the back of the house. A child's go-cart with broken wheels lay overturned. A terrible rag doll stared at him from the dust. There were broken spoons, tin cans, spools, everywhere. A one-sided broom dressed in rags. These must be toys.

A wry twist of memory, and Gladden saw his own toys: painted rocking horses, taut drums and a whole fleet of yachts: "Ariel," "Spray," "White Swan." These he had sailed in the Central Park basin, while a nurse in gray, with streamers, watched from a bench.

He stood there, wondering what to do. Perhaps the Smiths had already gone to the County Home. This might be the manner in which a benign Providence had prevented the Smith children from falling into his hands.

Children frightened him. He had always observed them at a distance, with trepidation. When they were pretty and had manners, he found them a stuffy imitation of their elders. When they were normal, they made him feel inferior, as if, somehow, the laugh was on him. No man is quite equal to a boy's idea of a man.

Gladden knocked at the back door. Then he decided to go in.

THE kitchen was in wild confusion. It was wreck and desolation. Dirty pans stood ankle deep in cold, stale suds flecked with the corpses of flies and skinny little wasps. Gladden's stomach felt empty.

He went into a dark hall, on tiptoe. And again he heard that thin, wheezing sound, close at hand, behind a door that opened hard, but opened, at last, upon the strangest scene he had ever witnessed.

The pressure against the door gave way suddenly. He fell into the room. A room dark and fetid, with the odor of stale blankets, sickness, and fear. The blinds had been drawn against the glare of light outside.

At once, Gladden knew that he had not come too soon. An old man lay on a cot in the corner of the room. His head was pillowed high. His hands plucked at the coverlet. Picked and picked, with great, stubby, brown fingers.

Two children sat on the cot, huddled against the wall, with their knees drawn up and their eyes staring over, like frightened rabbits.

Two more children clung to the door.

"I'm Mr. Gladden," Gladden said. "Your father sent me."

The oldest of the children, a straw-haired boy, retorted, "That ain't so. My father's dead."

"I know. He sent me all the same. I was his captain, in France."

"You said 'Mister.' You didn't say 'Captain.' You get out."

"I'm a captain, all the same. I knew your father. He was with me in France. He sent me here, to take care of you."

"Manuel takes care of us. You get out!"

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Gladden turned to the bed. The old man opened his eyes. They were filmed over, like the eyes of a sick eagle. He had a great head; massive, haughty features; a skin, tough as leather, that folded into deep wrinkles, fold upon fold. The heat from his body burned through the blankets.

The two boys came close to Gladden, threatening: "Manuel's sick. You'd better get out."

"I'm a friend. Here, Manuel, give me your hand."

The restless hand was like a live coal. The pulse fluttered, raced; it sounded like the decreasing whir of a spent wheel.

"Very seeck," the old man said. "Die soon. Water in . . . In . . . Over there. . . . We-l-l-l-l. Bad! Bad! Kids seeck, too. Get away."

Gladden turned again to the oldest boy. This was Smith's kid. And something tightened around Gladden's heart.

"This man's very sick," he said quickly. "Tell me where I can find a doctor, and I'll go and get him."

"Bertha's gone for the doctor," the boy answered. He stood facing Gladden with his feet well planted, his fists doubled, a look of challenging fury in his eyes. "You can't take us. My sister's old enough—and, anyway, this is our place."

"I'm not going to take you away! Is that what you thought? I'm not a kid-catcher, you poor little boob. I'm a friend of your father's. I'm here to help you."

Now he understood the drawn curtains. He raised the blinds, the window.

The children on the bed blinked and coughed. One of them might be six years old. The other was little more than a baby—two, three, a miserable little baby dressed in a red sweater big enough for a man. The sleeves flopped like a scarecrow's empty arms. Her face was smudged and streaked. Gladden had seen refugee children with just this look of dull acceptance, this surfeit of fear.

"See here," the oldest boy said, "we're getting along all right—"

"Have you got any food?"

"I can get some."

"Well, I want some milk, warm milk, quick, to give Manuel."

Manuel choked on the word, "Water. Water. Water!"

"All right. I'll be right back. Now, son, lead me to the well."

THE boy gave him a queer look and left the room. He led Gladden across the yard to an arbor, where, beneath a roof of dusty vine leaves and tendrils, there was a well and a bucket. And a smell. Gladden leaned over the rim to peer into a brackish circle, flat and dead as a disk of gun metal. An odor like sulphur floated up.

"You don't drink this stuff?"

"It's all we got. But Manuel won't let us any more. He brings us water to drink, when he ain't sick."

Gladden lowered the bucket. The water was cool, but cloudy, opaque, as if stirred into milk.

"I'll boil it," Gladden thought. "I can't give a dying man a glass full of germs."

He found a rusty pan in the kitchen.

"Haven't you got any wood?"

"I can get some."

"Well, get it, and hurry."

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The boy returned with a few sticks, a handful of leaves, and a newspaper. With these, Gladden kindled a fire in the stove.

"What's your name?"

"Pete."

"How old are you?"

"Twelve."

"You believe me, don't you? I knew your father."

"We don't want anybody here. Manuel takes care of us."

"What will you do if Manuel dies?"

Suddenly the boy slumped down by the table and began to cry, burying his head in his arms.

"He won't die. He dassn't. He promised Mother!"

Gladden realized that this was a poser. "I'm sorry," he said; "but people do die, now and then. Promising doesn't help any. Manuel's a very sick man."

"Bertha's gone for the doctor."

"How far?"

"Up to town. Ten miles."

"When did she start?"

"This morning."

"It's five o'clock now."

Peter Smith stopped crying. He wiped his nose with the back of his hand, and tried to smile. Nothing that had ever happened to James Gladden had moved him like this. He knew all at once how it must feel to be a father. The fact and the longing got into his throat, made him want to pray, or swear, or shout out loud: anything would do. The kid smiled at him, and said: "The fire's out."

AT SEVEN o'clock, Bertha had not come. This was Gladden's third evening in California; but already he recognized the metamorphosis of twilight: a cool wind rustled the tall, dry trees and cool stars appeared above the hills. No dew fell, but there was a freshness over everything, and an aromatic odor of damp sage, sweet, penetrating. Along the valley floor, mist gathered in shifting white lakes. There was beauty, where there had been none before. And there was air to breathe. Gladden stood on the porch, taking great whiffs of it into his lungs.

The little children were asleep. Peter sat on the step, staring off at the ford.

The sound of Manuel's breathing was very loud now. "She'll have to get here soon, or he'll be gone," Gladden thought.

"I'm going up the road a way," he said to Peter. "Stay where you are. If Manuel calls, give him water."

The ford was mysteriously white. The path of the river glowed as if brushed with phosphorus. Gladden hurried. To his own amazement, he had just put three children to bed. Supperless, save for a bar of chocolate, salvaged in a limp condition from his suit case.

He had undressed the baby (who was, he gathered, called Lily), shaking her out of the red sweater by her heels. She had emerged whiter than he expected, with a rounder stomach than she deserved, considering the thinness of her arms, the tiny circumference of her throat.

She had no nightgown. Pete offered one, from a drawer, where these articles were kept, but it proved to be little more than a series of holes and stringy buttons. One of Gladden's pajama tops, with sleeves rolled up, was pressed into service for Lily.

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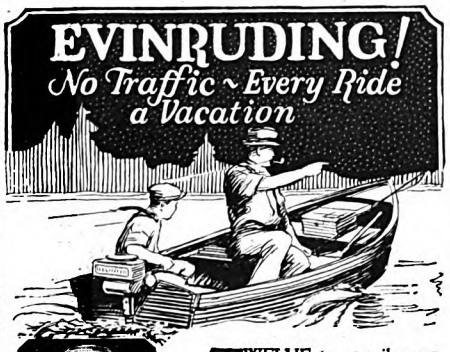

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Nancy, the six-year-old, objected to being undressed by a stranger. She retired behind a curtain of burlap and disrobed, emerging at last in Gladden's silk lounging-robe. She was little and dark and solemn, with eyes like shoe buttons. She didn't want to be washed—"We don't wash any more. Manuel never makes us wash!"

Gladden realized that to weaken now would only confirm her savage determination to be dirty. He washed her face, her neck, and her ears. She howled. She could make more noise than a steam calliope, but it wasn't serious noise; it lacked the true note of tragedy. She was testing him. Like most women, she watched the effect during the performance, and, with her mouth wide open, contrived to make a note of his reactions.

He persisted, and, when he had at last washed her clean, was conscious of having triumphed. She stopped crying and lay on her back, sucking her fingers and indulging in a luxurious case of hiccoughs.

Henry, the youngest boy, refused to leave Manuel. He lay against the old man's feet, half awake, fighting both sleep and death. Sleep at last conquered. But Manuel was too far gone to know or to care.

GLADDEN was hungry. He had failed to find any food in the house. To questions, Peter answered: "Manuel gets the food. He knows ways."

"But aren't there any neighbors?"

"Only the Pelgrams, and you can't go there."

"Why not?"

"Pelgram'll shoot you. He shot at me last week. I was after chickens. I got one, too."

Now, as Gladden hurried along the road, he looked for Pelgram's house. He might find a woman there, someone to take pity on those hungry children, on himself, so helpless to help them. He decided that in all the world of men he was the most ill-equipped for fatherhood—even a vicarious fatherhood. He knew a lot about pipes and bridges and mathematics, but nothing about children.

"I can never do it," he thought. "They'll have to go to the Home until I can earn enough money to take care of them. I'll bury Manuel, and then I'll beat it."

The first house he came to was on the left side of the road; a modern bungalow with barns and sheds, a water tank and a windmill in the background. Within a large enclosure cattle stood quietly, ruminating, switching.

A dog started up from the yard and ran out barking. He was followed by a tall man in his shirt sleeves, who said crossly, "Who's there?"

"My name is Gladden. Fred Smith was in my company in France. I've come here to look out for his children. They haven't any food, and the old Mexican is dying. Perhaps you could help me out."

"Haven't you got a car?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, the store is about eight miles up the road, at Vaccatown."

"I'll pay for anything you give me."

"I've nothing for sale."

The man closed the gate with a snap. "Those Smith kids are a nuisance to the whole valley. A lot of trash."

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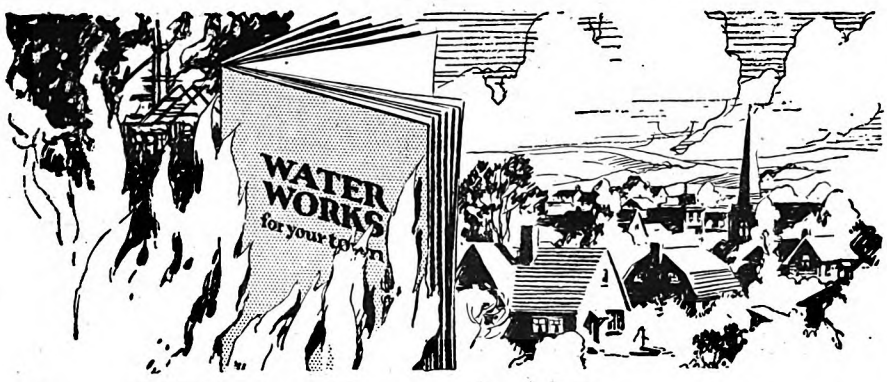

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He turned away toward the barn. "Good night. I'm sorry I can't oblige you."

It was easy for Gladden to lose his head. More, it did him good. Anger surged up from his heart and burst in stars before his eyes. He leaped the fence and jumped on the man's back. He was not a very good fighter. For one thing, he had no technique. For another, he was too light.

The man flung him off as if he had been a sack of feathers. His shoulders hit the fence and he slumped down in the dust. He wasn't angry now, he was emptier than ever, and ashamed.

The man who had thrown him off was brushing himself with both hands.

"You get out of here," he said. "Git! Stay out! Or you know what you'll get."

Gladden went along the road again. There still remained Bertha, returning with the doctor: the possibility of something having happened to her.

Peter Smith had explained that Bertha was "grown up," sixteen. Gladden had pictured her, with masculine faith in the domestic infallibility of women, as setting everything to rights in a flash. For some reason he had failed to associate Bertha with the wreck and desolation of the house.

WHEN he first saw her, straggling along the road, barefooted in the dust, he was conscious of a shock of disappointment. She was so little, so skinny, so husky-voiced: she might have been another Pete, another Nancy.

Gladden stopped her. "Are you Bertha Smith?"

Even in the dark, he caught the flash of fear in her eyes. "Yes. What do you want?"

He explained all over again. She was holding a big white dog by the scruff of his neck, to keep him from leaping at Gladden. All the while she watched his face, with that eager dread he had come to recognize.

"And Manuel?" she asked.

"Where's the doctor?"

"He was away. A baby is being born to Mrs. Tombis, the Filipino woman. He couldn't come."

"You poor kid. You walked all the way?"

"Sure I did."

"Aren't you tired?"

"Tired?" She challenged him: "It takes more than that to make me tired!"

But when they came to the ford, she went ahead of him, and, suddenly, kneeling down, could go no farther. "It's my feet, I guess. They burn so!"

Gladden stooped and lifted her. "I'll carry you." She was very small and light. Her arm went around his neck, and he could feel her fingers clutching at the collar of his coat, tight, tighter. Somehow, he understood without asking that she was afraid of what they were going to find at the house.

He knew now that he could not look to Bertha to care for those children. She was little more than a child herself. He twisted his head and tried to see her face. Like Peter, she was tow-headed. Not pretty, like Nancy. A funny little pinched face, close to his own. Another child to care for. Another reason why he couldn't run away.

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He found all four children sitting on the porch crying. Even Peter was crying. Gladden knew without asking what had happened. The dog lay down on the steps and began to howl, long hysterical notes of protest and bewilderment. Bertha, too, began to cry. He put her down, and she flung herself on the ground, burying her face in her arms.

None of them paid any attention to Gladden. He stood a little aside, feeling very much out of it, like a stranger at a funeral. "They don't trust me," he thought. "They don't believe in me. I'm just somebody who has butted in. They wish I were out of the way."

He went in to Manuel. The old man had rolled out of bed, and lay heavily in a tangle of bedclothes. Where his head had been, there was a revolver. Gladden examined it; it was loaded; he slipped it into his pocket. Then he put Manuel gently on the bed, crossed the blunt hands, closed the filmed eyes and covered him as well as he could.

He returned to the porch, embarrassed, for he had quickly to invent a Being of whom he had little knowledge.

"Manuel is with God. A kind God." Was this true? "A God who will be good to him. Now, you kids run back to bed. I'm going to get you something to eat."

"To *eat?*"

Before the primitive anguish of that question, Gladden's spirits rose. "Before you know it, I'll be back with some milk, some eggs, and maybe a hen."

He loosened the revolver in his pocket, and ran once more into the unfamiliar darkness, toward Pelgram's ranch.

(*To be continued*)

Ten Years After

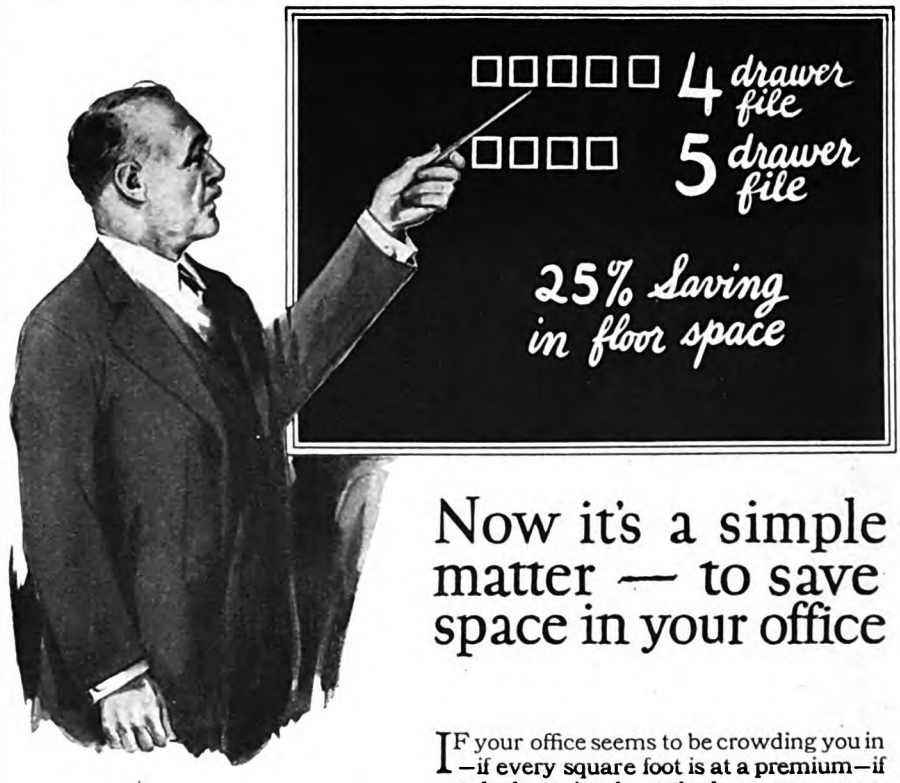
(*Continued from page 33*)

he did not know if they lived or not. Then the briefest, baldest bulletins came trickling slowly back and forth through Switzerland, at intervals of three months.

Years went by . . . yes—years. Two years, twenty-four months, an eternity in the life of an ardent young man. Bouillonval, brought to our notice by a friend of ours in his regiment, knew not one soul in what was left of France. He became one of the soldiers, familiar in all French households of that time, who, because he had nowhere to go during his furloughs, came back to our home, wherever we were. At the beginning he was a big blond boy, sick with loneliness and fear for the helpless ones shut up in Chauny. As those months and years went on, we saw him harden into a grim, silent man with enduring eyes.

A turn of the war. Chauny was evacuated by the Germans. Bouillonval, riveted to his regiment at the front, wrote briefly to ask us, if possible, to get news from there, and let him know. The news came. It was that all able-bodied men and women had been driven back into Germany to forced labor. The sick and old (useless mouths) had been left in a little settlement near Chauny, while the evacuated town had been systematically dynamited, house by house, street by street.

I wrote this news to Bouillonval, feeling that every word was a nail in his heart.



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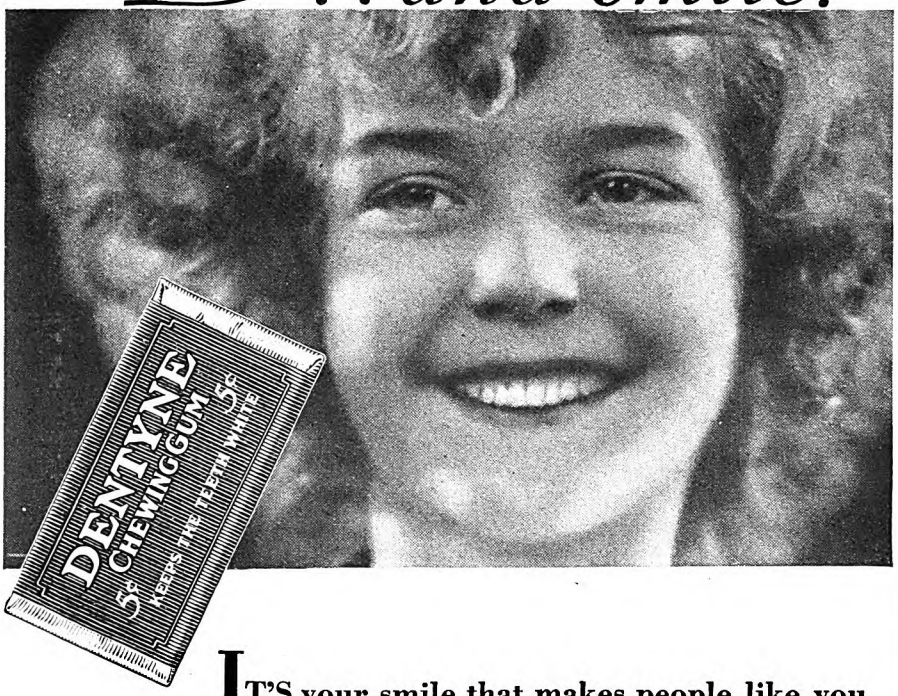

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Iron Clad

My hand still trembles when I think of some of the letters it wrote during the war. Bouillonval answered, writing the night before an attack, to ask if anyone could possibly get out to Chauny to see if news could be had from the old people left behind. He did not know, you must remember, whether his father and mother and sisters and sweetheart, all or none, were left alive. He did not know whether to wish that his sisters and his sweetheart were dead, or sent into forced labor in the enemy's country. He wrote briefly, sitting in a dug-out, not knowing if he would be alive the next day. His hand did not shake.

IT WAS practically impossible to get a permit to go into the razed zone where Chauny had been. It was under the strictest military guard. No one was allowed to go, save members of the regiments stationed there. But there was Bouillonval waiting in the trenches . . . waiting.

Somehow, by one of those prodigies of willing and contriving which made up our days, the permit to go was obtained, stamped, viséd, authentic.

Like a person in a nightmare—oh, exactly like a person in a nightmare, with the same numb incredulity—I found myself in the rain, climbing over and around heaps of ruined houses, showing my *sauf-conduit* to one *militaire* after another, asking my way to where the old people had been left. Finally, "Why, madame, here is one now, come to get medical supplies."

A pale, gaunt, stooping old man, clad in clothes the color of the rain which beat down upon us. Yes, he knew the Bouillonval family. Was Jean Pierre alive? I explained that it was for Jean Pierre I was seeking news. They are all gone. Jean Pierre's father and one sister are dead. His mother and the two other sisters were among those driven back to Germany.

"And his fiancée? Dead?"

"No, alive. Gone to forced labor, too."

That was the news I took back to Jean Pierre. It reached him in a hospital, where he lay with a bullet hole through one thigh. When he could hold a pen he wrote to thank me for my trouble. Then he was sent back to the front.

The war dragged on. We had forgotten that one could ever live otherwise than in war times.

And then it ended.

The first days after the Armistice were indescribable, the air pulsating in excitement, rising almost to madness, as the news came in from all those who had so long been cut off from us. Who was still alive, and who dead? People came rushing in half crazed with joy over their news. Others disappeared from sight . . . sometimes to be found no more.

I had forgotten Bouillonval, he was one of so many and the soldiers had had no furloughs for so long. A letter came in his handwriting; but, for the first time, wavering. I braced myself. But the news was good: "They are all alive. They are on their way home."

Home! The word was like a knell. I had been to Chauny. And then, two months later, an incredible letter from him, composed, like himself again, inviting us to his wedding breakfast, "In my home town of Chauny."

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I laid the letter down with a long breath of stupefaction. He gave no explanation. Bouillonval was never long on words. His life had been crammed with things far too big for words to handle. Of course we went. We would not have missed Bouillonval's wedding breakfast. . . .

The train stopped at nothing-at-all in the way of a station, a little hut just big enough to hold one cot bed and the sergeant who was acting as station master. All around stretched the same ruins I had seen eighteen months before, perhaps a little less like an unburied corpse now that time and decay had begun to push all those dead human homes down under the earth. It was raining. It was always raining. There stood Bouillonval in his faded old private soldier's uniform, his honest granite face as impassive as ever, except that now his eyes were shining. Beside him stood a fair, tall girl, very pale, very thin, not pretty at all, but— "Oh, she's all *right!*" cried my oldest child, Bouillonval's favorite, who was there by his special invitation. Yes, she was all right.

We shook hands all around and started back through the ruins, on which the rain beat down in a long, steady drive. We walked more than a mile through those ruins. There was a little talk. I was touched to learn that Bouillonval, in the few, brief, official bulletins of news he had been able to send them, had spoken of our household, of the American family who had tried to make him one of theirs. This came out when his fiancée said some heartfelt words of thanks. Once, before a low heap of broken bricks, "This is where Marie Jeanne was born, and brought up," said Bouillonval in his steady voice, "and my home was around the corner of the street there." They stood for a moment, and when they went on it was hand in hand.

We left the ruined town and plodded a mile farther, along a muddy road. We learned that Bouillonval's family had found a shelter in the little settlement left for the sick and old. There it was, finally, a cluster of tiny houses, unroofed and desolate mostly, a half-dozen intact. At the door of one stood Bouillonval's family to welcome us.

I HAD wondered, with a little shyness, how we wou'd meet, those tragically tried women and I—a total stranger to them. One of the memories which constantly knocks at the door of my heart asking to be understood, to be made food for life, is the recollection of how Bouillonval's mother and I did meet. Not as strangers at all—with one deep look into the other's eyes, one long step to the other's side. She kissed me on both cheeks, the hollow-eyed, gaunt working-woman, and held my hands in hers, hard and rough. I can feel them now, and they steady mine.

Did we speak at first? I don't remember. I do remember that we said to each other what was in our hearts. Why did we stand so confidently close? How was it that we did not feel the tragic inner barrier which so often separates hearts that ache to reach each other. I don't know—not yet. Give me another ten years.

They were living in two tiny rooms, and a tinier attic, the five of them. In the front room, perhaps twelve feet by ten, there were two chairs, some packing-

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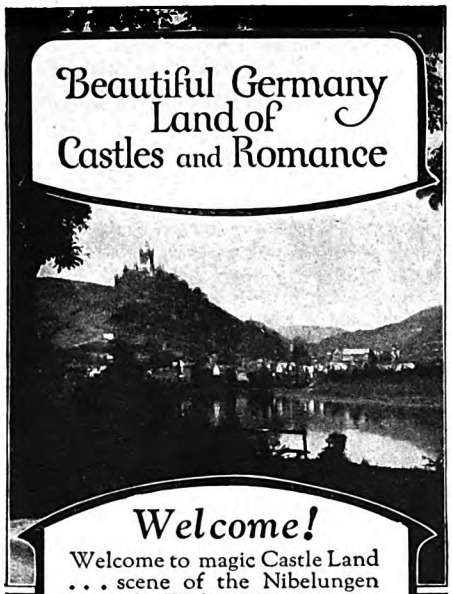

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boxes, a table evidently salvaged from the ruins, a minutely-small stove, and three mattresses piled on one another, with perfectly clean, worn bedding folded on top of the pile. There was no glass in the window frames, but the yellowish oiled paper which was the usual war substitute for glass. On the scrap of a stove was a large pot, steaming, fragrant, savory.

"We have *plenty* of fuel!" one of the sisters told me, cheerfully. "It is wonderful to be so warm and dry all the time. Under the ruins of the glass factory there is a big pile of coke, and we can creep in and take all we please, enough even to heat water for washing! It *does* seem so good to be able to keep our clothes clean."

"And to be together . . . alive," said her mother, in a low voice. She took her son's hand in hers.

What I had been looking at dissolved before my eyes and turned into something else. It was not a wretched hovel, comfortless and crowded. It was shelter, safety, and decency, shared by those bound together with love: it was a home, one of the prime prizes of human existence, unattained by many human beings in all of a long lifetime.

We sat down to the wedding breakfast: big bowls of the thick, steaming soup and chunks of war bread. We ate slowly, talking as we ate. Talking of what? Of what does one talk at a wedding breakfast? Of the new family about to begin life, of course, of how long Jean Pierre and his fiancée had known and loved each other, of how they had played together when they were children, of what they would do when they were married (that ceremony was to take place sometime that afternoon, whenever the official who could perform marriages could reach there on his rounds of that nightmare country).

BOUILLONVAL had a fortnight's furlough—unheard-of leisure! In that time he would be able to set in order a part, at least, of one of the half-ruined houses near by. He had saved a little (incredible!), had bought a bed and four sheets, and could salvage and repair a table and chairs from wrecked houses; enough to start with. That was all they needed now, a start. And when he was discharged from the army—soon now he hoped—he was promised work on the railway there in Chauny, *steady work at good wages*. The words rang loud and brightly, like new-minted coin. They smiled happily at each other to think what those words meant. It was wonderful, the luck they had. The two lovers sat close, their eyes as starry with hope and forward-looking love as those of any other bride and groom— Ah, more than many.

When we had finished the soup and bread, there was a little stir, a smile or two, and with pride the surprise was produced. We were not, it seemed, to have soup and bread only, good as that was (and *how* good the war bread seemed to them, they said), but a treat. Something Marie Jeanne had walked twelve kilometers the day before, in the rain, to get. Eggs! Yes, real eggs. They had almost forgotten how eggs looked. The eggs were brought out, and the cooking began.

The stove, you remember, was not much bigger than a good-sized milking-stool, and it had only one small hole in the top for cooking. A tiny frying pan was produced, the sort we buy in the ten-cent stores for cooking one egg or for children's playhouses. Into this was put a minute quantity of precious fat, and when this sputtered a little, an egg was broken and slid into it. One at a time, they cooked them, and one at a time we ate them, company first; all to the tune of perfect social ease and pleasant chat, such as would mark any civilized social event.

And then we produced *our* surprise. Someone from home had managed to send us, tucked in the corner of the trunk of a mutual friend, two little pots of orange marmalade, the first things made with sugar we had seen in many months, the first things made with sugar the Bouillonvals had seen in years. Decorum almost broke down under the shock of delight when the little golden glass jars were brought out of our hand bags. Eyes glistened greedily, like those of starved children. But there was no grabbing as a scrape of the sweet was put on each slice of dry bread. The slices were passed about the room, each helping himself with a decent show of nonchalance; but in spite of themselves there was a long "Ah-h-h" as the first delicious mouthfuls were taken. How slowly those slices of bread were eaten. How savored to the last crumb.

Yes, it was a wonderful wedding breakfast. I have never tasted a better. But there was something else. A climax.

AFTER the meal most of us stepped out to walk about in a brief pause between showers of rain. It was explained that we were going out for a breath of fresh air and to visit the town, to see the ruins of the church where the wedding would have taken place. But everyone knew that it was to leave room in the tiny shelter for the house-mother to tidy up after serving a meal. When we came back, it was almost time for us to return to Chauny to catch the one-train-a-day which ran back to Paris. Before we began to say our good-bys, however, Mme. Bouillonval, with a serious face of pride and emotion, said she would like to speak to me apart.

We went together into the dusky little back room, like a woodshed, and there, taking my hand again in hers, she told me in a trembling voice, which yet went bravely forward, that she had not yet thanked me for what I had done for her son, her only boy, left alone during all those years of the war. She had known my name, she said, from the first, as Jean Pierre had written her of the friends he had found, and she had not passed a day without saying it to herself. She had wished, above everything, to have something to give that other house-mother who had taken in her boy. She had thought of this and of that, prized old belongings, but, one by one, all their possessions had gone, taken by German requisitions for one reason or another. And when they had been driven off to forced labor, on foot, they had nothing left.

And yet, not quite nothing. She had kept one rabbit with her, carried it in a bag, and whenever they stopped she let it out to graze. She knew how to raise rabbits, and she had kept this one alive, always saving to herself through everything, "If we live through . . . if we ever get home . . . I shall have a present for the American lady." It had often seemed impossible. But she had done it.

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And here it was, what she had saved as her token of gratitude. He was fat. He was good. "The American lady was to take him home to her husband and all the family, and they would have one good dinner, and know that Jean Pierre's mother—" She stopped, her voice at last failing her. She turned, with a gesture of pride, she took down from a hook on which it hung, stark, stiff, hideous, the skinned body of a dead rabbit, its great goggle eyes piteous and glazed. . . .

Can I sit here and in words tell you what, remembering that wedding-breakfast, I felt? You know I cannot. Either you know, or I can never make you feel, something of what was in my heart as she and I clung to each other silently.

The rabbit was wrapped in a bag, faded, red-flowered chintz it was, I remember; and after hearty farewells and good wishes we started back. At the corner of the street we turned around, and saw them standing before the door to give us a last greeting. They waved their hands and shook handkerchiefs, and shouted cheerful good-bys and thanks for coming.

I have only to close my eyes to see them again, unutterable, unimaginable desolation all about the poor little group of shabby, half-starved, working people. When I saw them then, and in all the thousand times I have looked back at them since, there streams up from them a shining glow of vitality, of enduring dignity, of stubborn resistence to disaster, of belief in human life, which warms for an instant all the cold, doubting corners of my own heart.

TO FINISH the story, when we returned to Chauny we found that the one-train-a-day was not running that day. We were stranded. Long search found a house with part of the roof intact. Kindly nearby soldiers loaned us a thin, dirty blanket apiece and some bread. We tore odds and ends of wood from the ruins, and made a smoky fire on the ruined hearthstone. The next morning we waylaid an army wagon driving down to Noyon, and, sitting in the back, our feet dangling, we rattled breakfastless through miles of dead apple trees, felled by the enemy's axes, past piles of ammunition laid up like cordwood, and finally into murdered Noyon. A belated express train from Strasbourg to Paris stopped to take us on, a grand *train de luxe*, with finely dressed travelers, who looked askance at our crumpled, muddy clothes, at our dirty faces, gray with fatigue, and at the lumpy, faded chintz bag which I carried. We saw their lips form the word of reproach, "refugees," as they drew their fine clothes aside to make room for us.

An American officer, in an expensively tailored uniform, was reading a fortnight-old New York paper. As he held it up, I saw in great letters an advertisement of evening cloaks—wonderful marked-downs they were, cloaks that had been $125 were, I learned, now to be had at $90.

Yes, even if one would, it would be hard to forget and push away all the stuff of life that comes crowding in with war memories!

'Round and 'round in my head they turn, those vivid things seen and felt, trying to find their rightful places in a pattern that will help me to understand.

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Fine! But Susie was temperamental. Grinding drudgery might do for the type of girl whose ONLY aim is an early marriage. Alas! *Susie found it killing.* So Susie "took up the Saxophone."

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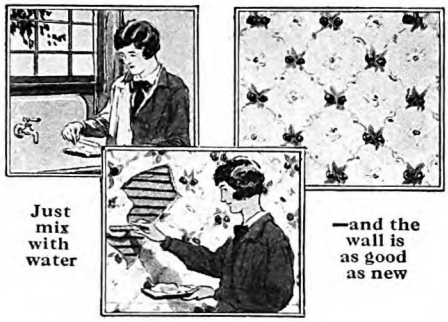

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Sometimes I merely gaze at them helplessly, feeling them once more, red-hot with wrath or indignation, or pierced through with sympathy and admiration, but not understanding. Others have begun to tell me what they mean. Against the recollection of the Bouillonval family I lean hard, as against a great dyke when the winds of doubt and contempt for the race begin to blow. There are some noble things in human hearts—*some* human hearts—that can survive anything. I had never thought I would believe that again.

There are many of those recurring war memories which still strike too deep to let me reason about them, try to see their true place in the scheme of things. From time to time they rise somberly, or gloriously, and pour over me again a flood of fiery feeling. My war-memories are, you see, those of a woman, not of spectacular battlefields where human beings fought each other with bullets and bayonets, but of those other battlefields of the war, where human hearts fought undeserved sorrow and despair, sometimes winning, sometimes losing—for there were many defeats.

ONE year of the war I was, with a French friend, helping organize and run a convalescent home for invalid children, on a southern seashore near the Spanish coast. We had almost miraculous cures from the appalling cases of rickets which were so common a result of war privation among the younger children of refugees. We saw six-year-olds who had never been able to stand on their feet for lack of bone strength in their legs stop dragging themselves about like paralytics, and run scampering to their play, after only a few months of the brilliant sunshine of that blessed spot, and the good food bought for them by American money, saved for them by plain American housekeepers at home, who were going without eggs and flour that war-racked children might have food.

We had seen such astonishing cures that we felt no hesitation in taking poor, twisted, sickly Raoul, even in rather urging his mother to let him go. Why did she hesitate? He was the last one left to her of five, who had all been hearty and well at the beginning of the war. Two grown-up sons had been killed in battle, one daughter had died after long anemia; another daughter, crazed by being under shell fire, was in an insane asylum.

Only little Raoul, twelve years old, was left—in a plaster cast because his bones had no strength to hold up his head. The gentle, intelligent, loving little boy was all she had in the world. How could she let him go? But she looked at the red-cheeked, hearty children who came back from their stay in the southern sunshine; she remembered when—before the war—Raoul had been like that; we told her how we would love and cherish her little son, and that he surely would be happy.

He went. He was happy, dreadfully happy over having only what children should take without a thought—safety, sunshine, fresh air, real food, room to play on the sand, under the trees of a garden. He throve, grew better visibly, felt himself growing stronger; knew at last something of the heady joyous excitement of the mounting sap of youth;

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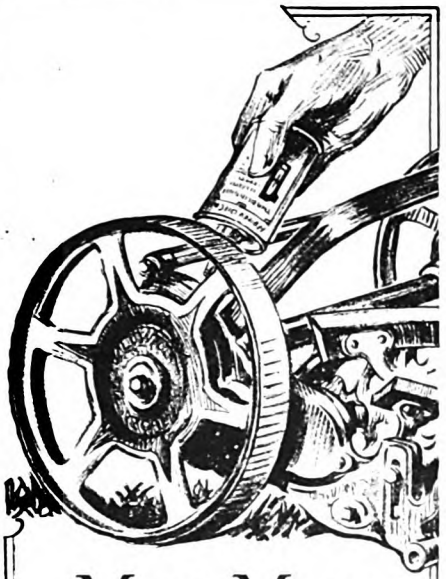

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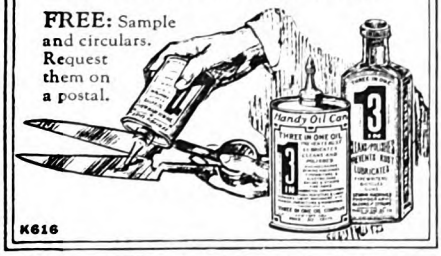

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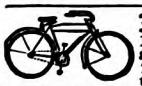

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laughed out loud, sometimes shouted as he played.

Then the black influenza came up over the border from Spain, and began striking. People all around us died as if under rifle fire. It struck Raoul. We did our best. You can think how we did our best. But it was not enough. In a week he was dead.

We telegraphed his mother, and went to the little country railway station to meet her. I think I never had a harder half-hour than waiting for that train. How could we face her, the woman from whom we had taken her all. Wherever I looked, I saw her face as she had bidden him good-by, her mother's face so sick with fear and love that one felt it too great a burden on any woman's heart to be a mother in war time.

We had done our best, but could she believe that, could any mother believe that women who had let her only child die had done their best? She was a poor and ignorant woman, her nerves worn down with privation and hardship, with no class tradition of self-control. Perhaps she would make a scene, scream out her reproaches when she saw us. We half hoped she would. It would seem a penance for us.

The train came in. She was there, very pale, her eyes red and swollen. She ran toward us, her arms out. She cried to us, "He was so happy with you! You must never forget that. He had known perfect happiness before he went . . . as he never could with me."

She was comforting *us!* She had thought of what she could say that would be consoling to us. She had even brought, to show us, some of his letters, so that we would be quite sure he had been happy, could always have that to help us when we thought of him.

What can you do with a memory like that, except try to bear it, to live up to it? I'll tell you one thing you can't do with it, and that's to forget it.

There is a whole group of other memories which I can understand now, of which I could make no sense at all during the war. They sound out to me a clear note of warning, as terrifying as it is reassuring. Curiously enough, those were the very experiences which seemed at the time the most bewildering, disconcerting, disheartening. Every one brought me up standing, as if I had been struck on the head. So I was—by an idea knocking at my thick skull.

THOSE knocks (and there were many of them) came from the sight of the innumerable people who were enjoying the war. For, although little is said about it, there were many, many people who enjoyed the war, who were happier then than at any time since, who are homesick for it in their souls. Plain as was the evidence that they did, I tried to shut my eyes to it, because it seemed to prove something I could not endure: that there was in many normal human beings a vein of hard, brutal callousness to suffering; that they like to see people suffer, and enjoyed the sight of misery, so long as they were not touched personally. How else could I explain the animated eagerness of the faces of many war workers, even of soldiers, faces I had known at home, dull, listless, somber. How else could I explain the new vigor

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Study our system the way Mrs. Balster did. She took it up in her spare time at home—without giving up her position. You can do the same. And it will pay you handsomely.

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SUNDAY, MAY 8
IS MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's Day is dedicated to all mothers—everywhere. Many people are in the habit of sending cards on this occasion to grandmothers; to the mother of wife or husband or friend; to all gentle, kindly mothers in the family group.

Surely a lovely custom—thus to bring the joy of tender memories into hearts that never lose their love for the little ones who somehow suddenly grew up to be men and women.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

which thrilled through them, the astonishing health and endurance with which delicately bred men and women lived through and enjoyed the most extraordinary hardships? Not a day lost for sickness was the record of the majority. Bright eyes, firm, quick steps, eager, forward-moving, aggressive energy, and abounding good humor. They *must* be enjoying the war. How could they? How could anyone enjoy being a part, even a helping part, of that long ghastly butchery?

All my wonder and bewilderment came to a head in one short experience, and in one brief phrase. It is one of the memories which, during these past ten years, rise up from time to time, more brilliant with reality than the world about me.

I was passing through a horribly wrecked village, not one of the neatly dynamited ones from which all the inhabitants had been withdrawn, but one of those imperfectly and casually destroyed by a fringe of shell fire. My own errand took me many miles beyond; but seeing a huddle of sad-faced women and white-cheeked children at a corner of the street, I paused to ask if any relief agency had reached them. Yes, an American lady had come with supplies and an automobile, and was to take them back of the war zone to some sort of shelter. It was the third time they had tried to go back to their homes. The last. There was nothing left now. They did not weep aloud, nor wring their hands. They stood and sat heavily and silently on the wet ground, gray with misery. As I looked at them, I felt my heart sicken in my breast.

AROUND the corner of the street came an American girl, in uniform, with the swanky leather straps they all loved so dearly. Her fatigue cap was on one ear, her well-cut, high-laced leather boots stepped lightly through the mud, her young eyes were shining with health, energy, and something else which I did not (in my instant stupid misunderstanding of her) recognize. It took me long months of thought to recognize it for what it was. It looked then like young-ladyish, childish, shallow-heartedness.

Behind her came a group of thin, ill-clad children, their underfed bodies panting with the effort of keeping up with her long strides. I recognized her uniform, that of one of the well-organized war-relief agencies. We nodded, and I explained my presence by saying, "I was passing through and stopped to see if I could be of help. But I take it you have everything you need, that you're all right."

She turned her head on its beautiful long throat like a bird about to burst into song. She smiled at me—and yet I saw at once that it was not at me but at all the world she was smiling. "*Sure*, I'm all right!" she told me exultantly, "*I'm having the time of my life!*" The words echoed and reëchoed in my ears as I drove on. I was furiously angry with her, ashamed of her, infinitely relieved to know that none of the stricken women in her charge could have understood that brutal, egotistic cry.

I was ten years younger then! I have heard that cry in my ears many times since then, and although I still hear it, just as she said it, ringing with exultation, it no longer sounds brutal or egotistic to

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me. It sounds pitiful, touching, horrifying, an appeal bursting from the heart of human youth to be given work, work great enough to still the magnificent human hunger to be useful, to do something worth-while with one's life.

More bitterly than food or shelter or love or occupation, human beings need a goal, a compelling reason for going on. The more time they have to think, the more drastic is this need, the more horrifying that dead absence of a purpose in life, which is really the absence of religion, of faith.

What the war did, for the time being, for all who gave themselves to it, was to provide at least a temporary aim, something that had to be accomplished, some definite reason for rising and going through the day.

No matter what qualifications and shadings there might be in your feeling about the war, how much you hated it in the abstract, how skeptical you were about the pure righteousness of one side as against the unlighted blackness of the other, if, on the whole, you had decided to go in on one side or the other to help . . . there was no more doubt about *that*, and, hence, about the immediate purpose of your life.

No one who has not experienced this, who has not watched other people experiencing it, can even faintly guess at the immensity of the relief it affords, at the reservoirs of energy and strength which it unlocks.

My American girl had been, all her life long, deprived of this very stuff of life, had been starving to death for it. When suddenly she was set down in the midst of it, suddenly saw before her the nectar and ambrosia of feeling herself needed, useful, creatively living—who could blame her for her great cry of joy? One does not expect starving people to have good table manners. They must eat, first. She was not enjoying the misery of other people. She was scarcely aware of it, absorbed in her thankfulness at escaping from her own misery.

THAT was why people enjoyed the war—the simpler ones unabashed, the more self-conscious, secretly—because they felt with every breath they drew that they were working toward an aim that was worth more than their lives, that they were having their share in achieving something that must be done if they were to save what men most prize.

This can have been no monopoly of the Allied countries. It must have been felt as deeply, as life-givingly, in Austria and Germany, as in France and England, or they could not have held out a day.

If there is anything to be learned from the war about the race we belong to, it is that healthy human beings crave not comfort and self-regarding security but the feeling that they are giving themselves to some purpose worth while; so long for it that they snatch at anything that seems to give it to them, even though they must take it stained and foul with human suffering.

The monstrous, touching, tragic irony of it all . . . that so many found what they craved in those four years of blood and cruelty; that in these following years of easy abundance so few have found it!

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My Job is the Oldest in the World

THE job I like best is the job I have—that of wife and mother.

When friends wail to me about the drudgery and monotony of housework, I smile dubiously, for I have not found it so. It is not nearly so monotonous as sitting before the typewriter pounding out letters from morning till night, day after day, week in, week out. I did this for seven years, and then I married.

My husband is a working man and his wages are small. We have one child and we are buying a home.

I am the purchasing agent for the family. It is my job to wrestle with the bills and make our small income cover a large outgo, and slowly but surely we are gaining on the enemy.

It is my job to do the washing and ironing and sewing, the cooking and cleaning, and most of the gardening.

Is it monotonous? Is it drudgery? Not a bit of it. With bated breath I watch the cake in the oven to see if it will fall, and with wonder in my eyes I see the cereal rising in the kettle.

When I am tired of the house, I go out into the garden and dig up a few weeds, or cut the lawn, or just smell my roses and gossip with my neighbor over the fence.

I like my job because I can take my time about doing it. I do not have to punch a time clock, and I am my own boss.

Before I married, I earned as much as my husband is earning now. I had a fur coat, and saw all the best moving-pictures. Yet I would not go back to my old job. For I like to match my wits with the grocer and the butcher and gauge the value of potatoes, coffee, bacon and eggs, and when, at the end of the month, I find a balance to the credit side of my budget I feel like a regular captain of industry.

A comfortable home, a garden to dig in, someone to call me Mother, and love me when I am old. What more could a woman want? W. B. B.

SECOND PRIZE

I Want to be a Lighthouse Keeper

I AM not discontented with my present work, which consists of caring for a small flock of chickens, assisting with housework, and working at the village library; but it is natural for most of us to have a dream-job, and keeping a lighthouse happens to be mine.

I want my lighthouse to be situated on a wild and lonely stretch of coast. I would not fear the howling gales and raging sea, or the loneliness; for I find the greatest exultation in watching the gray rain driven before flying storm clouds, and perfect contentment in quiet solitude. As for the keeping of the light, how happy it would make me to know that I, alone, was responsible for the steady beam of light shining out into the darkness and storm!

Observing the tides and the different aspects of the weather would be a pleasure to me. I have been a coöperative observer for the U. S. Weather Bureau for the past few years; and this work has taught me to be intensely interested in all kinds of weather.

I should prefer some human companionship at my lonely lookout for part of the time. At all events, I would have several friendly cats to keep me company. I would also have magazines and a goodly number of books at my abode.

I realize that the work is more difficult than appears on the surface; but this does not make it seem any less desirable to me. For a lighthouse keeper can feel that he is serving his Government to the best of his ability, and that he is being of help to those of his fellow men who "go down to the sea in ships." G. H.

THIRD PRIZE

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever"

THE job I like best is my own; that is why I have it.

I am a tree surgeon. Why? Answer these questions and you will know why.

What other work will pay more in health and happiness?

Where else could I be my own boss, to come and go as I please?

Where could I find more pleasant surroundings than beautiful parks, or on the wide lawns of fine country estates?

What other occupation would take me from state to state, city to city, North in summer, South in winter, and to practically every corner and beauty spot of our country—the Thousand Islands, the Adirondacks, Long Island, the North Shore, Florida, and California?

What other class of people would be better clients than those I have to deal with—refined, artistic men and women, with a feeling for beauty?

What companions are better than trees, flowers, birds; in fact, all Nature herself?

What other profession is more honorable than the saving of God's most noble and largest living things?

What could be more inspiring than the thought that I am preserving for coming generations some forest monarch whose life is connected with tradition, legend, or history?

What could be more thrilling than swinging on a long rope from one limb to another, a hundred feet from the ground, while I am pruning some immense elm?

What could be more gratifying than to have the respect and esteem of everyone who sees, or knows of my work?

What could be more comforting to me, in my old age, than to know that there are fine old trees all over the country that will remain living monuments to me in years to come?

Last of all, what could bring me nearer to God and His works?

The answers to these questions are the reasons why the job I like best is my own! R. F.

Strop a NEW blade and give yourself a barber's shave

A barber gives you a good shave because he has a good razor and because he strops it each time before he uses it.

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(Signed) Arthur C. Goeth, San Antonio, Tex.

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Sam Rubee Let the Sunshine into a Place of Shadows

(*Continued from page 51*)

through, you will find many beautiful memorials; but Riverside is not, as so many cemeteries are, scarcely more than a stone-yard!"

"How do you manage it?" I asked.

"Partly by education; and partly," he smilingly added, "by regulation! Suppose a family buys a ten-by-sixteen-foot lot; or of any other dimensions amounting to one hundred and sixty square feet. We have scores of much smaller lots. All cemeteries do have them. And it is because people crowd these small spaces with "monuments" that the whole place looks like a stone-yard.

"But a monument cannot be erected in Riverside, except on lots containing more than one hundred and sixty square feet. On all others, only markers are permitted; and these must be flat ones, only four inches in height. The result is that the place is beautiful with long stretches of grass, where these low markers seem a part of the pattern of lights and shadows under the trees.

"We have some fine memorials on the larger lots. But with ample space, and a chance to use design in the planting of shrubbery, we can make these memorials contribute to the effect of beauty.

"THAT is what our people have been educated to appreciate and to desire in Riverside. They love it not alone because it is the spot where their dear ones are at rest, but also because, in itself, it is a *place of beauty*.

"As nearly as I can put it," Mr. Rubee went on, as we turned into one of the curving drives, "that is my ideal of what a cemetery should be; and I think I have made some progress toward realizing it.

"For example," he said, stopping beside the little lake I had glimpsed through the trees, "this was a stagnant marsh, filled with cattails, when I came here thirty-seven years ago. It was nothing but a frog pond, a snake hole! People used to throw old tin cans and other trash into it.

"Well—you see what it is now; but you can't see the years of work, not to speak of the money, that had to be put into its transformation.

"The transformation is not alone in the spot itself. The attitude of the community is just as radically changed. I don't believe our people would give up that lovely lake for ten times the money it cost. No one would dream of throwing tin cans into it! If anyone did do such a thing I believe he would be mobbed.

"That fountain in the center plays the year round. In winter, it gradually builds up a great pyramid of ice. Sometimes it is thirty feet high, a glittering white monument in itself, with a thin veil of falling water slipping down the cascade of ice.

"When the lake is frozen over, the little children come here to skate on it. Some people thought, at first, that this was almost a desecration. I don't believe anybody thinks so now. Riverside is the last

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home of those we love. Then why rob it of what *makes* a home—human companionship, joy, youth, the laughter of children at play! I have tried to make this place beautiful, not only in its physical aspects but also in its living human quality.

"I wish you could see it in the spring," he went on. "We *salute* the spring! You might almost say that we hang out banners to welcome it. For within two minutes' walk after you enter the gates, you will see ten thousand tulips in glorious bloom.

"Later come the flowering perennials; wonderful beds of color to delight the eye. You can't imagine what a joy it is to plan all this 'art out of doors,' as I call it.

"It is like painting a picture on a seventy-acre canvas. . . . No, not that! It is like painting a hundred pictures! For Riverside is so designed, in its drives, walks, and planting scheme, that it is simply full of beautiful vistas, lovely groupings, and charming effects.

"And yet, as you see, it is not artificial. I have kept the natural slopes and contours. Hundreds of our trees are the original growth which I found here; white oaks, black oaks, elms, and some maples. I have planted many new trees, of course; but I have chosen those which belong in this climate. The result is that they grow and thrive.

"NOW," he went on, as we turned down a wooded slope, "I'll show you Lovers' Lane.

Imagine a lonely road, at the far end of a cemetery, and accessible only through the "graveyard" itself, being a place where young love feels at home! And imagine the people of a town being so educated in the idea of having their cemetery a place of *happiness*, that they would not let this road be called anything else but Lovers' Lane.

"We are coming now to the new part," said Mr. Rubee, as we went up the slope at the other end of the road. "When we bought this additional land, there were houses on it: ugly houses, with mean outbuildings and a general air of unkempt sordidness. No trees, no grass; just flat, dull ugliness.

"But now it has been filled in and hollowed out, until there are gentle undulations, with drives winding among them. I have planted hundreds of trees and shrubs. Already we begin to get pictures; and they will grow more beautiful every year.

"Riverside is twice as large as when I came here. It will be larger still. It is the only cemetery the town has. No one *wants* to have another one! There is none within five miles of the town in any direction. There is none within a radius of *ten* miles, except a few little country graveyards. Even the farmers all through this section love Riverside so much that they come here often—and want to find here their last resting place.

"Not only that, but people who perhaps left Marshalltown years ago want to be brought back to Riverside when they die. Stranger still, a man who never lived in the town, but who visited friends here a few years ago, said that he wants to be buried in Riverside. His home is in Florida, which is supposed to be the land of beauty. Yet he found something here which was missing there."

"You spoke of this being the only

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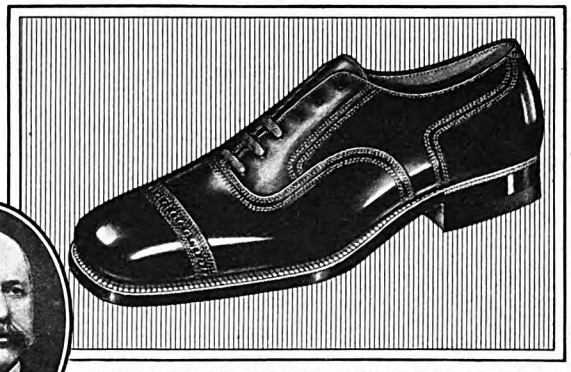

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cemetery in town," I said. "Of course you meant the only Protestant cemetery."

Mr. Rubee gave a quick glance around him, then abruptly stopped the car.

"No," he said, "I meant the *only* cemetery. Right here at this spot, you are in what was once a separate Catholic cemetery. The ground still belongs to that church. But, as you see, the fences have long since been taken away. It is an integral part of Riverside; under the same management; developed according to the same ideas. We, here in Marshalltown, have no separate burying ground for the people of any creed, or class, or race!"

"Have I seen the whole cemetery?" I asked a little later.

"Yes—practically," he replied. "Not all the driveways, of course; but you have had a general view of it. Why?"

"I WAS just wondering—where is your Potter's Field?"

"We have none!" he said emphatically. "I think it would be a blot on Riverside, a blot on the town itself, if we had one."

"But—the poor people who cannot afford a lot," I said. "How about them?"

"You haven't noticed it," he smiled, "but there are dozens of single graves in Riverside. You are not conscious of this because our plan takes care of the general effect. You see the beautiful whole. But we have provided for all classes, rich and poor alike.

"For those who can afford it, we have large spaces which they can beautify with planting and a costly and artistic memorial, helping to make Riverside lovely for *everyone*. And those who can buy only a single grave share this loveliness. That, I think, is as it should be. I don't believe in thrusting the poor into some ugly, out-of-the-way corner.

"But I want to say this: Our people have come to feel that they do not want to be paupers when they die, any more than while they are living. They take care of this final obligation for their families and for themselves, as an honorable duty.

"They have been educated to be proud of Riverside. They have seen the years of work and effort that have gone into its development. They know that it has cost a great deal of money. And they feel a sense of pride in having their share in it. In some cases they need a little help; but we always manage it, somehow or other.

"It has been wonderfully interesting to watch this education of the people.

"Sunday has become one of the most beautiful of all days. The people come in hundreds, as individuals, or in family groups, to pay true respect to those they love, and to find for themselves a quiet happiness.

"It is a common theory that 'the people cannot be educated to prefer the really fine and beautiful things of life.' My answer to that is: *Give* them those things; if necessary, compel them for a time to live with something beautiful! That sort of education will work the transformation—and it is the only kind that *will* work it. Beauty is its own teacher. Give it time enough, and it will need no interpreter. Riverside is the proof of this.

"You should see this place on Memorial Day! Of course, that is the great day of the year in every cemetery. But, considering the size of Marshalltown, I doubt

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whether Riverside has a rival anywhere on Decoration Day.

"Flowers arrive, literally in wagon-loads. Every florist's greenhouse is stripped of bloom. And the people themselves—men, women, and children—come with their arms full of blossoms from their own gardens; or, if they have no other resources, with wild flowers which they have gathered in the fields and woods.

"Next to this anniversary, the most universally observed day of remembrance is Mother's Day. I imagine that every cemetery superintendent would tell you the same thing.

"We have other proofs of the peculiarly tender love of sons and daughters for their mother. When they have lost her, they seek to honor her in every possible way. Often this is the crowning act of years of devotion on their part. But sometimes it is plainly a poignant desire to atone for thoughtless *lack* of devotion while she was living. They try to make up for it by showing the world that they love and honor her. But I can see in their faces the remorseful wish that they had shown it to her, instead.

"We see much of sadness here. That is inevitable. But I think the saddest thing of all is this remorse among the living; this regret over lost opportunities for simply being kind. It is the only grief which the beauty and peace of Riverside is powerless to assuage.

"But I believe that I am right in thinking that the spirit of this place is an influence which helps to prevent some of this special sadness. Because people love Riverside, and therefore come here so often, they more or less unconsciously accept the fact that 'the silver cord' of life will sometime be broken. The thought is not a gruesome one; not *here*, where they see, on every hand, beauty and the surviving quality of love. I think—I hope—that this beauty and love flow into their own hearts and lives."

He was silent a moment; then looked up with a half-apologetic smile.

"I BELONG to three national organizations," he said; "and I think there is only one other man in the country—Mr. Hare, of Kansas City—who is a member of all three of those societies. They are the American Society of Landscape Architects, of which I am an associate member; the American Institute of Park Executives; and the American Association of Cemetery Officials and Superintendents. In a way these three organizations are linked together. Their field of endeavor is for betterment in God's great and beautiful out-of-doors.

"Now, I admit that I am proud of this. It means, I think, that I have demonstrated my ability to manage the technical part of this work. I do my own designing. I have taught myself draftsmanship and I draw all my own plans. I am called on to lay out the plans for cemeteries in other towns. I am constantly helping them to solve their problems, for Riverside has a rather wide reputation and people come here to find out its secret—the reason why it is the most beautiful and most beloved spot in this town.

"I told you the reason, when I said that it is not just a *graveyard*, but an invitation to the living to come and find beauty and happiness, linked with their tenderest

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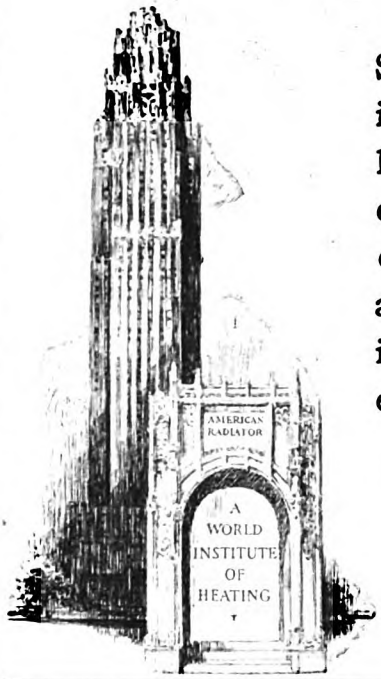

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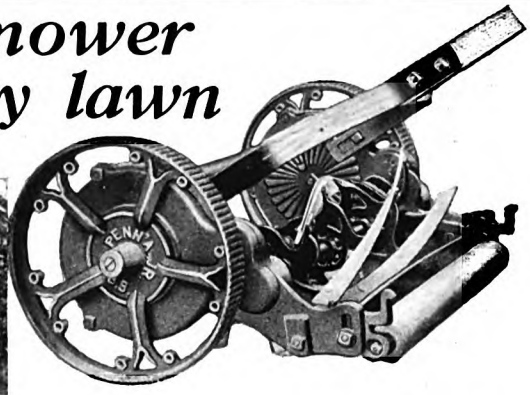

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memories. I am more proud that I have achieved this ideal than I would be of membership in a hundred imposing societies."

Probably Mr. Rubee owns his own lot in Riverside. I didn't ask him. I don't know whether it contains more than one hundred and sixty square feet and therefore can have a memorial erected upon it. Anyway, it makes no difference. The only memorial he needs is already *seventy acres* in extent. It is Riverside itself. Some day—a long distant one, I hope—when he finds in Riverside the "home" he has tried to make it, I trust that the customary funeral dirge will be omitted; that only the whispering leaves of the trees he has cherished, the notes of the birds for whom he has made a sanctuary, and the quiet voices of the living people whom he has taught to be unafraid of death—only these will be heard.

JAMES E. WEST, executive head of the Boy Scout Organization of America, has had a most amazing career. Brought up in a dreary orphanage, without, so far as he knows, a relative in the world; discharged from a hospital at the age of eight as a hopeless cripple, he has conquered life and bent it to his will. The Children's Courts owe their existence in part to his keen devotion to children's interests; and his understanding of boys and their needs has helped to make the Boy Scout Organization what it is to-day. Next month you can read the story of this lonely little boy, who now numbers his friends by the thousands.

Scattergood Sets a Speed Trap

(*Continued from page 55*)

not reply directly. "It kind of rounds out a man's life to be a Minister to some place—say Belgium or some'eres. W-al, near's I kin understand it, there's goin' to be sich an openin'."

"Ah!"

"Marvin, if ye owned our Senior Senator, would ye figger on buyin' you another jest like him, or would ye kind of sell him at a reasonable price to git rid of feedin' him through the winter?"

"Well," said Mr. Whitehouse, "I'm sure one of him would be enough—and I'd consider reasonable offers."

"So I figgered. . . . You don't want to be senator, do you?"

"I do not."

"Um. W-al, ye hain't likely to be. Don't git skittish. I've heard tell you see eye to eye with the President."

"I do."

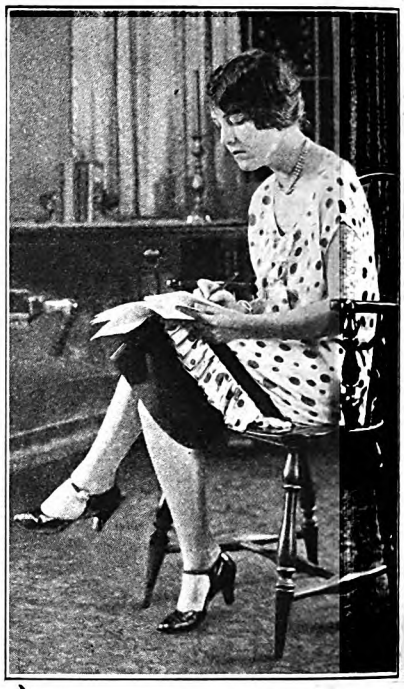
"Got gumption enough to stand a mite of discomfort?"

"What sort of discomfort?"

"Runnin' for senator."

"But I don't want to be senator."

"You hain't goin' to be. But so hain't our present incumbent of that job. . . . Marvin, I'm gittin' along. I set a heap of store by this here state. The day hain't fur off when I got to let go the plow handles, and I want the' should be a man



A Cure for Nerves

How one American Magazine reader found health, pleasure and money.

THE little Mrs. Robbins, whose interesting story I shall tell, had for many months, so she told me, lived in a "world of self-pity."

Her children, a boy of twelve and a girl of nine, are in school every day—just as all healthy children should be—and it was out of sheer loneliness that imaginary little ailments were upsetting her. Her home was very modern, having practically all the new devices that make housekeeping light and easy, so she had plenty of leisure—too much leisure.

Month after month she grew more and more weary and really sick, as she thought. The doctor said: "You are developing nerves—get a hobby. Find something interesting to do—anything to take you out of yourself."

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waitin' to grab 'em—a man that kin plow a straight furrow."

Mr. Whitehouse nodded.

"You hain't got no leanin' that way," Scattergood went on. "It might fall into the hands of some skeezicks like the Senator."

"So you aim to eliminate him?"

"That's fur from enough. We got to put a feller in his place that'll take up where I lay down."

"And what do you want of me?"

"I want you should campaign for it, like you had to git it or bust."

"But I might win."

"You won't," said Scattergood. "But," he said, with his eye cocked out of the window, "as things lays, you kin deadlock."

"Ah," said Mr. Whitehouse.

"And there's an openin' in Belgium, or some sich furrin country."

"I see."

"Well?"

"Shake," said Mr. Whitehouse.

THE campaign opened. It is no easy task to displace an officer so well entrenched as the Senior Senator from a sovereign state; but here were special circumstances: In the first place, Marvin Whitehouse had a following in all parts of the Commonwealth; in the second place, there was an issue, and of that Scattergood made the most. The issue was support of the President's policies. Mr. Whitehouse was an able and convincing speaker; Lafe Siggins had climbed on the band wagon—and the party was split in internecine strife which seemed to be a battle to the death.

The opposition party, which had lived a formal existence for a score of years, yawned, came to life and licked its lips. Its few members of the legislature which was to elect a senator, sat back, waiting to see how the cat would jump, determined to throw their support to any candidate who seemed most likely to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery.

It was a close thing, a bitter fight, and there were those who predicted it was Scattergood Baines's last battle. They saw control of the state's political machinery wrested from his hand and usurped by the Senator. Even his friends were uneasy, as the vote was estimated. It was close, very, very close, and much depended upon whether the legislators elected by the opposition party would stand by their nominal candidate, or would swing to one or the other of the actual aspirants.

"It doesn't look so good," Johnny Bones said to Scattergood. "The betting is on a deadlock."

"Mebbe we kin contrive suthin'," Scattergood said.

"We've contrived about all we can contrive."

"Seems as though," Scattergood admitted.

"And the party's in a mess. Split wide open by this feud. I'm worried."

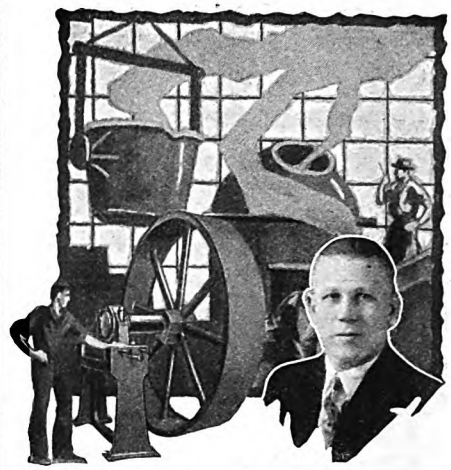
"Good idee," said Scattergood. "Stay that way."

"The votes we have, we can hold. But so can the Senator."

"Suthin'll have to give sometime."

"There's the seven Democratic legislators."

"I've hoted 'em," said Scattergood.



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The American Magazine's Directory of Schools

(Continued from pages 4, 5, 6, 7)

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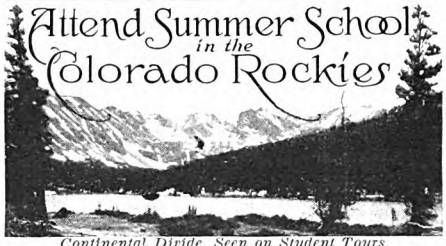

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"What next?"

"Git 'em bitter," said Scattergood.

"What's that?"

"The bitterer the better. So's nobody'll give in."

"I think they're that way now."

"Um. We'll see. We'll see."

AND so the days were occupied until the hour for the voting of the legislature arrived. The galleries were packed; milling politicians filled the halls and stairways; voices were raised; fists were shaken high. It was an occasion such as the people and the press adore . . . and the result was as had been predicted. The first vote showed a deadlock. And Scattergood's emissaries had seen to it there was a deadlock of personalities—a duel between the Senator and Marvin Whitehouse. All else was forgotten. You were either a Senator's man, or you were a Whitehouse man.

Lafe Siggins dropped into Scattergood's room. "W-al," he said, "we done our best, but I calc'late 'twan't enough. We kin hold; but we can't elect."

"Looks like the boys was sot in their opinions," Scattergood agreed. "Keep 'em so, Lafe. Keep 'em so."

"Anythin' else?"

"G'-by, Lafe. Keep 'em venomous."

A day of balloting passed; worn and harassed legislators returned to an evening session which continued far into the night. Still deadlocked. Eight ballots had been taken without the changing of a vote. All day Thursday the condition persisted, and Friday. Men's nerves were worn and frazzled. More than one fist fight was stopped, and gentlemen who had associated in comity for years in those legislative halls now applied to each other epithets of a not endearing nature.

But still the deadlock held. Meetings, caucuses, arguments, proffers, dickers! But so high and so bitter ran the feeling that no Whitehouse man would have voted for the Senator for any earthly reward, and no Senator's man would have swung to his rival had he been offered the kingdoms of the earth. . . . And Scattergood did nothing.

"Somethin'll bust if we hold over Sunday," said Lafe Siggins. "Human nature can't endure it. We'll be callin' out the milishy."

"Don't calc'late to need any soldiers," said Scattergood placidly. "'Tain't goin' to run past Sattidy noon."

"'Tain't, eh? How in tunket you figger to stop it?"

Scattergood waggled his head. "Perty hot fight, hain't it? Kind of pussonal, eh? Got so's 'tain't my fight. Folks has kind of lost sight of me, hain't they?"

"Seems as though," said Lafe.

"What I figgered on," said Scattergood in a satisfied tone.

"I hain't heard no talk of a compromise."

"Mebbe the time hain't ripe yit," said Scattergood.

Early in the Saturday session the Governor appeared upon the floor to make a speech of conciliation; he advised a conference of the leaders of the opponents, to see if some amicable solution could not be secured. Directly following his address, a legislator arose.

"Mr. Marvin Whitehouse desires the privilege of the floor," he said.

Acrimonious debate followed, but upon this point agreement was reached: that both candidates should be invited to speak to the legislature. Presently Mr. Whitehouse appeared.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I shall be brief. This contest seems to have reached an *impasse*. I, therefore, in the interest of this state and of my party in this state, wish to withdraw my name as a candidate for the senatorship—but upon one condition; namely, that my opponent follow my example."

In the dead silence which followed, he walked from the room—and then turmoil ensued. Nor did the Senator appear to make his address, for he was besieged in his room by party leaders demanding that he follow the example of Mr. Whitehouse. He refused doggedly. Word came from the Governor that his support would be withdrawn if the Senator persisted.

Politicians look to the main chance. So long as Mr. Whitehouse remained in the field and there was a contest for party control, the Senator's adherents would cling to him from bread and butter motives. But now, with the prospect of a compromise candidate and party peace, they were ready to force their man to walk the plank.

The Coldriver post office, which had loomed no larger than a man's hand, now obscured the Senator's sky.

An adjournment was taken until after lunch, whereupon, Mr. Lafe Siggins began making overtures to certain prominent gentlemen of the opposition.

"Boys," he said, "we've been a-gittin' het up and callin' one another names. Now we git the idee we can't lick one another. And the Senator's bound to withdraw before you go into session agin. While them party leaders wrangles with him and tries to fix on a compromise candidate, let's about a dozen of us go off and eat together, and see if we can't patch things up."

"Sounds sensible," said one of the embattled legislators. "Let's see if we can't save the old party."

"Who'll we take?"

"W-al, there's you six fellers. Then we'll git Jones from Buttstown, and Siggins from up-state, and Nelson, and some of the wheel hosses from our side."

"Where'll we go?"

"Out to the Lake House, where we kin be quiet. Take fifteen minutes to git there."

"Get three cars," said someone. But, strangely enough, three cars for hire were standing before the steps of the Capitol, and into these the party clambered.

WHILE this delegation drove to the Lake House, and dined, and did their utmost to turn the affair into a little love feast, the Senator, faced by desertions, withdrew. But on a condition—the condition that he could name the compromise candidate. To his astonishment, this was accepted with little argument. At least, thought he, this would insure his hold upon the party helm.

"Very well, then," said he; "I sacrifice my personal ambitions for the good of the party. And I name Mr. William Sawyer as my successor. A worthy candidate who will worthily represent this great commonwealth."

And so peace reigned. When the legis-

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lature resumed session at one o'clock, Scattergood Baines sat in the gallery for the first time during the contest. He sat in the front row, large and placid and smiling—and somehow neglected. Things were not as once they had been, when his appearance in the Capitol had been the signal for a group of wishful politicians to gather about him, hanging upon every word. But Scattergood seemed not to be downcast. He spoke now and then to Johnny Bones, and, on the whole, seemed satisfied with proceedings.

Not so the loyal Johnny. He raged.

"Why don't you assert yourself?" he demanded. "You are letting yourself be pushed aside. What—Mr. Baines, you're not quitting?"

"Seems like mebbe I shot my bolt," said Scattergood. "Hush up; they're goin' to nominate Will Sawyer."

It was done in style and amid cheers. But then a whiskered old gentleman from down-state, one of those legislators who are always good for humorous copy in the newspapers, but who are never taken seriously by their peers, got to his feet.

"Seein'," said he, "that we got everythin' all fixed up, and everybody loves everybody else, it looks to me like this was a kind of a pleasant time, jest as a formality, and to pay a compliment, fer me to kind of nominate a man from down our way that we got admiration fur. I don't calc'late it means anythin', exceptin' that his town'll be pleased his name was mentioned."

There was a roar of laughter and cries of, "Name him! Name him!"

"Therefore," said the old gentleman, "I place in nomination the name of Johnny Bones, of Coldriver."

Another laugh, though, perhaps, there were some few who did not laugh quite so heartily, and who cast upward a glance at Scattergood Baines, remembering him suddenly. A voice seconded the nomination. The roll call proceeded.

AND then the hall became aware that something not upon the books was happening. It might have been expected that a few friends would vote for Johnny Bones as a compliment, but as the call proceeded it appeared that for every Sawyer vote there came also one for Johnny. Suddenly the legislature awoke. Leaders began to rush up and down the aisles, counting, gesticulating, calculating.

The roll call proceeded, reached the N's, the P's. Now the excitement which had reigned in the former contest was as nothing. Men rushed from the Capitol hatless and coatless to carry the news to headquarters that something was happening. Men stamped and shook their fists at the whiskered old legislator who had brought this thing about. . . .

"Where's Ames, and Walker, and Jenkins and Doolittle and—" A frenzied leader had discovered six of his most dependable votes to be missing.

"I seen 'em get in some cars to drive some'eres," he was told.

The roll call reached the S section. Telephones were jangling all over the city in an effort to locate the missing votes before it should be too late. For, checking up the vote, it was again neck and neck—with Johnny Bones a couple of votes ahead.

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But the missing men could not be reached. They had been at the Lake House, but had left. It is true they had left. When they came out from the dining-room, in ample time to get back for the session, it was discovered that one of their three cars had disappeared. Lafe Siggins uttered language, but as host made the best of it. He crowded the six Senator's men into one car and his friends into another. The senatorial car started first. It was an eager driver they had, and he made speed. Indeed, he made such speed that his passengers remonstrated. Just as they reached the edge of town an ominous "*put-put-put*" sounded behind them, and a goggled figure in khaki and on a motor cycle motioned them to the roadside.

"Where you think you're headin' for—a fire?" demanded this guardian of the highways.

"We were going a bit fast," said Ames, "but it'll be all right. We're all members of the legislature on our way to the session."

"So's my uncle a Knight of Pythias," said the officer. "Sixty mile you was doin', and we don't aim to have no sich capers through this stretch. Turn her around, young feller, and take your load back to the justice."

"But we must reach the Capitol," expostulated Ames.

"You'll reach the calaboose if I git any back-talk out of ye," said the officer.

"Then let us out, and take back the driver and car."

"And lose my witnesses! Can't ketch me that way. Back you go, the whole caboodle of ye."

BACK in the Capitol the roll call reached the W's and finally came to Zander, who ended the alphabet. A stunned silence followed. Presently a clerk stepped to the side of the presiding official, who swallowed hard and groped to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said huskily, "the result of the election is as follows: Mr. John Bones, of Coldriver, forty-six votes; Mr. Sawyer, of Trenton, thirty-seven votes; Mr. Myles, the Democratic candidate, seven votes. And Mr. Bones is declared elected United States Senator by a majority of two votes of a total of ninety votes cast."

Scattergood Baines got up and yawned. He turned to the astounded Johnny, and patted his back.

"Told ye to git ye a silk hat, Johnny," he said. "Um. . . . W-al, I guess you and me kin still take care of ourselves if we got to."

There was a trampling of feet on the gallery stairs. No longer was Scattergood alone, but the center of a throng, all clamoring for his notice. Once more, in his own way, he was the victor. Again the machinery of the state was in his sturdy hand. They were quick to recognize it and to accept.

"Gentlemen," he said, placidly, "seems like we held an election. Kind of seems as though. . . . New senator's got an announcement, and ye might carry news of it to the senator that's jest gittin' through. You kin tell him Mr. Bones is puttin' Will Pratt back as postmaster in Coldriver!"

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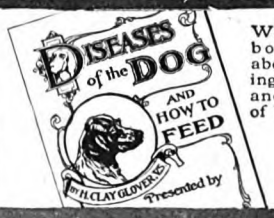

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(*Continued from page 46*)

your tickets on a railroad, or sail a boat, or manipulate the stock market, or use the right fork, or draw up a contract, when there aren't any of those things? You'll find that just about nine tenths of your 'knowledge and experience' are not only useless, but do not even exist. Let that sink in. . . . Now let's swat the ball. I'm going to hit little pill just about one calendar mile!"

This he proceeded to do in most workmanlike fashion. And to my surprise, so did I! He grinned at me.

"Well, how about it?" he inquired as we followed the balls. "Just drop all the physical things, and get into an entirely new set of surroundings . . . what you got?"

"I—I don't know," I faltered, somewhat bewildered by this point of view.

"I think I do; I've figured it out. What have you got in Central Africa? I mean out of all you do here? You've got something you can *use* there out of your ability to run a radio, even if there are no radios."

"Patience, principally," I laughed.

"Exactly! That's a good illustration. It's that sort of thing we get out of any of our experiences. As I figure it, there's a kind of squeezed-out residue of intangible quality—moral quality if you want it so—that hasn't anything to do with physical manipulations. It's a sort of general quality, that can be applied anywhere. You mentioned patience. You learn patience from a radio; but you can use it on lots of other things."

"My golf game, for instance."

"Sure! You've got it! You're satisfactory to talk to. That's a very good illustration, too. You learn two sets of things out of golf. You learn the kind of swing to make, and the amount of force to apply, and the effect of different clubs, and what to do in a rough lie, and you get your muscles trained to do certain things—"

WE HAD long ago caught up with our balls, of course, but had stood over them idly, absorbed in our conversation. Thrackleford squinted at the hole, took elaborate aim with his mashie, and attempted a chip shot. The ball bounced in a sprightly fashion at a sharp angle off the toe of his club and snuggled down into the right-hand one of that execrated pair of concrete culverts that guard our sixteenth green.

"Most of them wrong," Thrackleford finished his sentence, and seized his niblick.

I won that hole very easily, which evened the match. After the ensuing tension of getting off another drive had been relieved, Thrackleford continued:

"Now that sort of training, painfully acquired, you can use only where there are golf courses. But also you may, if you play the game right, acquire other things. You can get the faculty of keeping your temper in adversity; or a fundamental and rigid honesty in keeping your medal

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score—to mention two merely. Now, those things you can use where there are no golf courses. A fellow can be a good sportsman in almost any circumstances."

"And it's those things you can take with you when you die!" I cried in sudden enlightenment.

"And *only* those things," he supplemented. "How much one takes depends on how much he's got of them out of the things he's done. Perfectly simple. A man can be a whale of a good golf player without being a good sportsman, you know," he reminded me.

I looked down with complete calm at the rottenest lie a ball ever rolled into, and experienced a self-conscious glow over the thought that I was piling up eternal riches when I did not bewail my fate. As though in especial recognition—or perhaps because, in my preoccupation over what my companion was telling me, I did not think too much about the shot—my midiron picked it out clean and sent it almost as far as to catch up with Thrackleford's drive.

"Peach!" said Thrackleford. "Now, our bodies, speaking in general, are merely mechanisms corresponding to what faculties we possess, aren't they? Speaking roughly, we have bodies that enable us to do things in our environment. We can do things because we've got quite a few inner faculties. As fast as we develop new faculties we get better bodies. We've got a lot better bodies than the amœbas have. That's a simple proposition. Well, as I figure it, that's what was the matter with me. I had just the kind of body over there, where I was when I was dead, that corresponded with the faculties I had developed—the intangible faculties, I mean. What I had got out of experience, outside of mere skills and expedients. Follow me?"

"My mind is simple and dazed," I assured him; "but I get that."

"All right. That, then, as I figure it, was why I was so weakish and lumpish. . . . You've got a good lie this time. Let's see you lay her dead."

But I did not immediately address the ball. In fact, I believe I made contemptuous dismissing remarks about the ball.

"WHAT happened next?" I urged him. "This is the most interesting thing I ever heard! Was anybody else there?"

"I'll try to tell you," he replied, "though I do not think it will be very easy to give you an idea. You must remember, in the first place, that I really hadn't brought along enough of what we call those intangible realities—those distilled essences of my efforts in life—to deserve a first-class body. The body I had exactly corresponded to what I had brought; no more, no less. Just as my physical body was the shape of what I contained as a physical being; so this was what I contained of the eternal verities. Consequently, I hadn't many senses, simply because I hadn't many faculties; so of course I was only dimly aware, and that in very confused manner. In the second place, naturally, my recollection is none too good.

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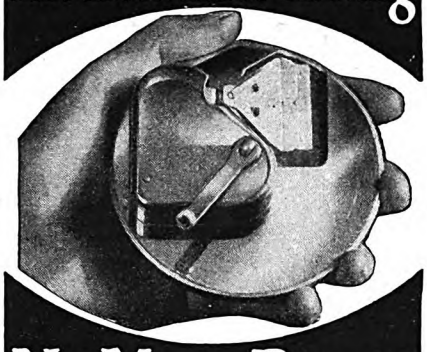

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convinced of the fact that somehow, sooner or later, I would participate in whatever there was; and I knew there was something to participate in. There was an environment. I couldn't become cognizant of it, because I hadn't the proper development of body to possess senses that would take it in. No equipment. I was like a baby. The baby has eyes, but he looks straight at things and really doesn't see them. That's just what I was: a spiritual baby, with a baby's body and a baby's undeveloped senses.

"It came to me with rather a shock of illumination that my appreciation of even this much was due solely to the fact that I had got something spiritual out of my earth life. At least I had, even if in rudimentary form, some senses in my new body. This primitive type of perception was one of them. You see, perception was actually one of my new senses, as sight is with us. And I realized with a kind of cold, sinking feeling that if I hadn't brought over even that much I'd probably be unconscious—perhaps really dead for all I know—or perhaps just dormant, like a seed, waiting for something to germinate me. What *could* germinate me? Something helping me outside myself? . . . I don't know. I rather think it must be something, however feeble, within myself. Perhaps even the most worthless of us do accomplish enough for that."

He paused and chuckled.

"I had to laugh at myself. I had to laugh at myself; and that seemed to bring a gleam of light too. I'd used another sense, and by its use I realized that I possessed it."

"Don't quite see," I objected.

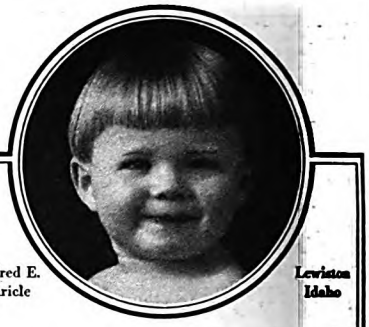
"I don't quite see myself," he agreed. "But so it was. The ability to laugh in just that kindly, understanding fashion is a spiritual sense all right. It softens struggle and effort; makes them more natural and palatable. Anyway, I wished I'd done more of it. I felt that if I had, I'd see better, somehow.

"NOW that was only two simple things I'd done. But just the doing of these seemed to inspire me with a great urge of energy, and desire to go ahead doing things. I used to know a man who suffered a stroke of paralysis. All he could move was two fingers in his left hand. Instead of getting discouraged, he said to himself: 'Well, all right; I'll move these two fingers.' So he did: and by and by he found he could move the next finger. To-day he's almost as good as ever.

"That's the way I felt. I got a sudden glowing conviction that if I exercised what faculties I had, I'd speedily develop more faculties; and that gave me a feeling of tremendous inrushing vitality, as though I had sprung a leak. Gosh! I had a strong urge to get at it, and an eager interest as to the results when I did get at it! It was like the times you step off at rail head, and the Indian is waiting in the canoe on the float, and the lake stretches out into the milky distance where the spruce closes in, and then starts the Trail—you know!"

"I can imagine," I agreed.

"Only a thousand times more so," he supplemented. "It was great! I almost



Wilfred E. Maricle — Lewiston Idaho

Mellin's Food A Milk Modifier

Cow's milk contains all the nutritive elements necessary for maintenance and growth. If these elements were in the same proportions as in human milk and of the same character and as digestible, cow's milk as delivered to the household could be substituted for human milk with the assurance of successful results and the matter of the artificial feeding of infants would need no further thought.

However, while all the essential food elements are present in cow's milk, there is a marked difference in relative proportions, in physical character and in digestibility as compared with human milk and for these reasons cow's milk must be modified before it can be applied successfully as nourishment for the bottle-fed baby.

The purpose of Mellin's Food is to adjust these differences and this purpose is accomplished by following the plan which directs the use of Mellin's Food as a milk modifier.

The plan is a practical one, for the entire day's feeding may be prepared in a few minutes by simply dissolving Mellin's Food in water and then adding milk.

Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants"

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.

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to Prove You Can Learn at Home in Spare Time!

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They can fight sore throat all day!

Gargling alone is not enough!

Sore throat demands continuous treatment!

GERM-LADEN schoolrooms. Dangerous weather . . . Danger of grippe, influenza, tonsilitis!

Physicians now say: To cure sore throat an occasional gargle is not enough. You should fight sore throat all day long!

With Formamint the throat is kept *continuously* bathed in an antiseptic of proved germicidal power. Yet Formamint cannot harm the delicate throat tissues.

And children *like* Formamint. Let them take one of these tablets every hour or so to *treat* sore throat; every two or three hours to help *prevent* it. All druggists.

Doctors endorse it

Formamint

THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

One Drop

Stops most painful corn in 3 seconds

HERE is a new and totally different way to treat a corn or a callus. One drop stops all pain. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort, **instantly and at once.** Acts like a local anaesthetic; really amazing.

Then soon the corn shrivels and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers, like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Works alike on any corn or callus, no matter where it is, how old or how painful. Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." You will be delighted.

"GETS-IT"

World's Fastest Way

forgot I was so weakish and lumpish that I couldn't see a thing or know a thing, not even how to take one step forward."

"But didn't you *see* anything, or *touch* anything?" I insisted. "Were you just suspended out in space?"

"No," he hesitated, "not that. I was in an environment."

"What kind of an environment?"

"I corresponded with it poorly," he explained. "It was a place of beauty, and great vitality, and endless possibility, and infinite and personal humanity, and friendly helpfulness—I suppose that answers your question as to whether anybody else was there—and a certain simplicity—"

"Yes, but what was it *like?*" I interrupted.

"I'm telling you all I could sense. I hadn't earned anything more."

I digested this a moment.

"Humph!" I grunted. "Cheerful outlook!"

"It seemed quite cheerful; in fact, inspiring and highly desirable—even to me. And I was worse equipped than many, I imagine. There is no real reason why I should have been so blind, no reason at all, except that I hadn't had sense enough to get me an outfit. I'd done the way a lot of us do, I suppose—just postponed. 'Time enough when we get there' idea. The sudden realization of that is really what brought me back, I suppose."

"How come?" I inquired.

"WHY, I felt ashamed of myself; I was mortified! Here was I, an old hand at the exploring game, absolutely afoot in a strange country! And I had the rottenest sort of an outfit! I was ashamed to be starting out with such an outfit. I was a dazed and helpless immigrant; and I had always prided myself on my ability to take care of myself anywhere.

"And I'd known I was coming: everybody knows he is coming. I wouldn't take a fishing trip over Sunday so poorly equipped. Lord, I was just plain ashamed of myself! Stupid! Silly! Worse than those slobs who start out with low shoes and a cotton blanket and everything essential forgotten, so that all the old-timers have to pool in to fit them out, just so they won't perish! I'd cussed those fellows out enough in my time, and here I was in the same fix! . . . You thinking of hitting that ball between now and sundown? I'm going to lick you these last two holes."

"In a minute," I waved this aside impatiently. "What next?"

"I felt so humiliated that I became obsessed with one thing—a consuming regret that I hadn't a better outfit; I could see plainly enough that I might have had it. That regret was so keen that it must have got some sort of response. Somebody said—no, nobody said—it was like it was before when I was pronounced 'successfully dead'—it was borne in on me in some inner fashion. It *seemed* as if someone said, 'Let's give him a new start.'

"And at that I seemed to come zigzagging down like an autumn leaf, and the first thing I knew I was lying in bed, and a lot of scared and excited people were doing things to me, and chattering about an inexplicable and marvelous resuscita-

"How I got the job that 34 others were seeking"

THIRTY-FIVE men applied for the position as Advertising Manager of a big department store in New Orleans. But Sam D. Reeks was selected above all these other men because he was trained.

He says: "My I. C. S. course enabled me to put my facts before the proprietor of this business in such a way as to prove that I knew what I was talking about. I was just as well equipped to discuss his advertising with him as if I had been at the work for years and years."

Mr. Reeks was given the position—and he made good in a big way after he got it—because his International Correspondence Schools course had prepared him to take advantage of his Opportunity when it came. Just a few years ago he was elected president of the Advertising Club of New Orleans—another tribute to his personality and ability.

Why don't you study, as Mr. Reeks did, and prepare to get a better position and a larger salary? You can do it if you really try.

At least make the start by marking and mailing the coupon printed below and find out what the I. C. S. can do for you. It doesn't cost you a penny or obligate you in any way to get the facts, but that one simple little request may be the means of changing your whole life. **"Do it now."**

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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the course *before* which I have marked X:

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Want Extra Pay?
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Get FREE OUTFIT

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$2 an hour—$15 a day. Anyone can take orders at amazing low factory prices for lovely new Dresses, Coats, Sweaters, Scarfs. Paris styles, sold direct to wearer from Mill under Money Back Guarantee.

NEW PLAN FOR MEN AND WOMEN

No experience needed. Just take orders. **We show you HOW.** We deliver and collect.

FREE Dress! Send no money. Use our capital. We offer **Free Sample Dress with BIG Outfit.** Get exclusive territory.

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1067 So. California Ave., CHICAGO

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Won't you follow the doctor's advice?

8 out of 10 advised Nujol type of treatment

IF you suffer from constipation—even if it's only occasionally—you will find that Nujol is the *safe* corrective. That is why such a large proportion of physicians advise its use. Among several thousand doctors recently interviewed on this important question, seven out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural function.

But Nujol may be taken at any time by any person. "It is the most natural aid to normal activity of the bowels," said one doctor. "In chronic constipation Nujol type of treatment is especially successful," said another.

Because

1. A lubricant is better than a laxative
2. Nujol is not habit-forming
3. It's a more natural method
4. Does not cause distress
5. It is non-irritating
6. Nujol gives lasting relief

Nujol acts entirely differently from cathartics. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that the muscles of the intestines can expel the waste matter regularly, naturally and thoroughly.

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it.

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOR CONSTIPATION

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Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

"Regular as Clockwork"

Accept This TRIAL Offer

NUJOL LABORATORIES, Room No. 826-H, 26 Broadway, New York City
(In Canada, Address Nujol, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.)

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page, illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

tion, and all that sort of thing. I didn't say much, but I knew the explanation. It wasn't so confounded inexplicable. I had come back for a better outfit, and glad of the chance. The next time I die," concluded Thrackleford earnestly, "I'm going to do it with some *savior faire*."

"That's the most extraordinary vision I ever heard of!" I exclaimed.

"Vision nothing! I was dead, I tell you. And that's all I know about 'Heaven.' But it's one fine country, and I'm going to explore it, and I'm going to make a better start than I did last time!"

I STARTED to say something, but was interrupted by a rough and sarcastic voice. I looked up in surprise to find a caddie addressing me. He was a hobbledehoy who occasionally came out from the city. I never approved of him. He is too old to be a caddie, anyway. He's cross-eyed and has command of a silent but potent contempt; and he has no manners at all for anybody who does not shoot in the eighties.

"Say," he observed witheringly, "are youse guys going to stay in your trance, or what? We been yelling *fore* at you for the last hour!"

I glanced up hastily to discover the lady champion and three others waiting in attitudes of exasperation and impatience about a hundred yards away. Behind them, as far as the eye could reach were others at spaced intervals.

"Good lord!" I cried, "the women have caught up with us!"

I topped my ball miserably. I never *can* play when I feel that somebody is right behind me, waiting. Thrackleford hit a long, sweet one with his brassie. He seemed quite unperturbed.

"That, as I was saying, accounts for my peculiar game. Just as I couldn't take over there any of my dinky little skills and expedients; so I couldn't bring back here anything but sort of a general feeling of things, as you might say, and not intellectual ideas."

"Don't quite follow you," said I.

"Why, don't you see: I'm rotten at the short game where I have to *think* what I'm doing—how much or how little steam to put in it, and just how much to strike under the ball, and all that small, dinky, finicky, fine stuff. But a full stroke is not a matter of thinking about it. It's a matter of rhythm and timing and—well, it's a matter of how the swing *feels!*"

"Yes, that's right," I agreed.

"You don't have to think of distance, or holding back, or letting out. It's a *full* stroke. Well, being dead didn't help me on short strokes where I had to think; but it did on the long strokes, where I simply had to know the feel of them. That's one of the big feelings Over There."

"What?" I asked, puzzled.

"Free, wide, and handsome," he explained.

He took the last two holes—and I had began to think I was going to win a match at last! It was most annoying, and I was thoroughly chagrined. It was all due to those women; I never can play when they are right at my heels. Or perhaps I'd have to die to improve my game. At any rate, I am afraid I did not add to my outfit for eternity. But I got an idea.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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Is College Worth Four Years Out of Your Boy's Life?

(*Continued from page 16*)

don't misunderstand me," he went on. "I am not decrying universal education. None of us can get too much education—provided it is that kind of education best fitted to us as individuals. But men are *not* alike, whereas our traditional college training courses are very much alike. We are making the mistake of assuming that education can be obtained only in colleges, and that a college diploma is good for everybody.

"The other day a baby boy was born in a certain home. The first thing the father did was to go to his bank and deposit one hundred dollars to the infant's account.

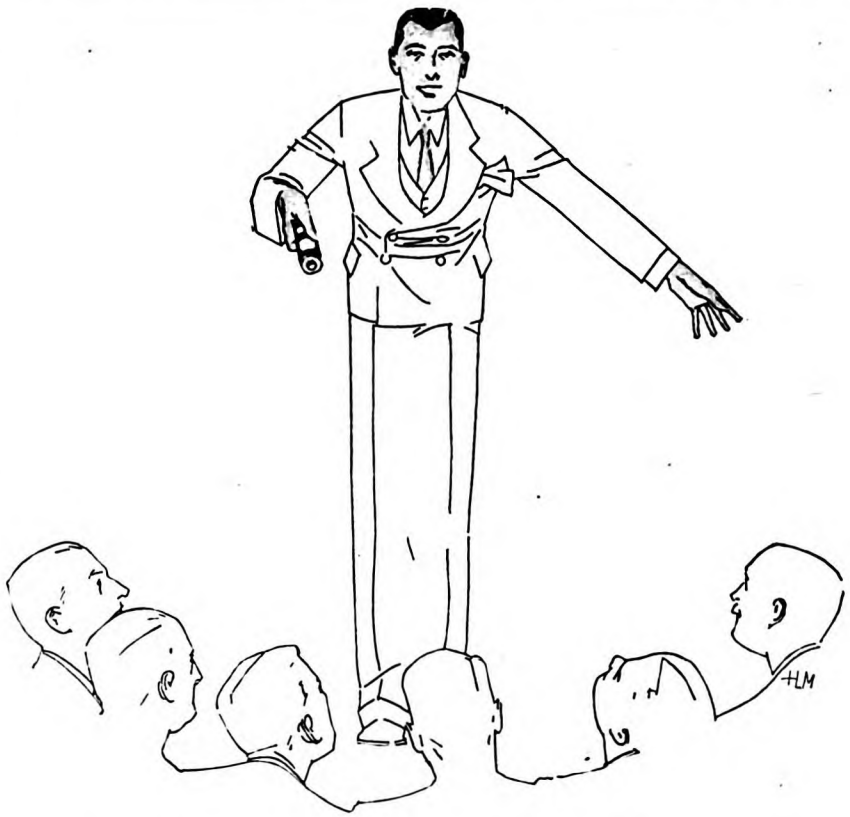
"'He is going to be a college man,' the father explained, and named his own alma mater as the institution to be attended by his son, adding, 'That one hundred dollars starts a fund for his college education.'

"Eighteen years in advance, and yet there wasn't a question in the father's mind! Ability, mentality, natural preferences, tastes, what these might be in the boy eighteen years hence wasn't considered. The father was a college man; the boy was to be a college man. As well might he have assumed the boy was going to wear the same size of hat.

"There is a mother with two boys, the older twelve and the younger brother ten. The older boy is slow-witted, slow to learn, and a year behind in his classes at school. His brother is almost an opposite type, bright, quick, well up in his studies. But no distinction is to be made in their future education: both boys are going to college. Already the money has been laid aside and the college chosen.

"There are ten times ten thousand fathers and mothers like these, to whom college has become the educational panacea. The question, 'Should Jack go to college?' is not answered by tests of fitness, but by tests of the bank book and earning capacity. The most standardized bit of advice relative to boys in America has become, 'By all means, send him to college if you can afford it.' And the army of those who can afford it, or who find means to afford it, increases each year by the thousands.

"THE great tragedy is in the result. Here on my desk is a report from a famous old institution. Only 33 per cent of the students enrolled have been graduated with their class. Eventually, 38 per cent have been graduated. In a word, 62 out of every 100 students enrolled in that college in recent years have failed to complete the courses. They have gone from college disappointed, disillusioned, some of them embittered, with shattered confidence in self at an age when self-confidence should be highest. And they have gone back to homes in which there is heartbreak, disappointment and broken hope, and where the efforts of years have brought forth only trouble. You hear no outcry. There is silence in these homes; but the tragedy is real, nevertheless



Listen, Men!

You shave, don't you? Don't like to, do you? The process always hurts, and the results are often not so good, eh?

You should try Barbasol!

Barbasol is The Modern Way of Shaving. It puts a smile in every razor stroke. Cuts minutes off your shaving time. And leaves your face looking and feeling like Happiness itself. Here's how:

1. Wash the face (but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in
3. Shave

That's all. No brush. No rub-in. No after-smart. Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin. Takes nothing away but the whiskers. Great for chap and ingrowing hairs.

Mister, you're next! Try Barbasol, 3 times, according to directions.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

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A.M. 5-2

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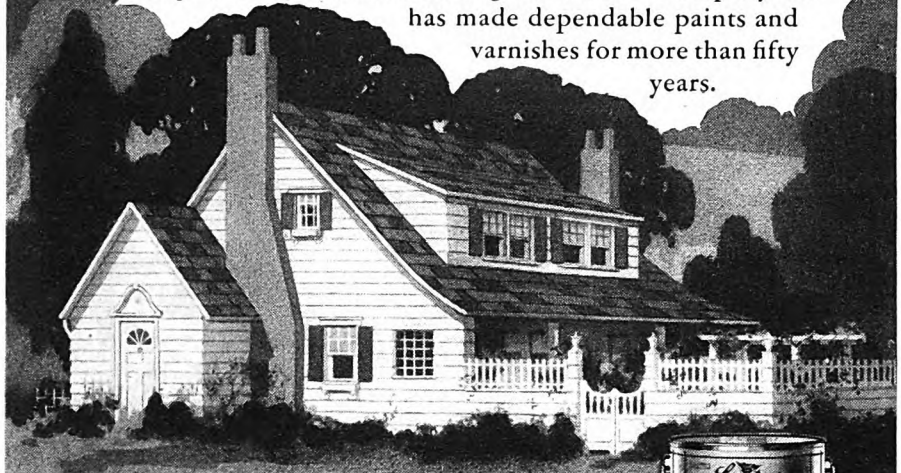
Why not secure both excellence *and* economy in ONE paint

Beauty:

Lowe Brothers High Standard Paint is made in a wide range of colors that affords suitable color selections for any type of architecture and any surroundings... DURABILITY: It goes on smoothly and *stays* on—putting a smooth, lasting film of protection between your house and the weather ... QUALITY: The high quality of Lowe Brothers High Standard Paint is recognized by dealers, painters and property owners everywhere. Thousands of satisfied users recommend it for its better appearance, greater covering capacity and lasting results ... WHAT "HIGH STANDARD" MEANS: High Standard means far more than just a trade name. High Standard is descriptive of the ingredients and the process of manufacture by which it is made. Back of it is the reputation, experience and manufacturing facilities of a company that has made dependable paints and varnishes for more than fifty years.



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BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Lowe Brothers

PAINTS & VARNISHES

"Every college in this land, at the end of every session, sends back to our homes these boys. A few of the oldest, most firmly established universities claim a loss of only ten per cent; but this loss mounts to sixty per cent, and even higher, in many a state university. Nor do the figures include those uncounted thousands of boys who are rejected by the college before admission; nor the additional thousands who, though they have been graduated, have simply wasted four precious years, and received no benefit commensurate with the time given and the money spent.

"There is probably no other career, surely I know of none, for which men are so definitely prepared, and in which there is such an appalling proportion of failures! The fault can't be entirely with our schools, unless all that the ages have taught us about teaching is wrong. Then it must be with the boys, and with *us*—in that we are sending too many of the *wrong* kind of boys to college!"

I TALKED with Doctor Faunce in the big, comfortable office which Brown University provides its "prexy." Just across the street was old University Hall, built in 1770, and used as a barracks during the Revolution by the French troops under Count Rochambeau. The age-stained college chapel was close by, on beyond it the campus, the "gym," and farther away the football field on which Brown's "Iron Men" of 1926 had won glory. Here were the dormitories, the "frat" houses, the hatless students, traditions. Doctor Faunce embraced it all in a wave of his hand.

"This, any college," he continued, "is the 'plant' of a great corporation. We have millions of dollars invested here. To use the language of the street, knowledge is our primary output. Students and parents should devote at least as much time to investigating what we have to offer before they decide to buy as the average man does to investigating the suitability of a house or an automobile.

"Students come here without the slightest conception of what college is all about. Many of them are as much at a loss as the man who went into a jewelry shop to buy a pipe wrench. As an example: Several weeks ago I received a letter from a young man in New Jersey. He said he was eager to come to Brown, but was unable to pay his tuition.

"'However,' he added, 'I am an excellent tennis player. Wouldn't it be possible to grant me a scholarship on the strength of my tennis?' And he went on to detail the various championships he had won on the tennis court.

"Out of curiosity I made inquiry of his high-school principal, who replied: 'There are about three hundred pupils in this boy's class, and I would say that two hundred and ninety of them are better prepared for college than he is.'

"Then there is the boy who comes to college for the social prestige it will give him. He wants to be known among his acquaintances as a college man. He wants to wear a fraternity pin, become a member of the university club, and be a host to his friends at the big annual football games. Often the fraternities do not want him and, his incentive for college gone, he quits in disgust. Still more frequently he fails

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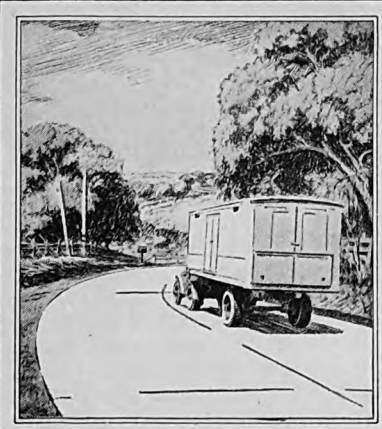
For HEAVY-DUTY *Pavements*



There are more than 47,000 miles of concrete road in the United States. The same qualities that have made concrete the most economical and popular road surface have made it the preëminent street pavement of today. Write for our booklet which tells about concrete streets—Portland Cement Association, Chicago.

CONCRETE—one basic material of our modern civilization—having proven its utility for homes, skyscrapers, warehouses, bridges, farms and roads, is also demonstrating its superiority as a city street pavement.

Concrete is the *modern* street—rugged and durable under the pounding of heavy trucks—clean and even-surfaced for the smooth-flowing traffic of great boulevards—economical and beautiful in residential sections and suburban towns.

Maintenance is built into the concrete street. This means that it is always open—always in service. Yet necessary patching when concrete *must* be cut through is accomplished easily and quickly—leaving no evidence that the surface has ever been disturbed.

PORTLAND CEMENT

CONCRETE

for permanence

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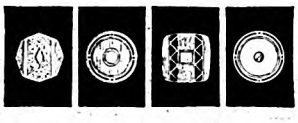
He is a young man
who is almost well dressed

Clothes correct, of course . . . shoes in style and gleaming . . . shirt, cravat, just as they should be. But look at his cuff! See how sloppy it is. Not the thing at all.

Remedy: Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons!

Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons are smart and correct. They are easy to put on and take off. What is more, they come in a price-range to suit every purse. Up to $25. And they are guaranteed for a lifetime! The Baer & Wilde Company, Attleboro, Mass.

The new Slip-in-Studs for evening wear make putting on a stiff shirt a pleasure.



Kum-a-part
Cuff Buttons

in the classroom, because the classroom is trying to give him something he doesn't want. Colleges are not training schools for society, but for life.

"Some seek a college diploma as a commercial asset. They reason that the very fact they are college graduates will give them higher standing and larger salary in the business world. They may or may not be right, but again they fail in an understanding of the college. A diploma is not merely a receipt for tuition paid and time put in: it is a certificate of knowledge *earned*. If knowledge has not been earned, the diploma is of no more value than a pretty scrap of paper, a fact which the world of business is quick to discover.

"A MAN should have a certain capacity and a certain taste for college. By capacity I do not mean mental brilliance necessarily, but mentality in the world of thought as well as of action. A youth whose one desire is to get out and touch elbows with the practical isn't going to thrive on a diet of theory. The college might awaken one's desire for understanding, but it can't furnish such desire where it is lacking.

"A case I recently heard of is illustrative. A successful lawyer whose three elder sons had gone into business decided that his youngest son must become a lawyer. It was a matter of personal vanity with him.

"The boy failed to finish in a private school. He was sent to another. There, by dint of summer study under a tutor, he was able to graduate and pass a college entrance examination. Five years he was in college, dragging along at the foot of his classes, studying in the summer, his father's will alone holding him to a grind which he utterly disliked. At twenty-five years of age the young man entered law school, where he put in another three years. At last he was admitted to the bar, his mind filled with a mass of learning by rote, but as empty of understanding as a bowl turned upside down.

"Not long ago his father died. Six months later, the son, now thirty, closed the paternal law offices into which he had been admitted for practice, and closed them for good. He sold the law books, gave away the furniture. To-day he is a salesman in his eldest brother's business and, I am told, an excellent salesman. But is he any better off for his eight years in the university—eight years sliced literally from his life?

"'Oh, but that case is exceptional!' you object.

"No, the sad fact is that it isn't exceptional. There are hundreds of just such men in our colleges, without capacity or taste or desire for what the college has to offer. They learn, like a parrot, by rote. They falter and stumble through a blurred maze, their one wish to get done with college and get away from it. Often they fail, but the lash of home discipline sometimes drives them through. To what? For one, I seriously question if the value of what the college has managed to cram into them is equal to the value of those four or more years they have given out of their lives.

"Finally, and perhaps saddest of all, is the boy who comes to college with an honest, earnest desire to learn, only to discover, after a semester or two, that the kind of learning he seeks is not the kind the college has to give. At least, his present interest is not in college subjects, or it may be in only one or two of a dozen subjects.

"Let me mention a single example, a bright, eager, ambitious young man whose great love was for things mechanical. He liked motors, and especially automobile and airplane motors. It was his joy to get into overalls, to get some grease on his hands, and to tear down motors and rebuild them; to invent and to devise in the field of practical mechanics.

"Somebody told him he should go to college, and he enrolled in the regular course. He hadn't been in college two months before he realized that something was wrong, either with himself or with the college. Instead of studying motors, he was studying mathematics, and the most abstruse kind of mathematics. He was expected to delve into the foundations of philosophy, to study theories of government, and to master an ancient language. There were a thousand facts he had to know, and none of them, so far as he could see, had a thing to do with motors.

"He lost interest. He dropped behind in his class. His fingers itched for a monkey wrench and the 'feel' of metal. But his father had gone to some trouble to send him to college. The folks at home were talking proudly of him. To quit would mean disgrace, so he wearily worked on to complete the grind which he hated.

"In his second year he failed so badly that the college had no choice except to dismiss him. He had come with high hope and confidence. He left with bowed head. In the general classification of why students fail he was probably entered under the heading, 'Lacking in mental ability.' But he didn't lack ability; his ability was simply outside the ordinary college field.

"Insufficient preparation is often a reason for failure, but that can be remedied if the student is of the proper type and wants to remedy it. Ill health, in the student himself or at home, misfortune at home, financial reverses—these must be included among the causes for college boys' quitting. But pass over these as incidental to the main theme—by showing you what the college is not, and what it cannot supply, I have been trying to give you some idea of what it is and what it does supply.

"TO SUM UP: Money, opportunity, and the mere ability to obtain an entrance certificate or pass an entrance examination are not tests of college fitness, nor is the desire of a parent for a college-trained son any evidence of the son's fitness. Colleges do not confer degrees for athletic prowess. Their aim is not to grant badges of social and commercial prestige. They do not create capacity for understanding, but demand it. They are not designed for the purely practical-minded, nor for the youth who desires merely to do, rather than to think and comprehend.

"'Then,' you ask, 'what *does* college seek to do for a student? What *should* he seek in the college classroom?'

"As I told our Brown students a few years ago, the young man who enters college should come seeking two main things: first, horizon, and, second, mastery. Those two things the college endeavors to give.

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"Father, what does 'lapse' mean?"

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA ©

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President
Home Office—NEWARK, N. J.

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Have you a

"YELLOW MASK"?

BE ABSOLUTELY frank with yourself.

Look in your mirror. If your teeth have a yellowish color, be it even faint, they are unlovely. Enamel is a brilliant ivory white—yours included.

"I brush my teeth," you protest. "Why can't they be white?"

Because only now has dental science successfully found the means of embodying in a pleasant, tasty tooth paste the *one* substance that will remove that unsightly yellowish tint.

This substance is known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." Foremost dentists use it for cleaning teeth; yours, too, no doubt. And you know what a miracle of beauty he works with it.

Of course, this substance can't scratch or harm the softest tooth surface—or your dentist would never use it.

The name of the dentifrice with this marvelous "Tri-Calcium Phosphate" formula is ORPHOS Tooth Paste. Your druggist has it now.

Says one dentist

who uses ORPHOS in his chair: "8 out of 10 patients ask what it is, stating that they have never had their teeth feel so absolutely clean and smooth after a cleaning." If *one* usage does this, visualize the teeth beauty awaiting you using it *morning* and *night!* Exchange your "yellow mask" now for teeth with the sheen of polished pearls. Don't wait. Buy a tube of ORPHOS today—or mail coupon for generous 20-Time Tube.

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Name----------

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"Most of us enter college with an experience that is real but extremely limited. We have lived in our own back yard and seldom looked over the fence. To enlarge that horizon until it covers all lands and centuries, until it covers the great domains of literature, science, history, philosophy, and art, is the first object of college training. To know something of everything!

"The other main object is to give the student mastery of some one subject. Breadth of horizon is not enough—a man may be so broad that he is flat. There is no intellectual joy quite so great as the sense of having mastered some one corner of the world's knowledge. To know everything of something, and so master it, ought to be the second great aim of college training.

"Now, let prospective students realize that these are the two objectives; let parents realize them, and then let both come to some reasonable conclusion as to the student's taste, his capacity and real intentions *before* sending him to college.

"Also, let us get out of the notion," Doctor Faunce added, "that the college is the one and only road to a worthy education. Some of our outstanding leaders in politics, and some of our best informed and best educated men in business and industry and finance, have gained their knowledge many miles from college halls. There are dozens of great editors and writers who were never in college.

"To-day we have countless trade and technical schools of unquestioned merit, and schools which specialize in intense training for some one field of endeavor. Our large banks are giving their clerks opportunity and incentive for study. Large industrial enterprises now maintain schools for the education of employees. There are the Y. M. C. A. classes, the night schools in every city, the correspondence schools. Last, but among the most important, we have our college extension courses, through which both young and old may study those phases of college work in which they have a direct and earnest interest.

"THE self-educating man or woman has the advantage, at the very outset, of being able to pick and choose according to individual needs and likings. The man who works by day and gives up his leisure to study at night is not going to devote effort to studies that bore him, and over which he wonders, as the college boy often does, as to the 'good of it.' Experience in the actual field of endeavor has taught him what he lacks and needs. Therefore, his goal is definite; he is driving straight through toward the end he seeks; he is wasting no motion.

"By no means is it a disgrace not to be of the college type; that is, of the type for which college is designed. Not every man is suited to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or a minister, or a machinist, or a miner. Then why should we believe that every boy born under the sun, with enough money to pay his tuition, or enough industry to work for it, is suited to be a college student?

"College means a serious undertaking. To it must be given four or more of the best years of life, years devoted to serious, difficult study; years of companionship with books and scholars; years of trying to understand. The campus, the fraternity, the athletic field, the dance, are but incidentals to the job. The main task is work—work with books which reveal to us the long human story, the successes and failures of science, art, government, and religion.

"We must not forget, however, a new experiment which is now being made at some of our best high schools—the addition to the high school, or academy, of a two-year college course, a so-called "Junior College." Scores of these junior two-year colleges have become established in various parts of our country in recent years, and with success. Many a student who has not the time, or the means, or the persistence, to go through a four-year course is finding just what he needs at a junior college, and the overcrowded universities are relieved. Yet some of our best students need something quite different.

"'MY BOY must be queer,' a father told me; 'he doesn't like college.'

"In this standardized age, what we need are 'queer' men. Give us more of them! Men who dare to be different, who dare to question, who dare to get from the beaten path and blaze new trails of their own! If we had more men who had courage enough to investigate themselves, and then, in spite of everything, to *be* themselves, we should all be better off and happier. What we call the revolt of youth may be the salvation of age."

"Just how," I asked Doctor Faunce, "can we investigate ourselves on this question of college fitness? How can a boy determine for himself, or a parent or teacher determine for him, whether his greatest benefit will come through four years at college."

"First of all," was his reply, "the boy should investigate the college. He should find out clearly what the college has to offer. Then he should search his own mind and his own desires in the matter, and set the college program side by side with his own. He should seek competent advice: possibly from a trusted teacher honest enough to speak the truth though the truth hurts; possibly from a business man into whose employ he might have the chance to go; possibly from his father; and, if he still doubts, let him go to some source directly connected with the college.

"Suppose he decides against college and goes to work, only a year later to discover he has made a mistake. Suppose that year in the world convinces him of his need of college training and of his own fitness for it. College is still open to him, just as eager to embrace him as he is to embrace it. And he will be more likely to profit by it than if he went blindly and in doubt.

"Suppose, again, he should decide that of a dozen college subjects his interest is in but one. He isn't interested in Latin or Greek, or in philosophy or government or biology; but he is keenly interested in mechanical devices of all kinds. My advice to him, in that case, would be to seek some technical school, where he could specialize; or to take advantage of a college extension course in engineering; or even to employ a private teacher. The first object of college training, as I pointed out, is horizon. The boy not concerned about that object doesn't belong in college.

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"No one could make Stradivarius violins by mass production"

Thomas A. Edison now answers a questionnaire

FROM his laboratories Thomas A. Edison has from time to time issued questionnaires. Now, he has consented to become the interrogated—has agreed to lay bare his half-century of effort to give the world perfect Re-Creation of music.

In plain, untechnical words, Mr. Edison here tells how he has made a marvelous musical instrument with all the painstaking care and individual detail of a Stradivarius Violin.

The questions asked Mr. Edison were:

Ques. Do you take advantage of the economies of mass production in the making of your phonograph?

Ans. I consider the New Edison Phonograph a musical instrument and not a machine to be made in the manner of automobiles, cheap furniture or other things in which uniform quality is not a prime essential.

Ques. Isn't it possible to make instruments of standard quality by mass production?

Ans. No greater proof of the fallacy of this, as far as phonographs and other musical instruments are concerned, can be offered than the vain efforts of violin manufacturers to make violins of Stradivarius quality by mass production. For although every part of the instrument may be exactly alike as to size, unless there is the individual human touch, there is bound to be a variation in tone quality.

Ques. How can the layman tell the difference between a phonograph made by mass production and one made by craftsmen?

Ans. Anyone is apt to be satisfied with existing conditions until he hears something better; may even excuse distorted tone for want of a superior instrument. But when an ordinary phonograph turned out in quantity is compared side by side with one in which human hand work has played its part, the glaring difference instantly is apparent.

Ques. What do you consider the truest test of phonograph quality?

Ans. There is no measure of tone quality like the human ear. For this reason I urge comparison between the New Edison and other phonographs. To this end, I have advised every Edison dealer to place—without obligation to the prospective buyer—the New Edison in any home where comparison with other types of phonographs is desired.

Ques. How would you describe the tone of the New Edison Phonograph?

Ans. It is sheer nonsense to speak of the *tone* of a *phonograph* or of its resonance. A phonograph should have no tone of its own. The instrument should be *only* a medium of Re-Creation. Obviously you should be unconscious of it and hear only the beautiful music it Re-Creates.

I worked for five years and spent more than $3,000,000 in experimental work to remove any false tone from the New Edison. Even when I, myself, was satisfied with the results I did not stop there. I insisted that the New Edison be submitted publicly to the test of side by side comparison with living artists whose performances had been recorded. Exacting music critics could detect no difference between living and Re-Created performance. ★

Like a Craftsman of some old world guild; like Stradivarius in his workshop, Edison craftsmen individually make each New Edison Phonograph.

Why There NEVER Can Be a Better Phonograph

After all, the phonograph serves but one purpose—to Re-Create voice or instrument with human reality. When a phonograph does this, nothing more can be asked—it has reached perfection.

That the New Edison Phonograph achieves this is fact—not theory nor hopeful expectation. During more than 5,000 tests in Carnegie Hall, New York, Symphony Hall, Boston and in other noted music centers, side by side tests were made with living artists who sang or played before a critical public in direct comparison with the New Edison Phonograph.

Eminent musical critics who attended these tests found it impossible to detect the living voices or instrumental performances, from the New Edison Re-Creation. Thus it was proved that the New Edison Re-Creates with literal fidelity and in a way that baffles the keenest ear in the effort to detect the living performance from the Edison Record.

Hear the New Edison Phonograph today at your nearest Edison dealer's—also get him to play one of the Edison 40-minute records—the inventor's latest achievement—a record no larger than the usual short playing record which permits you to enjoy without interruption a complete concert on one double-faced record.

The New Edison has always sold by comparison—compare it yourself with any other phonograph and let your own ears decide.

The NEW
EDISON PHONOGRAPH

OK Thos A Edison

★ WATCH FOR OTHER QUESTIONNAIRES BY MR. EDISON

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"There are some specific questions the boy might answer. They are such as I would ask a boy if he came to me entertaining the thought of going to college. I don't pretend the questions are all-conclusive. In a sense, they are merely suggestive, and based only on my own personal thought in the matter. They should be supplemented by advice, and the advisers should keep a certain danger in mind; namely, that the boy may have the capacity for college training, though his desire for it may be dormant. If so, it is the duty of college to awaken that desire, and possibly the college will be able to do so to the boy's profit. But dormant desires must not be confused with lack of desire, nor the latter with the former.

"I WOULD ask:

"First: Do you like to study (not merely read) about an interesting subject? Can you shut yourself up with a book which others find interesting, and get a clear idea of what it is all about? Do you like to deal with ideas as well as with things?

"Second: Do you like to study a foreign language, to read or speak it? Would you enjoy spending the next two years in trying to master, for example, French or Italian?

"Third: Do you enjoy studying the history of America, or any other country? Do you relish reading the lives of great men, and their achievements? Would you like to spend a year in learning how the chief modern nations grew up?

"Fourth: Do you like to study any kind of science? Would you really care to learn about stars, or atoms, or electrons, or to understand the laws and forces which underlie the building of a steam engine, an automobile, or the growth of a city like Detroit?

"Fifth: Have you the time and patience to study how animal life has developed on the earth? How human bodies grow? How men have united in families and cities and states? How laws are made and governments conducted? Or would such studies only bore you?

"Sixth: Would you care to spend a couple of years in the study of human thinking and feeling? To discuss theories of how the world began and what it means, and what our duties to one another are? Or would the study of philosophy and religion seem to you foolish and useless?

"Seventh: Is it your great desire and ambition to go out and do things, letting others search for the why and wherefore, or would you prefer for the next four years to try to *understand* the things that others are doing? Is it your great desire at once to make machines, or sell goods, or report for a newspaper, or do something that will yield you good wages; or, on the other hand, are you willing to give four years to patient study of the laws that underlie all machinery, all commerce, all journalism? In short, do you want to make a living or a life?'

"I WOULD ask the boy those questions, giving him time to digest them and seriously to search himself for the true answers; and then," Doctor Faunce concluded, "I would tell him this:

"'To be a successful college student one does not need always a brilliant mind. But one must be *hungry*, or there is no use in sitting down to a four-year table. Do you really desire to find out the causes of things—of airplanes, or governments, or earthquakes, or the League of Nations? If you have no hunger for study, but only a hunger for other things, then go after such things at once, and pick up your education 'on the side.' But if you are willing to postpone these things for four years while you try to *understand* the world into which you are going, and how we can make it better, then come to college, and welcome! Come, if you have to borrow every dollar! If you merely want to buy and sell, go where such things are done. But if you want to know the why and wherefore of buying and selling, and living, then it will richly pay you to give those four precious years to finding out.'"

"KEEP Your Ears to the Ground; You May Learn Something" is John G. Lonsdale's personal story. Mr. Lonsdale is president of one of the largest financial institutions in the Southwest, and he traveled to that position "by ear." Next month you will read how, as a young man, he used his ears to "listen in" on expressed commercial needs and then set about meeting them. In pursuing this policy he built a railroad while he was in his early twenties, opened a brokerage office, and put a tottering bank on its feet.

"I Don't Know of a Happier Way to Have Spent My Life"

(*Continued from page 25*)

the farm which had been in the family for three centuries, and he and Suzanne bade farewell to their friends and neighbors. Across the seas they ventured, going to Iowa, where Jean Jacques, the thrifty, had purchased a homestead from the United States Government. On this, with the aid of his wife and little sons, he built a log house, enlarging it as the fertile land was brought into bearing and the boys grew bigger and stronger. Despite the cold of the rigorous winters and the hardships that are the pioneer's lot, the Loizeaux family flourished.

Then hard years came. Jean and Suzanne saw their first-born sicken and die. Two children came to them to pass on in infancy. But a few years later, an eleventh child came into being. Well and strong was this last member of the flock, who grew rapidly into a sturdy boy.

"I was that eleventh child," said Mr. Loizeaux, "and I remember clearly and vividly those early days. We had no near neighbors, except the Indians. They were a small tribe, named the Misquaqui, and they had a reputation for ferocity. This ferocity was reserved for defense.

"I remember one morning in winter, when a couple of them came into the house, and sat there without speaking. We knew that, although they would not ask for it, they expected hospitality. And we gave it to them. That same day, my father, driving down the road, saw the heads of two white men impaled upon spikes. It was the work of the tribe. But I am bound to say that these Indians were white to the core. Treat them squarely, and they treated you squarely in return; misuse them as the white people sometimes did, and your head might be found by the roadside. Our farm and our family were never molested.

"My father and mother were Huguenots, and firm believers in God and His personal interest in them and their affairs. Every day began and ended with the reading of the Bible and family prayers. This custom is still observed by me in my own home. Upon that faith our house is built, and on that faith it stands firm.

"THE earliest hardships of the family were over when I arrived in this world. The farm was prospering. My father raised wheat, corn, oats, cattle and hogs, and before many years I was helping. I fed the hogs and cattle, watered them, groomed the horses, shelled corn, and did the thousand and one tasks that fell to the youngest of brothers. Being the tardy last of the flock, my brothers and sisters were all pretty well along in school before I began. My first school was a little log cabin some miles from home.

"Sometimes in the early days of my education this log school was abandoned in favor of a school in the nearby village of Vinton. As I was now a necessary and much-needed factor on the farm—we never had hands enough—my schooling ran just three months each winter: December, January and February, snowy, cold months, when I mounted my horse and plunged through five miles of unbroken roads to the schoolhouse. I have counted it up, and I had just fifty-five months of schooling in my whole life. But, despite the fact that the other boys and girls in my classes attended school eight months of the year to my three, I never missed being promoted. I entered high school with the rest and studied one winter; and then my school life stopped.

"But I kept on reading. And reading has been my greatest enjoyment aside from my family and my work.

"Father intended us all to be farmers. To him, land was the source of life. We were all to marry, settle down, and found a family colony, in the fashion of France. But my brothers and sisters, for

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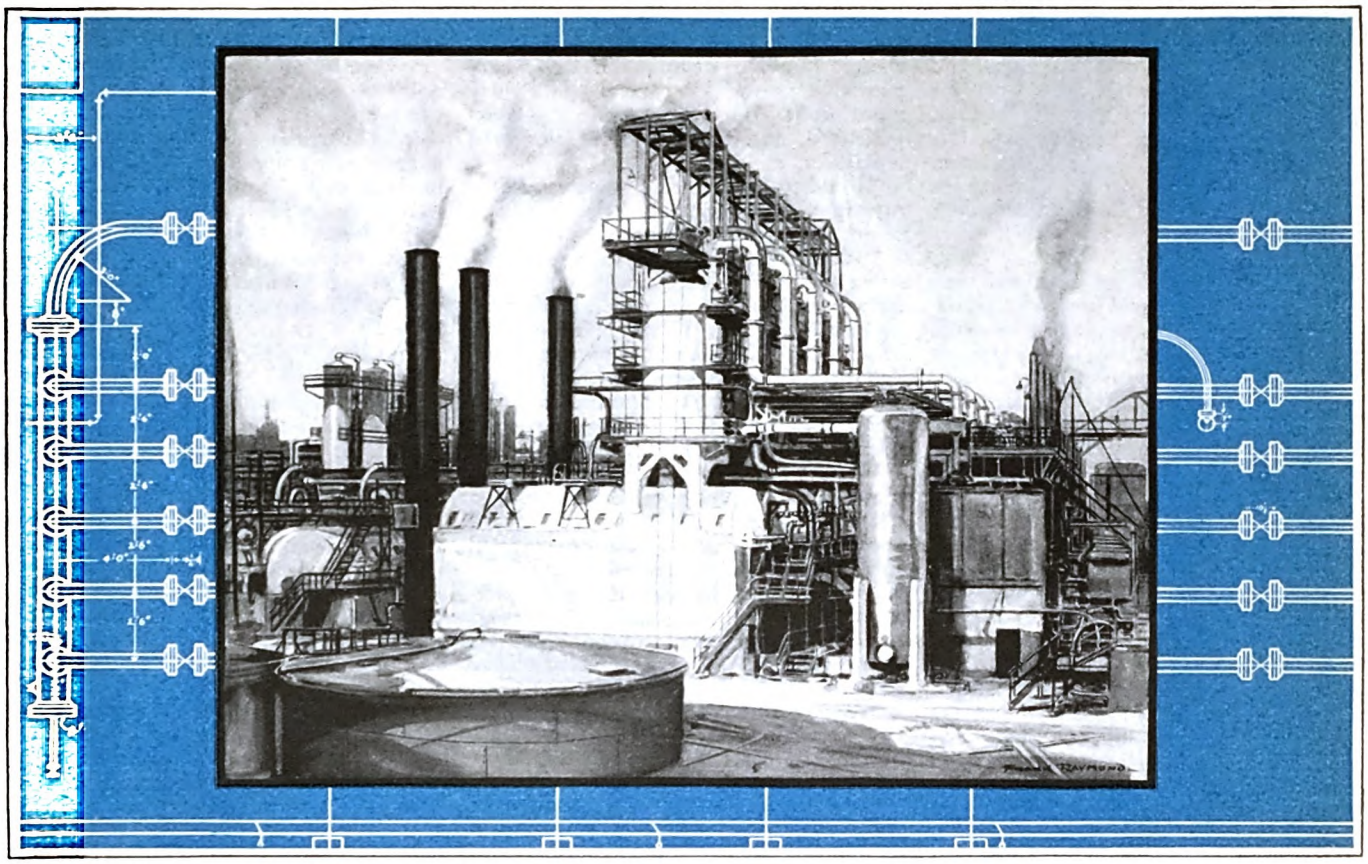
150 Pounds Pressure CRANE VALVES 2500 Pounds Pressure



[Modern crude stills for topping and re-running crude oil, TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY, Bayonne, N. J. Designed and erected by TIDE WATER engineers. Equipped throughout with CRANE cast steel valves, fittings, and fabricated piping.]

When 12 barrels a day broke the oil market

In any chemist's shop or drug store, your grandfather might have picked up in 1855 a little circular made to look like a greenback. It advertised the "wonderful medical virtues" of Kier's Petroleum Panacea, "... pumped up with Salt Water, flows into Cystern, bottled in its Natural State without any Preparation or Admixture."

On July 4th of that same year, R. T. Crane poured the first metal in his modest brass foundry. There was then no oil industry. The first well was yet to be drilled. Petroleum was merely a cure-all.

Then in 1859, the pioneer Drake well "came in" with twelve barrels a day, promptly breaking the market. Now, daily production averages well over 2,000,000 barrels, and only cracking prevents a serious shortage of motor fuel. The oil industry has traveled far since the "rock oil medicine" days.

So too has Crane. Always abreast of changing requirements, Crane today supplies valves, fittings, and piping materials, in a range of metals and alloys to serve every need from well to filling station.

Your piping problem may be as difficult as handling highly explosive and corrosive vapors, or as simple as controlling running water. In either case, you can benefit from Crane experience and research which has made Crane a synonym for safety, dependability, and economy.

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eight of us lived to maturity, were not so willing. To please Father my eldest brother, Charles, started out to be a farmer, but he wound up by becoming a physician. Two other brothers, Paul and Timothy, became publishers of religious tracts, and have been in business in New York for forty-five years. Leon, the next brother, went to Colorado and farmed there. But my three sisters all married city men. One, whose husband was a tea merchant in New York, settled in Plainfield, New Jersey.

"WHEN I arrived at manhood they had all gone," said Joshua Loizeaux. "My parents were getting along in years, and Father needed me. But I wanted to get into business; I also wanted to get married. I had found a girl who, after the first day I met her, was the one girl in the world for me. May I say that, after forty-two years, I feel the same way? We were married when I was twenty-three. My father had given me eighty acres of land, and I farmed it for a living.

"For nine years I farmed, and it looked as if my ambition to be a business man was never going to be gratified. My father died during the year in which I married, and my mother followed him within a few years. The homestead was sold. I had my hands full with my own growing family, for in those nine years four children came to us. But we prospered and made a good living.

"But I was not satisfied. I kept looking for opportunities to go into business. I visited the East and told my sisters of my ambition. When I was thirty-three I received a letter from my brother-in-law who lived in Plainfield. He wrote that he thought there was a chance for me there, as a lumber company which was owned by an elderly man wanted a younger one to take some of the heavy work off his shoulders. The salary was fifteen dollars a week to start.

"It didn't sound like much of an opportunity, but I was keen to accept it. I figured that we could sell the farm for a few thousand if the necessity arose, and we had saved enough to buy a modest home. So, after many conferences, we rented out our farm, and moved to Plainfield.

"My first knowledge of lumber was acquired through buying the materials to erect a home in which to install my family. I found a good lot for eleven hundred dollars, and put on it a house that cost twenty-six hundred. It was more than a home; it was an investment. A few years later I sold it at a profit of seventeen hundred and fifty dollars, and built a second home. I have built five houses and moved from them, selling each time at a profit.

"It isn't particularly difficult to get a start at anything. The other people in the world know that you have to live as well as they, and some of them are likely to give you a chance. To get ahead you have to figure on how you can increase your chances. When I sold lumber, I looked about me. I never missed figuring on anything in prospect. I talked with the housewives, and many a night I brought a contractor to visit some home where the wife was longing for an extra shed, or a back porch. If the contractor got an order, he remembered me as his friend, and I supplied the lumber.

"In a year I considered myself well on the way to being a lumber salesman. But I was far from satisfied with my job. The financial affairs of the firm were at low ebb. The yard was in the center of town, and I wanted to move out upon the edge, where a lower investment in capital would allow more profit. But I was young and inexperienced, and the owners of the yard laughed at me.

"I had to quit offering advice and bide my time. I bought a bicycle, so that I could cover greater distances.

"When I was convinced the firm would never get ahead, I left, and began selling for a New York house on commission. I covered a territory of forty miles on that bicycle, and as I had about two thousand dollars of my own, I managed, when I had an order for half a car of lumber, to buy a whole car, stack the remainder on some vacant lot, and sell it off for my own profit.

"After I had done this for two years and made a little money, my brother-in-law offered to loan me some more, so that I could actually go into business for myself. In December, 1898, I rented a yard, built a shed and made the last bin into an office. It must have been all of eight by sixteen feet. I bought a horse, and that horse was of the greatest importance, for he had to haul the lumber I sold. He cost a great sum for those days, ninety dollars. Mine was literally a one-man and one-horse business for some months."

BUT while Loizeaux had pedaled his bicycle along the roads selling lumber, he had kept both eyes and ears open. One day he watched the men in a competitor's yard unload a carload of cement. The spur railroad track ran along the ground, and from the car floor the bags were carried to wagons and hauled to the warehouse. They would then have to be hauled out and lifted upon the trucks as they were sold. Loizeaux stood there thinking:

"That's an awful waste. If that spur were elevated, the bags could slide down a chute into the shed, and if the shed were elevated they could be shot out right onto a truck. I believe it would save half the time."

"When I got a yard, I put this system in at the first opportunity. I elevated the spur, built the shed about five feet from the ground and unloaded by a chute to the truck. In six months I had saved the additional price of the elevations, and from that time on the gain was mine.

"Then I borrowed a system of unloading gravel. In a nearby city I saw a coal yard that had elevators, from which the coal was shot out to trucks. So I built three elevators, twenty by forty, and arranged an elevated electric bucket to receive gravel shot from the car on the elevated spur. The bucket swings up and fills the tall elevators. On the side of the elevators are doors and a chute, and a truck driver can run his truck under this, open the chute, and fill his truck.

"Eight tons of gravel will flow on a truck in three quarters of a minute. The saving over hand loading is so great I never estimated it.

"At the beginning I had an uphill job. There were already two very large lumber concerns in town; I was a stranger and had little capital and little stock. But I had made a few friends, and I never neglected to follow up my chances. Nothing was too small for us to undertake, nor is it to this day. Why, we do quite a business now supplying wood for boys to make boats, a small thing, of course but—they are my future customers!

"Then, as now, we did everything that could be done to meet people's needs. I carried lumber at night to customers when day labor had stopped, and I unloaded it in their yards myself. I visited the people likely to build homes for themselves, and gave them my advice. I got the contractors and before long I found I could help out on the financing end. That is now a big part of our business. You had better ask my son Charles about it."

I ASKED Charles later. The alert young man nodded.

"Father is president of one building and loan association," he said; "but aside from this, if you want to build, we will arrange your first mortgage; and if you can buy your lot, we will take a second mortgage ourselves. We have helped over two thousand people around here build homes in this way; we arranged for over a million dollars in mortgages last year. Understand, we do not build the houses, the contractors do that; we never compete with the contractors, we just furnish the materials."

It is not strange that Joshua D. Loizeaux's one-horse business increased within a year to a five-horse affair, with a modest profit. In the first five years sixty-five thousand dollars of profit went back into the business. It seemed time to organize. In 1903, the business incorporated under the name of "J. D. Loizeaux Lumber Company," with Joshua D. Loizeaux as treasurer and general manager. Under his direction, the company moved to new quarters.

"I did for myself," said Mr. Loizeaux, "what I had wanted to do for my old company—moved out where the cost of land was cheaper. When I proposed that to my old company they told me, 'You couldn't sell a thousand feet of lumber a year out there.' I sold a good many hundred thousand feet the first day.

"Incidentally, this land, which we bought for $1,700 because it was so far 'out,' sold after sixteen years of profitable use for $20,000 and we moved 'out' again.

"Trying to meet the demands of customers made it necessary for me to carry more than the usual supplies of lumber, cement, gravel, and brick. I began to specialize, in a small way at first, to keep the odd things people seemed to want. This plan has borne good results. We now have a name for supplying almost anything, a matter not built up without hard work.

Of course, our reputation in this respect was built up gradually. I had definite plans in mind, and these plans materialized one by one. For instance, I wanted a hardware store twenty years ago; but I have had it just eighteen months. I had to wait. However, bit by bit I added items to stock as I learned what was needed, until we got to the point where we carried practically everything pertaining to building, even to grass seed for the lawns of the new homes.

"You saw the planing mill in the yard. We put that in because people were not satisfied to take stock patterns. They wanted a window here and a door there.

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Mother's Day
Sunday, May 8th
Say it with Flowers

DAVE is managing a lumber mill in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina. Jack's weekly letter is postmarked Seattle, and Rose is at that Eastern Finishing School.

But today . . . . . a trio of long boxes . . . . . three little cards, each with a cherished greeting . . . . . and a huge bouquet of beauty, sparkling in the sunshine of a glorious Sunday morning.

Of course Mother put *all* of the flowers in one big, roomy vase. That's just the sort of thing a Mother *would* think of, isn't it?

Telegraphing of flowers was started by the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association. Thousands of members send flowers everywhere.

Send for this Book

Send 10c for beautiful helpful book: *How to Care for Flowers.* Society American Florists, 247 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.

Carnations are Mother's own flower. Wear them Sunday in her honor. A cheery red blossom is for you who know the joy of Mother's presence; a pure white one if her face is but a cherished memory.

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and the plan of the building made that particular door or window of such proportions that no stock piece would fit it. We have thousands of orders a year for odd sizes. This is not only a profitable venture in itself, but it leads to many other orders. When a woman wants a shelf for her pantry that must be just so wide and long, and we make it to suit her, that woman is likely to speak of us to her relatives and friends. Upon such services we have built the greater part of our business."

I RECALLED one tale of service that had been told me by an old Plainfield resident that had no relation to orders. When the business was comparatively young, the streets of Plainfield were unpaved, and the horse-drawn wagons made a great deal of noise. J. D. Loizeaux heard of a man seriously ill, whose nerves were being affected by the driving of his wagons past the house. There was no other route for the wagons to pursue. He sent a team to Newark to pick up a load of tan bark, hauled it to the street where the man lived and padded the road in front of the house. In those days of slow travel it took the team and men a day to do the work. The invalid recovered, and the tale lives with him.

From its incorporation in 1903, the business prospered steadily, and in 1907 Loizeaux undertook a new venture of some magnitude. He was buying heavily of New Brunswick spruce. The captain of a schooner carrying the wood down the coast suggested:

"Why don't you take a trip up to New Brunswick and look over this lumber in the timber? With the amount you can use it would pay you to own and work the woods, and I can haul for you."

Loizeaux thought it over. He decided to look into the matter, and took his family on a trip North that summer as a vacation. He explored the woods about St. Johns. Timber was cheap. He bought a tract and supervised it, making frequent trips from home during the winter months when the work in the woods was at its height, and incidentally when the yard at Plainfield was having its dullest season.

As the lumberjacks got farther and farther into the woods they found a quantity of rock maple which was too defective, because of its heavy knots, to be used as lumber. Loizeaux immediately set about finding some use for this maple. Finally he struck a man who was selling rock-maple shoe lasts in Northampton, England. A shoe last must be made of the hardest wood, and even then is short-lived. If sixteen shoes can be made on a single last it has served well. Loizeaux negotiated with Northampton, and for ten years rock-maple shoe lasts were shipped there.

In New Jersey there used to be an abundant supply of black walnut.

"Among Jewish shopkeepers in Europe," Mr. Loizeaux told me, "there is a superstition that a one-piece black walnut counter means good luck, and a merchant starting in business is willing to pay almost any price for it. If a man can get a counter thirty inches wide made of a single board of black walnut, with which to start his store, he thinks he is sure of success. So widespread is this superstition that the market is brisk. We sold wholesale to the Hamburg market.

"Incidentally, it was a black walnut tree that nearly cost me my life.

"I was walking about the woods one day, seeing how things were going on, when I got thoroughly chilled.

"'Step out,' I said to one of the workers on a cross-cut, and I jumped into the hole in the snow in which they were working, and took his place. I worked away for some time and then got to thinking of something else, which is a bad business for anyone in a snow hole at the end of a cross-cut saw. The tree jumped the stump before we realized that she was coming, and I was caught. My leg was crushed. They got me out, and when I realized how mangled I was, I ordered the doctor to cut the leg off. My wife wasn't strong, and I didn't want her to know until it was over. The doctor refused. I was taken home and nursed back to health. It took sixteen months. But although I am a little lame, I am glad I have that leg."

"What became of your business during those sixteen months?" I asked. "Your sons were too young to run it then."

"Why, I ran it, of course," said Mr. Loizeaux, "with the aid of a telephone and a pad. Moreover, I was fortunate enough to have in the office a woman of the highest caliber. When I was unable to attend to anything, she took care of it. Miss Wenzel helped me to pull through those sixteen months; and if the business suffered at all it was so little that it was not noticed.

"AFTER I recovered, the business in Plainfield grew and we needed more and more hard woods. We bought tracts on the crest of the Appalachian Mountains on the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee, where we cut oak, chestnut and poplar birch. In 1920, anticipating the building that was sure to come, we had thirteen sawmills running."

"Buying those tracts," continued Mr. Loizeaux, "was a move that met with no great approval on the part of our stockholders. A little later, I wanted to move the yard again, and this also met with a great deal of opposition.

"I believed I could trust my judgment. But it was apparent that the others did not think so. So I determined to buy out everyone except a few of our own family. From 1916, when we moved here, the business had been a family affair. My brother-in-law, who loaned me money to start, still remained president, and it was not until 1921 that he retired, and I succeeded to that office.

"I never asked my boys to go into the business. In fact, John, my eldest son, is not with us. When John was sixteen and lacked a year of finishing high school, he visited a friend in New York City. This man was in the linen business. John went into it too. Charles, the next boy, asked to come into the business when he was about fourteen, and in short trousers. He has been a dynamic force ever since. Fred and Harold came with us after their terms of army service. About a year ago, we bought a yard at Elizabeth, called it the Loizeaux Builders' Supply Company, and made Harold manager. I spend a half-day there every day with him. Then, three nephews, Parker, Arthur, and Jock, are with me, so we are quite a family.

"During the last year of the war, and immediately after, I was alone in the business. Three of my sons were in service, Charles and Fred in France, and Harold on this side. Those were two hard years. We had ordered at high prices, and our yards stood full. No one wanted to buy. I have a theory that business can go forward only when the market is met, and that market could be met only at a great loss. I sold that lumber at 80 per cent of what it cost me, with no charge at all for my deliveries, and cleared my yards. My competitors told me frankly that I was foolish, that the market would revive. It did revive, but not at that price. When it came back, I had a full supply on hand at the new low prices, and by the end of the year I had made up the loss and had a substantial profit.

"THEN my boys came back, and it seemed to me that I was suddenly supplied with wings. Things fairly flew, and I didn't have to supply the energy for the flying. My sons and the other boys in my business are far better business men than I ever was. They have better training, and more knowledge than I had to begin with. At present I have more wisdom, and I put that against their youth and pep, and we appreciate each other. One of my 'boys' is not my son, but he seems like one, for he has been with me twenty-three years and is the treasurer of the company.

"In choosing assistants, I have never selected one without inquiring into his home conditions. I determined that I would have about me people of high order, efficient, and possessing the wisdom to appreciate the value of moral standing. Such people think straight, in business and otherwise. The boys in my business are the kind I want as sons; the girls might be my daughters. My best ideas have come from them. About fifteen years ago, our trucks were painted a dark green. We were talking over repainting them, and Miss Ricketts, who is now purchasing agent for the company, said:

"'Why don't we paint them yellow with black trimmings? I believe they would be noticed, and bring us business.'

"We accepted her suggestion. That painting of the trucks was one of the most powerful bits of advertising we have ever done.

"I have enjoyed every moment I have spent in this business," Mr. Loizeaux said. "I want to tell you something that may help to account for that. The other day, a young couple came in here to look over the plans of homes we have in the reception-room. With them came an elderly man, who asked to see me.

"'I don't suppose you remember me,' he said, smiling. 'But you put up my home a good many years ago, at least you made all the arrangements and saw me through. When my daughter was married you put up her house. And that young couple out there are my grandson and his intended, and they are coming to you to see about their home.'

"I felt suddenly the weight of my sixty-five years. But as I peeped out at the young couple, their heads close together over the book of plans, I began to enjoy myself. After all, I don't know any better or happier way I could have spent the most of my years than in helping to build the homes of three generations."

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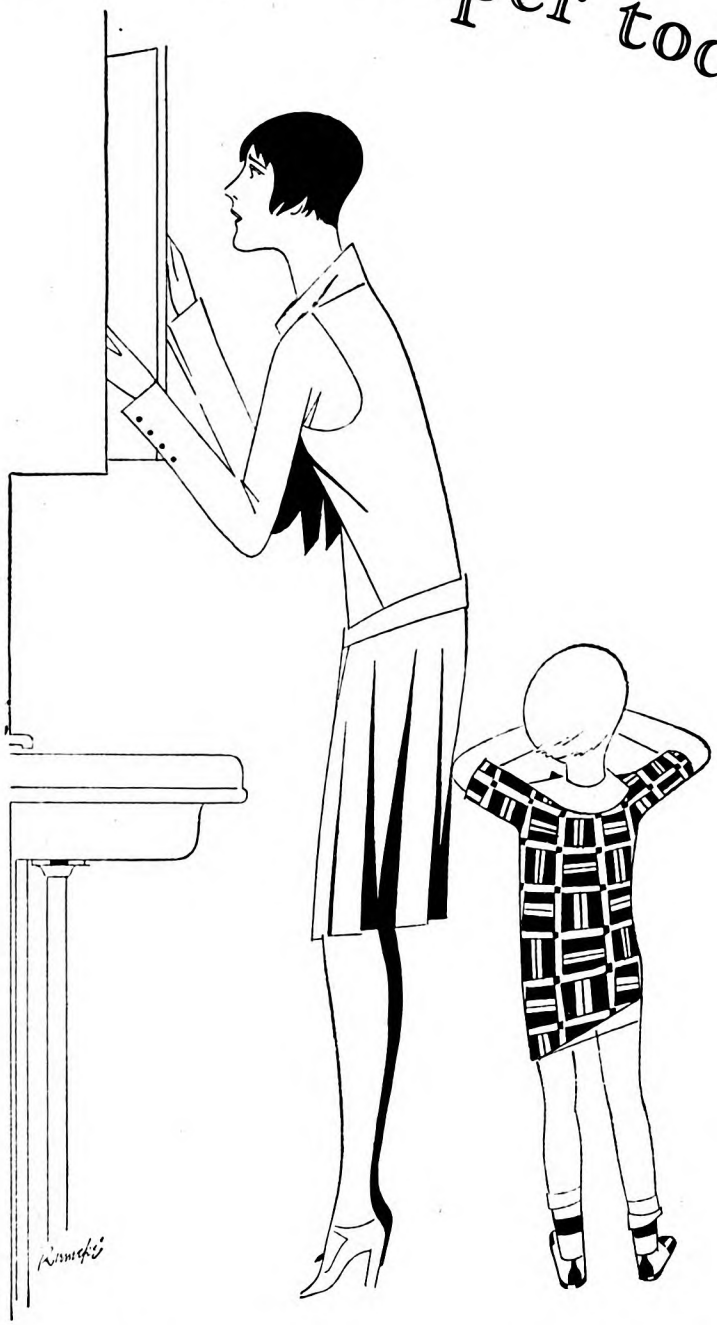
How is the family temper today?



Are the children fretful and listless? Is the Man Who Thinks He's Boss grumpy and irritable? Are you, yourself, unaccountably off color?

Don't be too hard on them—nor on yourself. What if he did eat a lot too much at that banquet last night? What if Business Luncheons are getting to him slowly and surely? What if the children—the imps—do cram all sorts of outrageous foods into themselves? Were you, yourself, able to resist that delicious . . . ah, that makes you blush a little, does it?

Never mind, most of us poor humans are just that way. We make Spartan resolutions. But they are hard to keep! So wise wives and mothers keep Eno in the house—so that Eno can do its share to keep the family temper in order.

For bad temper, grouchiness, petty fretfulness, often result from overindulgence in food and drink or from a sluggish digestive tract. And these effects are likely to disappear pretty rapidly after a glass of Eno. Because of that it has been world-famous for over half a century.

If past experience of saline laxatives makes you hesitant, you will be very pleasantly surprised when you try Eno. Eno tastes good—and is most refreshing. Its sparkling effervescence makes it really enjoyable—every one of you will like it, and feel better for the safe, gentle way in which it overcomes intestinal sluggishness.

Eno, world-renowned for over half a century, from all druggists, 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York.

ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED
EFFERVESCENT
SALINE

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The Open Door to Success

A SUCCESSFUL career and financial independence, of course, can be achieved only by living within one's means — by saving and investing safely a reasonable share of one's income.

Straus Bonds form a class of investments suitable for all. They are safe, for they are based on the soundest of security and are selected and safeguarded by the largest, most expert, most thoroughly equipped organization of its kind in the country.

Then, too, they yield an attractive rate of interest, up to 6%, and they come in convenient denominations, $1,000, $500 and $100.

Write today for literature describing these sound and attractive first mortgage bonds. Simply ask for

BOOKLET E-1721

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated

INVESTMENT BONDS

STRAUS BUILDING
565 *Fifth Avenue*
at 46th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
Michigan Ave.
at Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

STRAUS BUILDING
79 *Post Street*, SAN FRANCISCO

45 Years Without Loss to Any Investor

THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

It is Easy to Get into a Hole but Hard to Climb Out!

DURING the twelve years of our marriage, my husband has had a raise in salary and a promotion in authority nearly every year. But until a year ago, we could never get out of debt, and of course we could not save anything.

This state of affairs worried us, for we are both college graduates, ambitious, and wished to hold a substantial position in our community, both for our own sakes and for the sake of our children. We often talked the situation over frankly, realizing that the trouble was with our management; but for a long time we seemed unable to put a finger on the weak spot.

"If we could just get a clean start, with all the old debts wiped out, we *could* live on our income, and save too! It isn't the current expenses that hound us so—it's always having a back debt to pay on!" we would wail to each other.

It is always hard to face the fact that nobody is responsible for the making of your debts except *yourself*. Nobody in the world can force you to buy anything. Easy credit is often the ruination of a young married couple.

Finally, the head of the house said, "I believe I know where part of the trouble lies: It is the same old story of counting chickens before they are hatched. You recall that last year, when I knew three months before my promotion that I was going to have a raise, I said, 'Now I can have that overcoat I need.' I had already decided that I could do without the overcoat; but now, instead of waiting until the promotion was in effect and the money in hand, I went ahead and blithely charged it."

LOOKING back, I could recall plenty of incidents like that. My husband's business is such that we always know several months in advance when a promotion is scheduled to take place. And, unconsciously, we had always promoted ourselves that much ahead of the actual time!

When we knew six months ahead about the last promotion and raise—a very substantial one—we said to each other, "Now is the time to prove whether or not it is in us to make good. We will strain every effort to get out of debt. Then we can start out on the new salary with a clean slate, and a good chance to get ahead."

For a long while, I had bought groceries, milk, and the like on a cash basis, so we had to concentrate our efforts on department-store accounts, doctors' and dentists' bills, and furniture payments. We made a solemn contract with each other not to charge anything, unless we talked it over together, decided it was absolutely essential, and then waited a week. After the week, if we still thought it *necessary*, we would go ahead and charge the purchase. And not a single time, after waiting a week, did the proposed purchase seem necessary enough for us to charge it against our future!

I had one hundred dollars in a savings account that I had accumulated from gift money and various house economies. Nobody knew anything about this except myself, and I decided that this was as good an emergency for its use as I would ever have. Remembering what a miserable month January had always been, I put twenty-five dollars of my nest egg into a Christmas Savings Club. This paid me up for six months. The remaining seventy-five dollars I used to buy the absolute necessaries of clothing for myself and the four small children during the spring and summer season.

I made all of our clothes and some of the hats, watched for bargain days in materials, and used every possible economy in accessories. Sewing is not my talent, so the work was real labor for me. Doing without good-looking clothes was also a real privation, because I had always had them and enjoyed looking well. But every time I looked at my homemade frocks and felt inclined to be blue, I would think "So-and-so's bill is paid up and So-and-so's will be next month. We *can* do it, if we want to badly enough!"

IN THE matter of food, my husband and I adapted ourselves to the children's meals. When they were having bread, butter, jelly and milk for supper, we cheerfully ate the same thing, and added the price of a good steak to our debt fund!

We found out what a good friend the dry-cleaner can be, since his fee saved two old suits that my husband had thought he could not possibly wear again.

We set aside a certain amount each month to be divided around on the different accounts, and as we were not adding to these bills all the time we could soon see an appreciable difference in the sum-total. We were lucky not to have any illness during the six months of our honest efforts to get square. Simple food and simple life reduce the hazards of illness as well as the high cost of living!

This is a statement of our income and outgo under our retrenchment plan:

Salary before recent promotion	$3,000.00
Sum total of debts	461.70
Applied monthly on debts	75.00

Average monthly budget as follows:

Rent	$ 50.00
Groceries, hired help, and all incidentals connected with housekeeping for six people	100.00
Gas, water, lights, telephone	15.00
Life insurance	10.00
	$175.00

As you see, our fixed expenses left us $75 to apply each month on debts. At the end of six months, we had paid every penny except $11.75. This we paid out of our first month's raise of $80. And, best of all, we started banking the seventy-five dollars we had been applying to debts!

P. L. M.

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You buy the *LIQUID* -but you use the *VAPOR!*

WHEN you drive up to a filling station, you *ask* for "gas." The word is short. It is correct, too, because while you do see so many gallons of liquid gasoline flowing into the tank, it is not the *liquid* you use. It is the *gas*—the *vapor* of gasoline, that produces the power.

The more complete the vaporization of gasoline in the carburetor and manifold, the greater the available power for the engine and the more perfect its action.

The *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline vaporizes perfectly. It forms a dry gas. You get more per gallon and per dollar. The *new* and *better* Texaco has a lower boiling point — more *easily* vaporized. That means quick starts. It has a lower end point—more *completely* vaporized. It delivers *all* its power. It distributes evenly. Each cylinder keeps pace with the power of all the others, giving that smoothness, co-ordination and perfect balance—that engine "PEP"—that new Pick-up, Power and Mileage.

If you have not tried Texaco, use up the old gasoline in your tank to the last gallon or so. Then stop for a fill at any Texaco pump. The better results are immediate.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, 17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK CITY
Texaco Petroleum Products

The **NEW** *and* **BETTER**

TEXACO

FORMS A DRY GAS

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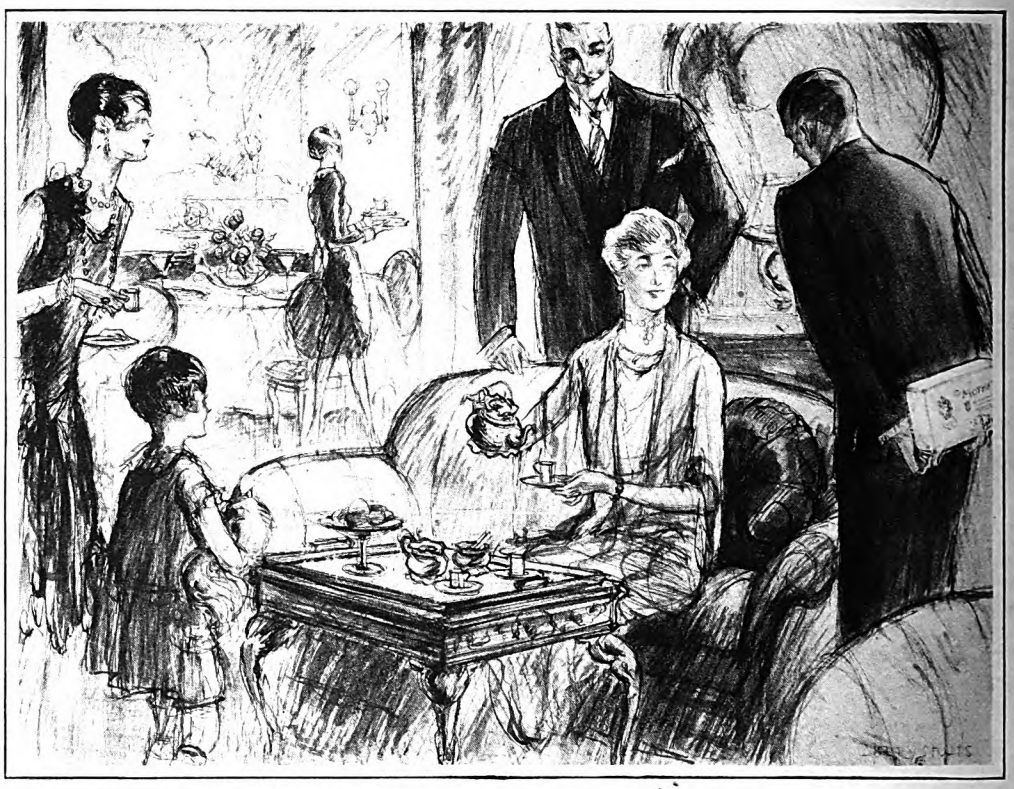
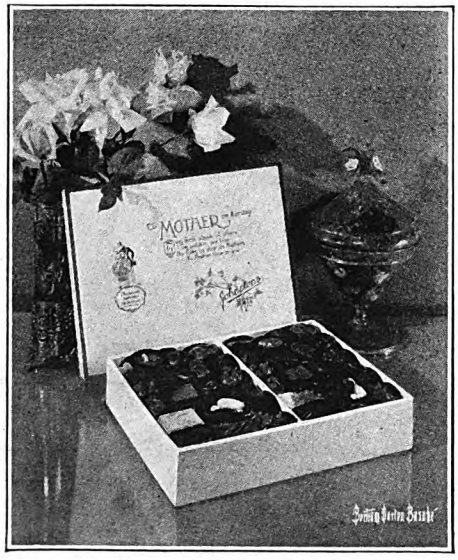
FOR MOTHER—CHOCOLATES THAT RISE ABOVE MERE "CANDY"



Mother's Day is established in the hearts of America . . . an occasion remembered by people in every walk of life. Johnston's will be the preferred gift to Mother this year as in the past—a gift secure in its welcome, as it always has been in its good taste. Wherever you may be, you can send Johnston's . . . . . .

YET— *Obtainable in your own neighbourhood, at a shop never more than a few squares' distance*



For Mother, the famed Johnston Choice Box, specially decked for the day. Twenty-two different kinds to lend variety to the charm of your gift. Cavalier, Peacock and Twenty-Odd assortments have also been specially packaged . . . . . reflecting outwardly the true sentiment of the occasion.

SUNDAY—May eighth! Be sure to mark the date. And for Mother, on her day of days, select a gift that reflects—by your care in its selection—the love you bear for her.

Among the admittedly correct things of modern social observance, one finds Johnston's—candy that graciously portrays the accepted social usage of the day.

For Mother's Day we have prepared special packages expressing the sentiment of the occasion . . . in the usual wide variety that you have come to expect from Johnston's . . . . of the same high quality that has gained for Johnston's its prestige and preferment.

". . . Worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world."

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

© 1927

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

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The June 25 Cents

American Magazine

What Is Going to Happen to America?

See

MRS R B BLOWERS
WOODLAND
CALIF
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IE
XMAS
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When Gifts mean more than at Christmas

Cord 50c Extra

This business of graduating from school or college is no idle jest, when one has spent so many industrious years for the privilege of embarking under full sail on the voyage of life.

To the Graduate, Gifts on this occasion mean a great deal more than Gifts at Christmas. No relative, no friend worthy of the name should overlook this.

Each Gift should be something that the Graduate will thrill to receive.

The fact that you can scarcely pick up a college publication nowadays without seeing friendly reference to the Parker Duofold indicates, and correctly, that these black-tipped beauties are all the rage among students. For the campus scribes quite naturally echo the preference of the whole school.

Couple this popularity with the fact that Parker Duofold Pen and Pencil barrels are made of Non-Breakable Permanite, instead of rubber as formerly—

that the Duofold Point is guaranteed 25 years—that we now make no service charge on Duofold Pens—

and you may as well make it unanimous by stepping to the nearest pen counter for this classic writing Duette, in its attractive Gift Box.

While you're at it, pick your Birthday and Wedding Gifts too—or Prizes for Bridge and Golf. This will save returning for them later.

But look with care for the imprint, "Geo. S. Parker." Then nobody will be disappointed.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
CLEVELAND • MILWAUKEE • ATLANTA
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

We began April 1st to keep every Parker Duofold Pen in perfect order without charge.

Parker
Duofold Duette

Parker Over-size Duofold Pe $7. Duofold Jr. or Lady Du fold $5. Pencils to match $3.50 and $4 according to s All are easily filled by inser ing a lead at the tip—no nee to remove the insides.

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"The marked improvement in the reproduction of the piano is a most gratifying achievement."
—IGNACE PADEREWSKI.

The piano is *really* a piano on the New Orthophonic Victrola

FOR years the piano was admittedly the most difficult instrument to record accurately. Reproduced tones never had that full, rounded richness of the piano itself. They were harsh . . . unreal. But the Orthophonic principle of recording and reproducing has mastered this problem . . . definitely!

It brings you piano tones, pure and unchanged . . . just as they pour from the piano under the master touch of the artist himself. You can almost *see* the swift, sure fingers running over the keys. When the music stops, you applaud instinctively, as you would at an actual recital. For the illusion is simply perfect.

Victor tone is the tone of realism

Piano, harp—the tones of *all* instruments, including the human voice, fall pleasantly upon the most critical ear when heard through the Orthophonic Victrola. In no other way *can* you hear music reproduced so accurately. For the Orthophonic Victrola is based on the new, scientific, Victor-controlled principle of "matched impedance," which permits smooth, uninterrupted sound-flow . . . amazingly *natural* tones!

The new Orthophonic Victor Records, recorded by microphone, are an achievement comparable to that of the Orthophonic Victrola itself. They have new beauty and power. New clearness and depth. Made from an improved material, they have new quiet! These records play on *any* instrument . . . and vastly *improve* it!

The Orthophonic Victrola furnishes the finest music for the home. Model Four-seven (above) is $125, list price.

Go to the nearest Victor dealer today and ask him to play the new Orthophonic Victor Records on the new Orthophonic Victrola. Know for yourself that there is nothing else like this in all the realm of music. There are many beautiful models of the Orthophonic Victrola, from $95 to $300, list price. Silent electric motor ($35 extra) eliminates winding. You play . . . and relax.

The New Orthophonic **Victrola**

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

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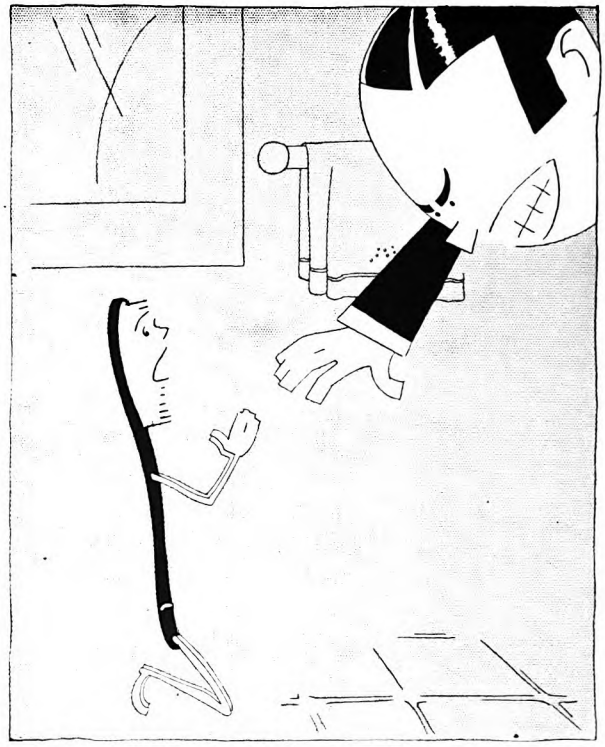
HAVE A HEART!



A tragedy re-enacted daily in millions of bathrooms

POOR old brush! Haven't you punished him enough? Counterpart of millions of others in America's bathrooms, he probably doesn't *look* worn out. At a casual glance, he may even appear as good as ever. All the bristles are still there.

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The American Magazine

June, 1927

MERLE CROWELL, *Editor*
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Managing Editor*

Vol. CIII

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The American Magazine's Directory of Schools

Schools and Colleges for Boys

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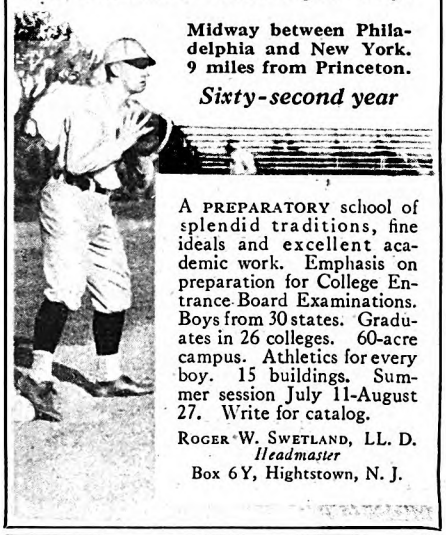

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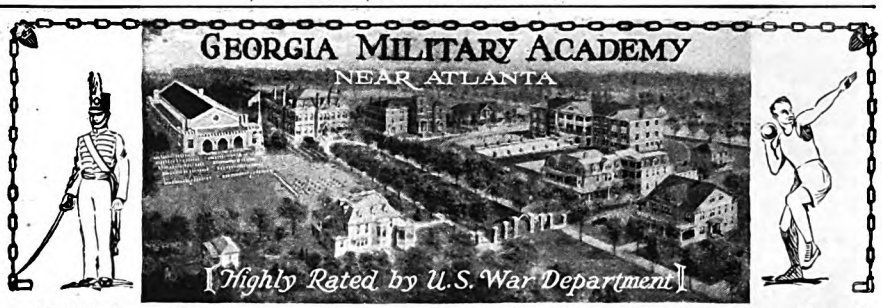

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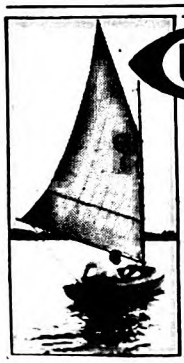

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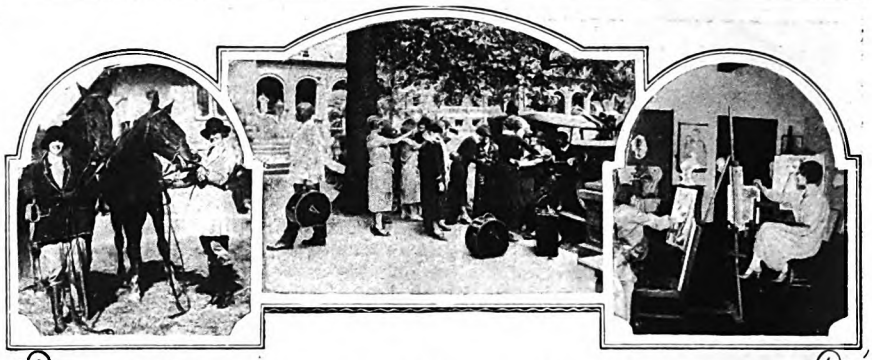

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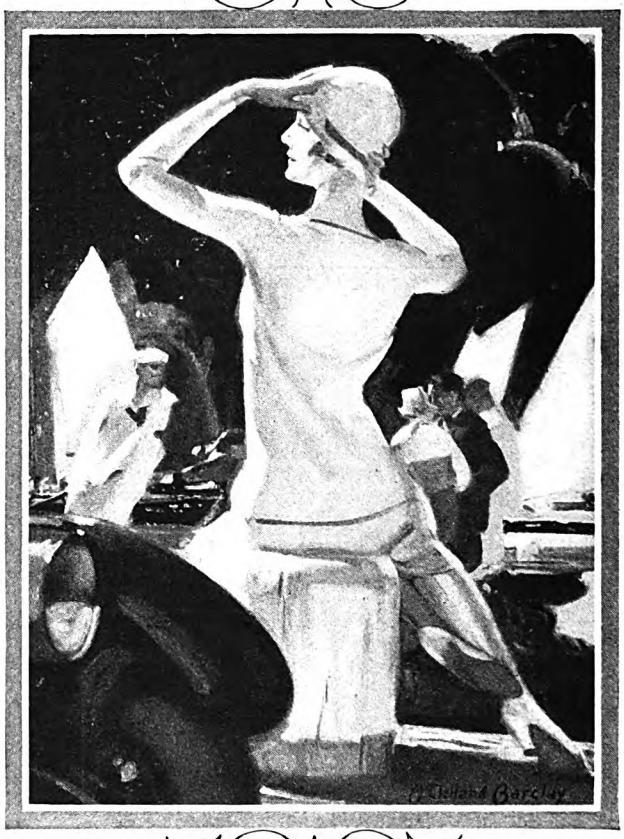

Throughout the years, the success of "Body by Fisher" has been completely identified with the success of the cars which are recognized leaders in their respective price groups

BODY by FISHER

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Through the "Plains of the Lost" in a Buick

Into Lower California—that little-known land which has defied civilization for four centuries since the Spanish Conquistadors first searched for golden cities, the little expedition ventured.

Headed by C. W. Hatton, of the Los Angeles Museum, and C. L. Franklin, this band of scientific explorers drove a Buick Sedan 680 miles through a strange country—examining flora, recording topography, breaking a trail for civilization to follow. For 180 miles they traveled over trails previously traversed only by pack mule, with the thermometer reading 120 degrees at midday.

They climbed steep mountains—grades of 45 degrees and more, with only loose volcanic rock beneath the wheels. They crossed jagged arroyos, 20 feet deep, with crumbling banks. They penetrated forests of sharp-needled cacti, 50 feet high. And most difficult of all, they crossed that mysterious desert mesa—"The Plains of the Lost"—through finely-powdered sand, hub-deep; over fields of dense mesquite, with the nearest water 50 miles away. Through everything, Buick kept on going—making history!

Buick's powerful Valve-in-Head Engine met every strain without once faltering. Buick's reliable Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes held every time. It was not necessary to make a single adjustment, nor to add one drop of oil!

Truly extraordinary performance for any motor car! But not extraordinary for Buick. For thousands of Buicks are making equally remarkable performance records for their owners every day.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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To keep candlelight charm by sunlight—this safe and simple care

A POOL of rosy light from rose-shaded candles, a becoming powder—and a little stage is set for beauty! But with sunshine, makebelieve disappears. To *look* lovely by daylight, complexions must really *be* lovely. And to be lovely they need the safest, sanest care.

What is this care? When you ask the doctor, his answer is simple. With health, says the doctor who is a skin specialist, the normal skin needs little more than safe, gentle cleansing with water and a pure soap.

Of course, the soap must be pure without question. A dry skin is irritated and roughened by a soap even a shade less mild than it should be. An oily skin, which should be washed several times daily to keep it fresh and clear, needs the purest, gentlest soap for these frequent cleansings.

With Ivory, you are *sure* of as fine and pure a soap as can be made. Doctors everywhere, every day, advise it for bathing tiny, new babies. What more could be said for its gentleness? Daily careful cleansings with warm water and Ivory, cold rinsings to make your skin *less* sensitive, a little cold cream if your skin is dry—and you will find that your complexion responds to this simple care with added loveliness.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Sir Richard aids a lady in distress!

Sir Richard. Pardon me, fair maid, but you dropped this package.

Alisanne. Oh, thank you, gentle sir. Adieu.

(*A moment later*)

Sir R. Again a thousand pardons, but you dropped your parcel by the road.

Alis. How careless of me! Thank you. Farewell.

(*Two minutes later*)

Sir R. Forgive me, but I have just fished your parcel from the brook.

Alis. (*almost in tears*). Goodness! I've been trying and trying to *lose* that package!

Sir R. But I don't understand——

Alis. Well, it's full of beauty soaps and magic lotions that my aunt says I must use every day, if I want to stay at court. And you *can't imagine* how tiresome they are.

Sir R. But I can clearly see how unnecessary they are!

Alis. How charming! I'm afraid I'll have to give up court life and go back home where I can have Ivory Soap every day, which is all I want or need.

Sir R. But if *I* could persuade your aunt to let you use Ivory——

Alis. Oh, if you think you *could*, you might come to tea at five!

IVORY SOAP

...kind to everything it touches

99 44/100% Pure · IT FLOATS

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
June, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

What Is Going To Happen To America?

An interview with Dr. J. Russell Smith

As Reported by M. K. Wisehart

HAS anything happened in *your* part of the country to make you realize that changes vastly important to you and your children and your children's children are now taking place within the limits of the United States?

Back in 1790, at the time of the first census, the population of our country was a little less than four millions. In 1920, a hundred and thirty years later, it was a hundred and six millions—a twenty-sevenfold increase. What will the population be fifty years from now?

Twenty-seven million Americans—approximately one fourth of the total population—now live in seven great metropolitan areas: New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles! Will these cities continue to grow? And what is the future of our inland cities: St. Louis, Atlanta, Denver, Indianapolis? Will new cities spring up? Where?

In a very few decades America has produced the richest and most powerful civilization the world has known. How long can it go on at this rate? What great changes will be witnessed by the younger generation of Americans who are just starting their careers? What will life be like in these United States of ours a hundred years from now?

These, and many other questions about the future of our country, I took recently to a man well qualified to answer them, Dr. J. Russell Smith, a celebrated geographer and economist, head of the department of Economic Geography of the School of Business, of Columbia University.

Back in 1899, when Doctor Smith was a young economist just graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, he was called upon to serve with the Isthmian Canal Commission, created by President McKinley, to determine whether the Nicaragua or the Panama route offered greater economic advantages for the future canal. This involved the study of the trade and probable future of every country that might use it. Fascinated by these investigations, the eager young man decided then and there that geography with a human slant to it, geography by which you could study the present and read the future, was the field for his life work. But it was necessary for him to go abroad to get the training he desired. That was in 1901. Since then, he has won recognition as one of the leading geographers of the world. He is the author of numerous textbooks, and other celebrated and authoritative works, including "Commerce and Industry," "Industrial and Commercial Geography," "The World's Food Resources," "Human Geography" (a book for children), and "North America," a remarkable volume of eight hundred pages in which he has recorded *some* of the things he has discovered about this continent, and what he foresees regarding its future.

"WHAT I should like to have you do," I said to Doctor Smith, "is to give the readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE a rational prophecy—based on your geographic studies and your familiarity with economic and industrial conditions—of the changes that may reasonably be expected to occur in the United States during, well, let's say, the next twenty-five or fifty years."

"That's quite a large order," replied Doctor Smith; "but we'll see what can be done about it. Some of the changes will have to be discussed from the point of view of the nation as a whole; others concern particular sections. Suppose we consider some of the nation-wide tendencies first.

"The greatest single change of the past hundred years was the rapid increase in the number of people inhabiting the earth. During that time the population of the world nearly doubled. A hundred years ago it was less than one thousand

Bringing the Next Fifty Years Down to Date

AN ARTICLE such as this is a high light in magazine-making. Practical, prophetic, vastly informative, it hits all of us right where we live. The industrial and economic future of our country—of ourselves, our children, and our children's children—is the fascinating subject that Dr. J. Russell Smith has chosen. And of all the men alive in the United States, he is probably best equipped to handle it.

Few of us can study the present and read from it the future. We are all so immersed in our own jobs that it is difficult for us to lift our heads for a fair view of nearby territory. But Doctor Smith, who has a rare knowledge of both economics and geography, and is handicapped by no prejudices or special interests, has read the signs of the times, and has interpreted them in terms of the future. He foresees a dangerous influx cityward, which, unadjusted, will eventually lower our standard of living. He predicts the rise of numerous small towns and the decline of the big city. He foretells the rise of a "new New England," and gives its geographical bounds. He suggests how the South can save itself, and why the peak of American civilization will be reached, not in the East, but in the Great Northwest.

Wherever you live, you will find statements in this article that are of vital interest to *you*.

THE EDITOR.

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millions. To-day, it is about seventeen hundred millions.

"The outstanding feature of this world-wide increase—a feature without rivalry in all history—is the multiplication of our own population twenty-seven times in a little over a century. You sometimes hear people speak as though they thought that in numbers we might continue to grow in the future as we have in the past. Imagine what the country would be like if we did! At the end of another hundred and thirty years we would have *twenty-eight hundred millions*, and after still another hundred and thirty years we would have *seventy-six thousand millions!* Either one of these figures is too absurd to contemplate. Life in America would be unbearable from sheer force of numbers!

"Although our population is increasing, the rate of this increase has declined markedly during the past three decades. In the early years of our history the rate of increase was about thirty-five per cent per decade. From 1900 to 1910, the increase was twenty-one per cent; from 1910 to 1920, fifteen per cent. And this rate must still further decline. On the basis of present indications, at the end of another fifty years, we shall probably have between fifty and seventy-five millions more than we have to-day. After that, it may increase slowly to two hundred and fifty or three hundred millions. Then—barring the discovery of great new sources of food supply and raw materials, such as might be opened up through synthetic chemistry—we shall, sooner or later, come to a point where the population can increase only as the standard of living declines.

"Though a decline in the standard of living in America may seem remote, we would do well to keep in mind this fact: The whole present industrial system is living on the very cream of the world's resources. We are using up the richest of our coal, oil, and ore deposits; we are scalping the soil of all continents. Here, in the United States, with our wealth of forests, we are prodigally using wood four times as fast as we grow it.

"Now project yourself into the future. Suppose we had only one sixth as much wood per person, that we had used up nearly all our copper, that we were short of wool and leather. Suppose that the oil supply were slowing up, so that we had to grow crops to make alcohol with which to run our motors! It is not hard to see how these, and other similar and apparently inevitable conditions, would pinch us pretty hard, and certainly tend to a lower standard of living.

"ANOTHER striking change that is already in swift process in America is what the economist calls urbanization. For some years now we have been hearing about the so-called back-to-the-farm movement; but from the economist's point of view there is no movement afoot worthy of this name. Few city people who move to the country go there to farm. They mostly seek it as a place of retirement, where they can get fresh air and quiet. The real drift of our population is in the other direction—to the cities. Even in Nebraska, we have communities which resemble much older communities in New England in that every farmer on the land is well over forty years of age.

"Everything indicates that this cityward drift is bound to go on. The intelligent and energetic young people in nearly all our rural communities west of the Alleghenies have acquired the habit of looking about them and sizing up the situation. If they do not choose farming as a future, they must leave the country. In this eventuality they are very likely to head for Chicago; later, they may come to New York.

"I remember how, a few years ago, when I came to Columbia University, this cityward and eastward movement of our young people, even from the Middle West, was brought home to me. I looked about at my own staff, and found that two of my three assistants were from Nebraska, one from Iowa, and our departmental secretary hailed from Missouri. In a university group of seventeen professors, *eleven* were from farm country west of the Alleghenies. This is only a slight indication of the broad tendency cityward. Tens of thousands of our young people have left good farms in the Middle West to go to the cities, where they are serving as teachers, professional and business men.

"The Roman Empire went through an exodus of this kind when her rural districts drained into the cities. So must we. The Roman Empire collapsed. I don't say that it will be disastrous here, but, presumably, it will bring about a number of acute conditions before an adjustment is made. One of these results undoubtedly will be a rural decline.

"BY RURAL decline I don't mean that necessarily the quality of our agriculture will be impaired. Rather, that the rural community will decline as a neighborhood. What makes a good neighborhood? Imaginative leadership and solid citizens working together for the most desirable things of life—good schools, good roads, churches, libraries, county fairs, games and recreation, cattle shows, flower shows, women's clubs, baseball games, swimming parties—fun! The poor neighborhood is one where there are not enough energetic people to keep up these educational and social activities. We already have such 'dead-alive' communities in New England. They are creeping into the Corn Belt, and they are bound to appear elsewhere.

"There are a few statistics that emphasize the extent of this cityward drift with startling clearness. In the early days of our history, three per cent of the people lived in cities and ninety-seven per cent in the rural districts. To-day, fifty-two per cent of us live in cities. During the decade 1910-1920, when the population as a whole increased fifteen per cent, the increase in our city population was *twenty-six per cent.* During this same period, the increase in our rural population was less than *five and a half!* If this tendency continues, it means that pretty soon we shall practically all be living in cities!

"Most of this city growth occurred in the region between Portland (Maine), Minneapolis, Chicago, and Washington, D. C. But the gains on the Pacific Coast were also striking. In that part of the country the ratio is about three city people to two country people."

"How long do you anticipate that this cityward movement of our people will continue?" I asked Doctor Smith.

"Roughly speaking," he replied, "for another thirty or forty years. At the end of that time, we can expect to have come to an adjustment between city and country, with perhaps about sixty-five or seventy per cent of our people living in cities and the remaining thirty- or thirty-five per cent in the rural districts. If the population continues noticeably to increase *after* this balance is reached, there will have to be subdivision of the land with smaller farms and more intensive agriculture. Acre by acre our land must be made to yield more in order to meet the needs of the increased population. And while intensive agriculture is less productive per man it is more productive per acre.

"CITIES! Small cities! Moderate-sized cities! The birth of these in considerable numbers, and the growth of many small towns and cities of from five hundred to twenty-five thousand to twice their present size, is another of the notable changes we can look for in America in the reasonably near future.

"The future of these cities lies in part with our foreign trade. A large foreign trade would mean more cities, because our exports are largely in manufactures, and manufactures entail more city dwellers. However, our present tariff policy seems to indicate that we have set our faces resolutely against encouraging a large foreign trade. Trade is the exchange of goods. We would like to sell, but, in effect, with our high tariffs, we place great handicaps on buying. And the high tariff costs for farmers' supplies has its inevitable effect on agriculture.

"Another possible change of great importance," continued Doctor Smith, "is the decentralizing of manufacturing industry. Many industries in the past have shown a marked tendency to centralize in certain cities and sections, the shoe industry in Boston, for instance, the clothing industry in New York. Quite recently, we have seen the shoe industry scattering over the country. It has become an important part in the life of St. Louis, as the clothing industry has of Chicago, and of half a dozen other cities. Back of the shifting of these industries, the principal influences are increased freight rates and consequently higher production costs, the ease of moving raw material, also the high cost of living in congested centers.

"We can foresee the time when it may be cheaper to transport raw materials for manufacturing to workers scattered in small communities than to transport the necessary food supplies when they are gathered in large centers. It looks very much as though we might have, on an extensive scale, a revival of manufacturing for the needs of the locality in which the factories are situated.

"Already factory owners are showing an inclination to seek the smaller towns. There are two factors which suggest that this tendency will go on more and more rapidly during the next fifteen or twenty years. One of these is the widespread distribution of electric power that is sweeping across the country with great speed. The other great factor is standardization.

"A certain automobile manufacturer is carrying on at the present time an important experiment in this connection.

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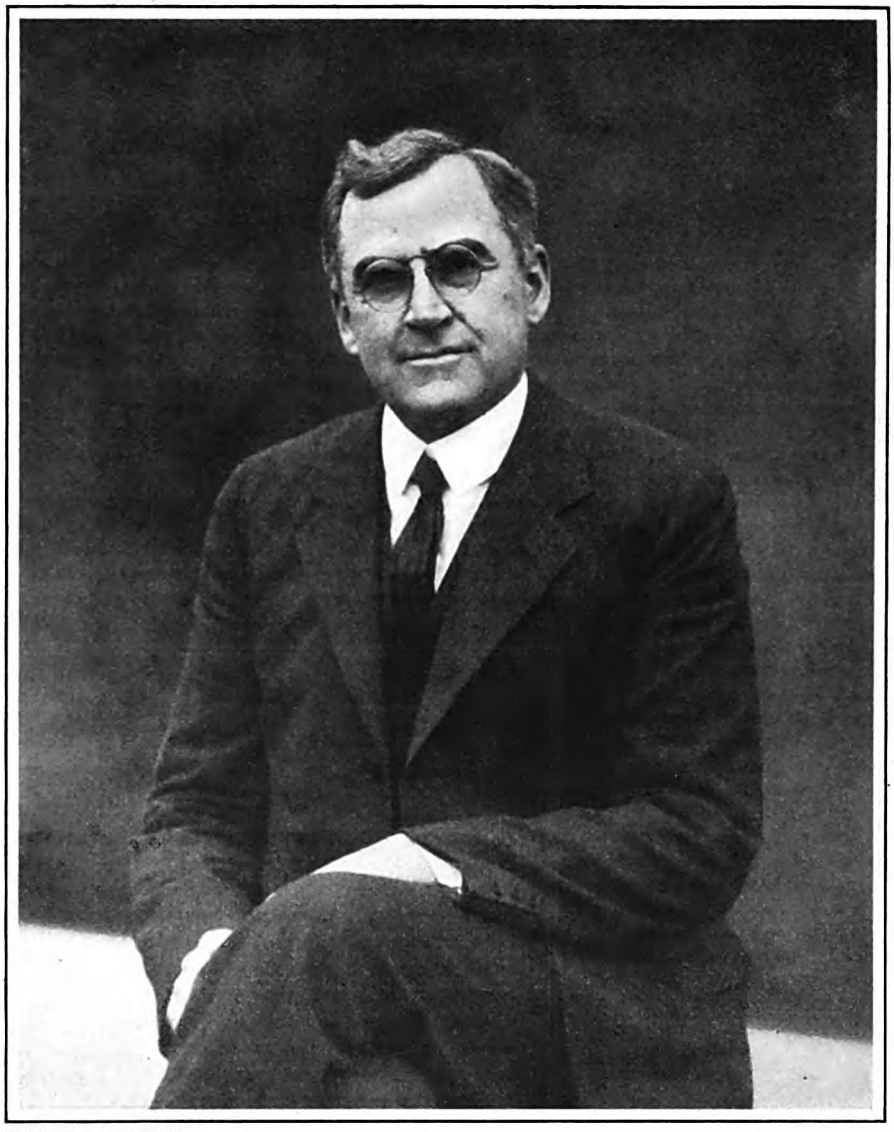
In a little village on River Rouge, Michigan, he has established a small factory, with fourteen employees who spend all their time making valves. These are the only output of the factory; but it produces all the valves that are needed in the great automobile works. A truck comes out each morning from the main plant with raw material, and takes the finished stuff back to the works.

"There is no longer any reason why the workers who produce some small standardized part for a complicated machine should live in congested manufacturing districts. The little pieces for the lawn mower or the automobile can easily be brought by truck or train from a small town or city located at a distance forty or, for that matter, four hundred miles away.

"A change of this kind will have far-reaching effects. It foreshadows the new industrialism. It doesn't mean that the actual volume of trade will be limited, but it does mean that we can look for the shifting of certain kinds of manufacturing from such places as Boston, Worcester, Detroit and Chicago to smaller cities, villages, and perhaps even to the farm homes in food-producing sections of New York, Michigan, and elsewhere.

"As one result of this trend, it is reasonable to look for the rise of a *new* New England in the fringe of the Appalachian Mountains, on either side, east and west, a new New England without any very large cities perhaps, but with manufacturing scattered throughout many small cities and towns near the source of raw materials and power, producing goods mainly of cotton and wood—textiles, lead pencils and phonographs, and such things as skates and rifles."



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Dr. J. Russell Smith, professor of economic geography at Columbia University. With an unusual background, and an even more unusual vision, Doctor Smith is able to interpret our present and past industrial and agricultural growth in terms of ten, twenty, and even fifty years hence. He is an international authority on industry and on world food-resources. His books include "The Story of Iron and Steel," "The Organization of Ocean Commerce," "Human Geography," and "North America," the last being a detailed study of the resources and prospects of this continent. Doctor Smith was born in Purcellville, Virginia. He is fifty-three years old

A SHORT time ago, Doctor Smith, you spoke of certain changes that concern particular sections of the country," I suggested. "What about old New England? The South? The Northwest? What are the things a young man ought to know about changes due in various sections of the United States, from the point of view of his career?"

"Let's get a map and draw a line from Chicago to Albany, then to New York, to Atlanta, to St. Louis, and back to Chicago," was his response.

"This gives you an irregular geometric figure something like a rectangle. During coming decades the region contained in this rectangle will offer great business opportunities. If I were a young man seeking a business career, with almost immediate results, this is the territory where I should look for my future. Here is where more business men will get rich, and get rich faster, than in any other large section.

"At the present time, this region is increasing in population more rapidly than any other part of the country. Here we may expect the appearance of many, perhaps a majority, of those moderate-sized manufacturing cities of which I spoke a moment ago."

"What are the business opportunities that will appear in this area?" I asked eagerly.

"They will arise in connection with the industries that already flourish there," Doctor Smith replied. "Within this area are the finest coal fields, much of the iron and steel industry, and the center of population. It has good railroads and lake carriers, and can have good waterways whenever we decide to use the New York Barge Canal and the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. In view of these factors, it is perfectly feasible that in a machine-using era this area should continue to make the machinery, as it already does—automobiles, tractors, trucks, harvesters—and develop a host of new industries, arising, as I have already stated, out of its established manufactures and its great natural resources.

"THEN there is another region for which we can foresee a wonderful future—the Northwest!

"The particular section to which I refer consists roughly of fifty by four hundred miles on the Pacific Coast of Oregon and Washington in the Puget Sound-Willamette River Valley region, where are located the cities of Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, and a few others. A portion of British Columbia lies in the district, including Vancouver and Victoria. The population of this area is now about a million. It will almost certainly increase to five or six, perhaps ten, millions. A thriving land of cities in the midst of dairy farms and a rich garden agriculture, such as we find in the best parts of England and Belgium!

"To Dr. Ellsworth Huntington we are indebted for epoch-making observations in the study of the part that climate plays in the making of civilization. If the theory presented in his great work, 'Civilization and Climate,' were at variance with everyday experience we might look at it askance; but the experience of common men, and the history of many countries, seem to confirm his most important conclusions.

"Doctor Huntington's main conclusion, in brief, is this: a man feels more inclined to be active, and will do more physical work, at a temperature of about sixty degrees (fifty-five (*Continued on page 78*)

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Strange Places Of Worship

By Archibald Rutledge

WHEN I asked my genial host where George Washington Alexander Burnsides Green was sleeping, he said, "With the hounds." Naturally, my curiosity was aroused, and, perhaps, better feelings also.

As soon as opportunity offered, I left the wide hearth before which a lot of us had been swapping hunting yarns, and strolled out into the starry Southern night. We were hunting deer on a remote plantation, so inaccessible that the only sound of really blatant civilization to reach us was occasionally the faint whistle of a locomotive, twelve miles, six swamps, and two rivers away.

Under great oaks I walked, toward a curious little brick building that I knew had been given over to housing the hounds—a yowling, restless crew, indispensable, melodious, but difficult to manage. Their control had been given to Wash Green, a negro as humble as he was efficient. On that same day I had been given cause to marvel at the occult finesse with which he had handled the swarming pack. But now the nature of his sleeping quarters troubled me.

Nearing the tiny quaint building, not larger than an ordinary smokehouse, I saw through its open windows the shadows made by firelight dancing and running on its walls. I did not want to open the door, for fear that some of the hounds would slip out; I did not want to knock, for old Wash might be asleep, and there was really no need to awaken him. I just went to the nearest window and looked in. What met my gaze was one of the most memorable scenes that my eyes have ever looked upon. It was such a picture as the heart carries for the rest of life.

I looked into a tiny brick-walled room, with a dirt floor. The only bit of furniture in the place was an ancient bench, sagging crazily at one end because there it had but one leg. A cheerful fire of pine and oak burned in the black chimney. Ranged in front of the fire in a variety of thoughtful poses were about fifteen hounds. Some of them looked unutterable things into the flames. Some drowsed with paws outstretched on their extended front legs. A few hung back from the mystic semicircle, as if they had not yet undergone the awful rites which would admit them to so august a council. But, while the dogs were interesting, the man was fascinating.

In front of the fire, with the lolling hounds all about, old Wash was down on his knees. He seemed looking into the fire, yet far beyond it. His hands were clasped in front of him with unmistakable fervor Down in the dirt and dust he was, literally among the dogs. And he was praying. A strange place for worship! A singular shrine! Yet adoration, I thought, is of the heart; and the soul's meeting with its Maker may be effected in all kinds of odd places.

I left old gray-haired Wash praying; and unless my judgment in such things is badly at fault, his petitions went as straight Home as those offered in cathedrals.

This subject of strange places of worship has long held a special interest for me; and I have tried to be on the alert to discover peculiar places of devotion and adoration. I have often asked myself, for example, what were the exact conditions under which a writer produced a masterpiece? In other words, what was the environment which afforded an author's spirit a chance to do his very best work?

THE answer, of course, must come from the writer himself. One day, when I was trout-fishing with Henry van Dyke, I asked him where he was when he wrote "God of the Open Air," the poem that is generally conceded to be his best. I can remember how his face brightened at the query.

"It was in the winter," he said, "and I was staying in a tiny vine-covered cottage near Augusta, Georgia. I was close to the beautiful quiet heart of Nature. It was therefore easy for me to write of the God of Nature. The airs were gentle; there were bird songs, and fragrances of flowers, and elemental beauty everywhere. Perhaps in no other environment could I have written that poem."

He who reads that noble poem will find it a hymn of worship, of thanksgiving, a song of adoration of the Creator. In a genuine sense, *worship* always means just that—the heart's spontaneous and primitive reverence for God, its childlike gladness in God. Therefore, true worship is a far greater thing and a far more frequent act than mere going to church or saying one's prayers. For example, in its broadest sense, worship is often associated with work, either in the thoughtful preparation for it, or in its actual performance, and this alleged sinful world of ours has far more unfeigned worshipers than the pessimists imagine.

BUT the human heart has a quaint and appealing tendency of being individual, of choosing, therefore, odd places for worship, and perhaps unusual forms of worship. The savage Pawnee Indian from the brow of some beetling cliff pouring out his wild chant to the Great Spirit is, essentially, as true a worshiper as the chanter of Psalms in some gorgeous church.

An understanding of some of these strange places and ways of worship, with a due appreciation of their significance, is one of the most heartening things I know about these strange, lovable, wayward yet winsome mortal natures of ours. Hearts don't like to be herded. Christ told his followers to be sure to pray in *secret*. He practically advised them to pray in odd and obscure places. He himself repaired to the lonely wilderness to restore his spirit.

Recurring for a moment to the proper environment for a literary worker, we shall find that almost every writer has an especial preference. Sinclair Lewis declares that he can do his best work on an ocean liner. Joan Sutherland, the gifted English novelist, has lately engaged a private airplane, and is making excursions several thousand feet in the air to gain a certain pitch of inspiration for her work. Clemence Dane says that she finds it practically impossible to work on her country estate in (*Continued on page 199*)

From a Ragged Rail Fence The Voice of God May Be Heard

"I HAVE always found it profitable to stop, look and listen at places other than railroad crossings," says Mr. Rutledge. "The top rail of an old fence is the kind of throne I simply cannot resist. From such a place, one can catch from the woodlands the fragrance of visions, can hearken with his heart to the soft breathings of nature, quiet in confidence, virtuous, wise. I have heard in such places the Voice of God. And what is it but that virginal beauty that speaks to the human heart. I cannot think that all of God's language is bound in the Bible, great though it be. Whatever makes us feel joyously that God and His divine love are near; whatever gives our spirits the support of the everlasting arms; whatever takes away our hatred and fills us with affection—that is the Word of God, the Voice of God. I hear it often from the top of a ragged rail fence, tenderly bound by wild grape and fairily overarched by sumac and blackberry canes."

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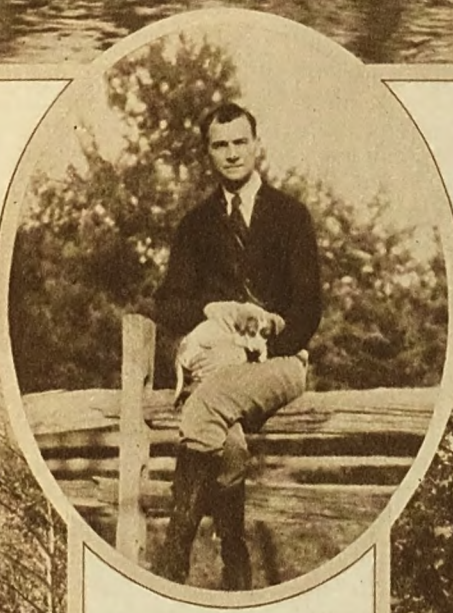
A CYPRESS swamp (above) where silence and solitude hold joint sway. As a mountain inspires reverence by its huge magnificence, so does a swamp, by its ancient quietude and ghostly beauty.

Photograph by George L. Beam, Denver, Colo.



ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE (left), student of the woods, of wild life—and of people. "If any one thing," says Mr. Rutledge, "is right in this life, it is that every heart should be free to take its own way to God."

Photograph by Denver Tourist Bureau

ALONG the Bear Creek Trail (right), near Ouray, Colorado. (Left) An aspen trail in Indian Summer. In the distance is Long's Peak, Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado.

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Photographs by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

HARDLY a man living has had a greater influence on the coming generation of men in this country than James E. West, head of the Boy Scouts of America. In the past seventeen years he has been a friend to more than six hundred thousand boys. More than that, he has been working with boys ever since, when he was only fourteen, he was put in charge of his younger companions in the orphanage that was his only boyhood home. Though a cripple, and without friends, he made his own way through school in spite of every possible difficulty and discouragement, and took care of two dependent boys while later fitting himself to practice law. Both photographs on this page show Mr. West at his home in New Rochelle, New York, the one above with his own children, Arthur, Marion, Bobby and Helen. He is fifty years old.

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"Boys Will Be Scouts"

James E. West, executive head of the Boy Scouts organization, has been associated with children all his life—Out of the bitter loneliness of his crippled childhood, spent in an orphanage, has come a thorough knowledge and understanding of the needs of children

By Myron M. Stearns

IN THE days when Theodore Roosevelt was President, a young Washington lawyer parked his automobile outside a settlement house where an evening meeting was scheduled. Automobiles still attracted a good deal of attention at that time. This particular car was a small two-seater that steered with a tiller. The one-cylinder motor, concealed under the seat, could be locked, much as a modern car can be locked, by shutting off the spark with a switch key. But when the meeting was over, the car was gone.

The lawyer found it farther down the street in charge of a policeman. Also in charge of the policeman was a scared, struggling boy.

"Your car?" asked the policeman.

The young lawyer nodded.

"Have to get your name and address."

He made out a card, summoning James E. West to appear in court as a witness.

"But what's the charge?" young West asked.

"He was running off with your automobile," was the policeman's answer. "He's a bad one, anyway. I've had trouble with him before."

Next morning, when Freddie's (the defendant) case was called, Mr. West was on hand. The charge was "Operating an automobile without a license." It sounded rather ridiculous. But apparently the boy would get a prison sentence. He had run afoul of the law, and the law, as it was then operated, made no particular distinction between boys and men. Mr. West moved over to him.

"Have you an attorney?"

"Wot's 'at?"

"Have you a lawyer representing you?"

The boy shook his head.

"Then let me act as your lawyer. I'll see if I can help you out."

He rose and addressed the Court.

"Your Honor," he said, "although I was summoned as a complaining witness, I find that the defendant has been unrepresented by counsel, and have undertaken to act in that capacity."

The Court gravely recognized him as attorney for the defense.

Then Mr. West had the policeman recalled to the stand. By cross-examination he showed that Freddie had been steering the car while a dozen other boys pushed it down the street. The policeman grew red and apoplectic, angrily trying to back up the charge he had made. Then the young attorney took the stand himself, and was duly sworn.

"I happen to be the owner of this machine," he announced. "Before I left it I locked it." He drew from his pocket the key that locked the motor, and held it up. "The motor was still locked when this boy was arrested. All he did was to climb into the car. Then he sat there and steered it, while the rest of the crowd pushed it down the street. To give him a prison-school sentence for that would be a travesty on justice."

The case was promptly dismissed. The boy ran home. The judge gave the policeman a sharp call-down, and the incident was legally closed.

But it was not closed for James E. West. That was not his way. One of the reasons why his influence is so powerful in this country to-day is that whenever he sees something he thinks ought to be done, he immediately gets busy. This mischievous boy's case had shown him that the ponderous machinery of the law had no way of dealing satisfactorily with boys who had not yet "gone wrong," but who might be developed into hardened criminals through harsh legal methods.

He went to President Roosevelt and told him the story of Freddie. "What we need here in Washington is a Juvenile Court to handle cases like that," he explained.

"Right!" said the energetic Teddy. "We'll have one." And after the passage of the Juvenile Court law he promised a committee that went to him with the recommendation that West be appointed judge, that he would put him in charge.

TO-DAY at fifty, James E. West is the executive head of the Boy Scouts of America, a position he has held since its inception in 1910. His dynamic energy and willingness to act on his convictions have made him one of the most influential men in the country. Although he is lame, he is the picture of health and vitality, and he swings along with a vigor that makes his lameness seem only a trifle to be pushed aside. As an exponent of the strenuous life, of friendliness and activity and public service, he comes perhaps as close as anyone alive to duplicating his former friend and ally, Theodore Roosevelt.

Yet, when he was eight and a half years old, Jimmy West, after months strapped to a hospital bed, was returned, unwanted, to the Washington orphan asylum as a hopeless cripple. He made his way about from room to room on crutches, a pathetic little bit of humanity, without health, without education, and without friends, and apparently no hope of attaining them.

But before I start on the miraculous story of how James West made his way alone and almost unaided over one seemingly insurmountable obstacle after another, let me give you a picture of him at his work:

The National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts is located on the eighth floor of the Fifth Avenue Building, in New York City. In his big office Mr. West tells you cordially to sit down. As he talks with you, you feel that he is giving whatever you say full weight. There is no effort to hurry you, in spite of the fact that he is catching a night train to Cleveland, that he will be in Chicago the day following, that he will then come back for a flying visit to the office—and will be leaving for the Pacific Coast two days later!

On the rolls of the organization, which in no small measure owes its tremendous success to his personal leadership and direction, there are over 180,000 workers, stimulating and guiding more than 620,000 Scouts! Although a great share of the work is voluntary, contributed freely and gladly, the annual expenditures of the organization are more than six million dollars.

And now let's look at the long climb that led to this position of influence and country-wide prestige.

JAMES E. WEST was born at the Columbia Hospital for Women, Washington, D. C., on May 16th, 1876. He knew little about his parents. His mother, Mary F. Tyree, parted from her family when she married his father, James Robert West, a merchant from Tennessee, who died when he was a baby. In spite of the prominent position he has won, James West, since his parents' death, has never known a single relative in all the world. His mother left him no names or other means of getting in touch with his uncles or aunts or cousins on either side; he has never even been sure that there were any. During his boyhood he made no effort to reach his mother's people; he had a vague feeling it might be better to fight his battles alone. Now that his name has become widely known, he wonders, sometimes, how it happens that no word of kinship or inquiry has ever come to him.

The early years of James West's childhood ran close to tragedy. His mother had to put him in an orphan asylum when she was taken to the Providence Hospital, another Washington institution, on July 3d, 1882. A year later she died of tuberculosis. Of the one hundred and eighty children in the orphanage, Jimmy was the only one without any relatives. He was utterly alone. (*Continued on page 169*)

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The Leading Case

Colonel Braxton brings the First Book of Samuel into court

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. H. D. KOERNER

"And so," continued Colonel Braxton, "you attribute these dreams to Heaven?"

I WAS present at a trial in Virginia. It was a celebrated trial for its time and there was more than one marvel in it.

Among these wonders, for it was the May of early youth, was a girl. She was the defendant in this suit. The tragedies of death had stripped her on every side, and she was quite alone. And now this suit threatened to leave her beggared as well as orphaned. She came every day into the court-room with her attorney, Colonel Braxton, and sat primly beside him, as if she were already a woman of affairs.

And I adored her from a middle bench among the people of the countryside.

I went in with my father, who thought the trial would be instructive to me: I would see famous men and learn how such great business was conducted. The court-room was crowded and I could not have seen over it from my place if I had not been a well-grown, tall lad. The judge had been at one time governor of Virginia; the counsel for the plaintiff had been attorney general, and there was a sprinkling of celebrities about. The trial was in our western county that extended its line into the mountains, for here lay the great tract of land involved.

The girl's father had purchased the tract at a tax sale, and his title had been unquestioned while the property appeared of little value; but now, when it was discovered that the great coal beds of Pennsylvania extended southward into these mountains, there had appeared a gentleman from New Jersey, who claimed the lands under a patent from Virginia. He had come into court with the document, and a prayer to permit him to repay the purchaser or his heirs the amount of taxes and the legal interest, and retake the lands.

The girl holding my youthful worship came also from the neighboring city with her attorney, Colonel Braxton, to resist the claimant, and to hold what she had inherited. And so the great affair was on.

IT WAS an event of public concern. It rivaled in wide interest the annual visit of the circus and the county fair. The people came in from their farms and villages, and the town was crowded. It was the usual county seat, like a dozen others: the courthouse of the Virginia model, with its plaster pillars on a long portico paved with brick, of which the legend ran that they had been hauled in wagons overland from a sailing vessel in the Chesapeake. The offices of the circuit and county courts were on either side as one entered, and beyond them was the big court-room.

The arrangement of this room, in the old Virginia design, reflected a feeling now lost sight of; namely, a recognition of the people as the source of justice, as they were the source of authority in a republic.

And so the early court-rooms were designed to this end. Nearly the whole floor space was occupied with seats for the people, as in a theatre. Beyond a railing was the elevated bench for the judges, tables for the attorneys, seats for the jury, and the witness chair. And this detail of structure reveals the broad conception of democracy that moved our fathers in their affairs.

There was much speculation on the outcome of this trial.

The chimney-corner lawyers discussed it at the tavern, and laid down the law. And, strangely, their opinions were near to the governing legal principle in the law itself. They had sat for so long at public trials and had considered so carefully what had occurred there, and their memories were so retentive, that they were not so grossly in error on the law as the average citizen of our present age.

They held nearly to a man that the new claimant would prevail.

It was mountain lands; there had been no possession established in either party, and the ancient right ran for an owner in *fee simple* to redeem, where his lands were sold for taxes, if he came into court without *laches*, as they used the legal term; meaning, as I understood, as soon as one had the right and without wasting time about it.

BUT occasionally a hot-head stood out for the girl . . . and I was of that number. If I were on that jury she would get her lands! The law could go!

And I was met with grave rebuke that I shall always remember. If good men

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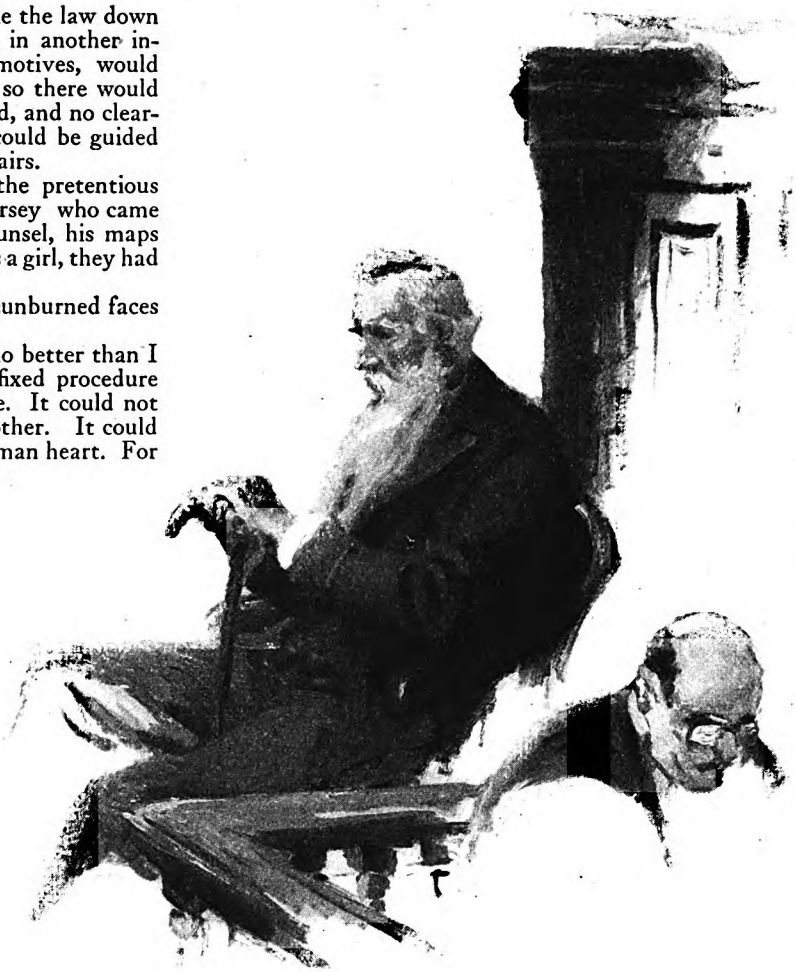
om worthy motives broke the law down one instance, evil men in another in-ance, from unworthy motives, would so break it down. And so there would e no principles established, and no clear-id rules by which men could be guided the conduct of their affairs.

But when I spoke of the pretentious entleman from New Jersey who came ere with his array of counsel, his maps d surveyors to dispossess a girl, they had tle to reply.

They stroked their big sunburned faces d were silent.

They liked the matter no better than I d. But here was their fixed procedure llowed by ancient usage. It could not for one and not for another. It could t be amended by the human heart. For is reason was justice indfold, that she ight not see the liti-nts—neither this l, nor the gentleman ming from New Jer-y.



ON THE afternoon that this trial took strange, inexplica-e turn, the court-room s crowded; the aisles re filled, and men od up along the ll. I could find no t, although I came early; and, standing, was moved forward the crowd until the ling across the hall rred me. And so I nd myself directly hind the attorneys' tables; close, as it ppened, to where Colonel Braxton and e girl were seated.

It would have been an uncomfortably se pack for an older person. But for me was a crowding into paradise—a look er the wall into the blessed city, where e heavenly creature that one worshiped elt. There was no strain or fatigue in is posture for me, I could have stood , thus pressed in by the crowd, to the d of time—until the earth wore away rning on its axis. To such extremity do otions move us when we are young!

She sat there primly, as in a nimbus. Surely of all lovely things she was the rfection of God's work. And the charm her smote me and, entering, occupied e heart as though that temple in the east had been swept and garnished, ptied of every occupant, and from the wn of life made ready and predestined her.

So, in such extravagance of metaphor, I regard Colonel Braxton's client. The back of her head was toward me, d I noted its perfection: the hair like a in of silk, the white column of her oat and the soft curve of the face nding to the chin; the little blue frock d the blue hat with a bird's wing on it. I could have put out a timid finger and ched the hem of that blue, heavenly ck, the ecstasy would have left my e transfigured; and men would have od about wondering how the sun had thus marvelously into this crowded ce.

The sheriff opened the court.

He was a big countryman with a bellowing voice that filled the room and could be heard in the street outside.

The case was called, naming the plaintiff and defendant. The judge directed the attorneys to proceed, and the trial was again on its way.

It had been occupied until to-day with the testimony of surveyors who had run the lines and plotted the tract, and with the record of earlier surveys. Washington had been through this region, and before him scouting parties for the Crown; crude boundaries had been estimated. The old surveys, inaccurate and overlapping, could only be disregarded.

And thus the judge in a manner held, so far as I could understand it. But there were some statutes that gave the State a title when unenclosed lands were returned delinquent; and this title was at the defendant's back. It held, unless the plaintiff's grant was valid.

And thus the issue narrowed to this grant.

IT WAS not of record; but this requirement had been explained away by the fact that the office in which such grants were recorded had burned down. It was a well-known historical event. And the court could take judicial notice of it; meaning, that it required no proof, as the fact was notoriously established. The whole case then turned upon one question for the jury:

Was the plaintiff's grant a valid paper?

The surveyors stood aside with their plats and blueprints. Only the great map tacked to the wall remained, enclosing the lands in question with broad red lines. It seemed a vast estate, a sort of empire, copied from an atlas.

The counsel for the plaintiff now put that gentleman on the stand.

He was the type of man that got my gorge up; to my eye everything about him was markedly Pharisaical: the hypocrisies and the pretentions that our Lord detested!

HE WAS a tall old man with a white beard trimmed on either side of his lank jaws to a point, and cut out at the chin. He had a stiff leg, which he supported with an ebony stick, and he was dressed like a minister of the Gospel. When he spoke his voice imitated the oratory of the pulpit. He had a misty eye, under a heavy lid; a cloudy eye, of a vague, pale color. It reminded me of tallow that had been melted and allowed to cool. It had that indefinite bluish cast.

I write no flattering description of this gentleman from New Jersey.

How could I admire him, when he stood before me as a marauder; a pretender to this empire that my divinity inherited; a legal freebooter coming to dispossess her of a kingdom!

For the fancy had taken root; she *was* a princess, and this great red-marked map of the wall behind the witness chair outlined the boundaries of her fairy kingdom!

I draw Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford with a heavy hand, and from a hostile viewpoint.

But the evidences that I perhaps distort were there, and marked by others. One could see the disagreeable impression that the man created. If the law was on his side, as it now appeared, the sympathies of the human heart were not.

But there lay a peril, as the chimney-corner lawyers in the tavern said, in this very point of difference in the litigants. All human sympathy was so overwhelmingly with the defendant that, to circumvent suggestion of a bias, the judge and jury were apt to swing unconsciously to the other side.

The foreign counsel shrewdly examined Mr. Ponsford.

A vital point was this one of *laches*.

Had Mr. Ponsford come into court as soon as he had the right, and had he moved with reasonable celerity? That was to establish; and, after that, the grant as a valid paper.

The historical disaster which had destroyed the records of the grants of that date, of which the court took judicial notice, saved Mr. Ponsford from the taint of negligence. There was no record of his grant, to advise him of his right. He had come into this court as soon as he had notice of his right to sue.

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He said that this warrant had been discovered by him in an old trunk, at his aged father's death. It was among a mass of petty documents that had remained, tied up with old tape, and descended to his father from his grandfather's large affairs.

His grandfather had been a sheriff of some sort in the early time, and the documents, so bundled up, had been forms and old accounts of no importance; and so neither his father nor himself had ever thought it worth while to inventory what the trunk contained. But finally, examining these old documents, he had found the grant.

Neither his father nor he could be charged with delay in coming forward with this claim, since neither had any notice of his right. The father had gone out of life wholly in ignorance of the existence of this grant; and the present claimant had brought his action for recovery well within the period set out in the statute, and had moved it forward to trial with all diligence, and as rapidly as the pleadings could be settled and this suit put on the docket.

I UNDERSTOOD this as it was brought out by Mr. Wellington Monroe, the eminent counsel for the plaintiff, as the chimney-corner lawyers called him; for at the tavern they had not only appraised the counsel in this case and assigned them their position in our regard, but they had run forward in speculation on the difficulties each side would meet, and how such corners could be shrewdly turned.

This was one dangerous corner and Mr. Wellington Monroe had turned it. But there was another approaching! How was Mr. Ponsford to explain his initial finding of this important paper, and avoid the inference that the suddenly discovered value of these lands had no connection with that act?

And under the interrogatory of Mr. Wellington Monroe, he explained it in the strangest manner:

He had dreamed one night that his father stood in the hall beyond his door and beckoned to him. He had awakened in the dark, dismissed the matter as a fancy of mind, and returned to sleep.

Again the dream had appeared.

This time he did not awake until the morning. But through the day the dream continued to impress him.

He thought that the influence of the dream was the stronger because, in the legends of his family, such visions had been occasionally noted, and they had a definite intent; for example, in one instance, his father had lost an English ax.

It was in the day when such a tool was valuable, and his father was very much perturbed about the loss.

Evidently it had been stolen; but there was no clue.

That night his father had dreamed that the ax was hidden under an uprooted tree in a neighboring wood. He had awakened, as Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford had awakened. . . . But there was this difference; his father had received definite directions in his dream; and on the morrow at daybreak he had gone to the wood, located the uprooted tree, and recovered his ax.

But the plaintiff had no such definite direction.

Whither had the vision of his father gone, and to what end was he advised to follow?

True, he was at the time in financial difficulties.

This dream might mean some way out —if it had any meaning—and that feeling entered and possessed the man. Finally in the end, being so wholly in the dark about its meaning, and in such need, he had gone to a medium in his city, who, in a trance, saw a man looking through an old trunk in a cluttered attic.

The description tallied exactly with Mr. Ponsford's father and the old trunk which was in the attic of the house that had descended to him.

He had searched the trunk and discovered the warrant.

And when he had asked for legal advice upon its value he had learned of the coal beds under these wild lands it covered.

The witness put his extended hands together at the finger tips when he arrived at this point in his explanation, and his face grew long and sanctimonious.

Who could say about the dead! Or what one knew in the hereafter; or the concern one's father might have for him?

The hidden value of this inheritance discovered to his father in the World Beyond should be made known to the living son here. Who could say how great an effort that required? For no trivial gain could it be justified. And so, perhaps —the witness did not presume to say—the dream had come only when there was justification for it.

Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford moved here with a becoming vagueness.

This was all the business of a mystery beyond him. He testified only to the facts, and made no conjecture.

THE legal authorities I have cited about the tavern, afterward discussing this famous trial, were of the opinion that the plaintiff, Mr. Ponsford, had made here an exceedingly clever explanation, just the sort of thing to impress a county jury of the hills.

A definite intent in dreams ran with their scriptural beliefs.

And in every household there was some evidential story: deaths had been foretold; the guilty in a crime determined; and the like. There was Bible for a thing like that, in the vernacular of the country folk.

This book, in every item of its historical detail, was taken with a literal meaning.

Old trial lawyers, in that day in Virginia, advised the aspiring student for the bar to read it carefully; to have it, like his Blackstone, at his finger tips, for it was the only book the people knew.

And so, with this strange story of a dream and one speaking in a trance, Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford had put over on the dead the dangerous inference that shadowed behind his case.

Mr. Wellington Monroe introduced the grant upon which his case depended.

It was an old Treasury warrant, issued by Patrick Henry, Esquire, as such patents ran, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six, and of the Commonwealth the tenth.

It was on an old folded parchment; the description of the lands by metes and bounds so voluminous that it was written on both sides. It was yellow with age and so used that on a crease there was a hole clean through it, where the fold had worn.

It was written in script, after the fashion of that day, and there was the signature of the governor at the closing line, unquestionably in his hand, "*P. Henry.*"

It lay now before the witness on the table, conclusive of his title.

MR. WELLINGTON MONROE turned the witness over to Colonel Braxton, with a little gesture, as of one who happily brings a difficult affair to its successful issue.

The dense crowd in the court-room leaned forward with anticipation: how would this eccentric lawyer open his defense?

And for some moments he made no move to open it.

He took up the warrant and looked it over, turned it about, and put it down before him. There could be nothing new, in its legal terms, to see. It had been on file, and Colonel Braxton had had opportunity, like other counsel, to look it over.

It was like an unconscious act covering some mental introspection.

And in the interval I regarded Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford, his long body comfortably at ease in the witness chair, his stiff leg extended and his pink face, between the fleeces of beard, composed for victory. And my loathing for the creature deepened.

He seemed by his very age, by his very infirmity of lameness, to have taken a base advantage.

How could any one of us champion the girl against this lame old man!

By these infirmities he was beyond the swing of our clenched hand. I had got myself in fancy, in the romance of such a mood: in the very cast and costume of it —a rapier in my hand, going down the steps of a château in the morning sun, in a ruffled shirt, to defend her kingdom.

But how could one run such a creature through! I could have spat my derision!

Colonel Braxton's opening seemed a mere courteous review.

"Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford," he said, "let us see if I recall your direct evidence correctly: you belong to a family that has had favor of dreams?"

"We may say that, sir," replied the witness. "Heaven has on occasion, by that agency, helped us to recover what others wrongfully withheld from us."

"And so," continued Colonel Braxton, "you attribute these dreams to Heaven?"

"That, sir," replied Mr. Ponsford, "should be the revered conclusion; all favors are from Above."

The attorney moved his hands in a vague assent.

"Heaven sent you a vision of your father?"

"Yes."

"It beckoned to you, and twice in your dream you saw it?"

"That is precisely the truth, sir," Mr. Ponsford answered.

"And then," the attorney continued, "this favor of Heaven ceased. The vision did not return. You could get no further direction from On High. You slept on, Mr. Ponsford, and in your perplexity you no doubt prayed Heaven for a further vision."

"Now upon that especial point," said

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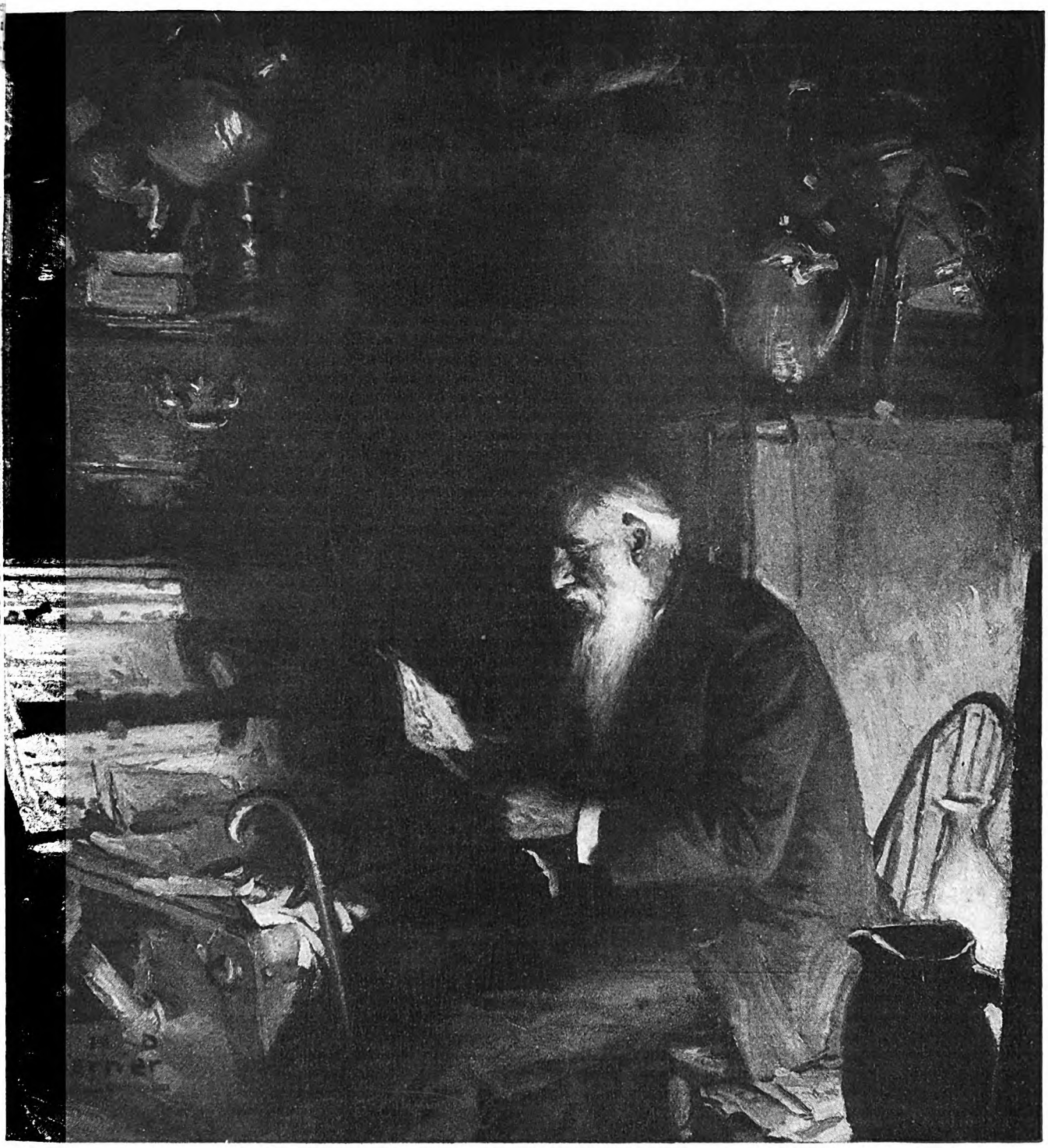

The warrant had been discovered by him in an old trunk. It was among a mass of petty documents that had descended to his father from his grandfather's large affairs

Mr. Ponsford, "I have not spoken in my direct examination; but, as it happens, you divine correctly. I did seek by the means you name, a further guidance from Above, if it were the will of God to so direct me."

"But there was no response to the invocations?"

The witness shrugged his shoulders.

"I got no further direction in a dream."

"And now, Mr. Ponsford," the attorney went on, "you were in grave perplexity; further communication with Heaven was denied you; you were, as you tell us, financially in distress, and, so beset, you went to a spirit medium."

The witness stroked the wedge points of his beard.

"It seemed a sort of folly," he replied; "I have never held such persons in regard, but as it happened it was fortunate for me."

"Ah!" said Colonel Braxton, "but *was* it fortunate for you?"

The exclamation coming suddenly and with vigor seemed to fill the court-room.

"You are a very tall man, Mr. Ponsford."

The expletive, the sudden driving query and the irrelevant statement added, lifted the audience into a dramatic tension.

The people leaned forward in their seats.

The interest in the court-room did not disturb the witness. He was accustomed to the exigencies of legal trials. He did not expect a suit at law to sail happily into port without the buffeting of some cross-currents. But there was, I thought, a shifty apprehension in his face for all its amiable composure.

"Now, Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford," continued Colonel Braxton, as in explanation, "it is a custom in the law courts, when a case comes up, to cite a precedent, a leading case in which the facts are parallel; and I am able, I think, to cite such a leading case, precisely on all fours with your story. It is the case of a tall man like yourself, who, having been accustomed to directions from Heaven, and finding that aid cut off, and being, as you were, in grave perplexity, had recourse to a medium. You (*Continued on page 98*)

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Ten Ways To Make A Fool Of Yourself

By Ellis Parker Butler

THE reason people come to me when they want to know how to make fools of themselves is because they know I am an expert at the job, having been all the kinds of fool there are except the one who blows down the barrel of a shotgun to see if it is loaded. I escaped that by never having had a shotgun. However, I did the best I could with a Fourth of July pistol that used .22 blank cartridges. I placed the nose of the pistol against the palm of my left hand in order to see why the trigger did not work.

Old Doc Thompson dug out the wad and I fainted only once. People who knew me said it was a wonder I had not been biting the pistol barrel to see if it was metal. They should have known that I would not put my mouth to metal on a hot Fourth of July day—I usually did that in zero weather.

The boys out our way, when they wanted to make fools of themselves by freezing their tongues to cold metal, usually stuck their tongues against barn door locks or lamp posts. But I was a bigger fool than that—I stuck mine against an iron pillar that held up a porch two stories above the street, and the only way to get loose was for folks to tear down the building or rip all the skin off my tongue. They let the building stand.

Since then I have discovered—without outside aid—practically every way of making a fool of myself that can cause a man to blush at his own idiocy. The only thing that troubles me in recommending ten really satisfactory ways of making a fool of yourself is deciding which to select and which to leave out. I think the best thing I can do is to pick out ten infallible ways of looking absolutely foolish, and then throw in a few more suggestions for good measure.

Not so long ago, I wrote an article about what a fool I had made of myself in buying stock in a couple of companies that did not have the vigor even to blow up. When I had put some thousands of dollars in them they gave forth a low, hissing sound like that made by a pink rubber pig as it deflates, and simply lay down and expired, like a sick jellyfish. It was a fine article and full of good advice. When it had been printed, several banks and investment concerns asked permission to reprint it and broadcast it as a warning to others not to buy fool stocks.

I TOOK the money the editor paid me for it and bought one hundred shares of oil stock. To get this stock, I had to go to Bowie, Arizona, take a branch train to Globe, Arizona, take another train to Miami, Arizona, and there sit up till three o'clock in the morning entertaining an oil-stock salesman I had never seen before, until he was willing to sell me one hundred shares in an oil company of which I knew nothing. The name of the company was something like "The Oklatexomexokan Oil Company," and it was a sure winner. The trouble with most oil companies, you see, is that they own wells in only one place, and if those wells go flooie the whole thing goes flooie. But that could not happen to this company; it owned one sixteenth of an acre in one place and half a square foot in another and one hundredth of an inch in another, and anybody could see that there was not one chance in a million for all those oil lands to go bad at the same time. Such a thing was impossible. It is also impossible for me to sell the hundred shares for two dollars.

Every sucker has been warned by the wise guy that "A fool and his money are soon parted." But the fool who parts with his money quickly is a mere amateur at the game. It takes a professional to *save* up his money and then buy icicles with it. I have been that sort of professional most of my life; almost anyone who has shown me an icicle, saying, "How about this for genuine alabaster?" has been able to sell it to me, and all I had left by the time I got home was a piece of wet wrapping paper.

ANOTHER excellent way of making a fool of yourself is to get raging angry on a momentary provocation. I go in for that quite a little, and I find it very efficacious. One night, when I was a young fellow, I was walking down the street on my way to do some work in the office and I passed three fellows, one of whom was eating an apple. When I was ten feet beyond them an apple core hit me in the middle of the back.

It did not jar me much, because I had on an ulster that weighed as much as I did and was an inch or two thick, and under that a suit of clothes and a set of the good old red woolen underwear that would bend but not break. But I was so angry that I turned right around and walked back and drew back my fist and aimed a terrible blow at the face of one of the three. I weighed then one hundred and thirty pounds, and was so strong that if I put my full weight on it I could break the point of a lead pencil, unless the lead was too hard. But I did not hit the young fellow in the face; he drew back his head and I hit him in the neck. His neck was as hard as a locust post, and if I had not had gloves on I would have skinned my knuckles.

As soon as I hit the young man I knew I had made a mistake. I had plenty of anger but not enough velocity for that sort of thing. I had the sort of muscle that takes two blows to swat a housefly—one to stun it and the next to complete the murder. I knew even more certainly that I had made a fool of myself when the light from a store window showed me that the man I had hit was the middle-weight champion of eastern Iowa. He was fairly well celebrated on account of being champion but mostly because of his habit of picking a street fight whenever he could, and then leaving his victim an unconscious wreck with one ear chewed off.

I BELIEVE the reason he did not murder me on the spot was because he had mangled his last six victims so badly that the police had told him he would get six months in jail for his next massacre; but I did not know that then. Friends told me later, when I was in bed getting over my case of nervous prostration. As soon as I saw whom I had hit I walked hastily away and turned into the post office. I had never seen such a vacant post-office lobby, but I managed to open our firm's letter box and take out the contents. It was one blue card and it bore the words "Box Rent Due," and I remained there and read this for a quarter of an hour while the middle-weight champion of eastern Iowa stood in the vestibule glaring at me through the glass. I had just turned the blue card over to read what was on the other side when he became impatient and entered the lobby. He walked up to me.

"Say, what'd you mean, hittin' me in the neck?" he growled at me.

I tried to say something—possibly my prayers—but my Adam's apple got caught on my epiglottis and I could not make a sound.

"I could bust you one that you wouldn't know nothin' for six weeks, see?" he said in an unpleasant tone. "I didn't throw no apple at you. You thought I throwed that core at you, didn't you? Hittin' me like that when I didn't throw no core at you! You got to fix it up with me, see?"

"How?" I managed to say.

"You ought to buy me a glass of beer, anyway," he said.

It was twenty years before I told anyone about that little episode, so I know I made a fool of myself when I let myself get mad enough to hit a prize fighter in the neck; otherwise I would have bragged about it. Nine times out of ten, when you let your anger flare into action or speech you are hitting a prize fighter in the neck, or, more likely, hitting yourself in the face and giving yourself a black eye. You are pretty sure to be some sort of ridiculous figure, whether the person you flare up at is your boss, your wife, or the sharp end of the rocking chair.

I will pass over the original ten great warnings against being a fool that the Ten

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Commandments set forth, since every sane man knows he is a fool to commit murder, to steal, or to break any of those well-recognized basic rules. But how about the man who sits down to break a record by eating, let us say, six thousand clams or a cord of mince pies?

I remember a Thanksgiving, some years ago, when I ate so much turkey and mince pie that I had to lie on the floor and groan. It was not on a bet; but I had an eating mate, and we just kept each other company in our jaw work. I do think I made a fool of myself by overeating. The other man is dead now, and, oddly enough, he died of acute indigestion. I am still alive, but that is probably because the fool-killer did not find me at home when he called here—I was over in New York overeating at a banquet. I remember what a fool we always thought the man who overloaded his horses; but a man's own insides are more easily wrecked than a horse's are. A man will measure his horse's food to the ounce, and then go in and eat until he is pop-eyed, or pour enough liquor into himself to kill a herd of elephants, and still expect people to think he is a sane human being. The newspapers usually say "No flowers."

AND when it comes to doing things for which a man is not trained, such as the time when I tried to make my first extemporaneous speech—well, you can put that down as the fourth way of making a fool of yourself. As nearly as I can remember, when I made my maiden effort there were two million people present, each with six sets of eyes; and the only word I could remember was "Ah—," so I repeated it until the redness of my face hurt the entire twelve million eyes, and they turned away with loud sneers and talked about the Entertainment Committee very unkindly. So I sat down, and wiped my perspiring face with a piece of lettuce, including the mayonnaise.

Nearly every man who agrees to make a speech takes his reputation for wisdom in his hands and throws it to the wolves. But how a man is to learn to make a speech without making a fool of himself, I don't know. Out at Billings, Montana, in their Rotary Club, they told me they had a system that was pretty sure to cure or kill him. Each man in turn had to make a ten-minute speech at the luncheons, and if he could not speak he had to stand silent during the ten minutes allotted to him. After the second or third period of standing mute, he usually managed to say something.

An equally idiotic way of making a fool of yourself, so equally idiotic that I'm lumping it with speech-making, is "bitin' off more than you can chaw." For instance; Napoleon, a son of sunny Corsica, butted into a Russian winter, and had to walk home to Paris with nothing much left but a couple of chilblains and a lot of experience. Napoleon's dead, but the annals of American business are black with the names of men who threw up jobs they could handle to take positions they could not swing, and who dropped out looking considerably like what you are warned not to call your brother.

I'LL wager that the automobile has taught folks more ways of making fools of themselves than any other modern invention.

What, in the name of all that's sensible, are you making of yourself when you drive your car out on a slippery road without chains, coast down hills past signs which say "Go into second gear;" try to beat the train at the railroad crossing, or strike a match to see how much gas is in the tank?

And what kind of fool is a girl who takes a chance ride with a strange young man who slides up to the curb in a gaudy runabout and a smile? "Thanks for the buggy ride, kind sir." Well, maybe! But more likely than not she'll wear out the soles of her shoes walking home.

Then there is the hurry-scurrying fool who is always flirting with death in order to save a split second of time. Not having any martyr blood in my veins, I feel that the most important thing I can do is to keep alive, because if I die there will be no one else (*Continued on page 124*)

If You Ask Me:

It isn't what you get that proves you a "sap," but what you pay for it

A WISE man and a foolish one might each invest money in the stock certificates of a wild-cat oil well company, and the first thus prove his wisdom and the second thus prove his folly. The wise man might buy the certificates as scrap paper and the foolish one might buy the stock at par.

The proof of the "sucker" is the price he pays.

There are exceptions, of course. If the lot adjoining your residence is priced too high, and you want it in order to give yourself more elbow room, the fact that you pay more than anybody else would doesn't prove you a "sucker." It isn't poor business to pay what a thing is worth to you, however little it may be worth to anybody else.

The "sap" who is the butt of the world's ridicule is the simpleton who pays more for a thing than it is worth to him.

The word "sap" is used to describe all persons who are foolish, but it is used also to describe anybody held in contempt. Thus the hard worker, the generous man, and the giver of alms are "saps" to the cynical, superficially-clever people who at present so noisily occupy the foreground of American life.

If you are inclined to think yourself a good bargainer and a good judge of values, here is a test by which you may determine whether you have in yourself any of the folly you delight to ridicule:

How much did you pay for what you have? How much do you pay for what you get out of life?

I have a friend who wanted a million dollars and got it; but he paid too much. While he was getting possession of his million, his family went to the dogs.

I know another who had uncommon talent in music. He wanted fame, and paid in advance. He's in a sanitarium now, resting his nerves.

Perhaps you want social leadership in your community. Well, it can be had; but there is a price to pay. I know two "social leaders" who look fagged, and take something at night to make them sleep.

I know a child who is keeping one grade ahead of other children of her age. By keeping ahead she feeds the vanity of her parents; but she pays. There aren't any roses in her cheeks.

The "sap" you scorn because he hasn't all that you have may have examined the price tags and decided the things were too dear.

I am not suggesting that you stifle ambition and desire and deny yourself pleasures. You have but one life to live, and the time to enjoy it is now. The time to take a piece of cake is when the cake is passed.

But when you sit down and order for six without reading the prices on the menu, you are taking considerable risk. Few things are more embarrassing than a bill that is surprisingly large.

It isn't miserly to look at the price tag; it's just common sense.

And, no matter how clever you feel or how sophisticated you are, if you pay Life more than the things you get from it are worth, you are intimately related to the Sap family.

Rob't Quillen.

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Shooting Stars

By George W. Gray

PHOTOGRAPH FROM YERKES OBSERVATORY

Halley's Comet

ON a clear, cold, Sunday night in February, 1913, two men were tramping the white hills east of Georgian Bay, in Canada. It was shortly after nine o'clock when they stopped to rest, and one was bending down to adjust the straps of his snow-shoes when the other exclaimed in an excited voice, "Look! Look!" He looked, and what he saw was the sight of a lifetime—the stuff that dreams are made of—a story to tell to children and grandchildren.

He saw a fiery red star coursing along the southern sky, moving with stately and unhurried calm. It seemed to drift through the ether without any effort. A long stream of fire sparkled behind and faded at the end to a dull glow like dying embers.

Hardly had this apparition passed when a flock of five other stars followed, moving in mass formation, as though they were attendants upon the more important lead star. They too threw out fiery tails. After them came another and larger group; and the glorious procession continued until four separate fleets of shooting stars had passed. They disappeared into the southeast.

"'Pon my word," said one of the men, describing his sensations on seeing this celestial parade, "I don't think I could have been more surprised if they had swung about and had sailed back into the west, from where they came."

But the meteors sailed straight ahead. By the time they were passing Toronto the lead star had broken into a group of smaller stars, which formed a brilliant luminous mass. Behind this came an enormous white tailless star of extraordinary brightness, followed by a cortège of red stars. Many people in Ontario heard a rumbling like thunder immediately after the passing of the meteors. The ground trembled, windows rattled, as if the earth were in the throes of a 'quake. Other people in the same region reported that they heard no noise and felt no 'quake, though they were thrilled by the magnificence of the heavenly spectacle.

The meteoric fleet passed directly over Buffalo, short-cut across a corner of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and swept through the electric-lighted sky of New York. But if any of New York's millions saw it they never reported the fact.

Pursuing a straight-line course, the meteors sped into the haze of the Atlantic Ocean. When sighted at Bermuda their appearance had still further changed. The white star, which was second when seen near Toronto, was now in the lead, and had broken into two enormous violet-white fireballs. They glowed like arc lights and to the observer seemed as large as the moon.

The meteors were last sighted by an officer on the ship "Newlands" in the south Atlantic, three thousand miles beyond Bermuda, still going strong.

THE sense of awe inspired by the majestic movement of these luminous bodies is indescribable. One man, in reporting his experience, said: "It took nearly three minutes for the stars to pass. It was a pageant of unsurpassable beauty."

Quite in contrast with this celestial spectacle of 1913, which sailed on into the southeast like a fleet of Olympian airships, is the experience of a ranchman near Mazapil, Mexico. "It was about nine o'clock in the evening of November 27th, 1885, and I went out to the corral to feed certain horses," reports the ranchman. "Suddenly I heard a loud sizzling noise, exactly as though something red-hot was being plunged into cold water. Almost instantaneously came a heavy thud. The corral was flooded for a fraction of time with a phosphorescent light, and the air was filled with bright sparks.

"When I had somewhat recovered from my fright I brought a lantern, and found a hole in the ground. In it was a ball of light. Fearing that it would explode, I moved some distance away. After a while I returned, and found in the hole a hot stone which I could barely handle. All night it rained stars; but I saw no others fall to the ground; they all seemed to go out high up."

To-day that "stone," which weighs about eight pounds, is one of the interesting exhibits in the National Museum in Mexico City.

So some meteors sail through the sky, others drop to the earth, and others burn up in the air. But what are meteors? Where do they have their origin? How do they affect the earth? Are they dangerous to human life?

Perhaps every reader of this article has asked himself such questions as he watched a streak of light shoot across the sky, so alive and aggressive in contrast with the familiar friendly stars of the firmament. There is scarcely a

The Comet

By Arthur Guiterman

BEFORE the dawn of mirth
When all were dull and crass,
A Comet struck the earth—
'Twas made of laughing gas.

And folks together hurled
In sevens, nines, and twelves
Got laughing at the world,
Each other—and themselves.

And as they laughed, they saw
What paltry gods of tin
Were those they held in awe,
And oh, what fools they'd been!

They laughed away their hates,
Their cruelties, their lies,
Their ponderous debates,
Their every proud disguise.

A merry thunder tore
The mists that blinded men. . . .
It happened so before,
Why couldn't it again?

I pray for all I'm worth
To see it come to pass—
A Comet strike the earth
Composed of laughing gas.

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Clear night when meteors may not be seen, and at certain seasons they are numerous, and appear in showers. What do these shooting stars, these "wanderers" from the solar system, say to the men who study the heavens and who are wise in the doings of celestial bodies?

It was to ask such questions that I visited the Harvard College Observatory. Since 1924 special researches in meteors have been in progress at this historic astronomical station in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"Meteors are fragments of matter in space," explained Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the observatory. "Every day, as the earth whirls along its journey around the sun at the rate of eighteen and one-half miles a second, it encounters millions of these fragments, many of them traveling much faster than the earth. Some of the meteors are scarcely larger than grains of sand. Others weigh many tons. But, whatever the size of the body, it seems to be without light or heat until it strikes our atmosphere.

"The moment the meteor enters the earth's atmosphere, its pace is slowed down by the friction of the air, and its outer surface is heated by the same process. Were it not for our blanket of protecting atmosphere we should be pelted continually by these bodies, for it is conservatively estimated that not less than ten million meteors strike the earth's atmosphere every twenty-four hours.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM YERKES OBSERVATORY

Nebula in the constellation Cygnus (the Swan) called from its shape, "North America"

"TO THE casual watcher of the sky, meteors may seem interesting only as a display of nature's fireworks. But to the astronomer they are objects of serious study. It may be that some of the secrets of the stars may yet be unlocked to us by these seemingly accidental wanderers into our atmosphere. My own work in astronomy has been almost wholly concentrated on stellar distances and the structure of the sidereal universe. But I am interested in meteors for several reasons," said Doctor Shapley.

"In the first place, they interest me as specimens from starry space. There are many theories of the origin of meteors. Some have tried to account for them as projectiles thrown out by the mountains of the moon ages ago, when the moon was young and its mountains were active volcanoes. Very few astronomers hold to this theory to-day, however. Another hypothesis is that meteors are the débris of planets that have broken up, or are material left over from the birth of our earth.

"Meteors are also explained as fragments of comets—and many meteoric authorities agree that this is a sound theory of the origin of some meteors. It has been discovered that many meteors move in well-defined paths, and in several instances the path of a stream of meteors corresponds to the path of a well-known comet. That curious chunk of material, for example, which fell into the corral at Mazapil and frightened the Mexican ranchman, is believed by many authorities to be a fragment of Biela's comet, which has not been seen since 1852. The paths of the shooting stars seen that night were traced back by astronomers to the orbit of the lost comet, and it seems a safe assumption that Biela's comet broke up into a stream of meteors.

"Allowing for all these

PHOTOGRAPH FROM AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, N. Y. C.

(Left) The largest meteor ever found in the United States, discovered at Willamette, Oregon, in 1902. It is ten feet long, six and a half feet high, and four feet three inches thick. It weighs 31,107 pounds. Its large hollows are probably due to friction in flight, but the smaller deep hollows are thought to have been caused by rust and decomposition after it fell. It is now in the American Museum of Natural History, New York

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explanations, however, there still remain many sporadic meteors which cannot be accounted for as parts of our sun's family. It is fairly definitely proved that they come from the region of the stars."

"How is it proved?" I asked.

"By the velocities of the meteors," answered the astronomer. "Twenty-six miles a second, at our distance from the sun, is called parabolic velocity. It is the best the sun alone can do. We know that when a body moves into our atmosphere at a rate greater than twenty-six miles a second it is traveling in an orbit or path which begins in infinity and extends into infinity. It must come from the stars. Meteoric velocities as high as seventy-five miles a second have been reported."

WHEN you pick up a meteorite—such as may be seen in any one of dozens of museums—it is thrilling to think that you may hold in your hand a piece of a star that disrupted millions of years ago, finally to be captured by our earth.

"There is another possibility as to the identity of these visitors," continued Doctor Shapley, bringing up his second reason for interest. "We find in space not only the separate heavenly bodies which we know as stars, but, in addition, vast clouds of matter called nebulæ. Some of the nebulæ are bright. But there are other nebulæ that give no light. In the southern skies, near the Southern Cross, is one known as the Coal Sack. It is seemingly just a patch of pitch darkness, and was long thought to be starless space, 'a hole in the heavens,' as Herschel phrased it. We know now that it is an enormous mass of matter.

"A third reason why meteors are scientifically significant is found in the opportunity they give to study the upper atmosphere. Explorations have reached the North and South Poles and all the accessible regions of the earth's surface, but little is known of this gaseous blanket which envelops our earth. We are not even sure how high up the atmosphere extends. It is certainly not less than one hundred miles, and may be twice that.

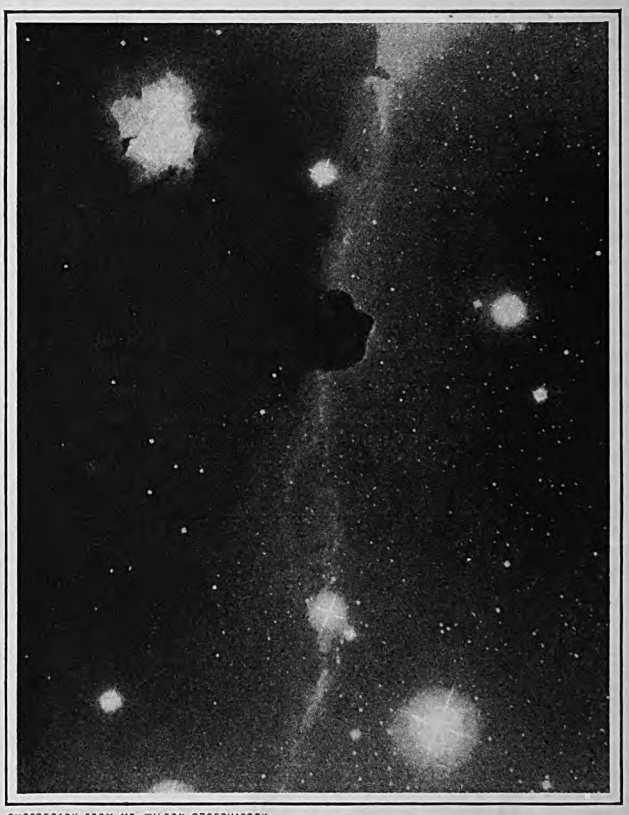
"Into this envelope of gas which encloses us, darts from time to time combustible matter in the shape of meteors. By studying what happens to them in the atmosphere we may get new light on what is happening in far-away stars. Moreover, the information obtained from the study of our atmospheric covering may prove to be of practical value in other fields. It is quite possible that our weather and airship navigation may be affected by the currents, temperature, stratifications, and other conditions of the upper air.

"My final point of interest is the chemical make-up of meteors. Of what is the universe made? Are the stars of the same substance as the earth? Those are leading questions for astronomers and physicists, and the light of more than two hundred thousand individual stars has been analyzed and studied here at this observatory in the effort to answer such questions.

"METEORS which fall to the earth give an opportunity to do more than study starlight. They may be handled, broken into, examined under the microscope, submitted to chemical tests.

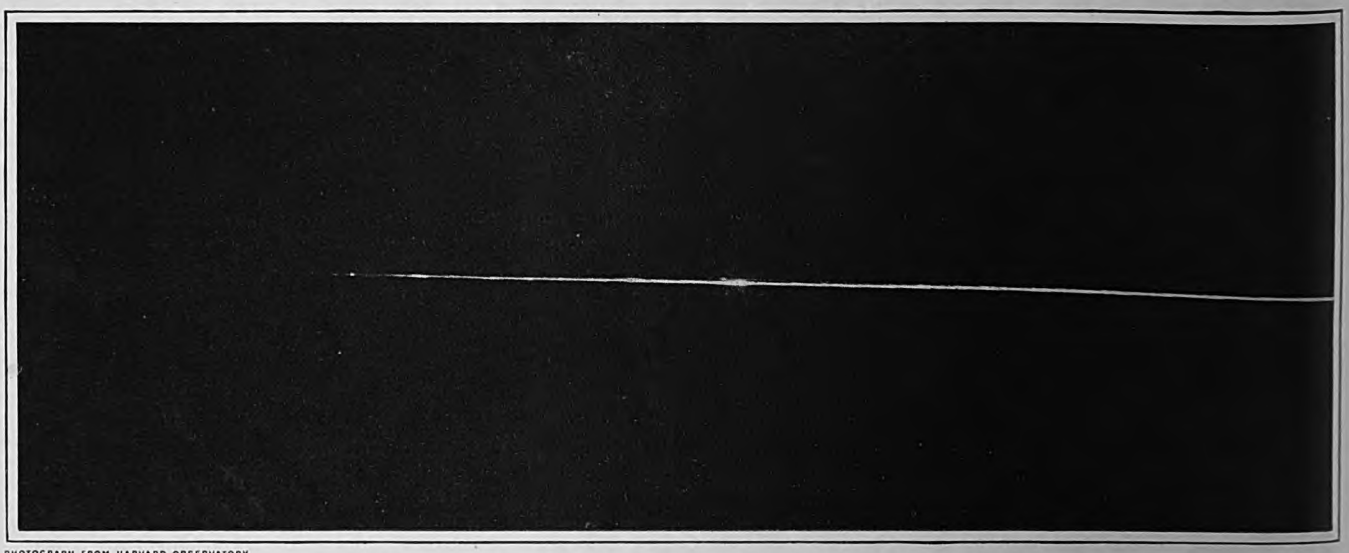
"Thus far we have not found any new elements in meteorites; but we have found unique combinations. Meteoric iron has a different texture from manufactured iron, and it is always in alloy with nickel. An extraordinary block of material was found in 1924 embedded in the sands of the Sahara Desert, and its appearance suggested that it was probably a fallen meteor. Analysis showed it to contain a new kind of iron. Heretofore, three kinds of meteoric iron were known. The Sahara block has contributed a fourth, and scientists are awaiting further news of this find with keen interest."

Meteor research at the Harvard College Observatory is centered on photographic records. For forty years that observatory has been taking pictures of the stars almost every clear night. It now has more than three hundred thousand negatives, covering every section of the heavens. Three years ago it was decided to make a systematic search of these photographs to see what meteors might have been caught by the camera (*Continued on page 175*)



PHOTOGRAPH FROM MT. WILSON OBSERVATORY

In the center and to the left in this photograph appears one of the most remarkable of the dark nebulæ, situated in the constellation Orion. It is believed by astronomers to be part of an immense dark mass which cuts off the light from the distant stars, and leaves visible only those stars which lie between it and the earth



PHOTOGRAPH FROM HARVARD OBSERVATORY

The trail of a quadruple meteor. A strong magnifying glass used upon the original photograph shows that there are the trails of four individual meteors in this long streak of light, which was photographed at the Harvard Observatory, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, October 3d, 1910. The enlargement of the trail at irregular distances to form curious spindle-like shapes is one of the unsolved meteoric secrets. Whether it indicates explosions of the meteors, or different stratifications of the atmosphere, is a problem which the meteoric astronomers are trying to solve

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Getting Away From The Grind

What vacations mean to your health and happiness—Why you should take them, where you should go for them, and how you should act after you get there

By William S. Sadler, M. D.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN sat in my office the other day and told me the story of his loss of pep. "My brain's acting 'cobwebby'," said he. "I can't think clearly; I'm beginning to lose interest in my work, and I'm making serious business blunders."

In an effort to get to the bottom of his trouble, I inquired: "Do you take regular vacations?"

"I haven't had a real vacation in fifteen years," he replied. "I've been too busy. And I have enjoyed my work so much that it has been play to me. As a matter of fact, I have never had any trouble with my health until the past six months."

After studying this man's case thoroughly, I came to the conclusion that his utter neglect of annual vacations, and his failure to indulge in some fad or hobby at week-ends, were the chief causes for his failing efficiency and depleted store of health energy.

I have discovered that about eighty per cent of my patients take regular annual vacations. The remaining twenty per cent either take a vacation every two, three, or four years, a little extra time off when they are making a business trip of some sort, or no vacation at all. Now, it's my firm belief it is imperative that the American people should form the habit of taking each year a vacation of at least two weeks.

Therefore, right at the beginning of this article, let me emphasize the necessity of having a vacation item in your budget. Vacations are not a luxury; they are, from the health standpoint, a *necessity*, and the annual vacation should become a matter of fixed habit.

In fact, there are a great many people who would greatly benefit by having two weeks' vacation *twice* a year. In the case of certain high-strung neurotic individuals, men and women who are not in robust health, those who are over fifty or sixty years of age, I strongly recommend a semi-annual vacation.

When you begin to dream about your work; when you are getting "touchy," and people begin to "get on your nerves," when you lose control of your temper—then it's time to take a vacation.

What do we hope to accomplish when we actually enter upon this annual vacation? I suppose most of us aim for physical benefit. And there is no doubt that, by relieving the physical body of some of the stress and strain it bears throughout the year, we add to its recuperative powers and contribute directly to the prolongation of life. The weekly rest day is, of course, designed to accomplish this purpose; but it is well to augment these periods of relaxation with the annual or semi-annual periods of longer and more marked relaxation, and change of activity.

But the real benefit of a vacation is not just physical—it is more psychologic and neurologic. The break in the monotony of working and living that a vacation affords is its greatest value. Monotony is a deadly influence upon the human mind. By nature, we crave excitement. So if we don't get a reasonable amount of it in a normal fashion some of our less controlled fellow beings are tempted to go after it in questionable lines, whether it be the taking of exhilarating or intoxicating drugs, or the indulgence in unsocial exploits on the border lines of vice and crime. There Many lifelong (*Continued on page 181*)

fore, as variety is essential to human health and happiness, we should plan for it in sane and legitimate channels.

We must not forget the fact that physical sleep is of very little value in resting the mind and nervous centers. Of course sleep serves a purpose as far as the physical recharging of the nervous batteries is concerned; but the real rest of mind comes from change of activity, from play, from doing something we dearly love to do. During a vacation, don't make the mistake of forcing your mind to do something it does not like to do.

ANOTHER valuable thing about a vacation is that it gets us away from our work, and gives us a long-distance viewpoint of what we are doing. As a result, we come back feeling fit for new struggles, increased efforts, and new achievements. Of course it sometimes goes hard for a few days while we are getting back into harness. We are all more or less lazy. But after we have poked ourselves up a bit, things look different. We have new ideas about solving some of our problems. Even the routine affairs of office or home are not quite so wearing as they were before we betook ourselves off for a holiday.

On a vacation you meet new people, view fresh scenes. You create a background for the birth of new ideas concerning your jobs, and for months after you return from a happy holiday you find that you are less conscious of the grind you are in. If tired and overworked housewives could get away from the children for two weeks, how glad they would be to get back, and how much more the children would appreciate Mother!

Another fine thing about a vacation is that it helps you to enjoy your week-end holidays to better advantage. It makes you appreciate the recreational and relaxing opportunities of your shorter periods of rest and change.

A vacation can be so planned and managed as to contribute enormously to one's culture, not to mention the fact that it may also enlarge our capacity for living, thinking, and otherwise enjoying our feelings.

What's Sauce for the Gander is Sauce for the Goose

"MARRIED folks must sit down and work out proper plans and make suitable compromises on this matter of the annual vacation," says Doctor Sadler. "Vacations are made for wives just as much as for husbands, and wives sometimes need them more. I fear men are altogether too selfish about this vacation business. I know any number of men who see to it that they get a vacation once or twice a year, with never a thought about their wives having a vacation. Mother stays home with the children, while Father goes off to recuperate.

"It is always possible to find some place in which each member of the family can enjoy a vacation to his own liking and in accordance with his individual needs. Some can have excitement and change; others can have rest and solitude. They can have the same headquarters, but varying activities."

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"Pity and Need
Make All Flesh Kin—"

Diamonds

The story of a woman who played the game, even when there was no gallery to applaud

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

It grew stiller in the room. The street noises below had nothing to do with her, no connection whatever

"YOU'VE got your diamonds, Maud," said Alva admiringly. "They ought to keep you pretty easy in your mind."

Maud looked down at her hands, spreading the fingers apart appraisingly and moving her hand into a vagabond ray of sunlight that strayed through the restaurant window.

"Yes, I've got them," she agreed.

"I've always admired that cluster with the thirteen cut stones. Not that the solitaire isn't a beauty, and the others too. And the bracelets. Where's your bar pin?"

Maud pressed her bosom.

"Inside," she said reassuringly. "But you haven't ordered, Alva. The club luncheon here is always good. Try that marshmallow pudding."

Alva considered. She was a large woman, with a face which showed signs of so much handling that it had become loosened in outline. A stylish woman, with the look of a camp follower of fashion, a hunter in bargain basements.

"I guess I will. You know," she added confidentially, "with these club luncheons it's just as cheap here as anywhere, isn't it? Considering what you get and the service and all."

"Absolutely. It's so near to the apartment that I come here off and on. Gets me out. I don't eat any breakfast. I don't cook anything there much any more. There's a lot of places where you can get a good plate dinner, reasonable too."

"No wonder you keep your looks, without breakfast. You look just about twenty, Maud."

"I don't feel it."

"Of course, you wouldn't, just yet. With the shock. Still, it's a good six months since poor Bill died, isn't it? You still living in that same apartment?"

"Couldn't get rid of it," said Maud. "Bill had one of those prison-term leases, and I couldn't sublet it. It's been a bad winter for things like that in New York. My lease runs out next week, though."

"You'll miss it," said Alva sagely.

Maud shrugged.

"Not me. I'll be glad to be rid of the place. Of course it was nice just at first not to have to make a change, but—" She stopped. "Oh, I don't know, Alva. I never cared much for that apartment. It was Bill's idea. He liked to make a showing, you know, put up a big front. That was Bill."

"HE WAS awfully generous to you, Maud. There's not a woman I know has got such diamonds."

"I know. But when you think of the money he threw around, it makes you kind of sick." She smiled a little bitterly. "I never could get anything put aside, Alva. The best I could do was the diamonds. Not even a stick of furniture to call my own."

Alva's imitation eyebrows went up.

"I thought you owned all that stuff!"

"No. We rented the place furnished. Here's our lunch at last. The club lunch over there, waiter—soup here. And give me the check."

Alva waived conversation and settled herself to the business in hand. The girl opposite sat idly over her soup, watching people drift past.

"Where are you going to live now?" asked Alva. "Say, these scallops are good. Try a few."

Maud shook her head.

"Oh, I can live anywhere. It depends on what I do. That was what I wanted to talk to you about."

"You mean Bill didn't leave you very well fixed? Not that I want to be inquisitive, dearie."

Maud ignored the apology.

"THERE wasn't very much," she said. "It was so terribly sudden. Bill wasn't the kind of person to think about dying, and he never was much on this rainy-day proposition. He had a few bum investments. I've been going over those, cleaning up what I could. There was some insurance; but I had the expenses to meet out of that, and the rent ate a hole into what was left over. And he had a lot of other people's IOU's. But of course I wouldn't try to collect on those. Bill would turn over in his grave if I did. You know how he was."

"Why don't you come back to the beauty parlor? Jensen would take you on in a minute, and the place has been all done over. Nice little booths, fancy colors."

"I don't want to work for Jensen again. I don't want to go back to hotel stuff. You know, Alva," she leaned forward, excitement rising in her pretty face, "this is what I thought: I'd get a little place of my own, up-town. There are some of those shops in good neighborhoods, where you can pick up a good steady trade. Nice people, too. I know a place on Seventy-eighth Street they're about ready to let go cheap. The woman who's been running it had to have an operation, and didn't make a good come-back.

"I thought maybe you'd go in with me, Alva. All we'd need would be a couple of girls for shampoos and manicures, and one of those half-breed barbers who look French. The place could be all done over—pretty, you know, Colonial style or something like that. If we put in a couple of thousand apiece that would do it,

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machines and all. I've got an option on it, nothing signed up yet. Would you like to see it?"

Alva shook her head.

"The trouble is," she objected, "that it's too big a responsibility. I can get pretty nearly any salary I want from Jensen now, within reason. I do a better permanent than he does, and keep those girls in order, too. And it's clear money. Where, the other way, you carry the whole load. I'd certainly like to, if I could; but I don't see my way clear!"

"WELL, maybe I'm crazy. But I'd like to have something of my own."

Alva's face grew more cushiony with her soft, friendly smile.

"As for that—with your face, dearie—you'll be having a man of your own before very long, no disrespect to Bill intended."

"No. Bill was a dear, but once is enough."

"You just wait a while," said Alva wisely, putting down her fork reluctantly. "Well, I certainly enjoyed myself, dearie. I've hardly caught a glimpse of you these last six months. Next time you're down around the hotel, drop in, and we'll have lunch on me. Can I get a subway at the corner? The bus gets held up so."

"I'll go with you," said Maud, slipping into her coat and taking care of the waiter.

"About that shop," reverted Alva as they went skillfully through the crowds; "you let me know what you do. If you really take the place, and want me with you after you get started, I might leave Jensen. But to go in now would take nearly every cent I've got put by. And I've got my mother, you know, and have to stay pretty sure of my bread and butter. Come in some day next week and let me show you our new shingle. Nothing in New York like it. You've got just the face for it, too."

"I can't, next week. I promised to go and visit Bill's mother for a few days. She lives up-state. She's been at me to come, ever since. I thought when I moved out of the apartment I'd take them the few personal things Bill left."

The subway express shot violently up to them, opening its doors to swallow Alva, and was rushed away on the instant. Maud went up the steps again into the sunlight, and paused, deciding which way to turn. She was tired of window shopping and there was no other kind she ought to do. She turned her steps with reluctance back toward Fifty-third Street and home.

The apartment was on the third floor. A lazy colored elevator boy took her up to that level, and she opened her door as usual to stillness. It had been like that ever since Bill had gone, very still.

Orange sunfast curtains at the windows, the big spongy davenport and chairs that Bill had loved, several tables, a glassed bookcase, with some of the books Bill had bought on trains behind its doors—those were the furnishings which they had rented for three years. The only signs of their occupancy were the stray books, a few ash trays and magazines and, here and there, some burned holes in the carpet and upholstery.

It was a fragment of an old house, this apartment, and between the living-room and the big bedroom was an alley, made into a kind of butler's pantry. There was an electric stove there and a porcelain sink, and above them many glasses, and an incomplete set of dishes. Maud used to get breakfast there when Bill was alive—toast on the electric toaster, eggs in the pan above, and coffee in the percolator. She couldn't do it now. It was too ghostly.

She caught Georgia's eyes once, shifting from the pinhead diamond that still adorned her own finger in memory of her miserable marriage, to the clusters on Maud's hands, and back again, in discouragement

Everyone had always said that it was a great arrangement for evening parties. Maud could almost hear Bill's cheerful laugh now, mixing some concoction—how many hundreds had he mixed to the sound of his own voice, shouting jokes to the guests in the living-room! Bill's

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friends. They had fallen away like shadows after the funeral—before, many of them—not in unkindness, but because it was Bill who had gathered them together, not Maud.

Behind the pantry kitchen was the bedroom, with the bath opening off it. Against the wall was Maud's trunk, the wardrobe trunk with blue velvet padding. Bill had bought it when they took that trip to Cincinnati, one day when he was flush. Poor Bill, with his sense of living high while you had it, and his sense of height of living taken out in food and theatres and parties and flash automobiles bought on time. Well, she'd got rid of the car, anyway. No more payments on that, and she'd just about broken even on the resale.

She turned the light on over the vanity and looked at herself, not indulgently but critically. According to Alva, ten years of marriage had worn lightly on her; but Maud wanted to be sure. It wasn't that she begrudged those ten years. Only, she'd have to start all over again now, as she had at twenty when she married Bill out of the beauty parlor at the Hotel Morocco.

He was thirty-five then, and so big and honest that she had expected to have a home and all the rest of it, after the elaborate wedding trip was over. But it didn't work out that way. You couldn't do it with Bill. He was city spoiled. He didn't want that kind of thing, and you couldn't put it over on him.

HE'D fallen for her all right. All the clothes she wanted, all the theatres, the silk lingerie and expensive apartments or hotel suites. He was a master automobile salesman, and he did make money. But where was it now, wondered Maud—and a long line of theatre ticket stubs and dinner checks and hat bills and dress bills seemed to form an endless chain in her mind. When you put your finger on the chain, it was dust.

But there was enough health and youth to begin again, thought Maud. As well as the diamonds. Four thousand dollars' worth, according to every jeweler; enough to take care of the beauty parlor investment, even without Alva.

"I told you to follow me," Bill used to say proudly, every time he bought her a new ring, or a bracelet, "and you'd wear diamonds! I told you so when I married you, baby, didn't I?"

He had died after two days of agony. Thinking of that horror, Maud was glad for the thousandth time that she had never let him down about his presents, that, after all, she'd played the game his way, since he wouldn't play it as she wanted to.

She pushed the window to the top, and began putting things into the drawers of the wardrobe trunk. One drawer, the lowest one, was carefully lined with tissue paper. Into it went a curious collection: The two linen sheets she had bought one day, the luster vase, packed in cotton, the three baby pillow covers of real filet, and the baby pillow itself. The little picture which she had looked at for weeks in the gallery window on upper Fifth Avenue, and gone in to price and, finally, very embarrassedly, to buy—which had never hung on the wall in the company of the "French prints" that formed part of the decoration of the "furnished apartment."

It was a small brown etching of birches bending in the wind. She had shown it to Bill, and he had asked her if it came as a premium with the coffee, and told her she was a sweetie but she certainly had no taste in art. There was also the red box, which was, after all, just a red box, so she hadn't shown that to Bill at all.

IT GREW stiller in the room. The street noises below had nothing to do with her, no connection whatever. This was what happened often lately, this awful stillness, the knowledge that nobody would come in, that there was nothing for anyone to come for, nobody to ring the telephone. Hour on hour she had borne the stillness, until she seemed melting into it.

Suddenly it rang—the bell of the telephone—jangling into the quiet as if it were playing a trick upon her hushed nerves. She took it up hurriedly.

"Is Mr. Dudley there?" asked the voice.

"No," said Maud. This had happened often during those first weeks; but it was getting even harder to say it now. "He—"

"Can you tell me when he will be there?" the man went on impatiently.

"Mr. Dudley is dead."

The voice at the other end of the line gave a queer little gasp of astonished embarrassment.

"Why, that's awful. I hadn't heard of it. Who's this, Mrs. Dudley?"

"Yes."

"You don't remember me, probably. This is Mark Wooley—from Schenectady. I was out at your place last winter one night."

Maud remembered vaguely. A tall man who hadn't fitted in very well.

"When did this happen? I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Dudley!"

"Six months ago. It was angina. He had had a couple of attacks before, but he hadn't guessed what they were."

He wanted to know about it, and she fell back into the little patter of sentences with which she had explained so often what the surface was that lay over the depth of shock and pain.

"I can't tell you how I feel. I came into town to-day and thought I'd look Bill up and have him put me on the trail of a new car. I thought we'd have dinner together, maybe. Isn't it fierce! You never know, do you? How are you getting along, Mrs. Dudley?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

"Living alone?"

"Just now I am."

"Well, you certainly have my deepest sympathy."

He hesitated, and she could think of nothing to say.

"I really feel most apologetic, calling up this way. I'd really like to come out and see you. Or, I wonder if you would like to get out and have a little dinner somewhere. We can go anywhere you say. Now, don't hesitate to turn me down if you feel like it."

"Why, I think it would be nice," said Maud, thinking quickly of the price of a dinner saved. "Only, you mustn't feel you have to ask me or anything like that."

TWENTY she looked that night, as she stood ready to go out, as if her ten extra years had been miraculously and generously canceled by life. She wore black satin, as lustrous as her skin was soft and white; black satin, from the gentle little folded turban of a hat to her slippers with their rhinestone buckles. It was a cheap dress; but it was cleverly cut, and plain, so that against it the diamond bar pin glittered magnificently. She was wearing all her diamonds, because it made her nervous to leave them in the apartment, and she had cleaned them carefully, so that no facet would lose its chance to catch the light. Maud was meeting Mark Wooley at a fashionable restaurant. It seemed better than to have him come to the apartment, and less melancholy.

She wrapped her coat, also of gleaming black with a hint of mauve in the lining, around her, and walked into the anonymity of the side street and over to the Avenue. The magic of the street seemed to steal into her blood with the sense of life and youth and participation, and she caught back the impressions she gave to people as she walked along, so smartly, as if her limousine waited just around the corner.

She had forgotten Mark Wooley's face; but as soon as she saw him it again became familiar. He was good-looking, with the appearance of a man who always bought suits in one place and rarely varied their cut or color, and he had the ill-at-ease manner of a man to whom restaurant dinners with ladies are unusual.

Maud liked him. She put her white, diamond-heavy little hand in his and took the sympathy he offered, guessing from the somewhat started deference in his manner that he had underestimated her beauty and charm. Maud let him manage the party. Back in the old beauty parlor days, it had been necessary for her to know a good deal about men, about their vanities and simplicities and evasions, and the way lights and food and the sense of being isolated in a crowd with a woman went to their heads.

SHE knew that Wooley felt that stirring attraction, before he knew it, by the way his eyes stayed on her face and by his eager, serious talk about life and death, and his business and the way he lived, alone in Schenectady. But she felt, too, the check somewhere in his admiration, the resistance in Wooley to his own mood.

"Must be lonely for you," he said, as they grew deep in confidence.

"It's awful, sometimes." She felt it again, that pressing quiet, and tightened her lips. "Awful."

"You've been used to a lot of gayety too. How Bill did like a good time! I remember that party at your apartment, and how dumb I felt!"

Maud had always felt dumb at those parties too. But she didn't say so. It didn't seem quite loyal. She only laughed.

"You weren't," she denied.

"Yes. I'm that kind of fellow. Heavy leather, you know." She caught his eyes rather intensely on her face, on the rift of white throat that came above the black satin. They fell to her hands and the diamonds. "It's good of you to waste time on a person like me, Mrs. Dudley. I'm not used to much of anything. Up there in Schenectady a fellow gets a house, a garden, a good substantial car that he runs five or six years, and calls it a day. I suppose we live a month on what it

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sts to live a day down here. Up there, think I've got something, you know. ome down here, and rub up against some the people and the cars, and it doesn't el like much."

"Oh, a lot of this is bluff—don't fool urself."

He looked smilingly at the diamonds. "They're not fake, are they?"

With her sixth sense of perception of men, Maud could tell that he was thinking her a luxury-loving woman, a woman wanting gifts and jewelry and expensive apartments, and getting them

"No—they're real enough!"

She had a sudden impulse to tell him ow wrong he was. He took the diamonds s the index of her, and imagined the rest f her living built to that scale. She anted to tell him that the diamonds ere all she had, and that the house and arden in Schenectady, the occasional ar, the trip to New York now and then, eemed wealth to her. But she didn't. he sat there in her black satin dress and oked rich and petted, and smiled the weet, reluctant smile that made men ant to be with her.

"Bill was certainly devoted to you," aid Mark Wooley. "I remember that ight he asked me to come out how he as talking about you, and what a beauty ou were, and how he couldn't do enough or you."

HIS eyes were again on the diamonds. With her sixth sense of perception of nen, Maud could tell that he was thinking er a luxury-loving woman, a woman anting gifts and jewelry and expensive partments, and getting them. She hated aving that thought of her, and especially aving this man think it, because of his indliness and his respectfulness and the bvious innocence in his talk. She opened er mouth to speak. But no, she couldn't how Bill up.

"Bill certainly was good to me," she aid.

Mark suggested a theatre, but that was ne sign of mourning she had pledged erself to in the oblivious city—staying way from shows, the amusements Bill ad loved best. So they took a taxi and et down the top, though Mark was olicitous about the possibility of her eing cold. For two hours they drove bout the magic city, and its beauty nally drove them to silence; but they hared the silence.

It was after eleven when he left her t her impressive apartment door, a little disheveled from the ride, but all the prettier for that and for the wind color under her rouge.

"I'm afraid it's been a dull evening," he said.

"No, indeed," said Maud.

"You've been awfully good to come out with me. I know how much brighter your usual crowd is."

Maud thought of that crowd, dissolved into space now, but held her peace.

"Good night," he said; "and—" His eyes fell on her rings as he took her hands, and he checked himself. "Good night, and thank you again for coming."

"Good night," answered Maud. She watched him run down the stairs. She knew he was going away, that he would have no reason for coming back, that he had misunderstood her completely.

She went in to meet the stillness, and, pulling on the light above the vanity, sat down before it. Suddenly she stripped the rings from her fingers, the bar pin from her breast, the bracelets from her arm and, tossing them in a twinkling heap under her p llow, threw herself on the bed face downward.

THERE was nothing rustic about the Dudley house, where Bill's mother lived, nothing in the least picturesque. It was old and shabby without gaining any dignity from its age, a stupid wooden house that had always been stupid. Yet Maud had not been in the house more than a few hours before she discovered how intensely Mrs. Dudley respected her home. She found out many things in the first few hours, including the strange feelings of Bill's family about her.

IT HAD never occurred to her until then that the Dudleys had any definite attitude toward her. She had seen her mother-in-law only twice; once when they had stopped at this house for a few hours during their dashing wedding trip, and once at the undertaking parlors from which they had buried Bill, when the elder Mrs. Dudley had wept bitter, passionate tears.

Maud had cried too, but more in pity that Bill's good times were over than in actual grief at the loss. As for his people, they had never really seemed to belong to Bill, but to be somehow accidental in his life; to be remembered at Christmas with some expensive gifts, and that was about all. They had never spent any holiday with the Dudleys. It was always around holiday times that Bill made his biggest sales, and there were always parties to celebrate the sales.

Yet here were the Dudleys, and now Maud was finding (*Continued on page 117*)

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Keep Your Ear To The Ground—You May Learn Something!

Believing that the human race was given ears for use rather than for adornment, John G. Lonsdale "listened in" on commercial needs and met them—In pursuing this policy he built a railroad, opened a brokerage office, and put on its feet a tottering bank that is to-day one of the greatest financial institutions in the Southwest

By William S. Dutton

WHY doesn't somebody build a railroad between Little Rock and here?" demanded folks in Hot Springs, Arkansas, thirty-odd years ago.

John G. Lonsdale, at that time, wasn't yet twenty years old, and he hadn't capital enough to buy even a second-hand caboose. Nevertheless, he built the desired railroad! That road—the Little Rock and Hot Springs Western—is still in operation to-day.

Millionaires and multi-millionaires spent vacations at Hot Springs—such men as John W. Gates, Ogden Armour, Cudahy, of packing fame, the Moore brothers, Leeds. The stock markets of Chicago and New York rose and fell on the words of these men.

"Why," they demanded, fretting about the lobbies of the Hot Springs hotels, "doesn't somebody run a direct telegraph wire into this place and open a first-class brokerage office?"

"All right," said young Lonsdale, and got busy. He established the direct wire and opened the first-class office. It was not long before the firm of J. G. Lonsdale and Company was one of the most famous west of the Mississippi, with an office in New York. More than once Wall Street hesitated—"pending word from Hot Springs." And John Lonsdale had not yet touched thirty!

Twelve years ago the great National Bank of Commerce, in St. Louis, was tottering. In a single stroke it had to charge six million dollars in questionable assets off its books, something few other banks in America had done up to that time and continued in existence.

"Get Lonsdale!" suggested a director who had millions swaying in the balance.

So, one morning, Lonsdale quietly hung up his hat and coat in the National Bank of Commerce, as its president. He was forty-three, already a figure in Wall Street, where he had been earning two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But in the city of St. Louis he was virtually a stranger.

Before five years had passed a St. Louis newspaper said of this stranger: "Come to think of it, we'd about as soon have John Lonsdale as a new free bridge, a great factory, a new Forest Park, or a new Art Museum. He is one of the most valuable assets St. Louis has acquired in fifty years."

They Also Serve Who Only Sit and Watch

MR. LONSDALE relates this incident: "Once a woman said to me in despair: 'My husband is fighting for his business life, and I have to sit helplessly by, because of my ignorance of his affairs.'

"'Madam,' I answered, 'he would have quit long ago but for one help that you've given unstintingly. That help has been your faith in him. It is due to your faith that he *is* fighting.'

"I believe that more victories in this world have been won at its firesides than on its battlefields. Behind more than one brilliant achievement tands the faith of one, perhaps humble, who could only sit by and watch."

How did John Lonsdale become such a valuable asset?

By keeping his ears open to expressed needs, and meeting those needs. By doing what other folks kept wondering why somebody did not get busy and do. Every day in your own circle you hear—"Why doesn't somebody start this?" or, "Why doesn't somebody build that?" In *his* circle Lonsdale has been that Somebody!

A mighty approachable Somebody, I found him. A lot of these big bankers stow themselves away in some inaccessible sanctum, every passage to which is barred by a member of the Royal Guard. But not John Lonsdale. One of the first things he did when he became a bank president was to reverse the usual order: he established the stenographers in the private offices and put the bank's officialdom out into the open. Lonsdale himself took a desk within hailing distance of the main door.

I was told of a visitor to the bank who asked to see Mr. Lonsdale's secretary. The person to whom the inquiry was addressed explained, in a drawl as broad as Dixie, that the secretary was very busy at the moment, and couldn't possibly be disturbed.

"Perhaps I could do something, sir," he suggested.

"I want to see Lonsdale," snapped the visitor. "Who are you?"

"Lonsdale, sir," was the answer. "My secretary won't object. Come right in, sir."

He is more accessible than the bank janitor, and he doesn't care a straw about the cut of your clothes or the size of your pocketbook. As an Arkansan might put it, "Jawn keeps the dawgs tied and the gate hinges greased."

"Why shouldn't I?" he wants to know. "If a man has enough faith in me to trust me with his money, I reckon that I ought to be ready to trust him with some of my time. I'm complimented every time a man comes through that door. If they didn't come we wouldn't have a bank."

That's Lonsdale!

Born in Memphis, in 1872, he comes of heroic stock. When the scourge of yellow fever swept up the Mississippi from the Gulf in the late seventies, it took one of its greatest tolls in Memphis. Panic seized the city. By the hundreds and thousands the inhabitants fled, until business stood idle and homes empty. Yellow fever was then still a medical mystery, and before it (*Continued on page 130*)

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John G. Lonsdale

JOHN G. LONSDALE, since 1915 president of the National Bank of Commerce, St. Louis, has spent a good part of an interesting life in doing things that seemed impossible. One of these undertakings was the building of a railroad without capital after the road was nearly wrecked by a man whom he had trusted. Mr. Lonsdale was born in Memphis, Tennessee. Left an orphan at the age of six, when his father and mother gave their lives in helping to conquer a yellow fever epidemic, he went to live with an uncle, first in Kentucky and later in Arkansas. For ten years before he went to St. Louis he was a partner in the banking and brokerage firm of Logan and Bryan, New York. He is shown here with his son.

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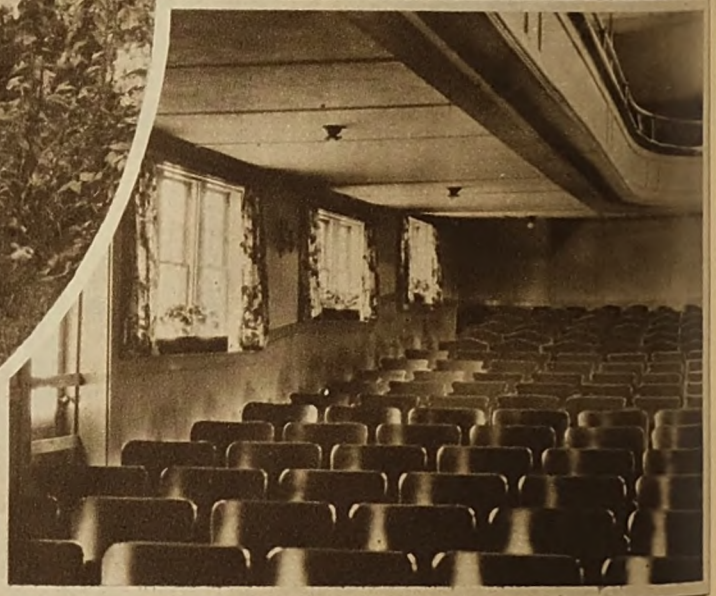
LAKE WESSERUNSETT (right) in Central Maine, to which more than three thousand people come every week during the summer season to see famous actors play in the Lakewood Theatre.

HERBERT L. SWETT, manager (left), and Howard Lindsay, director (right), of the Lakewood Players at Lakewood Park, near Skowhegan, Maine. The accompanying article tells how the pergola in the background played an interesting part in the development of Lakewood. It has taken Mr. Swett twenty-seven years to change a shabby amusement park into the beautiful Lakewood Park of to-day.



Photograph by W. H. Langley, Madison, Me.

THE theatre (above and left) at Lakewood Park, "the playground of Central Maine." The windows, hung with gay cretonne, and filled with flowering plants, open on the forest instead of on Broadway; but the theatre is well equipped with all the modern aids to dramatic production. It will seat seven hundred and fifty persons. A new play is put on each week, with freshly painted scenery and new settings, made by the company's own scene painter and carpenter.

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Broadway Comes To Lakewood!

In a Maine woods theatre, six miles from the nearest town, a group of Broadway stars produce high-class plays every summer season—Capacity crowds at each performance prove Herbert Swett's belief that "the best is none too good" for country folks

By Allan Harding

THE final curtain had fallen; and the audience, still laughing over the comedy which had just ended, was moving slowly toward the exits. It was the first night of a new play by Howard Lindsay and Bert Robinson, familiar figures in the metropolitan world of the theatre.

The cast, headed by Arthur Byron, was a striking one. Even the "Voices Off Stage" were the voices of actors well known on Broadway. The settings were carefully built; the scenery excellently painted. The house was crowded and the audience enthusiastic.

In short, the whole atmosphere was that of a typical Broadway production in a first-class New York playhouse.

But—when the spectators reached the exits they did not step out into the blaze of the Great White Way! No clanging of street cars or hooting of taxicabs assailed their ears! And although it was early in August no wave of heat met them at the wide-open doors.

Instead, they passed from the brightly lighted theatre straight into the velvety darkness of the Maine woods. Through the trees came a cool breath of wind from a lake, whose little waves could be heard swishing softly along the shore. The noise and heat and glare of New York seemed a million miles away.

It was an extraordinary experience. Imagine seeing first-class actors produce first-class plays in a well-appointed theatre away up in the Maine woods! And not for one night only, but six nights a week for a season of thirteen weeks! Some of the fish stories from those same Maine woods are easier to believe.

And here is something else which will tax your credulity. This theatre seats 750 persons. Many nights the company plays to capacity houses! The weekly attendance averages 3,500; almost 600 a night. Yet the theatre is six miles from the nearest town.

"Then where do the audiences come from?" you demand.

The answer is that they come from as far as seventy-five or even one hundred miles away; from the Canadian border on the north to Portland on the south; from Bangor on the east to the New Hampshire boundary on the west.

If you want to measure the appeal of this unique theatre, look at a map of the region from which it draws its audiences. Much of that region is wilderness. Other portions are sparsely settled. There are many towns and villages, to be sure; but, taken all together, they do not contain as many people as you will find within a mile or two of a Broadway theatre any night of the season.

When Governor Brewster came to this playhouse in the heart of the woods he declared that it ought to be called "The Mousetrap." He was thinking of the familiar saying, that if any man builds even a better mousetrap than other men have built, the world will make a pathway through the wilderness to his door.

PEOPLE do come, some of them actually through the wilderness, to the door of this theatre. And they come because one man has had the vision, courage, and patience to create something that is worth the journey. The Lakewood Theatre is only one detail, although it is the most unusual one, in the vision he has been striving, for twenty-five years, to realize.

A man with less courage and less patience would long ago have lowered his aims. But Herbert Swett has stuck to his conviction that there are people everywhere, and a great many of them, who want the really fine things of life; the things which are fine, mentally, morally, and physically.

The story of the Lakewood Theatre begins with this one man; but it does not end with him. Into it come other characters: the men and the women who, by their eagerness for the really fine things of life, have justified his faith in them.

The story begins about twenty-five years ago, with a chance meeting between two young men at Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine. One of them, Mr. Briggs, was already a graduate. The other, Herbert Swett, was just about to receive his diploma.

Briggs, who was a woolen manufacturer, had married the daughter of General Shepherd, one of the leading citizens of Skowhegan. Not long before the Commencement Week meeting between the two former college friends, General Shepherd had died. His son-in-law, Briggs, was temporarily managing the business interests of the general's widow.

It was a burden he could not carry indefinitely, and he was looking for someone to whom he could entrust it. Swett, in his management of various college activities, had proved himself able, energetic, and loyal. So Briggs asked him what he was going to do after graduation.

"Haven't decided," was the answer.

"Why don't you come to Skowhegan and take charge of Mrs. Shepherd's business affairs?" said Briggs.

They talked the matter over; and as a result of that chance meeting, the young Bowdoin graduate undertook the management of the Shepherd estate.

Among the interests involved was a street railway property owned by the Somerset Traction Company; and one of its assets was a small amusement park on the shore of Lake Wesserunsett, then called Hayden's Pond, six miles from Skowhegan.

This car line served the country folk who lived near it. But its chief revenue in summer was the nickels paid by the townspeople for their outings at the park.

It hardly deserved to be called a "park" when Herbert Swett first saw it. The lake shore at that point was low and swampy. As one approached by the road, the only "view" was the ugly rear of a cheap hotel, decorated with ash heaps and garbage cans. The amusement devices were crude; the grounds littered and unkempt.

At one side stood a bare, barnlike theatre which would seat a few hundred people. Inside and outside, it was about as ugly as it possibly could be. But to the young man who, even then, had a firm faith in the finer instincts of human nature, this old barn of a building suggested far-reaching possibilities.

Admission to the theatre for people who rode on the electric cars was but a nickel, while those who lived in the Grove were admitted for ten cents.

AT THE time of Swett's advent, in 1901, a summer stock company had been engaged to present plays in this theatre, under the direction of James Durkin, an experienced stock actor.

You can imagine how much money, or, rather, how little, the players received when the admission was only a dime or less. Yet they put in the season there and did as good work as was then possible.

There are two groups of characters in this story who share the honors with Mr. Swett; and I am going to pay my respects to one of these groups right now.

This summer will be the twenty-seventh consecutive season of the Lakewood Players, which is believed to be the longest uninterrupted record of any stock company in the United States.

Now, I want to ask you to analyze your feeling about actors in general, to place beside this feeling the facts concerning the Lakewood Players, and to see whether they agree.

Isn't it true that actors seem rather artificial to you? Don't you think of them as caring only to be in the limelight of the stage, to breathe (*Continued on page 144*)

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The Hill Of Two Names

"A woman is a woman, born East or West—"

By Wallace Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

THERE was a good deal of talk through the county when Marjory left David Harleigh. There was a good deal of talk, anyway, that year. For it was the year that the bottom dropped out of the wheat market.

Fortunes were erased as quickly as a child's arithmetic sum is wiped off a slate. Splendid homes were sold or mortgaged, to meet financial crises. There had been bargains in luxurious, shiny automobiles that season, had there been enough money to take advantage of a bargain. Sons and daughters were recalled from schools in the East.

There was a lot to talk about in the county, the life of which was its great wheat fields. But it was Marjory's desertion of David over which women whispered most, and over which men shook their heads. Fortunes built on wheat must fall when wheat fails. Fortunes come and go in the wheat country—but not wives.

Wives in the wheat country may sigh a little over the surrender of recently accustomed luxuries; or weep a little. But they do not run away. They stand by their men, steady them, and help them make ready to renew the struggle with the cruel, golden earth.

"But *she* quit," the county accused. "Marjory Harleigh came when Dave was rich and life was soft. And she ran away when he went broke. Poor Dave!"

IT WAS a long time before the county heard all of the story of Marjory's strange desertion. Even to-day it is not clear as to some of the facts. For instance, the scene between Dave and Marjory in the Harleighs' big home in Wendelville, the metropolis of the Oregon wheat country. Harleigh had bought the house—for her—the year before.

It was not big Dave Harleigh's way to bother her with the details of his misfortune. She knew, though, that the house had been sold to meet the last of his obligations. She knew that he was going back to the Harleigh ranch, at the far edge of the county, to start all over again—plowing and sowing: long, monotonous labor.

She must have sensed in her silent husband his shame at personal failure, a shame he felt most strongly before her. Yet good men are smashed with those less thrifty, when times go wrong in the wide country—whether it's wheat or cattle or sheep.

On that last night, in the snug library of their home, it was almost as if she faced a stranger. Harleigh kept aloof in the mantle of his hurt and his pride. He came to where she sat under a shadowy lamp. For a moment her heart beat a little wildly. But when he bent over her it was to place a packet of currency on the arm of her chair.

"There's five thousand dollars," said Dave Harleigh. "That's all there's left. It's yours."

She didn't understand. He hurried on. It was as if he were reciting a carefully rehearsed speech.

"It's all right," said Harleigh. "It's money I've had laid aside ever since I brought you out to this country. You can take the car too. A big car like that will be no use to me on the ranch."

"But, David dear—"

"I'm going back to the ranch alone," he declared. "It's going to be a tough game. Hard enough for a man; but impossible for a woman. And a woman like you—"

She was very pale.

"You don't want me, David?"

"I want you to go back East." His voice was emotionless, mechanical. "When I brought you out here I was fool enough to think I could make you happy and comfortable. Forgive me. Now it's back to the dust and sweat and dreariness of the ranch."

He raised his hand, like an automaton, to stop her when she tried to speak.

"I've thought it all out, Marjory. I know this country. It's best you go back. As soon as you can. To-morrow. You can leave in the car, as if you were only going for a drive, and take the train somewhere down the line. It'll save talk. I'll stay here a couple of days and clear up the last of my business."

IN THREE days he started for the ranch, in the saddle and on the back of his favorite horse. There wasn't the old elation though, feeling the big buckskin under him. Dave Harleigh, so silent and

"Yes, it's the best way," thought Dave. "It's best—but it's going to be mighty lonely without her!"

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"But David's men are loyal, aren't they?" Her eyes were glowing. It made Uncle Jud a little bold

so sure of himself, was remembering the scene in the library.

Marjory had been so very pale. She had been sensible, though. No woman's nonsense of words. She had taken the package of bills. She had even managed to smile, the next morning, when she said good-by.

The ears of the buckskin twitched back for the sound of Dave's voice. The big horse was climbing the long, lazy hill which is known by two names in eastern Oregon. Neither of these names is essential to this story. From this hill of two names one looks down and across the great crazy-quilt of the wheat country; upon an allegory of a nation's wealth and strength. Other fertile fields show a green as prosperous as the color of a fresh dollar bill. But here is the color of gold—a hue as mellow and as metallic as a gold piece newly minted.

The dullest mind, from the crest of the hill of two names, must be inspired by the endless, heroic panorama. Wheat and the color of gold. The food of the world. The stuff for which nations tear at each other's throats. A mighty romance, this vision of growing wheat.

THE big buckskin halted on the crest of the hill of two names. His great head pointed far across the plain. There was home and good pasture and sweet water for the buckskin. From the distance came a crimson reflection. The sinking sun, discovering a hidden rill.

Quickly and daintily, the horse's hoofs picked the trail down the hill. There were still miles to go.

The crimson glint of the sun had marked the creek on the Harleigh ranch. The creek was dry three months of the year. The ranch-house itself was lost in its background. It was the color of the brown-gray earth around it. For days on end a patient, pitiless wind blows across the wheat country. It sifts a brown-gray powder everywhere. The dust drifts, like fine snow, under doors and through window frames. After three days of dust-laden wind, every living being on the ranch takes on the color of the earth.

The Harleigh ranch-house had been there for fifty years. Ten years before that, Colonel Harleigh had settled on the bank of the little creek. There had

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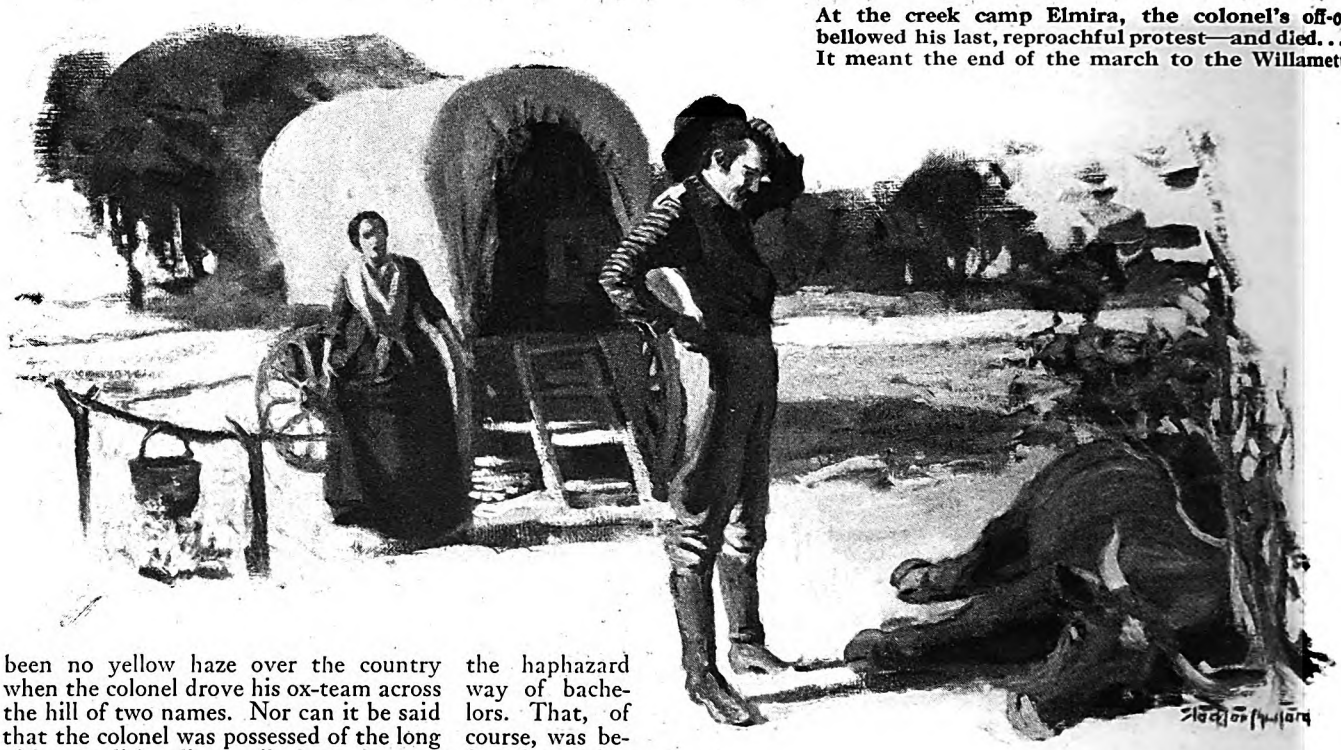

At the creek camp Elmira, the colonel's off-ox, bellowed his last, reproachful protest—and died.... It meant the end of the march to the Willamette

been no yellow haze over the country when the colonel drove his ox-team across the hill of two names. Nor can it be said that the colonel was possessed of the long vision traditionally ascribed to pioneers.

As a matter of fact, the colonel had planned to go many a day's march farther into Oregon. But Fate stepped in. Fate in the guise of Elmira, the colonel's off-ox. Elmira had been a rebel since the beginning of the journey from Illinois. At this particular spot he bellowed his last, reproachful protest—and died.

It meant the end of the march. The next morning the colonel shaped a tent out of his canvas wagon cover. He set out some poplars. The West is still rich with the poplars that the pioneers brought with them as reminders of home. The colonel also unshipped a primitive plow. Thus it was that the name of Harleigh came to be written large across the pages of wheat-field history.

David Harleigh was the colonel's grandson. In the fall of the year that wheat soared to a record price, David Harleigh took the reward for which he and his father and his grandfather had toiled at Dry Creek. Since his boyhood, David had taken his place with the hired hands. He was thirty when the big year came to the wheat country.

Thirty and a full figure of a man, deep of chest, broad of shoulder, and lean of flank. He had grown powerful under a burden of hard work that would have torn down the body of a lesser man. The mark of the wide plains was in the Indian bronze of his face and the weathered edge of his gray eyes.

At thirty, there had grown on him a habit of silence, almost grim silence. This had come from an accustomed, chosen solitude—a way of keeping his emotions and his problems to himself. He gave his words to few men and his thoughts to fewer.

THE only man who approached his confidence was Jud Rolland, his ranch foreman. And Uncle Jud's liberty was that of an old retainer. Jud Rolland had worked for Dave's father. He even had a memory of the pioneer colonel.

Jud and Dave kept house together, in the haphazard way of bachelors. That, of course, was before the coming of Marjory.

"You're just like your paw," Uncle Jud told Dave. "Close-mouthed as a sprung bear-trap. Just *got* to think things out by yourself."

"It's a poor man," replied Dave, to the familiar complaint, "who can't make up his mind without help."

"But sharin' your troubles with a friend," argued Uncle Jud, "lightens the load you're packin'."

"That's a pretty sentiment," Dave smiled grimly, "even if it isn't any truer than sentimental sayings are likely to be. Nobody's going to tote your troubles for you, or any part of 'em. All you've got rid of is words—and that kind of words don't weigh very much."

"Your paw was just that mule-headed too," sighed Uncle Dave, and hurried to the stove to rescue the scorching beans.

Uncle Jud spoke another worry on the day when Dave Harleigh came riding back to the ranch-house after a final trip of inspection around his property. That was the year of the record wheat. Uncle Jud knew that Dave Harleigh had become a wealthy man. It worried him.

Dave came into the house and was in the midst of washing up before he spoke.

"Work's done for this year," said Dave. "I'm leaving you in charge of the ranch for the winter. I'll be back long before spring planting."

"Now that you're rich," offered Uncle Jud, "I reckon you'll likely go in town to live, and learn to ride one o' them postage stamp saddles. Likewise as not, you'll join the country club, and play this golf game in cute knee panties."

Dave laughed and threw the towel at him, a towel the color of unbleached linen, which this towel was not. The wind had been blowing steadily for three days.

"Slander me like that again," said Dave, "and you and I are going to tangle some, Uncle Jud. You know what I've always thought about soft living in Wendelville. Well, I haven't changed my mule-headed mind about *that*. Not a little bit."

"But you're pullin' up stakes here at the ranch?"

"Just for a vacation. I'm going East. To New York and places like that. I'm going to see if the sun really comes up there, instead of across the Utah line. And I'm going to look at the little fishes in the Aquarium, and ride on top of a bus, and see the latest moving pictures."

"Them Eastern cities is plumb wicked, Dave," this was a new worry for Uncle Jud. "Remember I was East once myself—to Kansas City."

IT WAS in New York that Dave Harleigh met Marjory. She was there, studying music. She went with him to the Aquarium. He went with her to concerts. They were married in the East that winter, after Dave and she had visited her family in Connecticut.

That visit had been Dave's idea. It seemed to him the honorable thing to do. Marjory smiled at the frank simplicity of her capable, big lover. She was far from fully measuring, in his quiet insistence, his long habit of deciding things his own way.

Strange communications disturbed Uncle Jud back in Oregon. Almost gossipy letters they were, considering the mule-headed, silent one who had written them.

Uncle Jud was ordered to get the old ranch-house in order for its new mistress. A new kitchen range, first of all. Some rugs and pictures and curtains and things. If the job stampeded him, Uncle Jud might get the wife of a neighboring rancher to help him. Uncle Jud could look after getting the house painted, single-handed. He was also to make a special trip to Portland to buy a piano—a grand piano. And see about engaging a maid.

There was one remark in Dave's letters that Uncle Jud scowled over in the days of "fixing-up" for the home-coming of the rancher and his bride.

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"It won't be for long," wrote Dave; "but I want it comfortable as money can buy while she's there."

Uncle Jud couldn't make it out.

"I hope he ain't took to them Eastern notions too tumultuous," he mused, "and is figuring on a divorce before he's hardly pitched."

Uncle Jud scorned the suggestion of feminine assistance in decorating the ranch-house. He bought rugs that were no less pictorial than the pictures he selected at the Wendelville Artcraft Shoppe. The pride of his artistic purchasing was a hand-colored reproduction of a painting called "The Dying Warrior." It depicted a naked Indian, on the point of collapse, clinging to a pony that cringed before a blizzard.

"Which I sure do approve of those sentiments a heap," said Uncle Jud, whose career dated to the days of Indian raids.

The purchase of the piano became a ceremony. If Dave wanted a grand piano, like he wrote, Uncle Jud would get the grandest to be had at any price. He made up his mind to one such as he had seen on the memorable journey to Kansas City. A piano with a stained-glass front that lighted up when you dropped a nickel in it and disclosed, to magic, mechanical strains, an idyll of swans in a placid pool and trees and a castle in the background.

"It'll cost a heap," reckoned Uncle Jud, "to keep feeding it nickels; but Dave's rich now."

At the store in Portland, he was mightily disappointed to learn that Dave had preceded him with a letter to the store owner. So it was really the owner who selected the piano. A rangy sort of instrument that looked swaybacked and too heavy in the hocks, to Uncle Jud's way of thinking. He revenged himself on the store owner by deploring the store's utter lack of really grand pianos of the Eastern, or Kansas City type.

"Which it's funny what a difference a woman makes between two men," mused Uncle Jud, bound homeward again. "Dave trusts me to run the ranch regardless. But he won't let me buy a piano, because it's for her. I'll bet from now on we have to keep shaved up at the ranch."

JUD put off the house painting until just before the spring day when Dave and the new Mrs. Harleigh were to reach the ranch. The day the painting was done, and while it was still sticky, the wind began to blow. Maliciously, it whipped up its cargoes of powdery, brown-gray dust. Three days of this. At the end of that time the Harleigh ranch-house, which for almost a day had been creamy white with long, green blinds, was again the drab color of the earth.

Dave was disappointed—but not Marjory. She hushed him when he tried to explain.

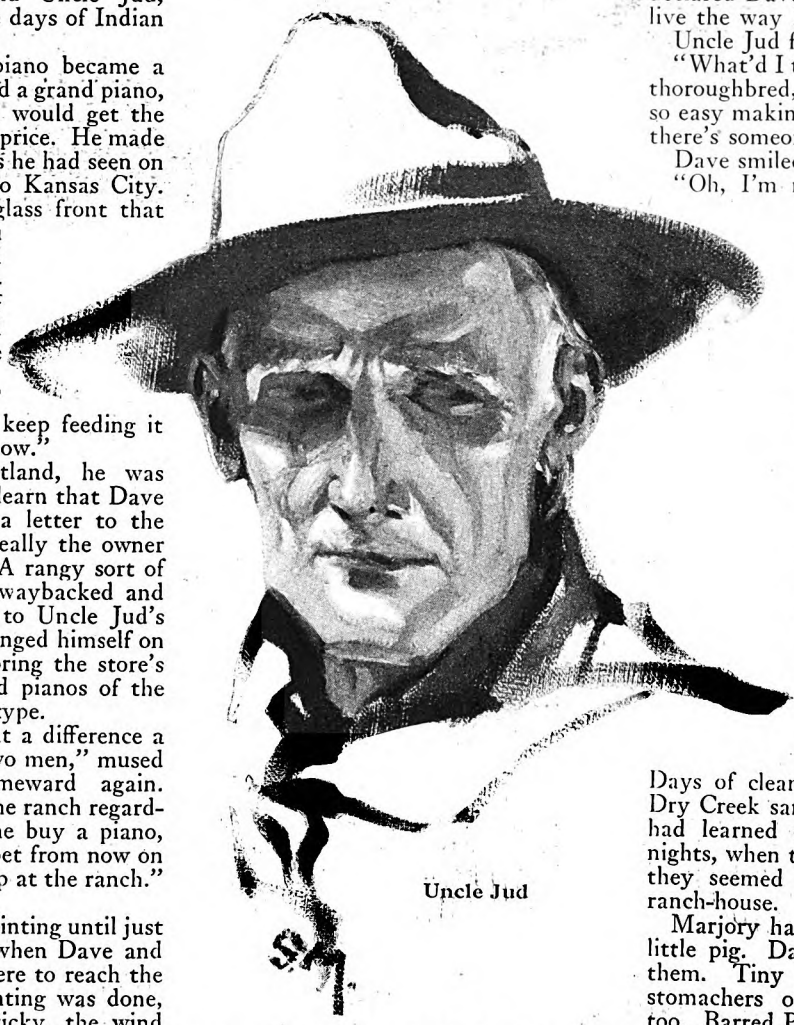
"I'm glad, David," she told him. "I'd rather have it just the way it was when you lived in it alone."

Uncle Jud beamed at her praise for his efforts within the house. Her first glance at the pictorial rugs and the vivid pictures on the wall he translated as surprise. Marjory *was* surprised. She was more than that—she was downright startled. But so tactfully did she gloss the nature of her astonishment that, before the inspection was over, Uncle Jud was apologizing handsomely for the somber appearance of the piano and was describing the instrument with which he would have gladdened her eyes.

WHEN she had gone to the newly-curtained bedroom to change her traveling clothes, and the two men, a little embarrassed, walked outside the house, Uncle Jud gave Dave his enthusiastic verdict.

"She's great—and she sure's got elegant taste," declared Uncle Jud. "But, what's more, she's a thoroughbred. Like your maw was an' your gran'maw before her."

Dave smiled graciously. But a little more grimly, with a shade of the manner that Uncle Jud knew better.



Uncle Jud

"But *she's* not going to live here," Dave's voice was grave, "and die here, the way they did."

"What's the matter with this ranch?" demanded Uncle Jud. "We can get the house painted again."

"But we can't paint out the loneliness," answered Dave.

"You and me never was lonely," argued Jud. "An' it'll be livelier'n ever now, with her here."

"It's different for a woman, Jud."

"But your maw was a woman—an' your gran'maw."

"They were different, too. They were pioneer stock. Traveling in a prairie schooner or starting a home in the wilderness was their life. They were used to loneliness—or they took loneliness as they took the rest of their hardships."

"Dave Harleigh," pronounced Uncle Jud. "It sounds to me like you're fixin' to be mule-headed about somethin' again."

"I've thought it all out," said Dave.

"That settles it!" mourned Uncle Jud.

"You see, women like Marjory belong to a different day." It was a lot of explanation for him to be making. "They're used to neighbors closer than ten miles away. They're used to having cultured folks around, and music and nice clothes and theatres, and things like that."

"Feeling that way," Uncle Jud asked, "why did you bring her here to the ranch at all?"

"She wouldn't have it any other way," declared Dave. "She said she wanted to live the way I'd always lived—"

Uncle Jud fairly crowed.

"What'd I tell you?" he exulted. "She's thoroughbred, *that's* what she is. It ain't so easy making up your mind, is it, when there's someone to make it up for you?"

Dave smiled at this too.

"Oh, I'm married—but I'm not *that* married. I can still decide things for myself. I don't object to Marjory having a mild taste of life on a ranch. But by the end of one of our summers she won't think there's much romance to it. She'll be glad enough then to go back to city life."

DAVE HARLEIGH had been right. That summer in the wheat country was better for crops than it was for romance. And it was not especially good for crops.

There was not so much as a sigh of complaint from Marjory. Before summer closed down, like a suffocating blanket, on the country, there was spring. Days of clean-washed, blue skies, when Dry Creek sang a song of snows that it had learned on Blue Mountain. Crisp nights, when the stars hung so close that they seemed just over the top of the ranch-house.

Marjory had always wanted to own a little pig. Dave bought her a dozen of them. Tiny black fellows, with wide stomachers of pinky-white. Chickens, too. Barred Plymouths and clean Wyandottes. She was immensely proud of the first eggs served from her poultry yard. Dave made a great show of pride, too, in this accomplishment of her chickens, and attached a cheerful importance to the "hen ranch."

Just a shade clumsily, perhaps. It was as if she were a child, playing house. She was glad when the maid left to take a position in the Wendelville Beauty Shoppe. Marjory said nothing of the departure to David.

He was away from the ranch-house, and at work in the fields, for long hours during the day. When he came home, the evening of the maid's departure, Marjory had dinner ready for him and Uncle Jud. Both of them (*Continued on page 106*)

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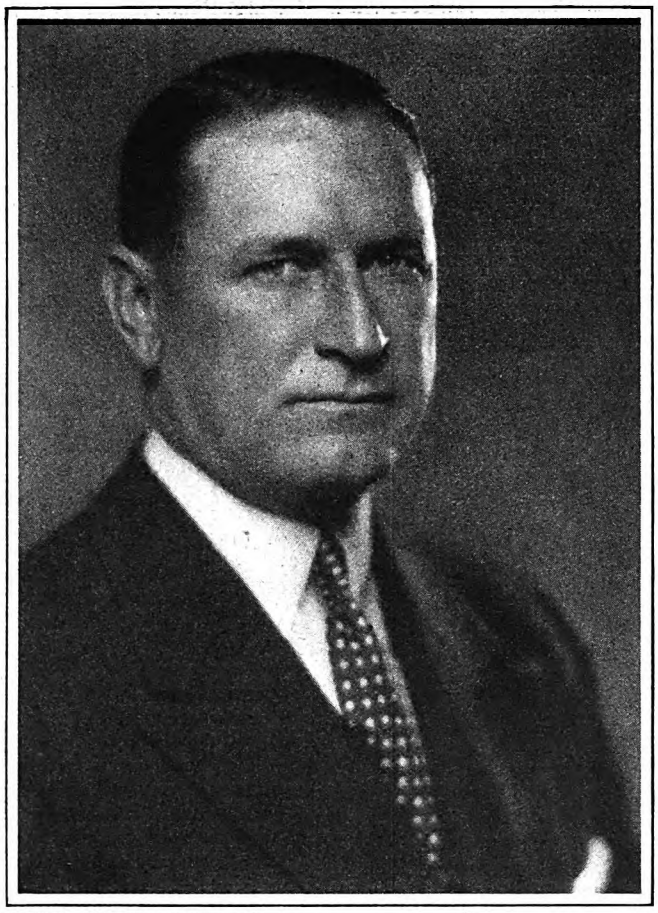
Diogenes Had The Right Idea!

An interview with a great business leader

By Irving Bacheller



PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY, N. Y. C.

Matthew Scott Sloan, president of the Brooklyn Edison Company, and one of the best-known business men in the country. Mr. Sloan tells in this interview what he considers the biggest thing in business—and the hardest to locate

THIS is the best true story that has come to my ear since, many years ago, I became a humble listener in the great human caravan. A distinguished Captain of Industry was sitting with me at meat.

I said: "In 1901 you were graduated from the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. You were a kid of twenty. You are now only forty-five. If we cancel your acknowledged talents, what is the chief remaining factor in your career?"

"Honest and loyal helpers," he promptly answered. "A big business enterprise is like an army in the field. If you are to win victories there can be no treason in your staff.

"I was thirty-seven years old when I was chosen for the job I hold. I was young for so much responsibility. My first shock came with the discovery that one of my men was making much more than his salary, by that system of favoritism known as graft. It dawned upon me that men in the main positions were subject to great temptation. I saw that I must have men to fill them who would satisfy these specifications:

"First, they must be honest.

"Second, as efficient as the Lord and good training can make them.

"I began to search my memory for honest men. The first one I thought of was Bill. He had been a fellow student in the Polytechnic Institute—distinguished chiefly for his out-and-out honesty. I remembered how, when we boys went to him regarding some ingenious deviltry that we had planned, Bill would say:

"'No. You boys can go to the devil. I won't have anything to do with your plan. It isn't on the level!'

"I never forgot that. Of course I thought of Bill, now that I had my lantern lighted and was searching, like Diogenes, for an honest man.

"What had become of this old-time friend? I had heard nothing of him for years. I wired to one and another for information, and finally learned that Bill was working for a small company in a Mid-Western city. Immediately I invited him to New York to confer with me on important business.

"He came. I took him to the Engineers' Club, where we sat down to luncheon. He had prospered only in a small way. Mystified by the summons I had sent to him, he asked:

"'Old man, what do you propose to do to me?'

"'I'm going to pay you ten thousand dollars a year until you have learned how to do your job, and then as much more as you can earn.'

"'What!' he exclaimed. 'I am not worth such a salary. You overrate me. What does it mean?'

"'Bill, I need a man of absolute honesty, proved and beyond question, for a place, which, next to mine, is the most responsible one my company has to offer. I know you, and I need you."

"'But there are plenty of honest men,' said Bill.

"'That may be,' I answered. 'But finding them is a rather slow, difficult and expensive process. They do not wear labels on their sleeves. Those of mature judgment are not likely to be looking for jobs. They are loyal to the men they work for, and if they are getting fair treatment they stick. Generally you have to catch 'em young and educate 'em for your kind of work.'

"It was a rather unusual and inspiring hour for Bill and me. Therein was the start of a great experiment which was to test out the value of an impression. For many years I had carried the conviction that here was a man of incorruptible character. I was willing to gamble on it.

"I count that experiment to be one of the largest factors in my career. I made a contract with Bill, and now he has become a big, happy and well-stationed figure in the world of business, with an income beyond his wildest hopes."

In this day of new things, when schools and homes would seem to have grown careless with the heart of youth, how refreshing it is to hear such a vindication of that old-fashioned asset called *character!*

THE teller of the remarkable story of Bill is Matthew S. Sloan, president of the Brooklyn Edison Company.

I met him first on the golf course of the Lake Placid Club, a big, handsome, merry-hearted athlete, laughing and chatting through the sloping fairways in one of the loveliest mountain valleys on the continent. He plays in the eighties, and was captain of the baseball and football teams in "Tech." He is a looming figure in American life, because his ability is directed and controlled by correct ideals. Like Owen D. Young and Henry Ford, he is a new type of Industrial Captain. These men have a vision unlike that of the old-time leaders. The ideal of public service is the main factor in their plans. As to their enterprises, the question of, Will it pay? has two parties to be considered:

First: Will it pay the public?

Second: Will it pay my company?

Just recently Mr. Sloan has voluntarily surrendered one million five hundred thousand dollars in annual profits to the people he serves, by reducing the price of electric current. As his plant increases its efficiency he shares with his public the saving it produces.

Mr. Sloan came to the Brooklyn Edison Company in 1919. Since then its annual income has increased from less than ten million to more than thirty million dollars; its customers numbered 120,000 when he assumed control. Now it serves more than 600,000 people.

He is a great builder.

"What is your peculiar method of building a business?" I asked Mr. Sloan.

He answered: "I build on Lincoln's aphorism:

"'With public sentiment in its favor nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed.'

"Good will is the best asset of any business. It is the root of the tree. To

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me, every telephone call from a customer is an opportunity to increase good will. It comes, as naturally as water flows downhill, to every organization that shows a sense of its duty to the public. The truth is that nobody is doing a really good job until everybody concerned believes it.

"I have always said to my helpers: 'Our company must have a heart and a soul—an invisible spirit. Every employee from the lowest to the highest must share it.'

"This is our spirit: our customers are our paymasters. We must serve them sincerely, frankly, courteously, cheerfully. That kind of service everybody likes. Therefore, we prosper, and as we prosper our public gets a dividend in the form of lower prices. Our motto is:

"'Put yourself in his place.'

"To us, 'please' and 'thank you' are the best words in the dictionary. We are always harping on these strings in circulars and booklets which are put in the hands of our employees. We plant that thought in their minds, and keep it watered and nourished. Thus we have established a reputation for integrity of purpose, for keeping which even the humblest of us is made to feel a sense of responsibility.

"In this manner we have done a simple kind of advertising that really brings big results. It is the unpaid advertising of one customer speaking to another and saying good things of us. When half a million people are using their tongues in your favor you are getting a kind of advertising that pays.

"Nothing can be sold for a long time and in great quantity which does not receive that kind of advertising—the free and honest opinion of one man spoken to another, thus making an endless chain of communicated good will."

I SAID: "You have told me what you try to do for your customers. What do you do for your help?"

"Our aim is to keep them moving upward toward higher pay and greater usefulness. Every beginner is expected to win promotion in six months. If he fails to do that, we shift him to another department better suited to his tastes and talents. We have a man who does nothing but study the special aptitudes of our new help, with the sole idea of developing and using the best they have in them. We maintain a school for our help, in which technical and commercial courses are given by well-paid instructors from the leading engineering colleges. We do what we can to help every one in our little army to improve his rank.

"Moreover, we try to keep the whole bunch happy. Only happy men are apt to be worth having. Our employees have an orchestra, a choral club, dances, athletic teams and associations, and a chapter of Boy Scouts.

"A discontented, pessimistic man is like a monkey wrench in the machine. He kills his own usefulness and impairs that of his fellows."

"I can now understand your taste for honest men," I said.

"The whole structure would tumble down without them," he went on. "They are its foundation walls.

"THE success of Bill sent me searching in all the corridors of my memory for honest men," he went on. "I was not seeking brilliant fellows. I could think of many such. I was in quest of those who had impressed me in one way or another as men whose quality I could bank on.

"You know as well as I how those impressions come. I suppose our intuitions have a lot to do with it. You cannot fool anyone long as to your character.

"I found four men who had crossed my path and put the right mark in my memory. I was fortunate in being able to hire and train them for the king row in my business. Every one of them has made good. They now have large incomes and they earn them."

"I suppose that you have known honest men who failed to get any reward," was my remark.

"No," he answered. "The emoluments of big business are not, after all, the best reward. A man may lack health or education for the battles of commercial or professional life, but the love and respect of his neighbors is a priceless possession. He's sure to be happy, and that's the main thing. One of the great men in my memory was shot down by ill luck early in his life. But he won out."

I put this question: "Have you ever developed a great man, one in whose presence you would feel like taking your hat off?"

"Just one," he said. "But the fact is, I had a partner in that enterprise."

"Whom?" I asked.

"God," Mr. Sloan answered, with a smile. His face grew thoughtful. "That's right," he went on. "I don't intend to be flippant. I mean it. I am glad that you ask the question, because it recalls a story which I love to tell. I was sitting in my office down in Alabama one day. It was late in the afternoon when my secretary entered, saying that a man named Bowdoin was outside, and wished to see me.

"'What does he want?' I asked.

"'A job,' he answered.

"'Tell him to come in to-morrow,' I said, and resumed my work.

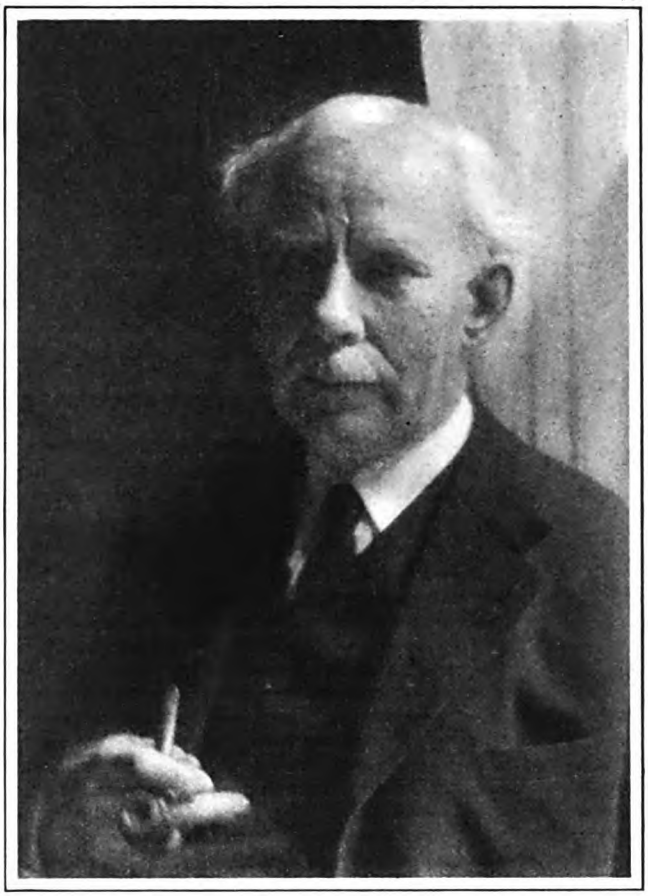
"In a moment the secretary returned with this word: 'He says that he will wait until you come out.'

"Then I'll get rid of him at once,' I said. 'Tell him to come in.'

"He entered, a shabby, dejected-looking man.

"'What can I do for you?' was my query.

"'I want a job, sir,' he answered. 'Almost a year ago I was discharged from the Texas State Penitentiary. I was sent there for life. I (*Continued on page 103*)



Irving Bacheller, famous American author, whose articles have appeared frequently in "The American Magazine." This month he relates certain experiences of his friend Matthew Sloan, whose photograph appears on the opposite page

A Yankee's Definition of Personality

"ONCE," says Mr. Bacheller, "I heard an old Yankee farmer express his sense of the thing we call personality, in this manner:

"'He's a little cuss, but there's a feller inside of him whose brow touches the sky. When I met him I was lookin' down, an' when I left him I was lookin' up.'"

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Another "Just Folks" Article

"Dr." Mary Coburn's Patients Pay Her With A Song

The "doctor" is a country school-teacher, and her patients are sick or otherwise disabled birds—It all began one day when she and her pupils rescued a baby robin that had tumbled from the family nest

By Mary B. Mullett

ONE fine spring morning, fourteen years ago, Miss Mary Coburn was sitting at her desk in a little red brick schoolhouse near Springfield, Massachusetts. Facing Miss Coburn were her pupils: the older boys and girls of the rambling little village of Sixteen Acres.

Up-stairs, another teacher, Miss Inez Ingraham, was in charge of the younger children of the neighborhood. Altogether, the school had about fifty pupils.

Up to that time, it had been much like the average progressive country school of that section. To the outside world, it wasn't even a name. In Springfield itself, only a few miles away, hardly anyone knew of its existence.

But something happened, that spring morning in 1913, which has put the Sixteen Acres schoolhouse "on the map" of public interest, has entirely changed the habits of two human beings, and has influenced scores of others.

It was such a little thing to cause results so far-reaching, nothing more, in fact, than the falling of a young robin out of the family nest!

Probably many of you have seen some half-fledged birdling make one of these premature débuts. Or you have come across the little fellow, sitting disconsolately on the ground; too young to fly, and perhaps quite helpless because of a broken wing or some other injury.

But did you do anything about it, except to feel a passing impulse of pity? Probably not; for it cannot be denied that, with many of us, perhaps most of us, pity is *only* a passing impulse.

Because one woman has tried to make pity *more* than a passing impulse, and so to put something very beautiful into life, I am going to tell you about her.

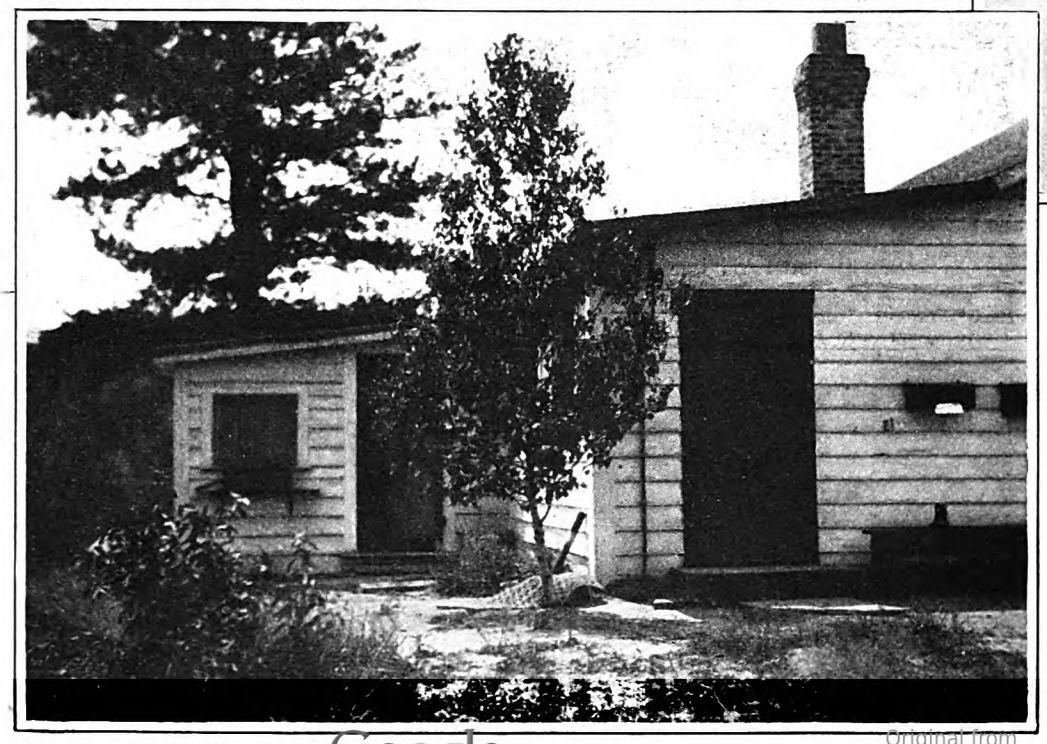
Mary E. Coburn is just a country school teacher. She was born on a farm near Princeton, Massachusetts. But she wanted and obtained a good education; and in 1902 she began teaching in the little red brick schoolhouse which she still directs.

Tall, quiet, gentle Mary Coburn, with her kindly eyes and her low, soft voice! "Just a country school-teacher," I called her. But I think of her with a respect and an admiration which many a name among the famous ones of the world utterly fails to rouse in me.

Well—as she sat at her desk that morning, fourteen years ago, she chanced to look out of the window. Perhaps a hundred yards away was a big maple tree. And at the very instant that Miss Coburn looked up, a young robin fell from a nest in one of the topmost branches of this tree.

The drop to the ground

(Right) "Hawky," the crippled robin which "mothered" three hundred and eighty baby robins during the twelve years in which she was herself a "patient" in Miss Coburn's bird hospital. (Below) The cottage home which Miss Mary Coburn and Miss Inez Ingraham share with their injured birds, sometimes caring for as many as fifty at one time, and more than three hundred during a year. In fourteen years the teachers and their pupils have befriended more than fifteen hundred birds. Miss Coburn's work has received both state and national recognition



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was a long one, forty or fifty feet. Miss Coburn watched to see whether the bird flew up and away, but nothing happened. So she explained the situation to the children and went in search of the little creature.

She found it, stunned by the fall but not really hurt. It was too young, however, to fend for itself, so she took it back to the classroom, to the immense delight and interest of the pupils.

The bird was promptly adopted by the entire school. The children soon christened the little fellow "Ittie," because he seemed to consider himself so important. He was most decidedly *it!* Hence his nickname. Ittie had to be fed—and he took a lot of feeding! Out of school hours, and even during the recess periods, the children foraged enthusiastically for worms, grasshoppers, and assorted bugs of all kinds.

The young robin had no fear of his new friends. He seemed to regard the schoolroom as his own particular bailiwick. He hopped gayly about, under the desks, on the desks, running over the children's feet—a friend among friends.

He would work at a pencil until he made it fall off a desk. Then he would roll it along the floor, like a child playing with a toy. If some little girl wore a dress with a pattern of dots, Ittie would light on her shoulder and try to pick off these dots, apparently under the impression that they were berries, or some other edible fancied by baby robins.

One of the youngsters had freckles, rich in color and of extraordinary dimensions. Even after repeated disappointing efforts to pick off these freckles, Ittie could not give up his idea that they were something he might add to his bill of fare.

All this, and much more, Miss Coburn told me one Sunday afternoon in the very room where Ittie grew strong enough to fly out and face life as he and his kind must live it.

SHE and Miss Ingraham and I had gone to the schoolhouse, in order to have our talk without interruption. For the little cottage, where the two teachers live and care for a constantly changing procession of wounded or otherwise helpless birds, has hundreds of visitors; and Sunday is their favorite day for dropping in to see them.

Occasionally a visitor comes, not out of mere curiosity, or interest, but to bring another feathered patient to this unique bird hospital. It may be an injured bird, or a helpless baby like Ittie. Thousands of people have heard, now, of Miss Coburn. They have caught what I can describe only as *the contagion of kindliness*. And when they see a helpless, suffering little creature, their impulse of pity does become more than an impulse. They take it in and care for it until they can turn it over to Miss Coburn herself.

"Sometimes," she told me, "their pity becomes love. They grow so fond of the little wild bird they have protected and cared for that they can hardly bear to part from it. I have known them to take more than an hour to say good-by to a baby robin which they'd had only a few days.

"Pity, and the love that comes from pity, seems to be an outlet for something that is a deep need in people's hearts. That," she said, with her quiet smile, "is the *real* reason why I am giving so much of my life to these helpless little creatures.

"It isn't simply that I pity them and grow to love them myself. It isn't what I do for *them*, although I like to think that I have relieved their pain; or that I have saved hundreds of birds who, perhaps, will rear thousands of others.

"Unless we protect them, it won't be many years before certain birds will cease to exist—except as stuffed specimens in a museum. We *need* birds. They are invaluable helps in our warfare against the insect world.

Miss Mary Coburn (left) and Miss Inez Ingraham, school-teachers, with some of their birds, outside the cottage at Sixteen Acres, Massachusetts, where Miss Coburn maintains her bird hospital. The young screech owl in front of Miss Coburn's arm is "Spooky the Third." The larger bird is the black-crowned night heron, "Bunty," also "the Third." Bunty, says Miss Coburn, is very intelligent and affectionate. He will play ball, bow to his caretakers, and will greet the approach of the Coburn car, even on the darkest night, with joyous screams; but will not notice any other car. The bird perched on Miss Coburn's shoulder is a flicker

"Of course I hope that by making even a few people think about birds, I shall be exerting a little influence in the right direction. But even that isn't my real motive.

"At the beginning, I thought only of the children in my school. As I watched them with that first baby robin, I realized what the experience might mean to *them*. People are often puzzled by what seems to be callousness, and even cruelty, in children. But did you ever stop to think that a child is usually under the domination of someone bigger and stronger than he is? When he comes across a creature that is smaller and weaker, perhaps he is domineering, in his turn, just out of a natural desire to assert himself.

"ONE of the things I had wanted to teach my children was, as I always put it, to help the other fellow! Especially if 'the other fellow' was in trouble. When I saw the eagerness with which they adopted poor little Ittie, their gentleness toward him, and their pride in caring for him, I could think of no better way of letting them discover the happiness that comes with helping the other fellow," she said, smiling.

"At that time, Miss Ingraham and I were living up-stairs in an old farmhouse near here. At one side was a hedge of lilac bushes in which a catbird had built her nest. One day I heard Mrs. Kittybird making a great disturbance, so I went down to investigate.

"I found a cat prowling under the lilac bushes, trying to reach the nest, which held four baby birds.

"I knew he would get them sooner or later. So, while I talked reassuringly to the mother bird, I carefully lifted the nest out and carried it up-stairs to a sort of store-room. I opened the window, so that the mother could go in and out, which she did quite fearlessly, feeding her babies regularly until they were able to fly away and take care of themselves.

"That was the beginning of what promises to be my job for life. Whenever the children found a helpless bird, they brought it to school. Sometimes the bird's friend was a so-called 'bad boy.' But when I have seen how pity has brought out the suppressed gentleness and tenderness in such a boy, I have wondered if anyone is really and incurably 'bad.'

"Of course the grown folks of the neighborhood soon heard that the school-teacher," she laughed, "had turned bird nurse; and one day a Swede, who lived near us, brought me a crippled robin. Probably one of his own cats—he had thirteen of them—had upset the nest. The Swede had rescued this baby, although in a damaged condition.

"The children soon named her Hawky, because she had a queerly shaped bill. She couldn't fly up; and as she grew older she

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had some mysterious malady which caused her feathers to drop out periodically, so she was generally rather ragged looking.

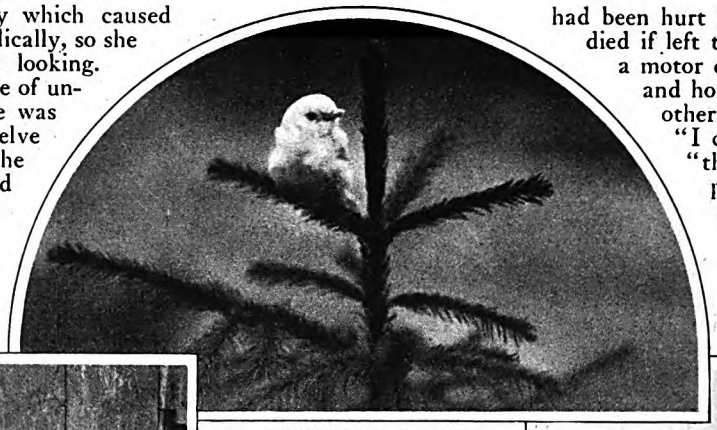
"But Hawky was an example of unselfish devotion, if ever there was one! She was with us twelve years; and during that time she 'mothered' three hundred and eighty of our baby robins. She couldn't go out and forage for them, or even for herself. But we always had cans of worms, insects, and other food standing where she could reach them; and she would run back and forth, carrying these delicacies to her stepchildren as devotedly as if they were her very own. These foster children were raised to maturity and given their freedom.

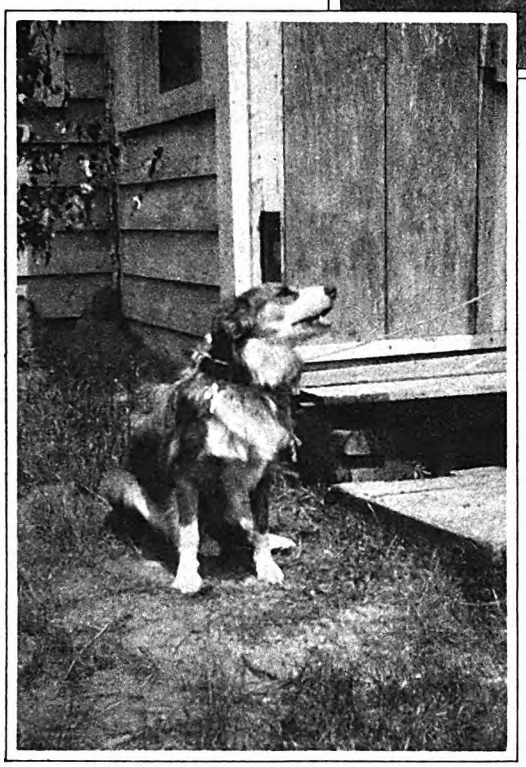
"We don't know how long she might have gone on being our self-constituted chief assistant, for we lost her in the fire which destroyed the house where we—and our birds—were living. That happened February 13th, 1924; and the fire had gained such headway before it was discovered that we lost everything. But we wouldn't have cared about that if we could have saved our birds.

"You see, by this time we had so many that we had to keep them at home, where they would be warm at night and on Saturdays and Sundays.

"About fifty birds were spending the winter with us that year: our dear old mother robin, Hawky; two orioles, Bill and Liddy Lou; a bluebird which was a professional beggar, playing dead for the sake of a meal worm; a song sparrow which had been partially paralyzed—as many birds are—by contact with an electric transmission wire; but the only one we saved was a European goldfinch which the children had christened 'Blind Baby.'

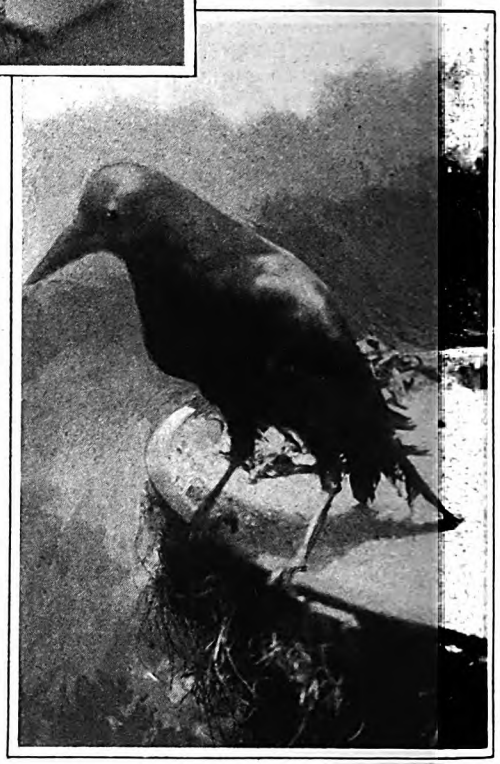
"As Miss Ingraham and I had to find a temporary boarding place after the fire, Blind Baby, and the other birds which were brought to us later that winter, lived here in the schoolhouse.





PHOTOGRAPH BY T. D. BURGESS

(Above) A white bluebird, one of Miss Coburn's protégés. (Left) "Tuddy," a four-footed member of the family who does not understand wholly what it is all about, but is sure that anything his mistress does is all right. (Right) "Jimmy Crow," an inmate of the hospital, permanently lame, but also permanently happy



"We had a large wooden cage for them. And, by the way, that cage was made and brought to us by one of those so-called 'bad boys' I spoke of a while ago. He had been with us, but was then in another school. He had loved our birds, had spent hours of his spare time in getting food for them, making a study of the kinds of food they liked. He still wanted to do something for them.

"Of course," said Miss Coburn, "I can't be sure of this; but I have always felt that his pity and affection for something weak and helpless brought out the best in him. At any rate, that was the beginning of a change for the better, and he has developed into a fine young man.

"PERHAPS you remember that the winter of 1924 was a severe one. After the fire, we boarded near the schoolhouse; and every night, at eleven o'clock or later, we would bundle up and come over here to make sure that the furnace fire would last until morning. The janitor used to bank the fire early in the evening and leave it for the night. But the coal was so poor that season that I didn't dare trust it. Then, too, I wanted to be sure that coal gas wasn't escaping, for it is fatal to birds.

"You might think that the birds would have distracted the children's attention from their studies. But they soon became accustomed to having the little creatures in the room. I think it made the children happier and more interested in school; and you know we always work better when we are happy and interested.

"One of our birds that winter was an albino vireo, which is very rare. It was brought in by a man, a great big fellow he was, who had found it in the woods. It had been hurt in some way and would have died if left there. I remember he came in a motor car, steering it with one hand and holding the bird carefully in the other.

"I can't help feeling," she added, "that a man would remember, perhaps all the rest of his life, holding a poor little wild bird in his hand, knowing that he was helping and protecting it. I believe it would make him more ready to help and to protect other weak and helpless creatures—including human beings.

"For two years, the vireo did not miss a day at school. It couldn't fly, but it ran all over the room. At first I was afraid the children might accidentally step on it. Most of the time they seemed to pay no attention to it; but they must have had, all the time, a subconscious thought of it, for it never received the slightest hurt. After the vireo died, the children persuaded local land owners to designate hundreds of acres as bird sanctuaries, as a memorial to the little vireo.

"As for Blind Baby, who was a special pet with all the children, his story is an interesting one: A Springfield man was changing cars at New Haven; and as he stepped down to the platform, he saw a little bird, almost under his feet. As it made no effort to escape, he put it in his pocket and brought it home with him.

"This was during the war, and he was to leave for camp within a few days, so he asked me to take the bird. As soon as I saw it, I knew it was blind. And I knew *why* it was blind.

"In one European country there is a very common and cruel practice. They take a song-bird, like this European finch, and put out its eyes, so that it will not fly.

"They have nets, almost as fine as the hair nets worn by women; and these nets, which are about four feet wide and sixty feet long, they (*Continued on page 82*)

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My Wife Won't Let Me Be A Gypsy

By Marcus Eli Ravage

I AM what folks are in the habit of calling a self-made man. In my case, the phrase implies neither millions nor a seat in the President's Cabinet. It means only that I have managed to batter my way through from the immigrant slums to a foothold in the literary world. However, when applied to me, the words "self-made" are misleading.

If you were to ask me to put my finger on the one influence that has been the making of me, you would most likely be surprised to find me mentioning neither education nor indomitable will, neither faith in myself nor any particular gifts. I have gone through college; in fact, I have done time in three of them, and I have been a teacher in a fourth. But I am pretty sure that my schooling has hindered me in my job as much as it has helped me. Such small talents as I have brought to the business of writing are more than overbalanced by an invincible timidity and an incurable taste for idling.

So that is that.

No, what saved me from downright failure was my luck in marrying my wife, and my wisdom in allowing myself to be guided by her sound sense at certain crucial junctures. And my reason for writing this article is not merely to give credit where it is due but mainly because the truth about Janet and me is also the truth about your wife and you, and, in one way or another, about men and their wives generally.

The idea, starting with a happy experience of my own, has been persistently growing with me that mine is no exceptional case. In short, I believe that we men, taken by our lone selves, are somewhat lopsided and incomplete beings. It takes a woman to round us off and straighten us out.

If you will look into the personal histories of the men who have made something of their lives, you will find that pretty generally there was a woman in the case. A sister, of course, will do, except that she cannot be relied on permanently. Sooner or later, she is bound to switch her interest to some strange party. Mother fills the bill admirably up to a point; but her judgment as a critic is likely to be colored by partisanship. Besides, she has Father to worry about. In the long run, a wife answers the purpose best.

In the venerable little corporation which is called the family, the masculine partner puts in the imagination, possibly, and the broad, generous outlook; the feminine member supplies the judgment and the saving sense of responsibility. At least this is so in my household.

I recall a typical incident of recent date.

Late last autumn, on one of those mornings when there is a nipping sparkle in the air, I woke up with a bright inspiration. It brewed and bubbled while I shaved, and it pursued me to the breakfast table till there was no holding it in. As Janet poured me my second half-cup I unburdened myself to her. I said:

"It looks a good deal as if we were in for the usual New York winter. Brrr. Snow a foot deep, lashing gales from the river and the sea, foul dampness with pneumonia in its breath. I dread to think of our little tots plowing through it all every day to school. And here is balmy Florida hardly a day's ride away, or Bermuda at the end of a delightful sail."

"It does sound tempting," Janet admitted.

Heartened by this unexpected crumb of encouragement, I rose to the occasion with enthusiasm. I painted a word-picture for her of the joys of swimming in the open sea at New Year's, of blooming gardens and fruit off the trees in February, of the children romping in the sunny fields clad in summer washables. No fussing with storm sweaters and arctics and heavy overcoats. No rushing to the park for a blood-freezing half-hour. I gained momentum as I sped on.

"I think," I concluded, "I'll call up the what-you-call-it tourist office and investigate further."

I GLANCED up at Janet, and caught her looking at me between amusement and incredulity. "But surely," she smiled, "you don't propose to do it *this* year?" From her tone you would have thought I had suggested a flight to the moon.

"Well, why not?" I countered, a trifle subdued. "Our balance at the bank is quite respectable just now. There will be a plump little royalty check in a month or so. And I am working. It is not as if the change will interfere with my job. That is one advantage, anyhow, that we writing fellows have over the business man: we can set up our office where we hang our hat."

And then Janet proceeded to remind me of a few things: Our surplus, including the royalty check, would just about take care of the two insurance premiums, due in December and March, and hardly meet the payment on our little summer place. To be sure, I was going to earn new money; but what with the children's tuition and other increasing obligations, it was hardly necessary to stay awake nights devising ways of disposing of it. Besides, my proposal was fantastic on grounds other than financial. Here we were in a new apartment. She had worn herself out trying to make it habitable; fitting the old bookshelves to the new walls; remaking and replacing curtains—oh, why wasn't there a universal standard for windows?—struggling in disorder and a pandemonium of hammering and sawing for weeks. And now, when the place was beginning to have some remote resemblance to a home, the vagabond in me was already pawing for a change of scene

"And think of the poor little ones!" she exclaimed, as she wound up to her climax. "They have barely had time to get acquainted with their teachers. Can you see them starting all over again in some strange school?"

I did not give up without a struggle, of course. I tried weakly to defend my position, to save my face. But the heart had oozed out of my inspiration. My voice sounded hollow as I spoke. It was one of my many lost battles with Janet. It is astonishing and cruel the annihilating common sense a woman can muster to douse a man's fine enthusiasm.

WE ALL know what a gypsy is, don't we? According to the late Noah Webster, he is "One of a vagabond race, living by theft, fortune-telling, horse-trading, tinkering, etc."

With some small changes, that comes pretty close to a rough sketch of me. I do belong to a pioneering, conquering, restless, exploring race—which is none other than the masculine half of the human species. Horse-swapping in midstream as well as all along the way is one of my peculiar delights. Not fortune-telling exactly, but fortune-hunting—the deep-rooted faith that fortune is just around the corner, and the readiness to drop everything and go for it. So, also, tinkering. I am everlastingly overhauling, rebuilding, making over this life of mine. "Etc." fits me like a glove. My history is in the main a string of et ceteras. Only about the theft part of the description am I a little doubtful. I think I can plead "not guilty" there.

When Janet, in a careless moment, let me persuade her to share a berth in the unsteady bark which is my career, I had not yet begun to write. That was still a golden and remote and rather vague hope. I was playing with the thought, but doing nothing much to reduce it to reality. I had only recently left the university, and had gone into teaching, both because it was the line of least resistance and because it promised me the leisure for my literary work.

Well, it could not have been much more than a month after our marriage when the old vagabond came to life again. I will say this in self-justification: my school work, instead of serving as a stepping stone, was leading me into a blind alley. It was taking every bit of my strength and leaving me exhausted at the end of the day.

Then, one fine morning, the postman came with temptation in his bag. It was a letter from a well-known subscription book concern out in the Middle West, offering me a job. I had worked with them once for about a week and they had remembered me. I took the letter in to Janet with a beaming countenance.

"Fasten your eye on this," I said buoyantly.

She glanced through it and handed it back to me.

"Very flattering," she remarked. "I wonder what (*Continued on page 203*)

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"He Whom A Dream Hath Possest"

A Story

By Bess Streeter Aldrich

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH SIMONT

WITH that same paradoxical combination of courage and trepidation which Columbus must have entertained when the world was younger and slower, Grandma Burnham was getting ready to make a journey to Lake City.

Grandma Burnham lived alone in an old-time wing-and-ell house in an old-fashioned lilac-and-syringa-grown yard on the last street in the insignificant town of Edgeville. Which settles Grandma once and for all to any claim on a paragraph in "Who's Who." But if Grandma herself had no place in the pages of that dictionary of the well-known, the direct results of her handiwork might readily be found there, for John David Burnham was listed quite bravely among the B's.

John David was Grandma's sole claim to her honorary title. Early orphaned, he had been housed, fed, loved, and paddled by Grandma. The housing had been comfortable, if inartistically so; the loving as generous as the feeding; and as for the paddling, one of the main reasons for that occasional activity on the part of Grandma was John David's predilection for drawing charcoal pictures on anything and everything indoors and out.

He had filled the walls of the woodshed, the inside doors of the cupboards, the entry to the cellarway, and the white bottoms of Grandma's pine bureau drawers with caricatures of gaunt old whiskered men and fat old women, and a cow that was always making waggish remarks in an elliptical breath from a grinning mouth. And, after many years, so Puck-like is Fate, John David's gaunt old men and fat old ladies, and even the wag of a cow had landed him in "Who's Who," via the funny pages of half the newspapers in a nation which gives both money and prestige to one who succeeds in making it laugh.

It was to John David Burnham's wedding in Lake City that Grandma had just been giving a half-hour of thought. Miss Marjorie Jeffers—that was the name of the girl whom David out of the world of girls was to honor. Grandma was hoping she was good enough for him; but was having her doubts. She picked up a letter from her ample, gingham-covered lap and read part of it over again.

" . . . While I shall send you a regulation invitation in September, I am writing this note to you now, urging you to plan to come. David says you must come, and so do I. My own grandmother will be here. She is coming from the East to attend the big doings. I am her only grandchild, just as David is your only one, and we want you two grandmothers to know each other. . . ." There was more, and, then, "Cordially yours, Marjorie Jeffers."

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In the days that followed Grandma insulted her bank book, which, by ason of the chickens, the garden, the w, and several plump checks which avid had given her for presents, pre-nted material prosperity. In a wild orgy buying she got goods for two new esses, a gray crêpe for second best, and r the wedding itself a shimmering silk of angeable lavender and silver. Miss ocky, the town seamstress, made them th, with much reading of directions m the paper patterns and much spicy nversation from between the pins in her outh.

In every spare moment Grandma worked n the wedding present—a quilt with a eamy background for a crimson rambler se design of blocks. Into it she wove n thousand stitches and ten thousand oughts of love. With all these elaborate eparations, the summer fairly flew. The esses were finished and folded in tissue paper. The final tiny stitching had been put on the smallest petal of the last red rose of the quilt. The first Wednesday in September arrived in a halo of serenity and sunshine. No doubt, somewhere other people in the world were welcoming that particular day, but to Grandma Burnham it seemed her exclusive property.

IT WAS thrilling to be the center of interest for the whole neighborhood. No spotlight on a stage favorite or focus on a movie star had ever made them more the center of things than was Grandma to the west end of Edgeville. All that morning there was a great deal of running back and forth to assist her in getting off, Edgeville belonging to that inferior type of town whose people render homely service to one another when it is needed.

Jennie Wing hurried up-town at the last minute to get Grandma some face powder. "Just a little," Grandma explained; "ten cents' worth if they sell it in bulk. All my life I've said plain clean was good enough for me; but I want to look good for David's sake."

Several others were there to speed the parting wayfarer. Fat Sue Maybrick and her daughter Mamie, from the house on the north; wiry little Mrs. Jensen from the cottage on the south; old lady Wing from across the street. Grandma was out on the porch with her suit case.

"You look as stylish as a picture, Grandma," Sue Maybrick told her. She had on the dress which had been her best one before the extensive purchase of the two new ones, a black silk with freshly laundered white collar and cuffs. Miss Rocky had helped her pick out her hat. It had a feathery pompon on the side, which the milliner had assured her was "chic." Grandma had it on now, and above her plump, placid face it looked about as chic as it would have looked atop one of Raphael's cherubs.

"Now I'm going to tell you all something, folks," Grandma addressed them *en masse*. "I've kept this from you, sort of in the back of my head all summer. I'm going to bring Grandmother Jeffers home with me, if she'll come, and ain't too feeble to travel. She's come clear from New York State to Davie's and Margie's wedding, and may be all tired out and not able to go farther; but if she can, I want to bring her home to visit me for two or three weeks. It would be awful nice to have another old lady around for a while to wait on. I've thought of just a lot of nice things to do for her. I'm afraid I'm counting more on it than I should, without knowing for sure if she can come."

"My goodness, Grandma!" It was little Mrs. Jensen. "I don't believe you're ever happier than when you're doing something for someone."

Grandma studied a moment, thoughtfully. "Come to think about it," she said soberly, "I don't know as I *am!*"

MR. JENSEN drove up for her in his feather-weight auto. Jennie Wing returned with the powder. Grandma went out to the car. She delivered the house key to Mrs. Jensen, with some of the gusto which the Lord Mayor of London might use when turn-

It hurt her to think she could not stand up as everyone else did. Just as if she were an invalid

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ing over the city's key to his successor. "Now, let's see"—this leaving was a complicated procedure—"I'll sort of call the roll: The cow's at Magee's. Jimmie is to deliver the milk and have the money. Sue, you're to tend the chickens and have the eggs, and, Sue, you kill an old hen for a stew for next Sunday. I'd like to think of you eating it. I'll save those few fries that are left, to feed Grandma Jeffers if I can bring her home. Mis' Jensen, you're coming in to water the plants. I've got some slips of my best Martha Washington geraniums done up in a wet rag and strapped to my lunch box for Grandma Jeffers. The rain-spout's turned into the barrel. If there comes up a big rain, Mr. Jensen, and it goes to slopping over, I wish you'd come and turn the spout out to the ditch. Mamie's to have the sweet peas and pansies. Cut 'em every day, except the day before we come, a week from next Thursday. I'm going to visit a week with Margie's family—and then we'll come home. Listen to me say 'we,' will you! I declare, I'm that set on bringing that old lady here. I better not get my hopes up too much. Well, good-by, everybody!"

"Good-by! Have a good time, Grandma!"

Grandma leaned out of the car, her plump, kind old face beaming, the more-or-less-stylish pompon nobly erect.

There was a half-hour wait at the station because of Grandma's cautious early arrival. And then finally the train was coming in, and Grandma was settling herself. She put her feet on the suit case which contained the crimson rambler quilt, as though it might, from sheer naturalness of the roses, ramble out of the car window. "Now, I'll not say a single word to a person on the train," she told herself. "I guess I know what's what."

SHE kept her word so religiously that no one but the conductor, the brakeman, two school-teachers, and an automobile salesman knew that she was John David Burnham's grandmother traveling to his wedding.

And then after many hours she was in Lake City, sucked down in a whirlpool of noise and confusion, and trying to swim bravely out behind a red-coated porter with the suit cases. At last there was David, big, and fine, and clean-looking, saying, "Gee, Grandma, you look good to me! If you couldn't have come, I'd have kidnapped Marge and carted her out to Edgeville and married her in your old parlor!"

And this was Margie! The dear, dear girl! So slender and pretty and fragrant! And Margie was saying, "I'm glad to have David's grandmother here. And Grandmother Burnham, this is my own Grandmother Jeffers."

Her plump old face wreathed in smiles, Grandma Burnham turned. The smiles left as though snatched from her face. Grandma's head swam giddily. Before her stood a little lady as dainty as Marjorie, and as slim and fragrant. A very short and very fetching ensemble suit clothed her girlish little body. From the top of the close-fitting, bright green satin hat over brown bobbed hair, to the toe of the buckled pump over a silken-clad foot, she was the personification of arrested youth. She looked at Grandma out of young-old, restless eyes, and gave her a limp, daintily gloved hand. At once Grandma took an intuitive and unreasoning dislike to her.

And then they were all in a pearl-gray upholstered limousine, with a liveried chauffeur, riding to the Jeffers home. With Grandma's body tense from constant fear of the congested traffic, they sped over the paved streets, turning at last through iron gates and up a curving drive. They all got out, and with David's arm through Grandma's they went up a stairway.

Grandmother Jeffers, her silken skirts swishing about trim silken legs, mounted the stairs like a girl and was waiting at the top for heavy old Grandma. From there they went into a room more gorgeous than Grandma had ever seen. Marjorie's father and mother were presented and a cousin or two, with some house guests, all pleasant people and as sophisticated as gracious. "High-toned," was what Grandma called it to herself.

SUDDENLY she knew that the best black silk she had on was not right, neither was the new gray in the suit case, nor even the shining lavender and silver one. And her hair in its neat bun at the back of her head was not right, nor the stiff black hat

Because she could not be long with anyone without expressing herself freely, Grandma began talking, half to herself, half to the unwilling listener

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Behind Grandma, a trim silken leg in a silver-buckled pump lightly touched the running-board, to be followed by a slender little bob-haired lady in a very gay and very youthful rose-colored coat and hat

with the pompon. And, for that matter, neither were red, needle-pricked hands, nor a face and neck whose skin had been burned caring for the garden. Davie should have told her. In his letters he had written only about Marjorie—nothing at all about her family or surroundings. Grandma felt frightened, out of place, ill at ease.

And then she was alone in a bedroom. When the door closed she sat down heavily on the edge of an ivory chair upholstered in flower-covered English chintz, and looked about her. There was an ivory-enameled fireplace and there was more ivory furniture. Soft, gaudily-colored draperies were at the windows, and there were three silken-shaded lamps, one right on top of the bed. Old-fashioned Grandma in this room looked as out of place as one of her fat old hens would have looked.

All her plans and anticipations seemed to have tumbled about her head, and she was left sitting in the midst of their ruins. To think she had expected to stay a week and visit with the family after Davie and Marjorie had gone! She would go back—why, she would go back on the very first train after the ceremony. She only wished now that she had not come at all.

She must keep a stiff upper lip, and get through the wedding creditably for Davie's sake. But nothing was as she had expected. She felt as hurt as a child. Why, she had even brought a starched kitchen dress to help a little with the dishes! Her mind ran back over all those preparations she had made for the week's stay. Even the quilt, with its thousands of stitches and its thousand thoughts of love, would seem cheap and queer and out of place here with the other gifts.

But no destroyed dream, no blighted anticipation was so keenly regretted as the dissipation of that pleasant picture of taking the other grandmother home to visit. Imagine it! That old woman running around in kiddish clothes! All daubed up like a girl! But her hair was dyed and her neck was wrinkled, Grandma told herself jealously, and there were telltale creases at the sides of her hard old eyes. You could tell she was old, even if she had tried to cover it up. Old, and wearing a bright green, little-girl dress! And those silly slippers. . . .

THERE was a tap at the door. Grandma answered it shyly to find a trim uniformed maid, who said, "Mrs. Jeffers sent me to help you dress for dinner."

Grandma's head was high. "Why, thank you, dearie. But I don't need you a mite. I had my dresses made easy for that reason. But would you mind doing something for me, please? . . . Just throw these geranium slips out somewhere in the back yard or on the junk pile?"

Grandma got through the dinner. The silver worried her a little, and she felt timid. She knew she was not herself, cheery and talkative; but there seemed nothing for her to say. The conversation was trivial enough, but as though from another language. And the other grandmother sat next to her in a low-necked, silky dress. Against the linen, her slim, sparkling fingers appeared in sharp contrast to Grandma's plump old needle-pricked ones with the thin wedding ring.

The members of the family were all courteous to Grandma, hospitable in their way—but it was not Grandma's kind of hospitality. To her sensitive mind it seemed only a surface sort of effusiveness.

And then the time had come to get ready for the wedding. Grandma arranged her soft white hair in its usual neat bun, but crowned it with a high, fan-shaped comb with lavender stones, which Davie had given her once for her birthday. And then she put on the new silver and lavender silk dress. She gingerly touched her nose and chin with the newly acquired powder, as though Jennie Wing in her excitement might have purchased an explosive.

The ceremony was in the party room on the third floor. A long aisle was roped off with wide satin ribbons festooned from palms. Just inside the ribbons, near the improvised flower-bedecked altar, was a carved high-backed chair. It had been placed there for Grandma. Because they told her to do so, and led her to it, she sat in it. But it hurt her to think she could not stand up as (*Continued on page 185*)

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"Give me a newborn child, and in ten years I can have him so scared he'll never dare lift his voice above a whisper, or so brave that he'll fear nothing."

How Do You Get That Way?

(A study of human conduct and achievement)

By George A. Dorsey

THE lion jumps through a hoop of fire, the seal juggles a ball on its nose, and the dog stands on its hind legs. They were not born that way. Somebody taught them. They learned. You sit in a chair, hold a magazine, read English. You were not born that way. Somebody taught you. You learned. There is nothing mysterious about it. How else *could* you get that way?

You learn to sit in a chair, hold a magazine, and read English so well that you do it for hours without effort. Transport a Japanese on a magic carpet from the heart of Japan, and seat him in a chair; he is awkward, and soon very tired. Hundreds of millions of people never learn to sit in chairs, turn the pages of a magazine, or read English. Could they learn? Why not? Could you learn to wear a kimono, sit on the floor, and read Japanese? Of course you could. Any normal person can learn to do practically anything within reason.

There is, of course, a vast difference between what you *could* have learned, and what you *did* learn; between what you are to-day and what you could or can be. If this were not so, you and I might just as well spend no more time on How Do You Get That Way? And if I can show you how you got the way you are, what is to keep you from learning how to get any other way you want to get—within certain limitations? Nothing—save a lack of enough motive power within yourself!

With a frail body you cannot learn to become a heavy-weight champion. Sex sets its limitations, especially if you are a female. Society says that certain things are unwomanly, and puts obstacles in the way of your learning them. But, even so, obstacles can be removed. You don't *have* to accept limitations set by others. If women had accepted the limitations set by men in the past centuries, what a world this would be! Fortunately, limitations can be widened out.

However, let's look into this matter of "limitations" a little further. It is important that you understand just what I mean.

You may be marvelously fitted by training for a certain job—but, does that job *want* you? For example, you are admirably qualified to teach gymnastics in a girls' school. Let us suppose that I have a girls' school and require a gym teacher. You show me your credentials and exhibit your skill. I like your looks. I think you would make a fine addition to my school. Then I say, "By the way, what is your religion?"

"Methodist."

"U-mm! That's too bad. You see, this is a Baptist school, and I have only Baptist teachers."

"But what has religion got to do with teaching gymnastics?"

"You have me stumped! But business is business, and some of my patrons are fussy, and with you on my faculty I can no longer say: 'Entire faculty Baptist.'"

Seems absurd, doesn't it? But this society in which you and I live does sometimes take absurd attitudes. What and how many doors have been closed because of the color of one's skin, or the way one's feet were shod, or the way one handled a knife and fork, or, or, or, or . . . ?

You may know the job, like the job—and fail to get it or hold it, because you rub something or somebody the wrong way in some trifling, piffling thing. It is a human being who hires and fires, promotes and demotes. Or a committee, or a board of trustees, or an electorate. No matter how small or big the job, there is always the human equation back of the hiring and firing line. And you know what human beings can do to you!

YOU may be able to climb a rope one hundred feet long—but not if that rope runs through a cement ceiling only ten feet above your head. We all have our limiting factors. It is well that we should know which are due to inborn physical traits, which to lack of training or desire, which to mere incidence of environment. Some of these limiting factors cannot be altered—but most of what usually seem to be limiting factors can be altered, if you want badly enough to alter them.

As a matter of fact, much that is glorious in human history has been done by those who transcended their physical or social limitations. Take Napoleon, Florence Nightingale, Lincoln, Steinmetz, Charles W. Eliot. What didn't they do! What limitations didn't they crash through and smash to smithereens. Even old age can renew its youth, and learn like a child, if it wants to.

Beware of all those who may say to you: "*This* way is closed to you;" or, "You cannot get *that* way." You can put them in the class with those who said that the world is flat, that steel ships are impossible, that flying is an absurdity, and what not.

In answering the question, "How do you get that way?" I mean just now by "you," your physical body; by "way" I mean the things you do—how you act when you are alone, or with friends, or with strangers, or with a mob; how you work or play; how you face danger, or a fight, or the loss of your job; how you behave when you are in love or in disgrace; your ways of talking, thinking, reading, walking, eating, dressing, sleeping; your ways at home, at church, at a ball game, in an office or the dentist's chair.

You have one physical body—you inherited it; call it your capital. You have thousands of ways—you learned them; call them your investment.

ARE you getting as much out of your ways as you would like? If not, quarrel with your ways, and not with your body. You cannot change your body to any considerable extent, but you *can* change your ways. You can reinvest your inheritance in more profitable ways. As a matter of fact, that is what you do every time you rise in the world.

There is no rung in the ladder of achievement you cannot aspire to. Nothing that anyone has ever done is beyond your capacity—within limitations.

All right, you say, then, how about becoming a genius?

Well, why not? Do you know what genius is?

Disabuse your mind of one thing: geniuses are not made of sweat. Can you imagine Henry Ford in a sweat? Or Thomas Edison? Or William Shakespeare? Or Paderewski? The sugar that geniuses burn goes into *work*—directed work—and not into sweats. They work their energy off, they do not sweat it out. There is a big physiological principle involved here which I cannot go into, but the principle is real—and it is at the bottom of the business of being "great," of being a genius.

We call Shakespeare a genius, and yet he excited little comment among his contemporaries. He now looms up because everybody around him has been washed out. We have not time to read everybody, or energy enough to love everybody. We unite on somebody—because we simply must read somebody and love somebody—that's mob psychology; that's why and how we elect a President.

To achieve mightily, to go far in the

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or that direction, to be a genius, means the organization of the particular mechanism with which is to be achieved the kind of success you want, and then the direction of the entire resources of the body toward that achievement. There is such a thing as "putting more than you have" into your job. And when all one has is put into anything long enough, something happens: a Henry Ford, a Thomas Edison, a Paderewski, or a Lincoln. This sounds very simple, but it isn't. The interests of the average human being are very diversified, and he prefers to keep them so. Tell him that, in order to be a "genius" along a certain line, he must bend *all* his energies and time to that effort, and he says, "Aw, let me be an ordinary chap."

Of course, bodily deficiencies or peculiarities may open or close certain roads to you; they may become the factors which will determine the way you will invest your inheritance. Your fingers, for example, may be so short and chubby that you cannot become a skillful pianist—as piano keyboards are made. But with a keyboard *made* for your fingers, there is nothing in your inheritance to prevent your rivaling the greatest of pianists, provided, *always provided*, you want to devote yourself single-mindedly to that end.

BUT let us return for a moment to your inheritance. Now, I want you to note closely what you did inherit. The color of your skin, hair and eyes; your stature, size and shape of head, relative lengths of arms, legs, and trunk, size and shape of nose, and facial features in general—you got from your ancestors. What else did you inherit? A unique body. How could it be otherwise, when your body has more parts than have all the man-made machines rolled into one, more units than this earth has had human beings?

What else did you have at birth? You had the immeasurable capacity to learn. That was your real birthright, your invaluable inheritance. And how that birthright was invested by your parents and you determines what you are to-day.

Think of your body at birth as a mechanism that knew nothing, that was densely ignorant, but could learn. How much "personality" did you have? So little that if you had been mixed up with a hundred other newborns in the maternity hospital, your own mother could not have picked you out. Now you have so much personality that she can pick you out from a thousand million—by the tone of your voice, your smile, your walk, by a hundred mannerisms which belong to you and to you alone. What, then, was the nature of this mechanism so devoid of personality, so capable of acquiring marked personality? What did that mechanism originally know?

It knew how to live—but only under livable conditions. It required food and air, protection from extremes of heat and cold and from stimuli in excess of what that mechanism could stand.

Your mechanism engine at birth was set to go, but it did not know where to go or what to do when it got there. Human hands fed it, protected it, carried it about. They had to, or you would have died. Your motor mechanism, by which you now carry your engine about, and your voice mechanism, by which you now talk to others and to yourself, did not know how to feed you, or protect you, or carry you about, or tell others to do it for you.

With your motor mechanism you could squirm, with your voice mechanism you could cry and make rambling sounds. Nothing more. But you could and did learn to use your motor and your voice mechanisms.

Why did those little motor and voice mechanisms want to learn anything? What drove them? The engine! Or, in other words, the impulse to live. The drive, the vitality, the vigor of life originate in the engine.

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Dr. George A. Dorsey, for many years curator of the Field Museum of Natural History, in Chicago, is one of the outstanding anthropologists of the day. He has gone to many parts of the world to study the history of mankind. For two years his book, "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," has ranked among the non-fiction best-sellers

Let us call the engine the visceral drive, and understand that viscera include alimentary canal and organs of digestion, respiratory and circulatory systems, and organs of elimination and of sex. And note that when the viscera do their work well, energy is released for action in motor and voice mechanisms.

Now see how these two mechanisms learn their lessons: Your "motor mechanism" works through the action of muscles on bones. It learns to act in innumerable ways. For convenience call them your manual ways.

What was your hand good for the day you were born?

Look at the tiny hands and frail arms of a newborn: they cannot hold a bottle, they cannot even reach for a bottle. Soon the babe begins to make random movements. By and by it learns to hold a bottle, to find its toes, to reach out for things. It reaches out to a lighted candle; it is burned. It has learned a trick in one lesson that it is not likely to forget. You learn by experience those things which hurt or teach. Experiences, emotionally reinforced—as in pain, anger, fear, or love—get their lesson across in short time; they are burned in, as we say. You needed but one lesson to learn that fire is hot, that tails are not handles for lifting cats, or that father's pipe is no all-day-sucker.

WHAT did you not learn to do with your hands? Within three years you had learned thousands of ways of using them. And as you grew older, they became extraordinarily versatile—whittling wood, wielding a knife and fork, playing ball, chopping wood, writing, drawing, and the hundred and one things with which a normal child fills up his time.

Many of these movements are enormously difficult; you did not learn them in one lesson, or become proficient at them in twenty. Some required years of practice; some were easily learned because you had already learned most of the movements. Having learned to bang your rattle on the crib, for instance, you had made a good start in learning to drive a nail. Or, maybe you became unusually "handy" because the people with whom you lived were "handy." In other words, you came by your "handiness" naturally.

You learned to walk on your feet. Can you wash your face, comb your hair, and blow your nose with your feet? Or thread a needle, eat with knife and fork, play a violin with them? Children born without arms can learn to do these and other equally difficult feats. Children of Japanese artisans learn to use their feet as helpers for their (*Continued on page 161*)

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Do You Know What Makes A Popular Song Popular?

Gus Kahn, who has written dozens of "hits," comes as close to answering this question as anyone can come—But even Kahn usually has to guess whether a song will go big, or never be heard from

By J. P. McEvoy

WHERE do popular songs come from? Where do they go? Who writes them? How? Why? Is there a lot of money in it? How much? Who gets it? How many really popular songs are there a year? What makes them popular? Why do people start singing them? Why do people stop singing them? Can you write a popular song? Can I? Is the music written first, or the words?

Why is everyone wanting to go back to Alabam' one year, and to Hawaii the next? What sets a whole nation to shouting in rhythmic chorus that under no conceivable circumstances have they any bananas?

Are all these things a spontaneous madness, or are we the victims of a carefully planned and executed attack upon our emotions? If the latter, *who* is the chief attacker?

The answer to the last question is—*Gus Kahn.*

Who is he? Where did he come from? What does he do? Why does he do it?

Well, if you walk over to your piano and pick up a handful of the songs lying around on top, you are likely to find that he has written the words (the "lyrics") of a goodly share of them.

During the past few months most of our amateur songsters in this country were dancing, singing, and ukuleleing the following rhapsodies: There Ain't No Maybe in My Baby's Eyes; For My Sweetheart; Just a Bird's-Eye View of My Old Kentucky Home; Blame It on the Waltz—to mention only a few songs of the recent output of Gus Kahn. He has been doing this sort of thing for nineteen years, during which period he has written eighteen songs that have averaged over a million copies sale. In addition, he has written some twenty or thirty songs that have sold from three to eight hundred thousand copies, and he has written hundreds of others that have not come up to those figures. Here are some of his hits: Yes, Sir, That's My Baby; I Wish I Had a Girl; Memories; Pretty Baby; I'll Say She Does; So Long, Mother; Your Eyes Have Told Me So; Venetian Moon; My Isle of Golden Dreams; Ain't We Got Fun; Toot, Toot, Tootsie; Goodbye; Swinging Down the Lane; Beside a Babbling Brook; Sittin' In a Corner; Mindin' My Business; No, No, Nora; It Had to be You; When You and I Were Seventeen; Charley, My Boy; I'll See You in My Dreams; The Midnight Waltz; My Buddy; Carolina in the Morning; The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else; Spain; When Lights Are Low; My Sweetie Turned Me Down; Driftwood; That Certain Party; When I Dream of the Last Waltz With You; Kentucky Way of Saying Good Morning.

You will recall the questions with which I opened this article. I'll wager that nearly every one of you, at some time or another, has asked most of them, but usually we ask someone who does not know the answers. It struck me that it might be a good idea to back Gus Kahn into a corner and ask him. So I set out looking for Kahn, and naturally went to Music Publishers' Row, in New York, or what is commonly known as Tin Pan Alley.

"Gus Kahn? He isn't here. Hardly ever see him."

"Where is he?"

"Lives out around Chicago somewhere."

So, in Chicago, I went from one publisher's office to another, seeking the elusive Gus Kahn.

"He lives up on the North Side some place and raises children and dogs," I was finally told.

AND it was out on the North Side that I found the short, round, stocky and mild-mannered father of so many of the jazz lyrics of America, entertaining his two children—a boy of eight and a girl of three—with a pleasant little story about Harry Hippopotamus and Sally Snake. I expressed astonishment at finding him in such conservative and domesticated surroundings. He countered with, "Where'd you expect to find me, on Forty-second and Broadway, yelling 'Mammy, I want to go back to Dixie'?"

"Why not?"

"Can't stand the place," replied Kahn; "there's no feel of life about it. You can't write songs for people to sing unless you are mixing with the people who sing them, and that doesn't mean professionals."

"Well, whom *do* you mean, then?"

My Favorite Song

Prize Contest Announcement

GUS KAHN, writer of innumerable popular songs, tells you in the accompanying article how he goes about his task, and what type of songs he has found to be most pleasing to the public. He speaks of the modern "popular" song exclusively, for that is his field. But in this contest, you are invited to select any song—modern or old, popular or unpopular, classic or jazzy, sacred or shallow. There is one song that probably means more to you than any other; one that you like better than any other. What is it? And why does it mean so much to you?

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes June 20th. Winning letters will appear in the September issue.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest and any enclosures cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them.

Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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"The young folks—the kids who buy the piano copies, the player rolls, the phonograph records; the kind who sing the words to each other as they dance. Incidentally that's one of the first things to keep in mind when you are writing a song—write words that the kids can sing to each other when they are dancing, and if they can make love with the lyric, so much the better."

"I never thought of that."

"I think of it a lot. My wife and I pal around all the time with nice, young, bouncy couples. I listen to what they have to say to each other, and get the feel of their reaction to the life around them. I try to catch the rhythm of their pet expressions.

"You'd be surprised to know how many songs are based on the catch phrases of the day. Take 'Charley, My Boy,' for instance. I heard a girl say that to a fellow out at the Rainbow Gardens on the North Side, one night, and it struck me that it had a rhythm that a lot of other girls would like to sing to their partners, with a catchy tune. 'Oh, Mabel,' was an obvious companion piece, written to order. Both had huge sales."

"You were saying something about songs having a better chance of success if the young folks can use them for their love-making?"

"Sure. Any time a young fellow can look a girl in the eyes and sing 'Why Couldn't It Be Poor Little Me,' it takes a great load off his mind, and a great strain off his vocabulary.

"AND speaking of vocabularies, the phrasing of a popular song must be as simple as you can make it. The first thing a song writer must remember is to forget all his fancy two-dollar words—those are all right for the bright newspaper poets, but a popular song must sound so simple that anyone can say to himself, 'Gosh, I could have written this!' And after he has sung it once or twice he will believe that he *did* write it, and take all the credit for it. I suppose hardly a young fellow lives who, after he has finished singing Irving Berlin's 'All Alone,' doesn't believe, way down in his heart, he could have written it himself, and maybe improved on it. Look how simple those last four lines seem:

Wond'ring where you are,
And how you are,
And if you are
All alone, too.

"Simple? Easy? Sure it is. Write four other lines as effective, to substitute for them, and I'll buy you a dinner."

PHOTOGRAPH BY BLOOM, CHICAGO

Gus Kahn, author of numerous of the most popular songs of the day, and his two children, Donald and Irene. One of his latest songs, "Just Wondering," was written in collaboration with his wife

And then, before we knew it, we both got to reminiscing about popular song lyrics, beginning far back in the weepy period when people would sing "The Baggage Coach Ahead" just to have a real good cry. And then there was "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Just as the Sun Went Down," and many others of the same sobby brand. It was somewhere along about that time that an unknown genius—or at least one unknown to me—wrote a song which seemed to boil down and crystallize all the salty tears and heartaches of the period. It was entitled "My Love Works in a Greenhouse," and it went something like this:

In a small New England village on a drear October night,
A liv'ry stable keeper met a maid, his troth to plight.
The man was tall and handsome in a Denman Thompson way,
The maid might well have been a queen, she was so proud yet gay.
The liv'ry stable keeper, after he had asked her hand,
Endeavored to embrace her, but for that she would not stand.
"Oh, tell me why upon this breast you will not rest your head,"
She looked into his rugged face and unto him she said:

CHORUS

"My love works in a greenhouse;
There always is a smell
Of violets and geraniums
Upon his coat lapel.
Of course I do not blame you,
I am making no complaint,
But a greenhouse has a fragrance
Which a liv'ry stable hain't."

After I had reminded Kahn of this song, and we had both smiled over it, I said to him, "Now, go ahead and tell me why some of your songs sell a million copies and others that sound just as good don't pay your milk bill."

"I wish I knew," he replied.

"Does anybody know?"

"Well, we all guess, and we all guess differently. If we *knew*, we could make a fortune without any trouble."

"But," I broke in, "didn't you realize when you finished writing it that 'Yes, Sir, That's My Baby,' for instance, was a big hit?"

"Well, I thought it was pretty good, and it amused me; but it took three months for it to get started, and then suddenly it went over *Bing!*"

"How long does it take to make a song popular?"

"I wrote one eighteen years ago called 'Gee, It's a Dandy Night for Spooning.' It isn't popular *yet*. The same year I wrote another, and it went all over the country like the Spanish flu. The story of that song might amuse you."

"Let's hear it."

"WELL, I had been writing lyrics which nobody could set to music. One evening I went to a party, and met my wife for the first time. I found that she wrote tunes which nobody could put lyrics to, so on that basis we struck up a partnership. We wrote our first song together, and agreed that if we could get it published we would be married. She had all the business head—still has, for that matter—so she found a publisher and offered to sell him the song for five dollars outright. He didn't feel certain that it was worth even that much, so he offered us a contract with a royalty, instead. Under the contract, if the song didn't go over we didn't get anything The (*Continued on page 137*)

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"Louise," I gasped, scarcely daring to believe my eyes. "You're eloping!"

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A Dot and Will Story

Louise Takes Things Into Her Own Hands

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

I HAD been making tapioca custard for the babies, and wondering whom they could marry, when Dulcie came in. Of course, the twins being only three, it would be some time before they could marry anybody, and I suppose lots of people would think it was just silly of me even to give the matter a thought.

But there's no harm in thinking and I wasn't worrying at all, because I realized that a lot of things might happen before they were grown up. If this were the kind of country, though, where parents betroth their children in infancy I would certainly be one worried mother.

I might manage all right for Jill; but I can't think of a baby in Montrose that I'd want Jack to marry.

Little Dulcie, right next door, is very pretty and blond, which would be nice, Jack being dark; but the way Dulcie is bringing her up lets her out as a wife for Jack. Little Dulcie is simply spoiled at sixteen months, and what she'll be at sixteen years I shudder to contemplate.

Dulcie has actually made cross-stitch monograms in the corners of that child's diapers, and anyone can tell what kind of woman that's going to make her. Why, she'd keep Jack's nose to the grindstone for life!

Goodness knows, Rosie Merton's babies aren't spoiled—as Rosie says, you don't cross-stitch any monograms on the fourth set—but I don't think any one of her three little girls would quite do. Betty is too old for Jack, and the two little ones look like Howard.

Corinne's little Marcia is a very attractive, well-behaved child, but she's croupy, and of all things I want Jack to have a healthy wife. Ruth's baby is healthy enough, and rather nice-looking and amazingly well-behaved, but, as Rosie and I have often said, we sometimes suspect that the only reason she is so good is because she's too dumb to get into mischief.

Of course, some of the Harvester bunch have girl babies; but I'd hate to see Jack marrying into that swift crowd. And there's Tiny Scoggins, who will have money of her own. Money is very nice, of course; but I can't fancy Jack's marrying a child with adenoids. In fact, the more I thought about it, the more I realized that there wasn't a girl in all Montrose who was really suitable in every way.

Naturally, I didn't mention what I had been thinking about to Dulcie, who had run in to see if I had a good recipe for sour cream cake. It wouldn't have been very tactful, on account of little Dulcie, and I wouldn't have, anyway, because ever since we made such an awful bone of trying to marry off Madge Edwards, we've all been a little offish on the whole subject of matchmaking.

This morning, however, Dulcie brought it up herself. I was cleaning the silver, and she perched up on my kitchen stool and began to rub a knife with chamois while we talked.

"Well," she observed, chattily, "I see Louise Curley's got another beau."

"Who?" I exclaimed, all interest at once, of course.

"Mr. Pawling."

"Mr. Pawling!" I echoed, amazed. "Why, he's old enough to be her father!"

"Oh, no," said Dulcie. "He's only forty-two. And she's twenty-six. Lots of married couples have that much difference in their ages."

"But he's bald," I protested. "And he gargles, night and morning. His sister told me so."

Dulcie shrugged her shoulders.

"I can't see myself marrying a man who gargles," she admitted. "Still, there's no accounting for tastes. Probably Louise figures she'd rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

We polished for a few moments in silence. Then:

"And there aren't so very many *young* men left who aren't married, already," I said.

Which, of course, hit the nail right on the head. We certainly haven't got much of a bachelor class in Montrose. And all of Louise's girl friends were married, with a baby or two apiece. I suppose, to put it crudely, Louise had reached the point where she'd rather have Mr. Pawling than nobody.

"Well, maybe Mrs. Curley'll think Mr. Pawling is good enough for Louise," said Dulcie. "He's settled right here in Montrose, and his store is doing well."

DULCIE was thinking of Denis O'Shea. Louise is awfully sweet and pretty and had had plenty of beaus; but Denis was the one that everybody had thought she would marry. Plenty of other girls in Montrose would have been glad enough to marry Denis, but Louise was the only girl he ever rushed hard.

He was the handsomest Irishman you ever laid eyes on, with crisp, black, curly hair and blue eyes and flashing white teeth. He had the most simply fascinating ways, and the only thing in the world I ever heard against him was that he wouldn't settle down in Montrose. He was studying to be a geologist, and he said that he wanted to see the world.

That was enough for Mrs. Curley. She was a widow and Louise was her only child, and the very idea of Louise's getting married and leaving her to go off to some far end of the earth set her wild. She was against Denis from the start, and she finally managed the breaking up of the affair.

Louise never told anybody much about it. All she ever said was to Bee Duncan, her best friend. She told Bee that she couldn't break her mother's heart. So, after having gone with Louise for four years, Denis went away alone. He married a Chicago girl the next year on the rebound, and we heard that he'd got a wonderful job in Brazil.

That was five years ago. Louise had had a few other beaus since, but nothing had come of any of them. Nobody ever knew what was the trouble; there was never a quarrel or anything you could put your finger on; they all continued to say Louise was a fine girl, long after they had made a fade-out and married somebody else. It had been a year or more now since anybody had been going with her at all.

"DO YOU know," said Dulcie, briskly polishing my one silver platter, "I think the whole trouble with Louise's beaus is her mother."

"Oh, I don't know," I protested. "I never heard of Mrs. Curley's objecting to any of them except Denis."

"That's all very well," said Dulcie. "But Denis is the only one of them who wouldn't have had to marry Louise's mother right along with Louise."

Which, once I had thought of it, I did admit, seemed reasonable. Mrs. Curley expected, as a matter of course, to go right on living with Louise in case Louise should get married. And when it came right down to it, any man who was courting Louise had to come pretty close to courting her mother, too. This was on account of Mrs. Curley's being a chum to her daughter.

She was always telling us girls how she was just Louise's chum, that they were really more like sisters.

"I was only eighteen when she was born," Mrs. Curley was always saying. "Doctor Horne often used to say to me, 'Why, Mary, you're only a little girl yourself, and here you are, with a little girl of your own. You and this baby girl will be just a pair of sisters!'"

Mr. Curley died when Louise was a baby, leaving Mrs. Curley with money enough, so she didn't have to worry, and

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she had devoted her life ever since to being a sister to Louise.

I remember how it was when we were all little kids. Mrs. Curley always walked to school with Louise and came after her; even after the rest of us, who were years younger, were let go alone. Then, each fall, when Louise passed into a new grade, Mrs. Curley would go to school and call on the new teacher, and invite her to supper at least once a month. This usually made Louise the teacher's pet.

Sitting there while Mr. Pawling was puffing out his chest and rocking in the cradle a home and babies of her own bad enough to take Mr. Pawling along with them.

WHEN we went to play at Louise's house, her mother was always so interested in our games. Louise wouldn't trade a paper doll without consulting her mother about it first. Mrs. Curley would consider each trade as seriously as though it were a real estate deal, would point out to Louise why some other exchange would be better than the one she was suggesting.

We could make candy any time at Louise's. Mrs. Curley would always be right out in the kitchen to tell us when to take it off. Louise never did learn to make fudge that would get hard, by herself. Mrs. Curley seemed so much younger and gayer than any of our other mothers. We all liked her and envied Louise. She had prettier clothes than the rest of us and more doll dresses and fancier parties.

When she got old enough to have the boys come to see her, her mother entered right into that, too. Would invite the different ones to supper and have everything they liked to eat. She'd join right in; put on her own prettiest dress; play all the new popular songs for them on the piano, and be as jolly as though she were Louise's age.

"I'll bet Johnny Harris really comes to see me," she'd tease Louise. And then, to anyone else who happened to be around, "Really, you know, I have as much fun out of Louise's beaus as she does. We're just a couple of girls together, just sisters!"

I must admit, though, that I never knew any sisters who worked that way. Goodness knows, my sister Kathie and I are as congenial as any two sisters I ever knew; but when Elmer began getting serious I didn't notice Kathie urging me to put on my best dress and stick around to help her entertain him.

When I began having beaus, and Father, who is very sociable, would say, "Why don't your mother and I have a game of five hundred with you two?" Mother would say privately, "Now, look here, Horace, don't fool yourself. Will Horton isn't coming here for the pleasure of playing cards with *you!*"

ALL through high school, Louise was awfully popular. All the boys liked to go to her house. Mrs. Curley never cared how late they stayed; would let the bunch tear up the living-room to dance any time they wanted; would play for them, and even get up and dance an old-fashioned waltz, herself, with one of the boys. Everybody said that Louise Curley was lucky.

Then Denis O'Shea came along.

Denis was just crazy about Louise. He was awfully nice to her mother; would jolly her along, pretend he couldn't tell her and Louise apart. When he'd ask Louise to go to the movies, and Louise would say, "Would you mind asking Mother to go along too? She's crazy about Mary Pickford, and it would be dull for her to stay at home alone," Denis would say, "Sure, the more the merrier," and would get seats right down in the front, because Mrs. Curley is a little near-sighted.

For quite a while, Mrs. Curley thought he was grand; told everybody what a handsome young fellow he was and what a beautiful voice he had, and how ambitious he was, and everything like that.

But after a while Denis began to get serious about Louise, and wanted to be alone with her some of the time. This hurt Mrs. Curley's feelings awfully. She'd tell Louise to go on somewhere with Denis, but when Louise got back she'd find that her mother had been crying all the evening.

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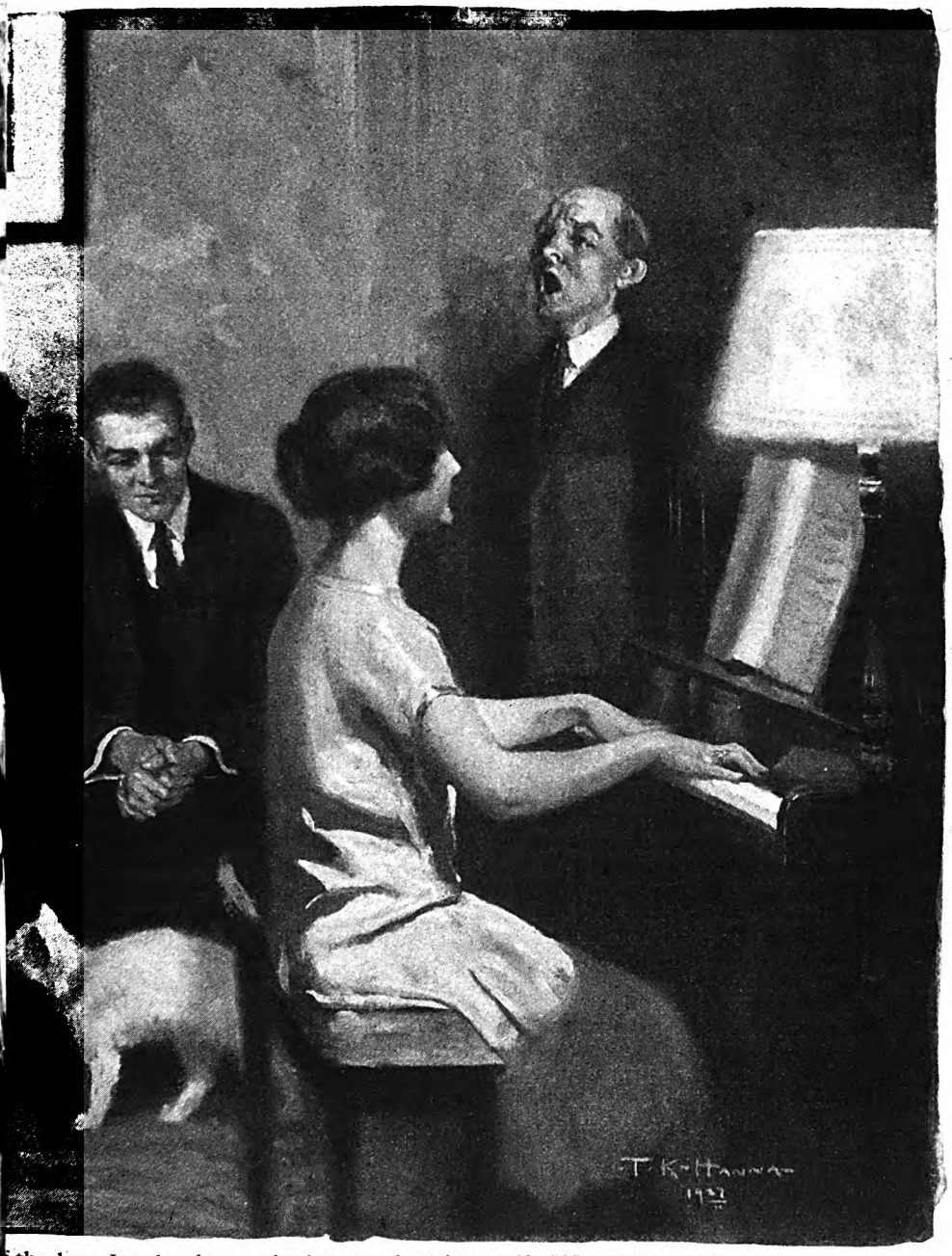

the deep, I took a deep and solemn oath with myself. If Louise wanted for one, was going to do all I could to see that she got the chance!

Mrs. Curley was always planning little treats" for her and Louise that would ome at the same time Denis would be kely to ask Louise to do something with im. And it nearly killed her if Louise emed to prefer to go with Denis.

"You see," she would explain, "Louise nd I are so much closer than most moth-'s and daughters. We've always been ist like sisters. Just chums!"

As Denis got more and more in earnest, Irs. Curley liked him less and less. Where ie used to say he was so handsome, now ie'd add "in a rather coarse sort of way." he'd sit down and play and sing in a owd, she'd laugh a little superiorly, and y he was showing off. She didn't talk ny more about his being ambitious. Now ie called it "reckless."

And when she discovered that his am-tion was to be a geologist and go all over ie world, she got just frantic. She said iat a man with that idea ought never to arry, that no girl could be happy away f from everybody who was dear to her. She said that the O'Sheas were a shiftless Irish family, and reminded Louise that Mr. O'Shea used to be a bricklayer before he got into politics. And so on and on.

Denis began going around with a hard, set look around the mouth, and Louise got thinner and thinner and whiter and whiter, like warm taffy that's being pulled two ways. Then suddenly Mrs. Curley got sick. She told everybody that she was afraid she wasn't going to get well. Louise was a perfect angel; took all the care of her, herself. Nobody knows just what happened, but all of a sudden Denis O'Shea left town.

EXCEPT for that one thing she said to Bee, Louise never mentioned his name to a soul. Mrs. Curley got better right away, and began putting on weight again and fairly blooming, till inside of three months anyone would swear it was Louise who had had the serious illness.

Everybody said what a wonderful daughter Louise was, and how devoted she was to her mother. They went everywhere together and they were so thoughtful of each other. The rest of us were always having Louise Curley held up to us as an example by our own mothers.

If Louise hadn't been an awful peach, this would have made us hate her. But everybody liked her. Once in a while, someone would say it was a little too bad things hadn't been so she could have married Denis; they had seemed to be so terribly in love.

And for a "shiftless family" the O'Sheas seemed to have done pretty well for themselves. Denis's elder brother worked his way through medical college, and was getting along splendidly in a big Chicago hospital. The next boy was already county prosecuting attorney, and it was said he was heading straight for Congress. Agnes, the only girl, married one of the most successful young men in Verblen.

STILL, everybody said, Louise would find somebody else she'd like as well as she did Denis, and probably it was all for the best. The only trouble was that Louise hadn't seemed to find anybody else. And suddenly, once Dulcie had spoken of it, I realized that this might be partly on account of Louise and her mother being such chums.

For one thing, Louise didn't get to go to so many places where there were young men, any more. She and her mother went everywhere together, and we girls sort of got into the way of inviting them both when we were having an afternoon bridge party, but not to our evening parties when there were to be men. Evening things are usually in couples, and Mrs. Curley would have made an odd woman. We all liked her too well to hurt her feelings by not asking her, so we just got into the way of counting Louise out, too.

Besides, after Denis went off, Louise didn't seem so attractive anyway. She and her mother went to Chicago twice a year to buy their clothes and, being just of a size, they got to buying things they could change back and forth with each other. These looked very young and dashing on Mrs. Curley, but they were likely to be just a little bit old for Louise.

Most of the other girls bobbed their hair; but Mrs. Curley didn't like short hair, so Louise kept hers long, which made her look a little older too. In fact, the old compliment began to be almost true—that Mrs. Curley didn't look a day older than her daughter. This was half because Mrs. Curley looked so young for her age, but the other half because Louise was beginning to look old for hers.

Louise was beginning, too, to have a lot of the same (*Continued on page 155*)

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"Every Time I Blunder, Jab Me In The Ribs"

This was what Victor Sincere asked when he became head of a big Cleveland department store—A brilliant lawyer, but a novice in retail business, he paid two men to criticize his methods so that he might keep his right foot forward

By Sherman Gwinn

THE benediction had been pronounced, and the minister had taken his place at the church door to bid God-speed to his departing worshipers. Yet several score of the congregation lingered, gathered in expectant groups in the aisles. They were waiting the appearance of the young soloist, Victor Sincere.

"He was wonderful!" a woman exclaimed.

"I've never heard more beautiful singing in a church!" declared another. "He should be in opera!"

On every side arose comments laudatory of the singer, and all agreed that the church had been fortunate when it secured his services.

At that moment Sincere appeared from the choir-room. No one could mistake his flush of evident pleasure when they crowded about him, shaking his hands in warm congratulation.

Alone in his room, with this praise still ringing in his ears, Sincere thought over his future. And as he thought the pleasure faded from his face.

"They know me only as a singer," he said. "Probably not ten people in that whole church know that I'm singing there because I must, because I need the twenty-five dollars they pay me for each service, and that my real profession is the law!"

Hours he pondered. Men don't engage as a lawyer one whom they know best as a singer. That was the conclusion he reached. If he was to succeed in the law, he must be known as a lawyer first! And in the law, as yet, he was unknown!

Sincere took up pen and paper and began to write. He wrote deliberately, knowing full well that his action meant hardship, denial, and possibly even hunger. Understand, thus far his law practice had brought him nothing, whereas his singing had taken him to the threshold of almost certain affluence. Yet here he was writing his resignation from the church as its soloist. He was drawing away from that threshold and staking his all on the law.

"A strange way," you will say, "to begin the story of a merchant!" For today Sincere *is* a merchant, and a great merchant, known the country over as such. Only a few of his intimate friends remember that he was once a lawyer, and still fewer that he once sang for his bread and butter.

It is a strange beginning; but Victor W. Sincere, of Cleveland, is a strange and remarkable man.

"Not once, but *five times* in his career Sincere purposely turned his back on the obvious opportunity, to follow a gleam in the darker turn in the road. With careful, deliberate forethought he has done this.

His father wanted him to be a doctor. The parent and an older brother both were doctors. Here was an opportunity to share in an established practice. A ready-made career was being handed him on a platter. But he ignored this certainty for the uncertainty of the law.

MONEY wasn't available to put him through law school. He had to work as a clerk in a lawyer's office, and read his law at night. His wages were three dollars a week. Then a theatrical manager heard him sing and offered him fifty dollars a week to go on the stage.

Sincere was but a boy and the offer represented a fortune, along with the glamour of the footlights. He said "No!" to it, that he might continue the study of law.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L. VAN OEYEN CLEVELAND

Victor Sincere, as head of the Bailey Company, operates a department store in Cleveland, Ohio, and is also president of the National Department Stores, which has fifteen big retail establishments in cities running from Portland, Oregon, to Wheeling, West Virginia. Mr. Sincere (the man wearing the soft hat) is shown here watching an amateur baseball game

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Later, upon admission to the Chicago ar, he was offered a partnership by his ld employer, a lawyer with an estabshed reputation and practice. "I'm etting along in years," said the old law-er, "and need a young man here to step ıto my place." His father insisted it was he boy's great chance. But Sincere had ther plans. He wanted to have his own ffice, to go it alone—and he did.

It was during his first clientless years hat he sang to keep up appearances and o earn enough to pay his stenographer. The church at which he was soloist was ıis chief source of income. He was almost totally deıendent upon the earnings ıf his voice. I've already old you why he resigned ıis position.

AT TWENTY-NINE he was a member of one of Chicago's leading law firms. A brilliant legal career was ust ahead. To the utter ımazement of his friends and the consternation of his coleagues, he resigned his partıership, quit the law for ıood, to become the superntendent of a department ıtore in Cleveland—a posiıion that paid him only a hird of what he had been earning as a lawyer!

"You're crazy!" exclaimed his friends.

"Wait and see!" challenged Sincere. "I know what I'm doing. I've analyzed myself and the future!"

And therein is the key of his story. He is a selfanalyst. Each step of his is measured before he takes it. He never plans a move without first considering its consequences.

"People," he told me, "spend months in planning what to do, and only minutes in considering the consequence of what they do. They forget, or ignore, that for every action there is a reaction. Instead of molding their lives, they allow their lives to mold them."

And he added:

"What you plan to happen may be *made* to happen, provided you first consider what *may* happen apart from your plans. When I took that store job, I didn't even see it. I saw only to what it could be made to lead. And I planned to *make* it lead there."

That was twenty-one years ago. Today, at fifty, Victor W. Sincere is where he planned to be at fifty on the day that he decided to quit the law for business. He is the president and general manager of the Cleveland store known as Bailey's, and under his management it has grown to six times its former size. Also, he is the president of National Department Stores, Inc., of New York, a corporation which owns fifteen big department stores in eleven leading cities, employs 15,000 people, and does a business amounting yearly to $80,000,000.

Mr. Sincere was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and his middle name, Washington, is significant of the day of his birth. It was February 22d. Seven children were in the family, and Victor was next to the youngest.

The elder Sincere was a man of courage. Until he was thirty-three years old, the age when most folks are getting settled down for life, he was in business. But at night, after work, he was studying medicine. His few spare dollars were expended for medical books. The fact that he was the parent of seven youngsters did not deter him from enrolling as a student in the Louisville Medical College. There he won his medical degree. And, not to be outdone by his youthful, unencumbered classmates, he gathered together his brood and struck out for the big city, Chicago, to begin his practice.

"I've never known a more determined and a more earnest man than my father," Victor Sincere said to me. "To him, there was something holy about his profession. He dedicated himself to it like a priest to his church. No matter how late the call, how bitter the night, how long the trip or how humble the patient, he set out with a grim, eager joy.

"'We're here to serve!' was his stern injunction. 'Fail in service, and you fail in everything!'

"He suffered untold torments in order to live up to this creed, suffered them with that same grim joy with which he went out on a winter's night to save a life.

"He was, for instance, keenly interested in the study of the colon. The colon, as you know, is the largest of the intestines. Father held certain ideas, radical at that time, of the colon as a seat of disease. Unable to push his researches to the extent that he wished in the laboratory, he conducted experiments upon himself. Nobody knows what he suffered in them, for he never uttered a word. Some of his findings, when published, brought forth storms of criticism and ridicule, though they are commonly accepted to-day. His only comment was that criticism was the lot of every discoverer."

IN THIS stern atmosphere young Victor Sincere was reared. Wide-eyed, he listened by the hour to discussions of medical subjects between his father and his associates of the staff of the Cook County Hospital, or sat in awed silence while his father bent patiently over queer appliances or hunched himself over his microscope. He was to be a doctor, you see, and was beginning young.

"Would that I," said the father, "had had such a chance!"

One day Victor's elder brother, a medical student, took him into a dissecting-room. Half sick, but afraid to show it, he sneaked away, a stunned and a thoughtful boy if ever there was one.

"Do doctors," he asked his father that night, "have to cut up people?"

"Sometimes," replied the parent.

"Then," announced Victor, "I'm not going to be a doctor!"

He held his breath, expecting a storm. A moment his father stared at him in an astonishment which slowly passed into pity.

"Why?" he asked.

The boy blurted out his experiences of the afternoon. He could sit at bedsides, yes; but operate, never.

"Very well," said his father, with deadly earnestness. "It is for you to decide. Nobody should go into medicine unless he loves it. There should not be the least doubt of that love!"

Next to medicine stood the law. It was but natural that he turned to that. The atmosphere in which he was reared was that of the professions. Business was held somewhat in contempt. Had not his father thrown business over to become a doctor!

"Father," he said one day, "I'm going to be a lawyer."

A criminal lawyer, that was his vision. In order to speed his entry into the law he did an unusual (*Continued on page 192*)

Post-Mortems are Just as Important When the Patient Recovers

"AN OLD lawyer-teacher of mine taught me this about self-analysis," says Victor Sincere. "'Almost anybody,' he said, 'will sit down and analyze why he failed to do a thing; but not one in a hundred will analyze why he *succeeded*.'

"You ask, 'but if a thing is done successfully, why hold post-mortems? They're not necessary.'

"Not necessary, but helpful. Helpful as an index to yourself! Failures are the consequences of mistakes, poor judgment, lack of resources, and so on. Successes are the result of some faculty, or faculties within you that are *strong*, that are worth further development, that you should build upon in the future.

"Some years ago a man was hired to fill an important executive post. For a year or two he did well. The business prospered and grew from his ideas. But at the end of five years he was let out, a failure in the job.

"'I can't understand why I failed,' he confessed. 'I never worked harder for anybody in my life.'

"He failed because at the very outset he did not stop to analyze why he was hired. The firm employing him wanted an executive with an outside viewpoint. It was down in a rut, too deeply immersed in itself. So it brought in this outsider, with his new ideas. His outside viewpoint was his strength.

"But he, too, let himself become immersed in the business. He got right down with the rest; and, just as soon as he did, his special value was destroyed. If he had analyzed the reason for his being employed he would not have failed."

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"Scotch Valley"

A story you will never forget

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Synopsis of First Instalment

JAMES GLADDEN went to war a handsome, care-free, unattached young bachelor. He came back burdened with a wife and five children. They were not his; but he was pledged to find them and look after them. This because in the very last firing on Armistice Eve Fred Smith had died in his place. Smith had seen that his captain was ill, had gone ahead of him into the line of fire, and had fallen. From his hospital bed—terribly wounded—he had begged Gladden to find his family and care for them. Gladden promised, knowing only that they lived in California in a place called Scotch Valley. For months Gladden was ill; then he came home to fulfill his promise. He had been left penniless by a wealthy father, whose estate had gone to Gladden's stepmother; but he had been brought up in every luxury, and had been given an excellent engineering training. His uncle was ready to establish him in an office of his own. He refused this offer, turned his back upon the music and beauty which he loved, and set out with the few hundred dollars he owned to find the Smith family.

Scotch Valley at last—and *two* Fred Smiths who had died in France! But when Gladden said "*My* Fred Smith had five kids, and no money at all," the question was settled. The other family was the richest in the Valley. Scotch Valley, parched under the dry heat of summer, was the most desolate place Gladden had ever seen—and all its desolation was concentrated in the Smith ranch. Mrs. Smith had died months before, and Gladden found a deserted, waterless place, with a wretched house which sheltered the five children and old Manuel, the Mexican in whose charge the mother had left her children. But old Manuel was dying. The well had been poisoned. There was no water and no food. Peter and Henry and Lily and Nancy were afraid of Gladden, and defiant—but he stayed. Bertha, the eldest, had gone to town, ten miles away, for a doctor.

There were no neighbors, Peter said, but the Pelgrams—"And you can't go there, because Pelgram'll shoot you. He shot at me last week. I was after chickens. I got one, too!" It was unbelievable. Gladden went to the Pelgram ranch—a prosperous, irrigated farm—and Pelgram refused him food, and ordered him off the place.

On the way back he met Bertha—ragged wisp of a girl of sixteen, weary and footsore, but defiant, like Pete. She would not admit her weariness until she could not take another step. Then Gladden simply picked her up and carried her the rest of the way. He knew then, that, no matter what it entailed, he would see this thing through.

At the house he found the children crying, and knew that Manuel was dead. He found a revolver in Manuel's bed and came back to the children. "I'm going to get you something to eat!" he said.

Then he loosened the revolver in his pocket and ran once more into the unfamiliar darkness, toward Pelgram's ranch.

GLADDEN did not intend to steal. It was his plan to go to Pelgram's door and to demand food, with Manuel's revolver to back him up.

The ranch-house was dark. As Gladden mounted the steps the dog began to bark, somewhere in the rear. He was a young dog, and not too daring, for he did not appear; instead, with hysterical threats, he called as loud as he could for help.

When a light appeared behind the door, Gladden moved back a step. It crossed his mind that war had made this sort of thing deplorably easy. The weapon in his hand was familiar. It gave him the sort of assurance offered by a well-placed barrage, reliable artillery.

A woman opened the door.

"What do you want?"

She was young and pretty, if you cared for her sort of prettiness. An aureole of short, curly red hair flamed against the light. A small, precise mouth parted to show uneven teeth. She wore a flowered kimono which she clutched together at the neck. Gladden knew at once that she was more to be feared than Pelgram. He explained again that he must have food.

She licked her lips. Her rather sleepy eyes narrowed. "My husband isn't home. He told me about you. He told me, if you came again, to call him on the 'phone, and he'd bring the sheriff back with him. He'd do it too, like a shot. He'd lock you up."

"But, see here. I'll pay you. I want some eggs, some bread and milk, if you can spare any. Those children are starving!"

SHE shrugged her shoulders. "What's the matter with the old Mexican?"

"He's dead. He died a few minutes ago."

"Dead? Why, then—"

She caught herself; what she had been about to say remained unspoken. It was evident that Manuel's death had surprised her, and that for some reason she was relieved. She leaned against the doorway, suddenly relaxed and pleasant.

"Well, I might let you have some stuff. I guess Russell won't care, if he don't know. You come into the kitchen. I'll fix you up something. Only keep your mouth shut about where you got it."

He followed her. The house was stuffy and overfurnished. A taper of cheap incense burned in the dining-room. But the kitchen was clean, and with a pang of real hunger Gladden glanced over the woman's shoulder into a cupboard stacked with canned food.

"I'll give you some of this," she said. "My husband never knows what I keep on these shelves. He'd miss eggs or butter like a shot."

She let the kimono fall away from her throat, revealing smooth white flesh and a nightgown trimmed with gay rosettes of ribbon.

"I was just going to bed when you rang. I get awful scared here alone. The dog's no good. He's a coward."

SHE studied Gladden while she packed the things in a cardboard box.

"What are you doing here, anyway?"

He told her, wishing she would hurry. He didn't want to flirt with her, and that was what she wanted him to do. She was silly, and a vain little fool.

"This is an awful p'ace," she confided. "Nothing to do, except work and yawn! Honest. Not a movie in ten miles. No neighbors. Gosh! If we didn't have a car, I'd go crazy. I'm from the city, myself."

"Is that so?"

"From Sacramento. Gosh, I'd like to go back. This is being buried, living in a place like this." She smiled at him. "You from New York?"

"Yes," Gladden said. "Can I have some bread?"

"No, you can't."

"I'll bring you another loaf to-morrow. Won't that do?"

He had offended her. He was too hungry to take as much interest as she demanded. He saw his mistake.

"You've got pretty hair," he said.

"You think so?" She ran her fingers through the vibrant red curls, shook her head. "There isn't anyone to see it, out here! In Sacramento they used to call me the prettiest girl in town. Because of my hair!"

She slipped a loaf of bread into the box.

"There. Take it. But keep away from here for a few days. My husband's awful jealous. He'd shoot you if he found you here."

"That's funny," Gladden thought. "She's going to get at him through me! I have the bread, anyhow." He backed out of the kitchen, through the scented dining-room to the front door. "I'm awfully obliged to you," he said.

She refused what he offered her. "I don't want any money. Keep it. But say—" She smiled at him again. "It's not going to be lonely, knowing you're so near. Don't be surprised if you see me over there."

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"I'll send Mother down to help you," she said. "She raised five of us." But Gladden shook his head: "It's my job. I'll feel better if I go the whole way. I don't want any help"

"There's always a Delilah," Gladden thought. He stood there, wondering what to say. And suddenly she laughed.

"You boob you! Are you scared of me?"

"No, I'm not." Gladden pulled her toward him and kissed her.

Afterward, running down the road in the dark, with the precious bundle of food beneath his arm, he wondered why he had kissed a strange woman who was obviously as endearing and guileless as a rattlesnake.

He had started out to threaten a man, to shoot him if necessary, secure in the righteousness of an unselfish cause. Instead, he had kissed that man's wife, because she wanted him to. Again, it occurred to him to drop the food on the Smith doorstep, and run, scuttle off in the dark to something he could understand. Here, the very sky was unfamiliar. The stars seemed to swing down close to the earth, like bright balloons attached to invisible threads. The air was full of a dusty pungency, a dry sweetness.

"I'll give them something to eat, and then I'll beat it," he said.

But he had not reached the ford when a car rushed out of the darkness, its headlights finding him and his bundle with the accuracy of a "spot." Gladden stepped quickly to one side as the car came to a

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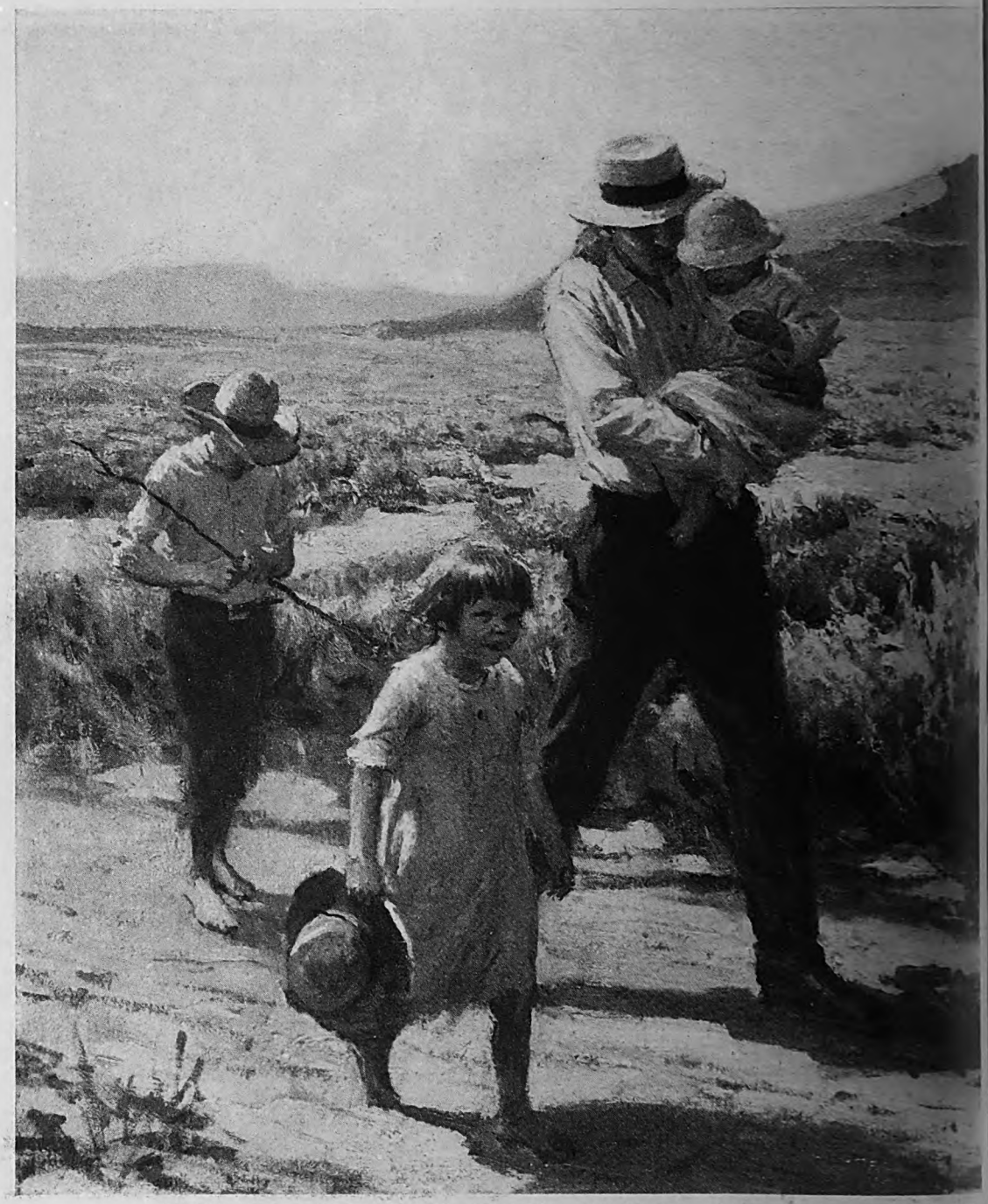
halt, and, covering the man who alighted, said, "I'm armed. Keep back. I'm not going to kill you unless I have to."

The man paused. It was Pelgram, as Gladden had hoped it might be. There were other men in the car. One of them switched off the lights, and there they were, in a sort of funnel of darkness beneath some very tall, dry trees that rattled against the stars.

PELGRAM did not answer. He apparently thought the time had come for action. With a mute roar he bore down on Gladden, charging through the darkness, both hands outstretched and groping.

Gladden dropped to his knees. The river was before him, and, across the river, property given him in trust when Fred Smith died. His own land. He crawled toward sanctuary. The men—there must have been five of them—floundered in the tangled thicket of last winter's gigantic mustard and mulberry, gone to seed. Gladden, wriggling, face down, wondered who they were, and why they were so intent on getting the best of him. There didn't seem to be any point to their game. It was true that he had kissed Mrs. Pelgram; but no one knew that!



Gladden began to feel like the First Man, the Hunter, the Protector, the Father. He

"I must be a fool!" he thought. "They're not after me at all. They want something that belongs to those kids. They got old Manuel out of the way, and just when they thought they were safe, along I came. No wonder they're mad!"

It would be pleasant to get himself shot to-night—with those kids as empty as little empty gourds. A row of little empty gourds with a hollow rattle! And himself dead on Mrs. Pelgram's box of canned goods, on that loaf of bread won with a kiss. So confounded silly, after Saint-Mihiel!

He lay in a covert of very tall thistles, wild artichokes with great spiked blossoms like porcupines on stilts, leaves like swords. The men thrashed and breathed all around him. One of them said, "Come on. Let's go back. He's got a gun." Gladden took this to mean that none of them had.

They made so much noise that it was an easy matter to crawl to the river's edge and then to worm his way across, from stone to stone. He had learned this feline trick in France, when life depended on making an invisible progress from one shell hole to another.

THE men on the bank lost him. To scatter them, he fired a shot from the security of the Smith orchard. It fanned someone's ears: there were shouts, and the car roared away without any lights.

Gladden went on his way. He was a good deal dirtier; his shirt was in ribbons; but the pasteboard box was intact. He had not even rolled on the loaf of bread.

He discovered, that night, the peculiar helplessness of the brood. Like hungry birdlings in a nest, they waited to be fed. Bertha, who should have been the little mother, was about as domesticated as a Russian princess, a mental defective, or a stage child. She did not know how to cut bread. She had never heard of a can opener.

Gladden pried the baked beans into the world with a rusty nail and a hammer. Bertha was gray-eyed, white and small. She watched him very much as a terrier pup watches a new master; her eyes held the wistful capacity for suffering peculiar to dogs. But she had, surprisingly, a dimple. When she smiled, you saw that she had a little imp of her own. Like the terrier pup, she might nip the foot that kicked her.

"You've all got to behave," Gladden said. "If I'm going to take care of you, you've got to learn manners. Take your hands out of the beans! Good God

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might not like poverty and babies and heat and hunger; but he'd have to deal with them

aren't there any spoons in this house?"

"Who's God?" Nancy wanted to know.

"She always asks that," Bertha said. "Shut up, Nancy. The gentleman don't know, and he don't care."

"I know all right," Gladden said darkly. "And I'll tell you as soon as I'm ready. Now get me some plates."

Peter said there weren't any.

"What do you eat on?"

"On the table."

It was true; there were no plates. The indescribable confusion of a cupboard disclosed a heap of broken crockery, a fine luster teapot minus a top, and four empty vinegar cruets. There were no spoons; but Gladden found three battered forks and a tin cake turner. He hacked at the bread with his penknife.

"I'll give them the beans to-night, and the spaghetti to-morrow morning," he thought. He had not reckoned on their capacity. The beans disappeared like a patch of snow in April. Before the candle stub flickered them all into darkness, the spaghetti had melted away, the bread was gone, and a jar of raspberry jam was scraped clean. The dog ate Gladden's share. He lighted matches and put the groggy children to bed.

PETER took the old sofa in the sitting-room and Bertha curled up on a pile of ragged quilts. "I always do. Manuel sold the beds. All except two." She sat up again. "Is Manuel really dead?"

"Yes," Gladden said; "he is."

There were no more matches. Out of the darkness, Bertha said, "What'll happen to us, now?"

"I'm here," Gladden said stiffly. "I guess I can take care of you."

"You won't stay," she said.

"That's up to you. And to Pete. And to the three kids."

"Why?"

"You've got to help me."

"I'll try. But I don't know anything." She was silent a moment, in which Gladden had time to wonder whether she was crying. Then she said, "It's *easier* not to know anything. Then you can do as you please!"

IN THE morning, after a breakfast of sour speckled pears and boiled water, Gladden tried to mend the car. In the days of his thoughtless and pleasant dependency, he had had a car of his own. He had liked to tinker with it, fastidiously, in the garage, where Gladden Senior had installed a concrete pit, an elaborate tool table, and all the paraphernalia sacred to chauffeurs and mechanics.

Pete was secretly proud of the Smith car. "This is our car," he explained. "It used to run good. My father took us to the city in it; it run all the way. Coming back, something bust. A fellow towed us in. It's never gone so very much since."

"I should think not," Gladden said.

The children sat in the empty manger while Gladden examined the remains. Bertha twisted her thin legs around the stall post and pretended to be a merry-go-round.

"Keep still!" Gladden shouted. "I want to think!"

Nancy giggled.

Pete and Henry were male, and therefore interested. Henry climbed into the tonneau, to discover for himself that the horn still worked: to prove it, he sounded the thing forty or fifty times. The doves in the misty cross-beams fluttered up and away, escaping into the sunlight on frightened wings. The dog had hysterics.

"No wonder," Gladden thought. "He's hungry. So am I. I could have hysterics without trying."

He could feel the outline of his digestive tract: thirty feet of gnawing emptiness. His stomach felt like a wafer. His eyes burned (*Continued on page 216*)

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Your Aunt Emma

She hopes nobody is going to be sick

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE

"YOU'D better take your rubbers," says Aunt Emma.

"But it isn't wet, Aunt Emma," you protest.

"Clouding up," she says, "over there in the northwest. It will rain before you get back. And there's a lot of pneumonia around this year, more of it than usual. Doctor Barnes tells me that the influenza this year is turning into pneumonia a good deal quicker and easier than it ever did before in all his forty years of professional experience."

You go out, gritting your teeth, and you don't wear the rubbers—you wouldn't wear them if the street were ankle deep in slush and pneumonia were a certainty.

And yet, you like Aunt Emma too. Nobody dislikes her. She is kindness and thoughtfulness and unselfishness personified—especially to the sick.

That's the trouble.

Aunt Emma will drop her own affairs any time at a moment's notice and go any distance to take charge of the sick-room of a friend or relation. And when I say take charge, I mean *Take Charge*—doctor, trained nurses, family, friends, and the patient himself, know at once whose velvet glove and iron hand are functioning.

I can put the psychology of Aunt Emma before you in a paragraph: When everybody is well, she is vaguely worried and unhappy and apprehensive; and this mood is communicated to her entire circle. When somebody is flat on his back, and needs her, she cheers up, "takes charge," and at once begins to radiate hope and energy and courage.

Illness can't faze her. She looks it steadily in its gaunt face, and tells it to its hollow eyes to go chase itself, and it usually does.

But when everybody is in perfect health, she worries and worries and fusses and fusses, and advises and frets and apprehends and doubts.

"Have the children got on their winter underwear yet?" she will ask forebodingly, as she sits down to the dinner table of some family connection. "It's the ninth of November."

"It's been a *very* warm fall, Aunt Emma," you say defensively.

"It's the ninth of November," says Aunt Emma, disregarding the remark about the prevailing temperature. And she looks suspiciously at young Tommy, across the table, who is as husky as a hard-boiled battleship, and never really ill, because he hasn't imagination enough to know what illness is like.

"I thought Tommy had the sniffles," she says.

And Tommy, out of sheer nervousness, obliges with a cough.

"I was *sure* of it," says Aunt Emma, and cheers up a little. "I'll rub his chest to-night with Doctor Jigger's Chest-Ease, and put some of it up his nose too. We'll put a hot-water bottle to his feet and some red flannel around his neck, and give him some warm fluberry-blossom tea to drink, and get him to perspiring, and you must watch to see that he doesn't throw his covers off during the night. We'll break this thing up before it gets really well started; and then next week, when he's well enough to stand the operation, we'll have his tonsils out. And his adenoids too, if he's got any."

Aunt Emma's path in life for the past ten years had been almost literally paved with tonsils and adenoids which she has had removed from helpless relatives and friends, who have learned that it is easier in the long run to come across with them quickly than it is to struggle against fate.

A tonsil or an adenoid hasn't any more chance to endure in our family than a snowball in the place Dante visited and wrote such sensational reports about. One cousin claims that she even has had two sets of tonsils removed from him. She goes after them like the aboriginal Red Man used to go after scalps. They are trophies of her efficiency. The first thing a new baby in our set learns is not to open its mouth too widely to cry if Aunt Emma is about. She hounded my own tonsils for five years before I finally laid them at her feet, so to speak—it was her birthday, and I knew nothing could make her happier. Her final argument was this:

"If you get them out now, it's just one more precaution against rheumatism twenty years from now, when you are an old man."

WHENEVER I see Aunt Emma dejected and melancholy and somewhat listless, I know that the state of the general health in our town is well-nigh perfect. She feels restless and she fears the worst. She is like the distrustful old inhabitant who refers to every fine day as a "weather-breeder." It doesn't seem

"I'll rub his chest to-night with Doctor Jigger's Chest-Ease, and put some up his nose too"

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She told me I had the Spanish flu—I said it was the pepper

right; something terrible is going to happen to someone. This calm is treacherous, and it must forebode whirlwinds and cyclones of infection and contagion. The slightest sign of indisposition puts her on the alert—the subtle enemy is, perhaps, about to attack, and she braces herself for the shock, proposes to dig in and fight it out on this line if it takes forever.

It was only two weeks ago that I got too much pepper on my potato, at dinner, and sneezed.

"Spanish influenza," said Aunt Emma, cheering up a bit, "you must get into bed at once. The germs this year are worse than they have ever been."

And she looked critically at a point about two feet in front of my face. I fancied that she was actually looking at the germs. Perhaps, in imagination, she really was. For germs have the utmost reality to Aunt Emma. I believe she thinks of them as being about the size of crickets, or small honey bees.

THERE is something keenly personal in her animosity to each individual germ. She seems to know them all by their individual peculiarities, as an old-fashioned school-mistress knew all the bad boys in her classes. She looks into the air after a person has coughed or sneezed, as if she were saying to certain iniquitous characters, visible only to herself:

"Yes, I know you, young microbe! You aren't fooling me at all! I expected you to break out in this place, about this time, in just this particular way! You haven't been deceiving Aunt Emma by your apparent calm! I'll take you by the collar of your jacket and shake the willful wickedness out of your system in just about one more minute, if I hear another murmur out of you!"

If I were a germ, I'd commit suicide the moment I saw Aunt Emma come inside the door; it would be the easiest way out.

When she told me I had the Spanish flu, I said it was the pepper; but just then another sneeze started, and in suppressing it the water came to my eyes. I felt it, and I knew that would be used against me. It was.

"Eyes watery, face flushed," said Aunt Emma. "You haven't been wearing those woolen socks I sent you!"

"It was only the pepper," I said, getting redder than ever in the face.

"You're running a temperature right now," she continued, disregarding my words and the pepper. "When the eyes water that way, it's a sure indication of sinus trouble, if it isn't taken in time. That usually means a terrible operation. Almost as bad as mastoiditis. There's nothing more dangerous than mastoiditis, the surgeons have to cut so near the brain, you know. Do you feel sore spots in those bony triangles behind your ears? No? Well, one terrible thing about it is that it is usually pretty well established before you feel any pain at all. Generally starts with sneezing, watery eyes, and a slight feverish feeling. You ought to go to bed at once."

I knew it was the pepper; but after that it was two hours before I could persuade myself that it wasn't mastoiditis.

I don't remember ever having seen Aunt Emma come into a room that wasn't too hot for health, or too cold. When we know she is coming we make the rooms cooler than we really like them, before she gets there, so that after she has had them changed they will be comfortable for us.

It's almost as much as your life is worth to kiss a child in her presence without first brushing your lips with a germicide. Last year, on St. Valentine's Day, she sent fourteen Valentines to her more juvenile relations, and they were all of her own manufacture. They were pretty, too; but each one of them had, besides the conventional loving message, this additional warning, Aunt Emma herself being the poetess:

> Brush your teeth five times a day;
> An unclean tooth will soon decay—
> Infection steals your life away.

OURS is a very large family connection, what with Cousins, Aunts, Uncles, Second Cousins, In-laws, etc., etc., and there is not a household that doesn't have what might be called its Aunt Emma Collection—things necessary to our health and welfare, ranging from articles of clothing to bottles and boxes of medicine, germicides, disinfectants, treatises on hygiene, and mechanical contrivances of every description. She has been married twice, but she never had any children, and I suppose a sort of vicarious motherhood rages within her, and impels her to wreak herself upon all the world. Her first husband was killed in a railroad accident, without any interval of sick-bed; and her second husband, for all any of us know, may still be living. After wearing everything she ordered him to, eating everything beneficial, and drinking everything medicinal, for seven years, he suddenly disappeared.

All we ever knew of his sentiments was contained in a note which was pinned to a liver-pad, which was found hanging in the bathroom. The note said: "I never had liver complaint, (*Continued on page 93*)

You wouldn't wear the rubbers if the street were ankle deep in slush and pneumonia were a certainty

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To Every Man His Dream—But To Hugh Newsom Two Dreams

His mechanical ability and his boyhood hope of becoming a locomotive engineer find their expression in toy trains and a complete railway system in miniature; his musical genius and his manhood visions are expressed in compositions that critics applaud

By Mildred Harrington

"ORDERS!"

Eighteen men were scattered in groups about a long room on the ground floor of an apartment house far up on Riverside Drive, New York City. Instantly they snapped to attention. The tall, slim young man in the center of the room—he was obviously the acknowledged leader of the group—spoke rapidly but clearly:

"Hold that freight at Great Gorge, Charlie," he commanded. "Clear track two for the fast mail, Doc. You new man at Mountain Curve keep an eye out for the double-header due from the West. Tony, check up on that string of refrigerator cars at Junction City, and set 'em out on the siding. Remember the wreck last Thursday night when somebody watched another fellow's block signals instead of his own. On the job now! Ready?"

"Ready!" shouted an eager chorus of bass and tenor voices.

The tall young man pushed down a lever. Simultaneously, eleven Tom Thumb trains, perfect reproductions in every detail of the trains that puff in and out of every railway station in America, glided into action. Red or green lights flashed from diminutive signal towers, and eighteen pairs of hands, some soft and white and some with work-calloused palms, responded by throwing switches and manipulating levers.

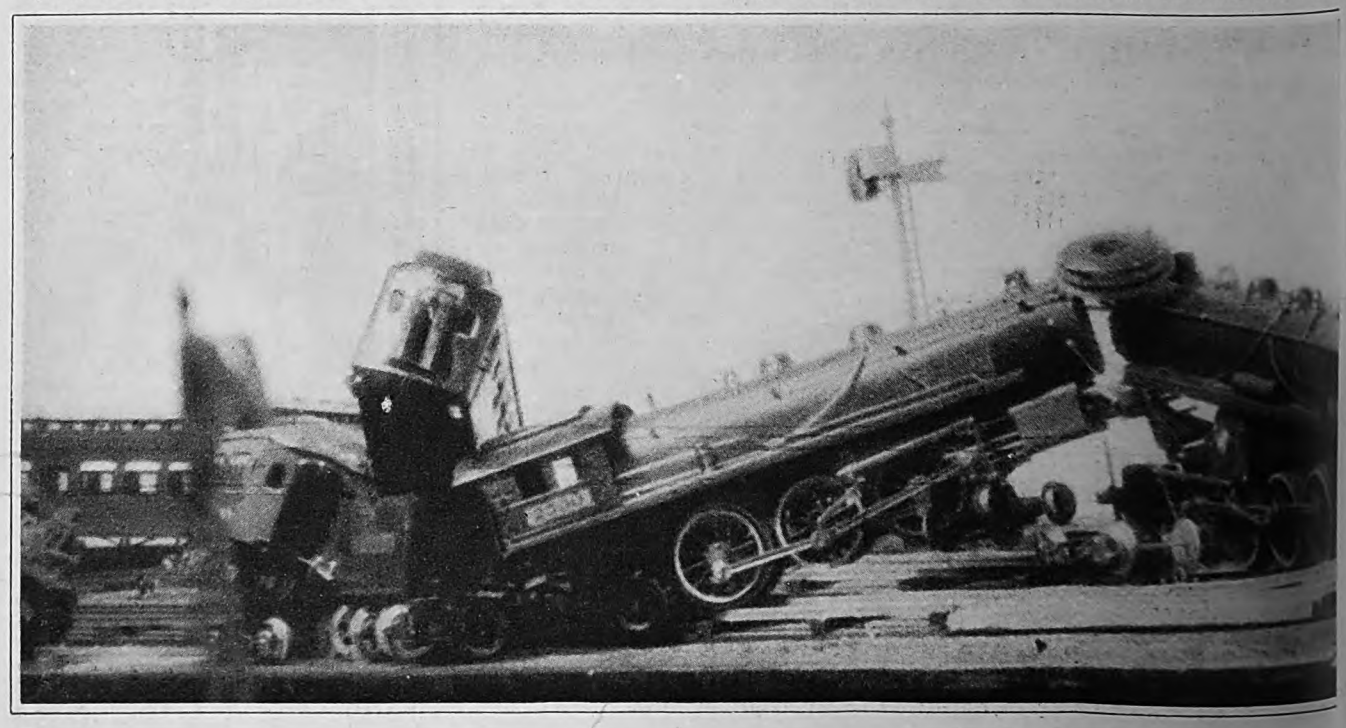
At the same instant, eighteen grown men forgot their grown-up responsibilities. The clock turned back ten, twenty, thirty years. For a whole evening, they would be care-free youngsters again. And they were playing railroading, that game so dear to the heart of the small boy!

They started at eight-thirty. They were supposed to go home at ten-thirty. But just before quitting time somebody suggested a new cantilever bridge for Great Gorge, and it was a quarter past twelve before the last of the gang straggled out. It was like that almost every night they met.

The "new man at Mountain Curve" (he happened to be one of the most famous lawyers in the country) went off toward the subway station arm in arm with Charlie, a young policeman, who, next to Hugh Newsom, the originator and builder of this extraordinarily complete diminutive railway system, is the mechanical genius of the group. Doctor Duncan (that is not his real name, of course) is head of a department at Columbia University. He is also the author of a number of important scientific books. It was Doctor Duncan, Mr. Newsom, and Tony, the Italian janitor of a nearby apartment house, who finally pulled down the shades and locked up. They separated at the corner.

Hugh Newsom built his toy railroad for the sheer fun of doing it. He spent a year and more than seven thousand dollars on the job. Long before he had laid the first unit of track, a dozen boys had a finger in the pie. Some of them were members of Mr. Newsom's Sunday-

No, this is not the wreck of two transcontinental limiteds, and no lives were lost when the trains "piled up," but that was because there were no living things on board. The wreck shows two of the toy trains which Hugh Newsom used in conducting his Junior Railway Club in the basement of a New York apartment house. The boy dispatcher who was responsible for the wreck was "fired"



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school class; some were younger brothers or sons of his friends; others just drifted in and forgot to leave.

By the time the system was ready for operation, there were fifty-odd boys demanding "railroad jobs." Everybody couldn't work at once, so groups for certain afternoons were organized. But soon all the afternoons were filled, and still there were more boys than jobs. Hugh Newsom promptly began laying more track, building new stations and ordering additional cars and locomotives from the factory which he had finally induced to make equipment from the models designed and built by him and his boys.

At first, there were no fees and no regular membership. But before the system had been in operation a month it was necessary to do something to keep boys on the street from crowding into the shop in such numbers that work was impossible.

Calling together the original dozen boys who had helped build the road, Mr. Newsom organized the Junior Railway Club. This was two years ago. The boys fixed a membership fee of five dollars, which would entitle a member to a shop card. This card solved the problem of admission at the door. It might be added, however, that the membership fee has never kept a worthy boy out of the club. Mr. Newsom sees to that.

AND now, of course, you are wondering where Charlie, the young cop, and Tony, the janitor, and the Columbia professor, and all the rest of the grown-ups come in. I'll tell you.

One afternoon, Billy Brown's father dropped in to find out why Billy was always late to supper on Saturdays. He spent the entire afternoon, and wound up by bidding for and holding down Billy's job as switchman at Junction City. That night both Billy and his father were late to supper!

The next Saturday afternoon, Billy's father turned up again. This time, Mr. Newsom refused to let Mr. Brown monopolize Billy's post at Junction City; but he did invite Mr. Brown to come back one night the following week and help him put in some new signal towers. Mr. Brown has been coming back once a week ever since.

CHARLIE, the young policeman on the beat, had his curiosity repeatedly aroused by seeing dozens of youngsters with their noses pressed against the ten ground-floor windows of the big red building on the corner. Then, one drizzly afternoon, just as he was starting home, he had to cross the street to stop a fight between a couple of ten-year-olds, each of whom claimed that the other had pushed him away from his "place" at the window. After separating the two boys, Charlie himself took a squint, to find out what in creation kept so many restless kids chained to the wet sidewalk when there was a movie house just around the corner.

What Charlie saw made his blood and his fingers tingle, for Charlie is a born mechanic. Stretched out on long waist-high tables that ran across and down the huge L-shaped room was a great trunk-line railway system in miniature. There were eleven stations, complete even to the flocks of tiny motor trucks and taxis lined up beside the track. There were rows and rows of telegraph lines, and modern signal towers. There was every known type of locomotive, from the old coal burner to the newest electric engine.

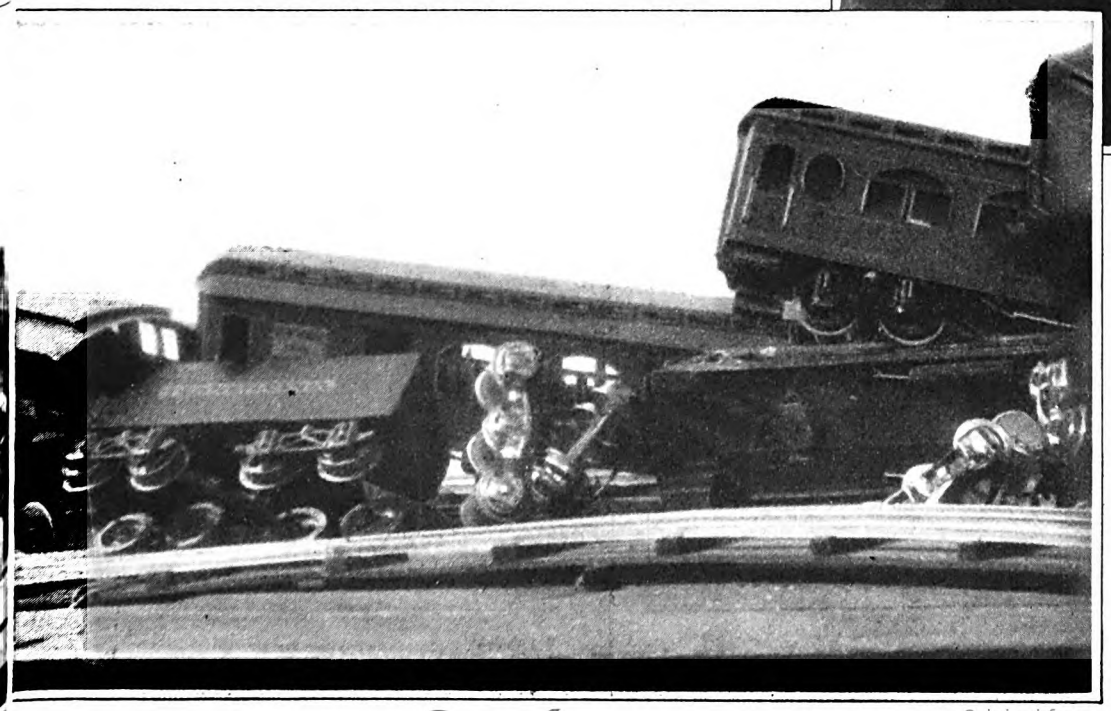
The young policeman estimated that there were more than two thousand feet of double- and triple-track main lines. In plain sight was one station which alone must have at least two hundred and fifty feet of switch yards. He counted twenty-two locomotives and hundreds of cars of every kind. There were Pullmans, observation, mail, club, and parlor cars, baggage cars, and day coaches. There were perfect reproductions in scale of oil tankers, coal cars, flat cars, stock cars, refrigerator cars, and cabooses. There were tunnels and bridges of the arch, trestle, suspension, and cantilever types.

Charlie couldn't stand it.

He went in to find out whether or not his eyes were playing tricks on him. He stayed to prove to Mr. Newsom that cement makes a very satisfactory mountain. And, like Billy Brown's father, he kept on coming back. Last fall, Mr. Newsom and Charlie built an exact scale model of the Oriental Limited, one of the finest trains in the world. For weeks, this model attracted the attention of thousands in a show window on Fifth Avenue.

The Columbia professor heard about Newsom and his boys and their railway from the tailor in his block. The tailor's boy belonged to Mr. Newsom's club. The

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER



Hugh Newsom, who founded the Junior Railway Club described in this article as a recreation from his serious work as a musician. Mr. Newsom was born in India, but was brought to this country when he was six. He studied music in the New England Conservatory, in Boston. Fifteen of his compositions have been published, and many more are to be issued later. Recently a group of distinguished artists in New York gave a program made up wholly of Mr. Newsom's compositions

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professor called up Mr. Newsom and asked if he might visit the club. In various ways, other grown-ups heard of the club, and dropped in. They got to be such frequent visitors that Mr. Newsom had to ask them to come at night, so that the boys would have a chance to play. Soon there was a more or less regular crowd dropping in on Thursday nights. One of the latest recruits is the chief engineer of a big electrical house.

News of the Junior Railway Club kept spreading. The papers carried pieces about it. School and college men began to discuss it from an educational point of view. The movies became interested. Pathé and Fox sent camera men to shoot pictures of the trains in operation.

One motion picture company required a scene showing two monster locomotives crashing into a head-on collision on a high bridge. Actually to build trestle, tracks, and dummy engines and cars for this one scene would have cost the company thousands of dollars. Mr. Newsom and his boys staged a wreck which the motion picture people "shot." The scene was a tremendous success.

DURING the two years since the Junior Railway was organized, hundreds of boys have profited by the marvelous training Mr. Newsom gives. In order to hold down a railroad job, a boy must learn discipline, accuracy, and quick thinking. And, best of all, he learns never to offer an alibi for a mistake. If a collision occurs in his block because the wrong lever was thrown, he is responsible, and he must shoulder his responsibility.

And the geography and economics that the boys pick up! They find out that railroads can make one community rich and another poor, simply by putting on or taking off trains. They understand how the industrial condition of a whole state may be affected by the difference of a few cents in a freight rate.

And the man who is back of all this is neither an economist nor an engineer. He is a professional musician!

Hugh Newsom began life in India, where his parents were missionaries. From the day of his birth, both his father and his mother dreamed of the day when he would carry on their work. But apparently fate had other plans for the boy.

When he was five years old, he developed Indian malaria. This rapidly went into pernicious anemia, which frequently attacks white children born in India. In a few months, his bones had become soft and pliable, like putty.

"Our family doctor in Cawnpore, where we were stationed," he told me, "had Mother take me up into the hill country. But instead of improving there I got steadily worse. A very famous English physician who was billeted in the hills at that time warned Mother that she would have to get me out of the country immediately, if she wanted to save my life. 'Don't wait to go back to Cawnpore to pack your things,' said the English doctor. 'Catch a boat at the nearest port, and leave at once.'

"This was a terrible blow to my parents, because they loved their work better than they loved life itself. They had made incredible sacrifices to come to India. But now they were ready to make the supreme sacrifice, and leave India, if by doing so they could save me.

"In a few days, we were on a freighter, the only available boat, bound for America by way of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. We were the only passengers. The physician whom my parents had engaged to make the trip with us later told my father that he expected me to be buried at sea. But I wasn't. I began to get better almost at once.

"Life aboard a freighter would have been very monotonous except for two things: the big engines throbbing in the hold, and the songs that the sailors sang in the evening. Every day, when I grew restless, Father would take me in his arms and we would make a tour of the ship. The spot that fascinated me most was the hold. No matter how miserable and fretful I had been, I would always become quiet and happy if only I were allowed to watch the men at work in the engine-room. There was a reason for this.

"We had made the trip from Cawnpore to the hill country by train. This was my first sight of a locomotive. Sick as I was, the enormous power and the mechanical detail of the great engine enthralled me. There were a thousand thrills in the way the big wheels went 'round and 'round and the giant pistons shot back and forth. The man who sat in the cab with his hand on the throttle was to me a much more to be envied person than the governor general of all India. Ever thereafter, in all my childish dreams, I saw myself sitting in his high seat, my hand directing the flight of a mighty engine.

"But it was aboard the freighter that a still greater dream began to take shape in my heart. In the evenings, the sailors would sing, sometimes great lusty roars, sometimes plaintive, melancholy ballads that filled me with a sort of fearful delight. I cannot tell you how the sound of their voices ringing out across the blue Mediterranean took hold of my childish imagination. From that time, there was born in me a great longing to create music.

"I GOT so much better toward the last leg of our journey that my parents began to plan to return to India, after perhaps a few years in America. But at this point, fate again took a hand in my affairs. No sooner had we landed than I developed pneumonia. In my weakened condition, the doctors held out little hope; but they fought valiantly.

"However, I think what made me hold on to the slender thread that separated me from death was not so much what the doctors and nurses did as what happened the night the physician in charge bluntly told Father that I could not live till morning.

"Father and Mother were taking turns watching with the nurse at my bedside. In the middle of the night, I was awakened by Father's voice in conversation with somebody. He was talking very quietly so as not to disturb me. I couldn't see his face, but I could tell by his voice that he was talking about something that meant a great deal to him. Every now and then, Father would pause, and, lying there in the dark, I could *feel* him listening. And although I couldn't hear any words, I knew that somebody was answering him.

"All at once, it dawned upon me that Father was talking to God. He was asking God to let me live. Not only that but he was promising God that if I lived I would some day go back to India and carry on his unfinished work there. Father was not talking as he prayed in church, when somehow God always seemed very far off and unapproachable. He was speaking intimately and almost affectionately, as he might have spoken to any tried and trusted friend.

"For the first time in my life," said Hugh Newsom, "I felt comfortable about God. I knew that He had been in that hospital room with Father and me, as surely as if He had put His hand on my head. And I *liked* His being that close. It gave me a warm, happy sense of security that has stayed with me through the years.

"But, young and ill as I was, I knew that I could never be a missionary like Father. Something in me rebelled at the thought. And the curious part of it is, I was sure that God understood!

"The doctors were greatly surprised when I lived through the night and took a turn for the better. But Father was not surprised; he had expected the miracle to happen.

"Now, a missionary may have riches stored up in heaven, but he usually has few negotiable assets on earth. During the next two or three years, Father went thousands of dollars in debt to pay for the expensive treatments and nursing I had to undergo in order to recover from the pernicious anemia which had brought me to America. But of course I knew nothing of all this at the time."

WHEN Hugh was seven, he left the hospital and went to live with his family in the various pastorates which his father served. In many of the smaller towns, there was nobody to take charge of the music. Under his mother's direction, the boy began to study to fit himself to act as his father's organist.

"I learned to read my notes almost before I learned to read my primer," he said, "and I could play hymns long before my toes could reach the pedals of the wheezy old parsonage organ. By the time I was nine, I was serving regularly as organist wherever Father served as pastor."

During the following years the boy was experimenting with every instrument he could lay his hands on: a playmate's mouth organ, a neighbor's piano, or a violin which belonged to a lucky boy on the other side of town. Every penny that he could earn at odd jobs went to buy books on harmony, the history of symphony, and other musical subjects. These books were carefully hidden from his family.

Already Hugh dared to dream of composing. But this dream he kept to himself. Indeed, he thought of it as a black sin, of which he ought to be heartily ashamed, for he never forgot that his father had promised him to God as a missionary. He fought his dream with all the strength of his boyish soul; but, bit by bit, it grew stronger than he was. As he practiced on the church organ, music which came from somewhere within himself instead of from the score before him trembled beneath his fingers. Theme after theme was composed, and carefully hidden away.

From now on, his childhood dream of

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ome day running a locomotive began to ecede more and more into the background of his consciousness. But the ream never lost its glamour. He still nanaged to slip down to the stations to atch the great engines that paused riefly in the small tank-water towns in hich the Newsoms were sually stationed.

And then, when Hugh was hirteen, a big thing happened: His family moved gain, this time to an Iowa own called Wapello. In his ather's church there was a ipe organ. At once Hugh as all eagerness to try it. But at the Saturday night hoir rehearsal, everybody ssured him there wasn't any se. The church had been tung in buying the organ; it asn't any good at all. No natter how fine the performer, the most frightful iscords resulted when the eys were touched.

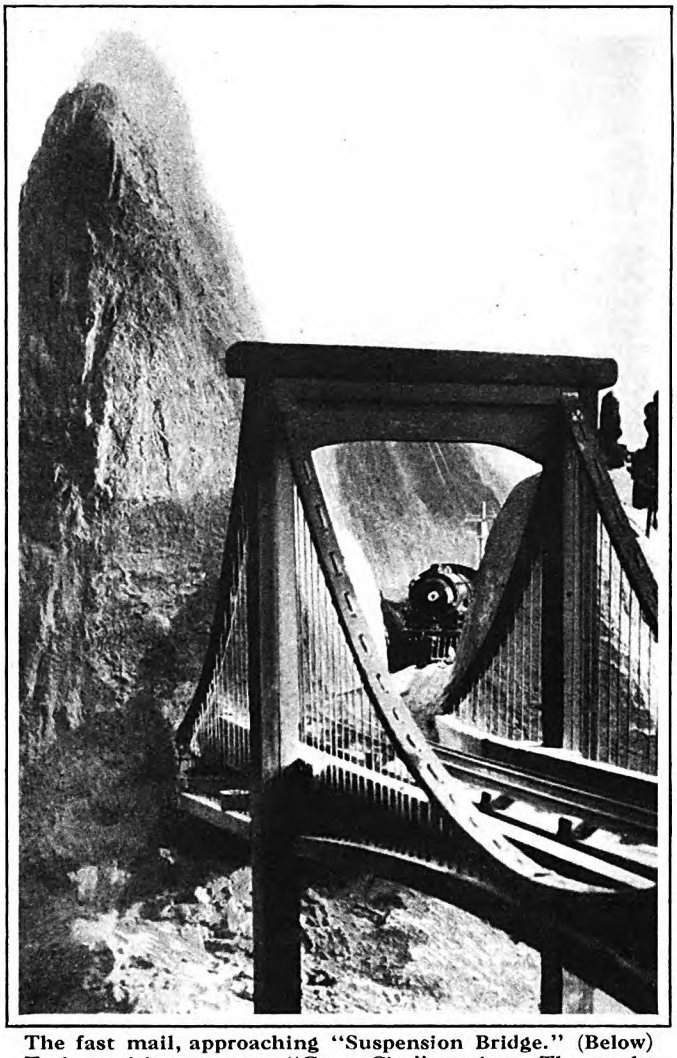
Hugh didn't insist further nd on Sunday he played the iano at the morning service. But at the midday dinner he as missed when the family at down at the table. The ouse was searched. No lugh. The barn was ranacked. Still no Hugh. One f the children made a round f the new neighbors' homes ith no better results. Fially, in desperation, someody suggested looking in the hurch. And there they ound him, a monkey wrench n his hand, and all the pipes f the organ spread out round him on the floor, in he pews, and even piled up n the pulpit!

The family were petrified ith horror. They were trangers in the community. Vhat would the members of he congregation think if they iscovered that the new inister's son had taken such liberty with their property? Besides, there was to be a ervice that night. Even if Hugh could remember where all those pipes came from, would he ever be able to put them back in time?

"My child," said his father, "what *have* you done?"

"The man who installed the organ put it together wrong," explained Hugh, fitting a brace of pipes into position. "I'm fixing it so I can play it to-night."

The pastor looked at the wreck about him. Then he turned to his wife. "You'd better not finish unpacking, Mother," he said. "I have a suspicion we'll be moving again in a few days."



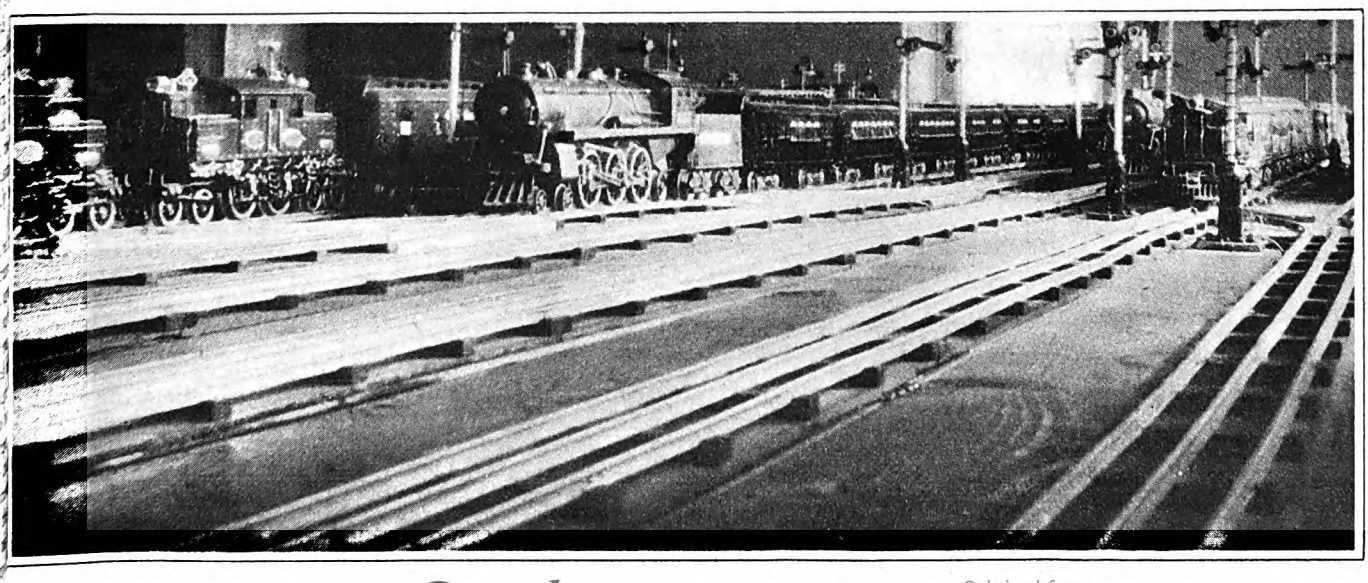
The fast mail, approaching "Suspension Bridge." (Below) Trains waiting to enter "Great City" station. The tracks are laid on tables. There are eleven stations, faithful even to the tiny waiting trucks and taxis; there are complete telegraph and signal systems, extensive switch yards, engines of the coal-burning type, as well as the latest electric locomotives; coaches, Pullmans, and even observation cars with awnings and brass railings at the rear

But long before time for the service, Hugh had completed his chore, and put the church in order. And that night, to the astonishment of the entire community, as well as to the immense relief of his parents, the boy successfully played the instrument which had stood silent for a year or more. Musical Wapello promptly took the new Methodist preacher's boy to its heart. The choir of his father's church in particular showed itself willing to follow anywhere he led.

Bit by bit, nobody knew just how, Hugh Newsom's choir came to be composed solely of men. And it was soon the pride, not only of the Methodist church, but also of the whole countryside. It was a strictly non-partisan organization. Membership in it was open to any man who had a voice, and who was willing to attend frequent and arduous practices.

The choir grew to have almost a hundred voices, and it was in demand on all important occasions throughout the state. To-day, four of the charter members are singing in opera.

THE biggest event of Hugh Newsom's boyhood occurred toward the close of his second year in Wapello. It was nearing Easter, and the music had not been chosen for the special service. On Saturday, just three weeks before Easter, Hugh was lunching with a friend, a young doctor seven or eight years his senior, who belonged to his choir. (*Continued on page 209*)



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INTERESTING PEOPLE

The Master Potter of Jugtown

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BURDEN STAGE

Jacques Busbee of Jugtown, North Carolina, and (above) Juliana Busbee, his wife, who between them have built up a remarkable pottery industry in their native state. Eleven years ago, Jugtown, a stronghold of potters since Colonial days, was practically abandoned. Now thousands of dollars' worth of Jugtown ware is shipped annually from the community

HOW would you like to be the only "mister" in your community? That is a distinction enjoyed by Jacques Busbee, of Jugtown, North Carolina, who, ten years ago, swapped his artist's smock for a pair of overalls and his easel for a potter's wheel.

Ten years ago, probably no one, except a few North Carolinians, ever had heard of Jugtown. To-day, the name is stamped on more than half a million pieces of hand-turned pottery which is being sold all over the world. Not only that, but early Jugtown pieces are now to be found in many of the great art museums of the country.

Strangely enough, Jugtown never has been a town. It is simply a convenient name for a scattered rural community radiating from a handful of houses set down in a pine clearing in the extreme northwestern corner of Moore County. For nearly two centuries, many of the people in this out-of-the-way spot have earned a livelihood by turning on a primitive kick-wheel jugs, dishes, pitchers, candlesticks, churns, mugs, and other homely household pottery.

And in Jugtown, as in other places where the same families have lived side by side for generation after generation, old and young alike are addressed by their baptismal names as a matter of course.

The story of how Jacques Busbee came to be the first "mister" in Jugtown is also the story of the almost miraculous transformation of a whole community—that had become discouraged and down-at-the-heels—into a group of self-respecting, wide-awake craftsmen, with a justifiable pride in their skill and a heartening faith in their future.

More than that, it is a revelation of the intense love of two people, Jacques Busbee and his wife, Juliana, for their native state. It is a record of their grim determination to keep alive a fast-perishing craft which had been handed down from father to son in this section of North Carolina since early Colonial days. It is a story of a self-forgetfulness so great that it made these two glad to sell the roof over their heads in order to carry on an undertaking which even their own families and lifelong friends assured them was foredoomed to failure. But let's go back a bit.

Ten years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Busbee were living in Raleigh, North Carolina, the town in which they were born, and in which their ancestors had lived for many generations. Mr. Busbee was a portrait painter. He had spent fifteen years studying in New York and elsewhere and he had come back to North Carolina to earn his living by his brush. But he found few people who felt they could afford so expensive a luxury as a portrait.

In order to add to his income, Jacques Busbee wrote magazine articles and lectured on art at schools and colleges throughout the state. In the meantime, his wife, who was state chairman of art in the Federation of Women's Clubs, had become greatly interested in teaching the women of the isolated country districts how to weave baskets and trays out of the native grasses and pine needles. In everything that they did and said, the Busbees tried to show that you can have beauty in your life even if you haven't much money.

In their expeditions into the by-ways of North Carolina, the Busbees found many specimens of old pottery, remarkable for its charming simplicity of design and sureness of execution. They began to make a collection of this ware. Soon their home in Raleigh was overflowing with examples of the best work of the early Carolina potters.

By this time, the Busbees were interested heart and soul in native pottery. They began to look around to see if pottery making had survived anywhere in the state. They found that the craft had just about disappeared.

Martha Jane and two of her grandchildren are modeling the "chicken" salt and pepper shakers which Mr. Busbee markets for them. Many of the Jugtown youngsters earn their winter shoes and clothes in this way

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because the demand for utilitarian pottery had died out.

In one pottery district, known locally as Jugtown, the Busbees learned that the descendants of the famous Staffordshire potters of England—boys with strong, shapely hands, made for turning clay on a wheel—were going off to work in cotton mills, or tobacco factories. And in every lean-to in Jugtown a kick-wheel, once an integral part of the life of the community, was rotting in idleness.

"At this point," Mr. Busbee explained to me during a recent visit to Jugtown, "I was appointed to judge the art exhibits at the State Fair. Immediately, I saw a way to revive interest in pottery making. I wrote to every potter whose name I could get, or to some influential man in each community where pottery had once been made. I begged these people to send exhibits to the fair.

"The result was that we got a lot of very poor stuff, mostly imitations of cheap factory-made novelties; but we also got a few very good pieces worthy of the tradition of the old Staffordshire potters. I was convinced that the spark survived.

"Mrs. Busbee and I began to preach pottery to everybody we met. We urged that it was an art native to the state. We lugged around pieces from our own collection to show, and we made talks before every sort of organization that would open its doors to us.

"Before long, the survival of pottery as a native craft seemed to me so much more important than my own career as a painter that I definitely shelved my ambitions along that line for as many years as it would take me to accomplish this thing I had now made up my mind to do.

"Mrs. Busbee and I both knew that if we could nurse the tiny surviving spark into a flame again, the making of exquisite pottery would go on for many years after we were dead. But we found it hard to make others see our point of view. You see, the people of the state were accustomed to think of earthenware as of not much account. Even among the potters themselves, the craft had fallen into disrepute. Only the old men and the ne'er-do-wells tried to make a living at the kick-wheel any more.

"But there was no sense in encouraging young and ambitious men to make pottery unless we could promise them a market for their wares. So we decided to put our faith in native pottery to the test by going to New York and offering it for sale. If necessary, we ourselves would open a shop."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN G. HEMMER, PINEHURST, N. C.

This is Ben Owens, one of the young potters trained by Mr. Busbee. Ben is "turning" a pitcher on a primitive kick wheel, exactly like that used by his Jugtown ancestors two hundred years ago

Now, to start any sort of business enterprise in a big city requires money, and the Busbees hadn't any. But they did have a house—a very beautiful one. They sold it and their cherished library and set out for New York with their hearts full of hope and their trunks full of pie plates and cider jugs!

The specialty shops where they tried to place their wares were unanimous in agreeing that the pottery was beautiful; but they were equally unanimous in refusing to give orders for reproductions which might not be successful.

"All right," said Juliana Busbee, "I'll start a tea room and sell pottery on the side."

She sent back to Raleigh for her old colored cook, and between them they produced home cooking that melted in the mouths of the city dwellers. People came in droves, and some of them bought the beautiful pottery on the shelves. Word-of-mouth advertising is the most effective kind. Soon Juliana Busbee was selling pottery faster than her husband could ship it up from the South.

For of course Jacques had gone back to North Carolina. From the very outset of their venture, the Busbees realized that he would have to *live* among the potters. In no other way could he give them the encouragement and careful supervision which they would require for years to come. His hardest job was to make them stick to the beautiful traditional patterns of their forefathers.

There were three or four sections in the state where excellent pottery had been made in the past. Mr. Busbee chose the Jugtown section of Moore County as the most promising place to make his experiment because the potters here were descendants of the Staffordshire potters, and he considered their traditions the best.

However, instead of being complimented by Mr. Busbee's choice, and receiving him with open arms, the Jugtowners regarded him with open distrust.

On the left, you see the finished pottery as it is taken from the kiln. Over half a million pieces of Jugtown ware have been sold during the past eleven years. (Below) Mule power is still used to grind the clay

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. HEMMER, PINEHURST, N. C.

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They had been shut off so long from the outside world that they were suspicious of all strangers. And Jacques Busbee's speech, his city clothes, and the New York label on his trunk all marked him as a stranger. In order to put him in his place, and to make it perfectly clear how they felt about his intrusion, they were always careful to address him as *Mr.* Busbee.

Nevertheless, Jacques Busbee refused to be discouraged. The day after his arrival, he put on a pair of denim overalls and took his stand by the wheel of old Jimmy Fox, the star potter of the section. For a week he watched, and said nothing. Then, one day, he asked a question:

"What's that handle for, Jimmy?"

"No special *use*," said Jimmy, a little loftily. "Hit's jes' purty."

"But a handle is *meant* to be useful, Jimmy," Jacques Busbee pointed out. "If it isn't useful, it's in the wrong place; and anything in the wrong place can't be pretty."

Jimmy said nothing; but after that he indulged in fewer fancy "trimmings." Gradually, the other men fell in line. Soon, without urging on the part of Mr. Busbee, they were trying to outdo each other in reproducing the beautiful simplicity of the early pieces.

Twice a year now, or oftener, Jacques Busbee goes to New York for a month or six weeks. Much of this time he spends in the Metropolitan Museum, studying the classic examples of pottery of all ages and nations. Some of the most successful pieces offered by the Jugtown potters in recent years are exquisite "translations" from the Chinese and Persian.

During the first year of his stay in Jugtown, Mr. Busbee lived in the homes of his potters—boarded around, like the teacher in the district school. Bit by bit, he won the liking and the confidence of the people. He went into the kitchens, and taught the women what he knew of cooking. If there was illness in the neighborhood, he helped with the nursing.

And into every home that he visited, he brought something of beauty. With the help of the children, he would plant flowers about the doorstep. And he taught the youngsters how to model out of clay salt and pepper shakers that looked exactly like the old rooster in the back yard. Some of the old women learned to make these, too. Mr. Busbee marketed them all in New York along with the other Jugtown products. Soon seven- and eight-year-old children were earning enough to buy their school-books and their winter shoes.

In the meantime, the potters were flourishing. They were making more money than they ever had made before in their lives. They began to take the old-time pride in their work. During the past eleven years, more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of Jugtown pottery has been sold.

Jacques Busbee is still Mr. Busbee to his Jugtown neighbors and friends. But to-day the title expresses only deep respect and affection. One old fellow, the grandfather of a spirited young potter, put into words the community sentiment when he said:

"He *belongs* to be called Mister, fer he took eddication without lettin' hit spile him!"

MILDRED HARRINGTON

This Texas Deputy is a Deaf-Mute

CITIES everywhere have their silent policemen; but they are made of stone or marble or granite. Coleman, Texas, has a silent deputy sheriff, in human flesh—Rush Johnigan, fifty-years-old deaf-mute, who weighs about one hundred and eighty pounds, stands erect, dresses well, and usually wears a Texas ten-gallon hat.

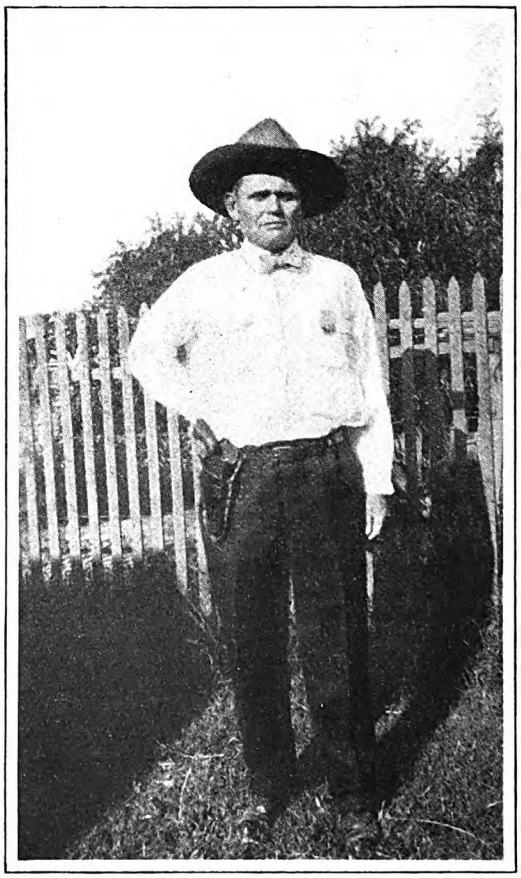
Johnigan was eighteen months old when his speech and hearing were destroyed. When he was old enough, he started to school with the other children in his neighborhood. And he never asked any odds because of his handicap. He was graduated from the local high school and applied the finishing coat of his education at the Texas School for the Deaf and Dumb.

When he finished school he took a position as cowboy on a Texas ranch, and followed that occupation for seventeen years. Tiring of this vocation, he landed the job of night patrolman in the little town nestled in the curves of Hord Creek, and for seven years has served Coleman efficiently.

Johnigan's equipment consists of a .45 automatic; but in his long career he has never had occasion to use it. Generally, a tap on the back is enough to cause the lawbreaker to yield to this officer who never argues the case out of court. During the time he served the city as night patrolman, there were very few petty burglaries and thefts.

He has served as deputy under four Coleman County sheriffs, and is regarded as a fixture at the office. Frequently he is assigned to the duty of picking up those guilty of driving motor vehicles without license plates. He has had dealings with tourists from every state. Sometimes the transgressor will attempt to argue the question; but when he discovers he is in the custody of one who can neither hear nor speak, he stops talking, and goes to the judge to tell it.

Johnigan is known throughout Texas, and he has been pressed into service in many towns on special occasions. During the big West Texas Chamber of Commerce convention at Mineral Wells, Texas, in May, 1925, he was appointed a special policeman by the chief of police of that city, and served efficiently.



Rush Johnigan of Coleman, Texas, lost both speech and hearing when he was a baby. But he finished high school, herded cattle on a Texas ranch for seventeen years, and now, at fifty, is a very efficient and popular peace officer

Johnigan can trace criminals quietly and efficiently. Many times during his daily or nightly rounds he is standing over a crap game before the participants are aware of his presence. When they discover "Dummy"—as he is affectionately called by his friends—it is too late to hide the evidence.

Nothing furnishes the "silent deputy" more pleasure than to sit in the court-room during the progress of a criminal case. He knows every man in the county, and is familiar with their politics and religion. Almost without exception, he can tell in advance whether or not the venire man will be acceptable as a juryman by the State or the defense, and frequently, without hearing a word of the evidence, can predict the verdict. Johnigan makes a good peace officer, because waves of public sentiment pass over his head, and none of his time is wasted in listening to politicians.

As a member of the Coleman Volunteer Fire Department, Johnigan's principal duties for the past fifteen years have been to clear a passage for the fire-fighting apparatus, and to prevent accidents.

Johnigan has been in Coleman so long, and is so accustomed to talking by gestures with his friends, that they can understand him nearly as well as if he were speaking. Often he stops reporters for the local paper, writes down the name or names of men he has arrested, and explains smaller details with his hands and facial movements. Some of his friends have learned the sign language, and with them Johnigan freely discusses timely topics, and sometimes gets information that leads to arrests.

J. T. WILLIAMSON

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He Hunts Big Game With the Bow and Arrow

AT AVALON, on a sultry afternoon several years ago, young Van Campen Heilner, angler and explorer, harpooned a record ocean sunfish. The prize was inded after a terrific struggle lasting nore than three hours. A boatman aided ne boyish sportsman. For the catch, a eavy-weight of the seas, weighed two nousand pounds. A derrick which atempted to bring it up on the shores of the anta Catalina Islands collapsed under ne strain. The largest scale available as too small to weigh it.

Hardly a month of Heilner's short life as passed without some exciting experince. In little more than a quarter of a entury, he has earned an international eputation as traveler, editor, naturalist, unter, and adventurer.

Almost since the day he discarded ompers, Van Campen Heilner has hunted, shed, and tracked big game in nearly very corner of the world except the rient. For ten years he has been asociate editor of a magazine devoted outdoor life. He has written everal books and numerous magaine articles on strange creatures f the ocean and forest. For is general achievements, he as made a fellow of the oyal Geographical Society nd also of the Royal nthropological Society, oth in London. He is n the staff of the Ameri-an Museum of Natural istory, in New York ity, and was given narge of the game fish xhibit in the recently pened Hall of Ocean ife at that institution.

It was as a small boy nat Van Campen Heilner's areer on the seas and in ne woods began. His parnts had a home beside the cean. Their front yard was he beach of the Atlantic, and the ack of the place stretched into the olling farm land of New Jersey. It as in his own front yard that Heilner cquired his taste for fishing.

"One day, when I was seven years ld, Father said he would give me fifty ents for the first fish I caught for dinner," Van Campen Heilner told me. "This eemed like fabulous wealth to me at he time. So I went out and fished diligently in the surf until I landed a large lounder."

It was in his own back yard too, that oung Heilner became an expert with the harpoon and the bow and arrow, both of which weapons he has used in many of his dventures. As a youngster, he practiced harpooning by standing on a box and aiming the harpoon at the center of a hoop laid on the sod.

Long before he was out of his teens, however, he began to look for excitement in distant parts of the world. At nineteen, he spent a year at Culver City in motion-picture work. He made his appearance in several Western thrillers. A little later, in 1923, as master of the forty-seven-foot motor yacht, "Nepenthe II," he embarked on a cruise of four thousand miles from Atlantic City to Venezuela. It was one of the smallest boats that ever made this trip. At the time, there was no radio equipment for the voyage, which made the hazards much greater.

He had one of his most unusual experiences last year in northern Peru. He had gone to Ecuador with Robert Cushman Murphy, the ornithologist. They had been there only a short time when it started to rain. In that particular portion of Peru, a narrow strip seventy-five miles wide on the west coast, stretching from northern Peru to southern Chili, the land was an arid waste of rocks and sand. The natives were not accustomed to rain.

And when the downpour started, it did not cease for six weeks. Adobe houses, melting into mud, were washed into the sea. There was confusion, such as you can easily imagine as following upon a prolonged rainfall in a section where theretofore it had been practically unknown.

(Circle) Van Campen Heilner, young naturalist and explorer, has fished and hunted in nearly every corner of the globe, and has written several books and articles about his travels. (Upper right) Heilner with the bow and arrow he often uses as a big-game weapon

Naturally, the young explorer has had many narrow escapes from death. In Florida, not long ago, he was attacked by an alligator he had shot and wounded. The 'gator made a swift attempt at retaliation, but Heilner stabbed it in the eye with a knife. In Trinidad, on another occasion, Mr. Heilner was almost killed by a fish. During the middle of the day the fish were leaping all over the water. One of them, shooting out of the waves with the force of a forty-pound projectile, whizzed past just six inches above his head. Half a foot nearer, and the daring angler would have been smashed, and thrown into the sea.

Again, in Southern waters, a sawfish pulled him overboard. A sawfish is eighteen or twenty feet long. By accident, his line became looped about his ankles, and he was hauled over the side of the boat. Luckily, he was able to disentangle himself and climb back to safety.

"I have never known hardships," he told me. "They are only relative, anyway. Anyone not accustomed to expecting the unexpected might consider many of the explorer's adventures hardships. But to the experienced these are merely inconveniences.

"The greatest sport in the world? Catching bonefish. Because of its gameness, it's more sport for me to catch a six-pound bonefish than it is to land a two-hundred-pound swordfish."

Mr. Heilner has succeeded in making motion pictures of the roseate spoonbill in its natural haunts. During visits to his winter camp in the West Indies he has discovered several new species of fishes.

Mr. Heilner is in business with his father in Philadelphia. He is married and has two children. SUSIE SEXTON

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One Pair of Baby Shoes Started a $20,000 Business

SIX years ago, a white-haired grandmother in a little central Indiana town knitted a tiny pair of silk bootees to present to her baby granddaughter, Joan. From this humble beginning, a very prosperous business has developed, a business which, this year, judging by receipts to date, will net a profit of twenty thousand dollars.

The little shoes were knitted by Mrs. Grace Dolen, of Bargersville, Indiana. They were so exquisitely done, and of such unusual design that friends of Joan's mother, pausing to admire the baby, also paused to admire her bootees. Among these friends was the proprietress of a small shop near by. Christmas was coming, and she thought the dainty shoes would look well in her show window, as a hint to Christmas shoppers. So she sought an introduction to Mrs. Dolen, who agreed to hurry through half a dozen pairs in time for the Christmas rush.

They went like hot cakes; but not before they had attracted favorable notice. The representative of a large Indianapolis department store happened to be in the neighborhood at the time, and she stopped in at the store to find out where the bootees could be obtained. She left an order for a dozen pairs to dispose of in her store. They proved to be just as popular in Indianapolis as they were in Bargersville. More orders followed. The buyers in other stores became interested.

Mrs. Dolen was living on a farm, caring for her aged father. Her spare time was completely occupied in knitting shoes to supply the ever-increasing sales of the stores. But in less than a year, the demand became so heavy that she could no longer supply it herself; even if she had spent every waking moment over her knitting needles.

But she had many friends on nearby farms who had nothing to occupy them on the long winter evenings, and who, she was sure, would welcome a little extra money for luxuries they had long done without. So she asked a few of them over one afternoon, and they discussed the matter over their tea.

They were delighted with the idea. The work was easy and pleasant; they could pick it up at odd moments during the day, and they could make pocket money. Mrs. Dolen taught them the pattern, supplied the materials, and started them off. They went their various ways that evening with the needles and spools of silk in their bags.

That was just the beginning. Now Mrs. Dolen employs two hundred and twenty-five women, most of whom live within a radius of twenty-five miles. They do the work at home, bringing the finished shoes to Mrs. Dolen, who inspects them and packs them for sending. She employs ten salesmen to market the product of this successful home industry.

Mrs. Grace Dolen, of Bargersville, Indiana, runs a $20,000-a-year business in baby bootees. Two hundred and twenty-five women, who live near by, do the knitting, and Mrs. Dolen inspects and packs the bootees herself. She lives on a farm, and most of the women who work for her are farmers' wives and daughters

The packing is all done in Mrs. Dolen's office, a small square room lined from ceiling to floor with shelves filled with tiny white boxes, and furnished very simply with a desk and chair. Mrs. Dolen and her assistant have packed more than twelve hundred pairs of shoes in a single week.

Since she knitted the first pair of bootees, Mrs. Dolen has designed nine more patterns. The bootees now come in ten different designs, with the common trade name of Joan, in honor of the granddaughter who was the inspiration for that first pair.

After she packs the boxes, Mrs. Dolen loads them into a truck, takes them to the nearest station, and ships them to the different firms. She sends the smaller packages by parcel post.

"At first," Mrs. Dolen told me, "I did everything myself. I *was* the business. But now I very seldom even have a chance to knit. It's no spare-time job any longer. Last year, for three months before Christmas, I worked sixteen hours a day, just inspecting and packing the shoes.

"And the business is growing and expanding all the time. I started with one kind of silk bootees. Now we have ten different designs in the silk shoes. And we are putting out some woolen ones for outdoor wear, as well as woolen mittens.

"I don't sell at retail any more, either," she continued. "I sell to wholesale and jobbing houses. When I was selling directly to the stores, I was lucky to get orders for several dozen pairs. Now we get orders for several hundred dozen, and we have such orders every few days. Just yesterday I had an order from a Chicago firm for a thousand dozen. That's the biggest order we've had yet."

Mrs. Dolen has had offers to bring her factory to the city; but she is used to country life and prefers it. She has raised her family on the Bargersville farm. For a while, when her sons had grown up and left the farm, she tried living in Indianapolis, to be near them; but she wasn't happy in the city, and she soon came back to her farm.

She calls her place of business her "factory," but anything more different from the usual smoke-begrimed factory could hardly be imagined. It is a big, rangy, white farmhouse, set back from the road among a grove of trees. Mrs. Dolen makes her home in one wing of the house; but she has set aside rooms for storing the shoes until they are shipped, and a room for an office.

Mrs. Dolen is a brisk, white-haired little woman. Before her business venture, she used to write a great deal—mostly poetry for children's magazines.

"I don't have much time for that now," she told me, with a smile. "Designing shoes is my chief occupation. And then I keep my own books, and that takes all my mornings.

"But it's nice to have something to do when you grow old and your children leave the farm. And I'm glad I chose a hobby that pays its own bills—and mine too."

LEONORE L. KNIGHT

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Tempting vegetables! Hearty beef! No wonder this soup is a favorite!

Are you serving it regularly?

12 cents a can

SOUP

and the man behind the desk

YOU know that man (we'll call him Brown) who never seems to get tired out. "There's at least one in every office," as Briggs would say. How you envy him! He seems to come up fresh and smiling at any time of the day or night. That zero hour from four to five in the afternoon, has no terrors for him. "Give me Brown's vitality and my brains, and I'd lick the world," you have often thought, no doubt.

Well, why not *get* Brown's vitality? Why not take yourself in hand—it's not so hard, you know—and follow a few simple rules every day that will sharpen up your fighting edge?

TAKE your appetite, for example. Is *it* always on the job? Do you give it the right chance to keep active and normal? Do you eat the right food? Tomorrow at noontime, instead of eating a heavy meal that makes you drowsy and listless throughout the afternoon, eat a plateful of hot, substantial, invigorating soup as the main part of your lunch. Soup stimulates and spurs the appetite. Its delicious flavor tempts you, even on those days when you don't feel like eating other food. In the middle of the office worker's day, soup revives the energies and supplies nourishment in just the right quantity and form. It sends him back to his work refreshed and feeling fit.

ASK your wife to serve soup every day. It will have a splendid effect on your appetite and digestion. You will eat more and feel better. You know how much that helps. Just think of Brown!

And to the woman behind the man behind the desk, we have this special message: Remember that your husband leads a sedentary life. He must be tempted and coaxed with the right selection of healthful foods, or he is in risk of being under-nourished. Good nourishing soup, so easy for you to get at the store! Serve it to him regularly. That's real teamwork from a wife.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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What is Going to Happen to America

(*Continued from page 15*)

to seventy degrees) than when it is colder or warmer. He also states that man does his best brain work when the outdoor temperature is about forty degrees. Study the temperature charts of Seattle and Portland, and you will be struck by the fact that in winter the temperature there is right for the maximum of mental activity; in summer it is right for the maximum of physical activity!

"Another of Doctor Huntington's conclusions is that man needs a moist climate to perform at his best—and the climate here is moist. Also, it is changeable. And changes in temperature wake men up, energize them, and make them want to do things!

"NOW here's an illustration that points up this observation," continued Doctor Smith. "You will recall the period during the Great War when the whole nation was striving to build ships with all possible speed.

"At Philadelphia, the sun, shining upon the men and also upon the metal ships on which they worked, produced so much heat that, at times, the men had to rest. There were many accounts of heat stroke and sunstroke in the Eastern yards. But heat didn't interrupt work in the shipyards of the Pacific Northwest. The Puget Sound yards won more pennants than those of any other section—in general shipbuilding, in riveting, in welding, in framing wooden ships, in bolting. This we must regard as of vast importance; for to build a community, a city, a civilization, requires brains and brawn, imagination and pushing power, and depends not only upon numbers of people but upon people with brains and energy, and a disposition to exercise them.

"Basing my assertion on past history and economic and industrial conditions of to-day, it is in the Northwest where I expect American civilization, in many ways, to reach its maximum. Yes! I expect that it will outstrip New York, overcoming the advantage which the metropolis has had of an early start! In this Northwest of which I speak, I anticipate that, man for man, Americans will eventually realize their greatest achievement, almost certainly their greatest physical achievement, perhaps also their highest mental achievement—in science, literature, and the arts!

"To be sure, there are numerous reasons apart from the climate that lead one to predict an unrivaled future for this part of the country. It is a splendid land for agriculture. It is accessible for trade. The Panama Canal offers transportation facilities. As to mechanical energy, the Cascades and the Coast Range, along with the Rockies, give the cities between Portland and Vancouver access to many millions of horse-power of hydro-electric energy. Nowhere in Europe nor in the eastern United States is there any location for water-power resource that rivals it."

"And what about the South, the Cotton Belt? What does the future hold for it?" I asked.

"I think I can best answer that question," said Doctor Smith, with a smile, "by relating an amusing but extremely important incident that came to my knowledge.

"A few years ago, when I was studying certain agricultural conditions in the South, I heard that the town of Enterprise, Alabama, had erected a monument to perpetuate the blessed memory of the Mexican boll weevil, which has long been regarded as the curse of the cotton growers. In response to a letter of mine to the mayor of Enterprise inquiring whether this report was true, I received the following communication:

"Yes, sir, always pleased to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth. There was erected here on the crossing of Carmichael and Market streets, December 11th, 1919, a bronze fountain which has the following inscription inscribed on the base:

In Profound Appreciation
of the Boll Weevil
And What It Has Done as the
Herald of Prosperity
This Monument is Erected
By the Citizens of
Enterprise, Coffee County

"Further, the mayor's letter said:

"This section is a rolling mass of prosperity. The approach of the boll weevil in 1915 wiped the whole country off its feet, and jarred us from center to circumference, as cotton was the principal crop. Now we are raising peanuts principally, and we take great pride in saying that Coffee County holds the world's record in its production of peanuts. In 1918 the county raised and marketed *four and a half million dollars'* worth of peanuts. We have shipped *hogs and cattle* in train-load lots.

"If I am not mistaken, the historian of the future will have reason to think of this inscription, testifying to the virtues of the boll weevil, as the epitaph of the old South and the herald of the new. It points the way to the saving of the South through diversified agriculture.

"THE young man of the South should realize, I think, that *his* part of the country is also a land of opportunity. More than any other section of the United States, the South has the greatest opportunity for an easy expansion of agricultural products. In the past, the Southern farmer has raised a little cotton and a little corn. But the cotton belt can easily raise two crops a year—clover or oats in winter, corn in the early summer, together with some legume such as peanuts, cowpeas, soy beans, or velvet beans.

"As I see it, the next step forward, and a not very difficult one, is for the South to become a dairy and meat-producing region. I anticipate that we shall find this country raising as much cotton as is needed, and cattle on the side. These cattle can live on the legume crops, and the South may thus escape ruin from the boll weevil on the one hand and overproduction of cotton on the other."

"And New England?" I prompted, "the old New England that you have up to the present touched on only casually."

"All right," Doctor Smith agreed, "let's talk about New England. To me, the future of upper New England—that part having an elevation of more than a thousand feet—seems very plain. Geographically, it belongs in the same territory as the Adirondacks in New York State. It is already settling down into its permanent future as a land of summer homes, summer camps—a forested land—a kind of playground, providing wood game, sports, and beauty.

"With regard to lower New England, that section where the whirling spindle and the clanking loom overshadow all other industries, I sometimes tell my students that it is the one section of the country about which I venture no prediction. This section includes Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, the southeast corner of New Hampshire, and the coastal section of Maine. Can it hang on industrially, or will it dwindle into an area of sparse farms, not unlike Colorado?

"Already there is consternation in New England to-day because of the southern movement of the textile mills. There also is great interest in super-power plans which involve harnessing the St. Lawrence. The belief has been expressed that cheaper power might yet save the mills to New England.

"In lower New England we have a section producing about one fifth of the cotton and half of the wool manufactures of the United States, handicapped by high costs of production and by the necessity of importing food, fuel, and raw materials from other parts of the nation. What will it lead to?

"If I were the son of a New England manufacturer, concerned about the future of my part of the country, there is one thing I would do: I would go South for six months or a year to work in a rival plant. This should give a background for studying production costs and tendencies in the industry. What is the difference between the character and quality of the labor employed in New England and in the South? In the South labor is cheaper; but it remains to be determined whether human energy and ingenuity cannot overcome this, as it can many other theoretic disadvantages.

"There may be a class of industries that New England can keep. It may go on with the production of jewelry, scales, brassware, clocks, and develop other industries requiring highly skilled labor.

"IN THE past, whole sections of our country have developed by chance, as it were, with no systematic plan. As resources become scarcer, as labor costs and freight rates increase, we see the necessity of planning the activities of a whole section, as an individual would plan a business enterprise. The economist calls this regional planning.

"Planning of this kind is now being done by Cincinnati, with a fund furnished by the Commercial Club of that city, under the auspices of the University of Cincinnati. Expert geographers, geologists, chemists, metallurgists, and engineers are studying the resources of Cincinnati,

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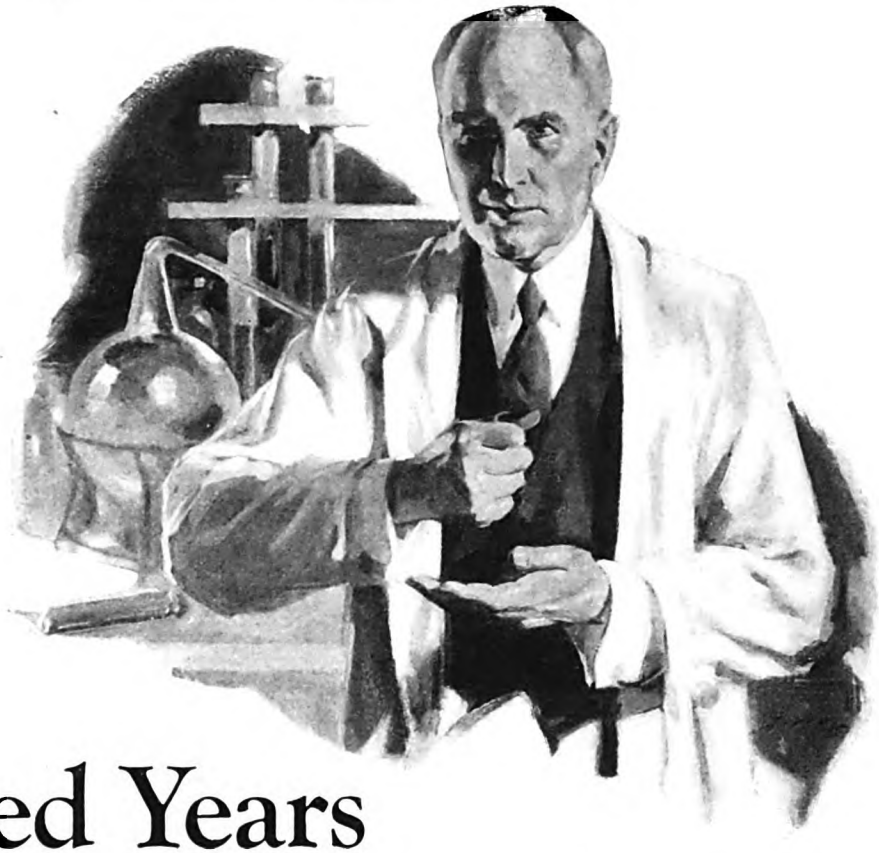

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We made it up to meet the supreme desires of 1000 men whose ideals of a shaving cream we asked.

One hundred thirty formulas were developed and discarded before we found the right one. All our 60 years of soap study, we put into this preparation.

Then we told men, "Don't Buy, Yet—accept a 10-day tube to try and find out first if you like it."

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These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
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Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

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and the territory tributary to it, in an effort to bring about a proper commercial adjustment of the city to its natural environment. If the economic forces now at work were correctly understood, similar surveys would be undertaken in many other parts of the country, including New England.

"Some of the questions that New England needs to ask herself are identical with those that many other sections need to have answered. What can New England produce at home which she is now buying elsewhere? What agricultural products can she produce to lessen her outside outlay for food, and so reduce the cost of living? If the answers to these two questions could be satisfactorily met New England's most serious handicaps would be greatly reduced. What can she expect to produce, with high-class brains planning for New England as a whole, in competition with the rest of the country?"

"A moment ago you spoke of the fact that many small cities may be expected to double in size. What about the growth of our big cities of the present day?" I interjected.

"OUR big inland cities, such as St. Louis, Atlanta, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, and Minneapolis, have been built up largely as the result of special railroad advantages," said Doctor Smith. "In some instances, their growth has been the product of basing-point freight rates. There is no compelling natural reason why large cities should have developed at these particular points. Once established, however, they tend to run on their own momentum. In the course of time—the not-far-distant future—we can expect that their population will become static, or at least increase more slowly than heretofore.

"Now, we have another class of cities located at points where natural conditions *call* for big cities. These have grown up because a large area is dependent upon them in one way or another: New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Duluth, and Norfolk. The population of these cities, too, will probably become static; but they will keep on growing longer than those others of which I have just spoken.

"The population of the Greater New York area, including the various suburban districts, is now about eight millions. The prediction has been made that it will increase to seventeen millions by 1950. There is no economic necessity calling for this growth. In fact, there are a number of economic reasons why New York ought not to be allowed to grow bigger. Under existing conditions, however, in view of the momentum the city has already accumulated, it would not be surprising if the prediction referred to were realized."

"So far, you have been telling us about changes to be expected in the rather near future. Can anything be foreseen as to the more distant future? What about the exhaustion of our natural resources?" I asked. "What will life in the United States be like a hundred years from now?"

"Of the countries of the earth, the United States alone has all the important minerals save tin and potash," replied Doctor Smith. "Half the known coal of the world, the lion's share of the copper, great quantities of iron are in our possession. We have burned more forests, destroyed more land, dug more coal, made more inventions, and built more machines than any other people ever did in a similar period of time. Happily, in these complex days when civilization is based upon mechanical energy derived from coal, and water harnessed with iron, steel, copper, and cement, we are still well supplied with all these things. We have coal enough to last for several centuries; but our oil will soon be gone, and we have already begun to import it. With all our wealth of forests, we are even now experiencing a shortage of lumber, and in twenty-five years it will be acute. Our last great forest reserve, the wooded mountains of the Pacific Coast, with their fir, spruce, and pine, is sixty-five per cent exhausted.

"On the other hand, reports of the Geological Survey indicate that we are on the verge of discovering great potash deposits in the Southwest. Careful prospecting in that region, which has never been explored thoroughly, will assuredly disclose further mineral wealth. Moreover, inventions and discoveries will undoubtedly meet many of the nation's needs as they develop. The next fifty years will probably be a great epoch of inventions—greater than the past fifty years, because of the large number of trained men, and the many laboratories, both private and corporate, in which these men can experiment and to which specific problems can be brought.

"But there's another possible side to the picture: This invention business may peter out. We may become too practical, too short-sighted to continue to be inventive. Mechanical invention works out the secondary results of a fundamental discovery in pure science. Thus far, our American civilization has shown itself to be quick, keen, and plentifully supplied with money when it comes to making investigations that promise swift and sure returns, but neither Government, nor corporation, nor individual, nor university has expressed any considerable willingness to spend much money on research for the fundamental laws of science.

"HAZARDING a guess at what the great future inventions may be is in the pipe-dream class, but I think the possibilities are that they will be connected with power generation and transmission, industrial chemistry and plant breeding. Plant breeding is in its earliest infancy. Industrial chemistry and power development are probably in their youth.

"Adequate scientific research, followed up by the proper technical applications by inventors, may enable our country to feed three hundred or four hundred millions in comfort, if we keep up our supply of brains. The shortage in the supply of brains is probably the place where the whole thing will break down. Our whole future civilization will require more and better brains to run its complexities.

"You asked me what life in America will be like a hundred years from now? Suppose we go back and find out what the man of a hundred years ago thought life would be like in our age? I think we shall find that the man of a hundred years ago had his mind set on the building of canals and turnpikes. The Erie Canal was just finished. The whole country was filled with the idea of a continental highway that would run from Baltimore into the West.

"Such things as the telephone, telegraph, wireless, radio—all things electric—were utterly unheard of and almost unthought of. Canned food had been invented in 1786 in France, but it was not used until the Civil War created the necessity. Ready-made clothes, factory shoes, furnaces for heating houses, steam heat, elevators, street railways, belonged to the realm of the unthinkable.

"In those days, when people thought of a changed world they dreamed of plentiful waterways, stone roads, and steam mills. A few venturesome and visionary souls were talking of the coming of the 'steam wagon.' And this dream, which then seemed to exceed the bounds of reasonable expectations, has turned out to be only mildly prophetic, for we not only have the highways and steam engines, but also gas engines and electricity.

"To-day, somewhat as the visionary of a hundred years ago thought of the 'steam wagon,' we think of aviation—as though everything might be accomplished by it. Just what aviation will do, and what surprising developments will come along with it, who can say? If the aviation dream is as overwhelmingly realized as has been the steam-wagon dream of a century ago, surely the man of 1927 would be as lost in the surroundings of 2027 as the man of a hundred years ago would be in the surroundings of our own time.

"I BELIEVE I have answered all your questions, and I am now going to answer one which I hoped you would ask, but didn't. What opportunities exist for the man who has made a great fortune, and has a million or so to invest for the welfare of humanity? What is the biggest opportunity confronting *him?*

"Not long ago I stood on the Great Wall of China up near the borders of Mongolia. The wall itself was a ruin. Far below me, in the valley, standing up square and high, was a wall that once had surrounded a city teeming with people and industry. But only a few mud houses huddled in one corner remained to remind one of its past glory.

"The slope was cut with gullies fifty feet deep. As far as the eye could see were gullies, gullies, gullies—a gashed and gutted countryside. The course of the little stream that ran past the ruined town was now a waste of coarse sand and gravel which the hillside gullies were bringing down faster than it could carry away. Hence, the whole valley had become a desert of sand, alternately wet and dry, always fruitless.

"Beside me was a tree, one lone tree. That tree was famous, because it was the only tree anywhere in that locality, yet its presence proved that there had once been a forest over most of that woodless and harvestless waste.

"'Would we Americans wreck our country as the Chinese have wrecked this corner of Asia?' I asked myself. And I thought of our Eastern hill country that has been gutted and ruined in much the same way. For several generations we have been cutting and burning our forests, gullying the precious soil of our hills faster than the Chinese or any other people ever did.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE GIFT

WITH the gift, however simple, goes the thought of the giver—the spirit of the gift!

Whitman's Chocolates in their time bear messages of infinite meanings. Social conventions permit them when costlier gifts are barred. They "speak a various language."

In our latest achievement we have enclosed a rich and rare assortment of milk chocolates in a package of quiet beauty with the pastoral name of *Bonnybrook*.

A golden box, with designs by Franklin Booth, suggesting the excellence of the chocolates.

Whatever your message or spirit of your gift it will be carried with grace and dignity by

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BONNYBROOK MILK CHOCOLATES
Assorted Nuts, Fruits, Creams, Caramels

SOLD IN ONE-POUND AND TWO-POUND SIZES AT THE SELECTED STORES THAT SERVE AS WHITMAN AGENCIES

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to CLEAN

To clean teeth and clean them perfectly — that is what Colgate's is made to do

THE Colgate idea of a dentifrice is the same idea that dentists have—something made simply and solely to clean teeth. Because Colgate's is made only to clean, it does that one thing superlatively well.

Why Colgate's cleans better

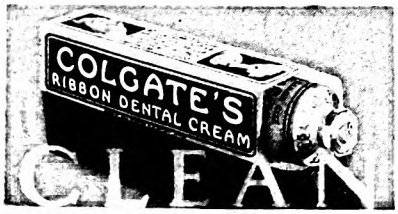
Since the real function of a dentifrice is to *clean*, everything in the Colgate formula works on this principle. The moment it is brushed on your teeth, two things happen:

1. It expands into a delicious, bubbling, sparkling foam. In this remarkable foam is calcium carbonate —a finely ground powder that delicately, *safely* scrubs off all bits of food and harmful foreign matter, polishing each tooth to dazzling cleanness.

2. Then, in a detergent-washing wave, this foam sweeps through the entire mouth, washing away all impurities and leaving teeth, tongue, gums, cleansed and fresh. Thus, the very *causes* of tooth decay are removed.

Your dentist will tell you to use a dentifrice for *one* reason—to keep your teeth *clean*. If you fear disease of teeth or gums, go to a dentist for treatment rather than trust a "patent medicine" dentifrice. Rely on a dentist to cure. Rely on Colgate's to *clean* and keep your teeth healthy.

Colgate & Co. EST. 1806



FREE to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 200-F, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

"Of all our resources the most vital is land—soil—*the stuff from which the future must eat.* The loss of land by needless and useless soil erosion is one of the greatest material injuries that man is doing to his own future. He plows a hillside, grows crops of corn, cotton or tobacco, and after a very few crops the field is ruined. In this way we have already ruined the possible home sites of millions of men.

"We do this because we grow crops for which the land must be plowed, instead of crops that can live and thrive without plowing—tree crops. By an accident of history, agriculture started with annual plants: grasses, wheat, rice, corn, and so on, instead of with trees—date, olive, walnut, acorn. People have for ages eaten wild acorns and walnuts, as well as the seeds of wild grasses. We need a whole series of new crop trees making food for men and food for live stock, and at the same time holding soil on the hills with their roots.

"America is rich in native trees of great promise waiting to be improved: walnuts, pecans, hickory nuts, pine nuts, hazelnuts, butternuts, beechnuts. More important than these are the trees that may feed animals.

"The acorn-yielding oak may be made to rival corn as pig feed and cow feed. The honey-locust bean may rival wheat, bran, and cottonseed meal as food for the dairy cow. The persimmon is one of the most nutritious fruits grown in the United States, and it drops its fruit for weeks and months, ready for the pigs and turkeys to eat.

"A million dollars invested during the next twenty years in creative research and experiments would disclose the technique for a tree-crop agriculture. The creations and discoveries that would be made would be worth many millions the succeeding twenty years, and *billions* after that. There is an opportunity for some person to create a world-famous institution and render inestimable service to the American people and to the world at large!"

"Dr." Mary Coburn's Patients Pay Her With a Song

(*Continued from page 46*)

take out into the country and stretch through the bushes. Then they sit down near by, take the blinded song-bird out of a bag, or a pocket, and wait.

"The bird calls; and this attracts other small birds to the spot. Some of them become entangled in the net. The man winds it up and takes the captives home with him—to be eaten. Occasionally the thing is done in this country by ignorant immigrants.

"We found later that the game wardens were watching for two of these culprits, who were on a train that stopped at New Haven. The foreigners became alarmed, and threw the 'evidence'—their nets and the blind bird used as a decoy—out of the window, where the Springfield man found the bird.

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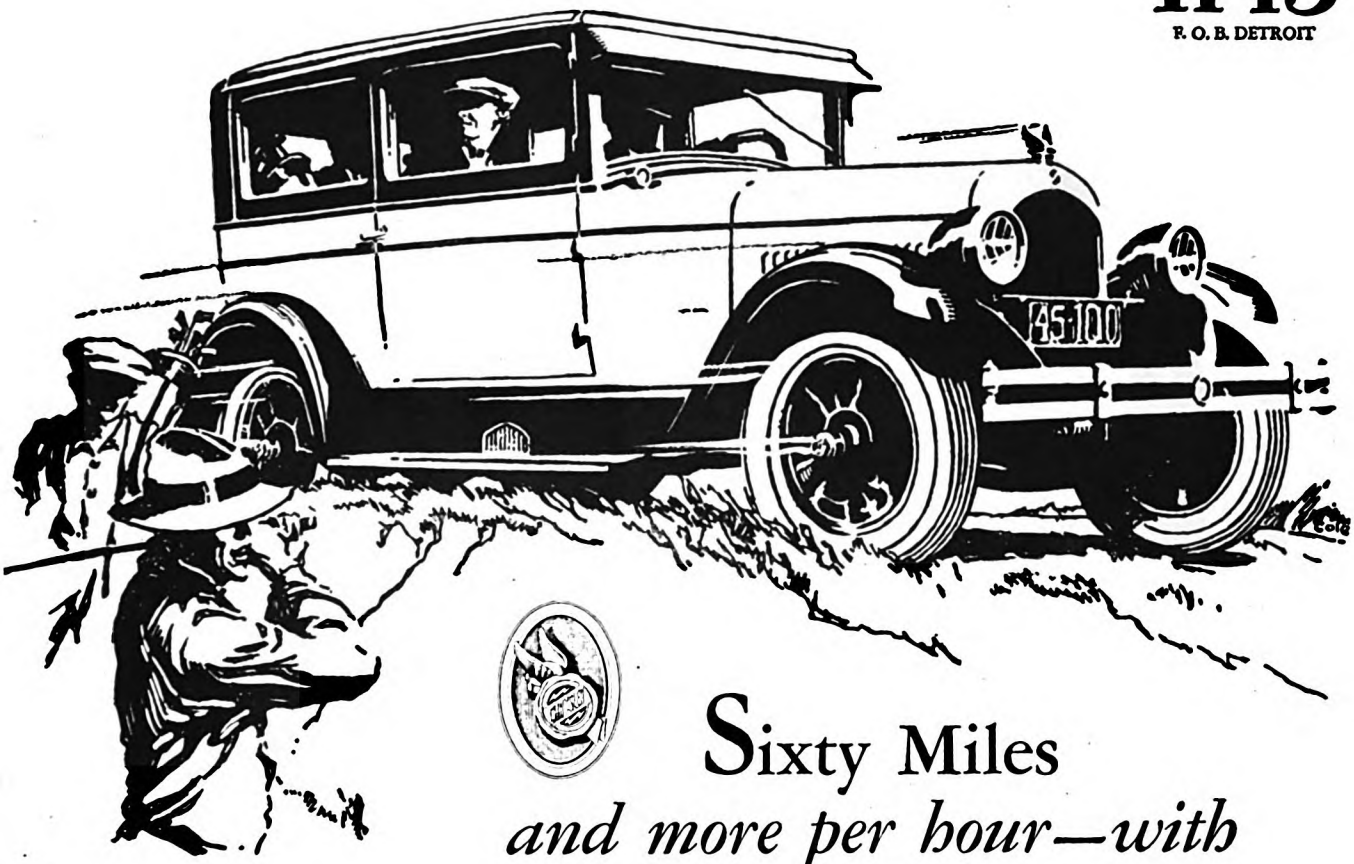
COACH
$1145
F. O. B. DETROIT



Sixty Miles
and more per hour—with exceptional ease

Features That Make Chrysler "60" Inimitable

6-cylinder motor.
7-bearing crankshaft.
60 miles and more an hour.
5 to 25 miles in 7¾ seconds.
22 miles to the gallon.
Aluminum alloy pistons, with invar steel struts.
Impulse neutralizer.
Oil-filter and air-cleaner.
Chrysler beauty.
Luxurious mohair upholstery.
Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes.
Levelizers, front and rear.

Mr. Chrysler and his engineers, in designing and developing the six-cylinder Chrysler "60", set their hearts on a car which would in large measure advertise and sell itself.

They strove for a type and quality of road-ease and road-readiness and supreme comfort which would do its own talking — so that any man, woman or child could swiftly see that the "60" was a car among cars, unprecedented at its price and in its class.

They wanted the Chrysler "60" to settle all arguments by demonstration and by difference—and the extent to which it is dominating its own six field is an ambition splendidly fulfilled.

With such outstanding excellence in every phase of performance plus typically Chrysler smart appearance and complete equipment, it is surely not surprising that Chrysler "60" should be recognized as a value utterly unapproached by any other six of medium price.

Chrysler "60" prices — Touring Car, $1075; Club Coupe, $1125; Coach, $1145; Roadster, (*with Rumble Seat*), $1175; Coupe, (*with Rumble Seat*), $1245; Sedan, $1245. *F. O. B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System.

Chrysler Dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER "60"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

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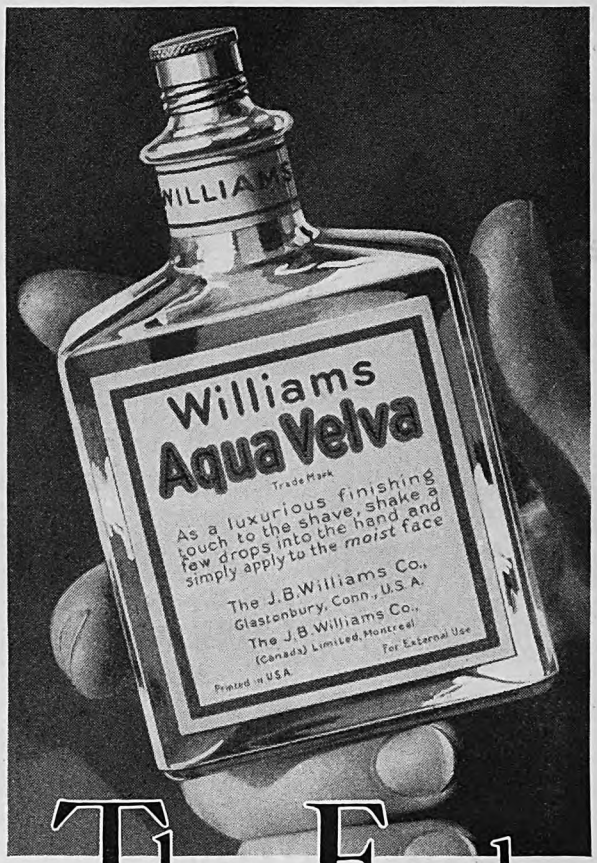

The End of a perfect shave

REAL shaving comfort means more than a pleasant shave. It means all-day face comfort after the shave is over. For years we studied how to keep the face feeling as fit as a Williams shave leaves it. That's how we developed Aqua Velva—a scientific, sparkling-clear liquid—made expressly for use after shaving.

Here's what Aqua Velva does

1. It gives the face a stimulating tingle.
2. It helps to heal little nicks and cuts.
3. It aids the skin in its daily fight against sun and wind, dust and germs.
4. It keeps the face feeling "well groomed" all day long. (And remember, Aqua Velva leaves no trace.)

Aqua Velva sells for 50c in the U. S. A., in big 5-ounce bottles—bottles especially designed to fit your bathroom shelf. Your druggist carries Aqua Velva.

If you'd rather "try before you buy," clip the convenient coupon below—or send a postcard—for a generous trial bottle FREE.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 16, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal) Please send me free test bottle of Williams Aqua Velva.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____ *City*_____

Amer. 6-27

Williams Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

"After Blind Baby died, the taxidermist who mounted the skin for us discovered that the poor little creature was in a sad condition, as a result of the cruel operation those men had performed on her eyes.

"She used to sing; and one involuntarily associates singing with happiness. But I've thought of Blind Baby so many times, and wondered if she sang only because she had no other way of expressing feeling—whether the feeling was happiness, or pain and unhappiness.

"She could fly; but because of her blindness she seldom tried to. But sometimes she would suddenly start, flying in spirals, straight upward. We were afraid she might strike the ceiling. So whenever Blind Baby attempted this, the nearest child would get up quietly, take her in his hands, stroke her for a moment, then put her down in a safe place, and go back to his desk.

"THE children help us in various ways to care for the birds. Did you notice the bird houses around the building here? The boys made them and put them up. The children help us to feed the birds; and feeding fifty or sixty birds, which is the average number we have at our cottage nowadays, is quite a problem.

"One boy brought us a whole bushel of corn. He was living with relatives and was very unhappy at home. I think all his stifled affection was lavished on our birds. His people did not *give* him the corn he brought us. Probably they would have refused to give it to him. But he raised it himself, so that he could do as he pleased with it.

"Most of the grown people, however, are interested and very glad to help. Birds are brought to us, and sent to us, from miles away. We have had three owls. The children called the first one 'Spooky,' because an owl makes almost no sound when it flies; and the name has been handed on to each of our three owls.

"Spooky the First died after a few months. Spooky the Second, a screech owl, grew up and finally went to live in the outside world. But he seemed to think our house was home, for he never went far away.

"In winter he would come and tap on the window panes, asking for the food he knew he would receive. Whenever we came home at night in the car, Spooky would fly out to welcome us, and would light on its top.

"One night he was killed by an automobile, which he evidently mistook for our car. The men driving it reported that they had struck a bird; and as Spooky's body was found just beyond our place, it was clear that he had tried to alight on their car, believing it to be ours. We always slow down, before turning in at our entrance; but this car was traveling at high speed.

"We have a young screech owl now, Spooky the Third. It was brought to us, not because of any injury but because it was only a baby, whose mother had been shot. It is as playful as a kitten. We give it the freedom of one of the bird rooms, except that we never let it get near the little birds. It might hurt them. Spooky will soon be old enough to live outside, and I shall miss him terribly.

"We have learned a good deal about

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Who has authority to lose money *in your business*

NO ONE! But investigate and you may find that someone has been losing money for you, month after month and year after year. Perhaps that someone, unintentionally, is yourself.

You adopt, as a matter of course, modern factory methods and modern factory equipment which will enable you to cut down your selling price. You would not tolerate for an instant the use of wasteful and old-fashioned methods of production.

But is this true of your office? Or are you still using accounting methods, which, on account of limited facilities, were accepted in the past, but which are now as out-of-date as factory methods twenty years old?

If so, you are losing money every day, either because someone in your organization is not familiar with recent developments in accounting, or because you as a higher executive have not found time to give this vital problem your personal consideration.

For one of two things must be true if you are not using modern mechanical figuring equipment. Either you are not getting the vital figure-facts you ought to have at the time you ought to get them; or you are paying too much for the figure-facts you get.

Don't wait for someone to come to you. Investigate! Call in the local Burroughs man today. Welcome his helpful and willing counsel. Let him show you on your own work what Burroughs can do for you and save for you.

For whatever your business may be, large or small, retail or wholesale, manufacturing or professional, no one has authority to lose money by faulty, costly and out-of-date accounting methods, when Burroughs up-to-date equipment will cut down cost and add to profits.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6226 SECOND BOULEVARD, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

Burroughs

Sales and Service Offices in all Principal Cities of the World

ADDING · BOOKKEEPING · MACHINES FOR EVERY FIGURE PROBLEM · CALCULATING · BILLING

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These tiny bubbles soften toughest beards

They get deep down to the base of every whisker — soften each hair scientifically right where the cutting is done.

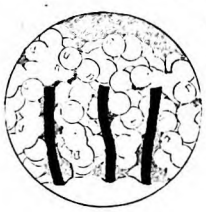
COLGATE'S Rapid-Shave Cream lather is based on this scientific principle—that water is the real beard softener. Colgate chemists created this "small-bubble" lather that fairly swims with moisture. Look at the lather-pictures below. See the amazing smallness of the Colgate bubbles—how they saturate the beard-base.

How "small-bubble" lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

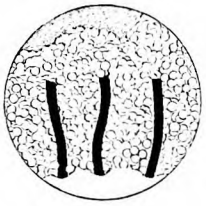
1. The soap in the lather breaks up and removes the oil film covering each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean, and your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A week's better shaves—Free

Once you try this unique "small-bubble" lather, we believe you will never go back to ordinary shaving methods. Prove this at our expense. Just clip and send the coupon. We'll send you a generous trial tube.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501-F, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

feeding birds. Some have to have predigested food. In addition to worms and insects, I get the best of *baby* foods; I mean those made for human babies. I mix them with water, and feed the hungry little mouths with a spoon.

"A great many people don't know that a baby bird is unable to feed itself. One woman told me that she had picked up a robin which had fallen from its nest. She had set it on the doorstep, placing food beside it.

"'And the lazy little thing,' she said to me, 'wouldn't even touch the food I put there!'

"I explained to her that a bird's vision is imperfect at first, just as it is in any other creature. You wouldn't put a nursing bottle beside a human baby, and expect him to see it and put it into his mouth. If you put a baby kitten down beside a saucer of milk, he doesn't see it.

"It is just the same with young birds. You must actually put the food into their mouths. Often you must open their mouths, yourself, in order to get it in. When their eyes, and their other organs of sense, have developed, they will feed themselves. But until that time they would starve, even with plenty of food within reach.

"Birds are like people in many ways. They have different tastes in food, just as we have.

"You saw Jimmy Crow over at the cottage. Jimmy is very fond of oranges. In fact, he seems to like *anything* that I have for breakfast. When I am eating, he always comes hopping to the table, begging for his share of my meal.

"Jimmy used to belong to a man who drove a motor truck in Springfield. He would go out with the truck, perched on the front of the car. When the driver went into a building to collect or deliver goods, Jimmy seemed to feel that he was in charge of the truck, and would caw belligerently if anybody came near it. He was injured in an accident finally, and his owner brought him to us. Jimmy is permanently lame, but he seems quite comfortable and happy trotting around from room to room."

BEFORE we went over to the schoolhouse as a precaution against interruption, I had been introduced to the birds that were sharing with Miss Coburn and Miss Ingraham the little cottage which they built the year after the fire.

It is a small house; yet two rooms are given up to the birds. There were fifty of them "in residence" at that time. Some of them were tame birds; a few canaries, for instance, which had become ill and had been brought to the hospital by their owners.

These pet birds were in their own individual cages; but the rest were either in groups in very large cages, or were in a room where they had almost the entire space to themselves, or were quite free to move about the other room where the cages were. Outside the second room was a large screened "apartment," which the birds in that room could enter through an open window.

In a corner of one room was the birds' refrigerator. Miss Coburn opened it and showed me the stock of food on hand. This included chopped meat, several pounds of which are bought daily. Feed-

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Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

How can comfort threaten oil? It does!

w riding comfort is here. But chief goes with it unless your rication has a new margin of ety.

day's low cars fairly hug the d—for comfort. You roll on loon tires—for comfort. Steer- is still easier—for comfort.

w comfort—everywhere. No. t quite that.

comfort inside your engine. r your improved car and the proved highways invite you to ve faster than ever before.

ore work for your engine. More rk for your lubricating oil. ore heat. More friction.

is a fact that many oils which vorked all right" in 1922 show ious shortcomings today when d for sustained fast driving.

cars have changed, Gargoyle obiloil has been steadily im- oved. The 1927 Mobiloil sur- sses the 1922 Mobiloil as strik- gly as the 1927 cars excel those 1922.

ere at the Vacuum Oil Company have watched every change in car design and driving conditions. The effect of these changes on lubrication is constantly studied and taken care of in the progressive improvements in Mobiloil.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see at your dealer's the complete Chart and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other mods.*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	....	....
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	....	....

Your need of the Mobiloil margin of safety has never been so great as it is today.

Automobile engineers know that. Mobiloil is by long odds their favorite oil.

Automobile manufacturers are awake to the need. That is why Mobiloil is recommended by more of them than any three other oils combined.

* *

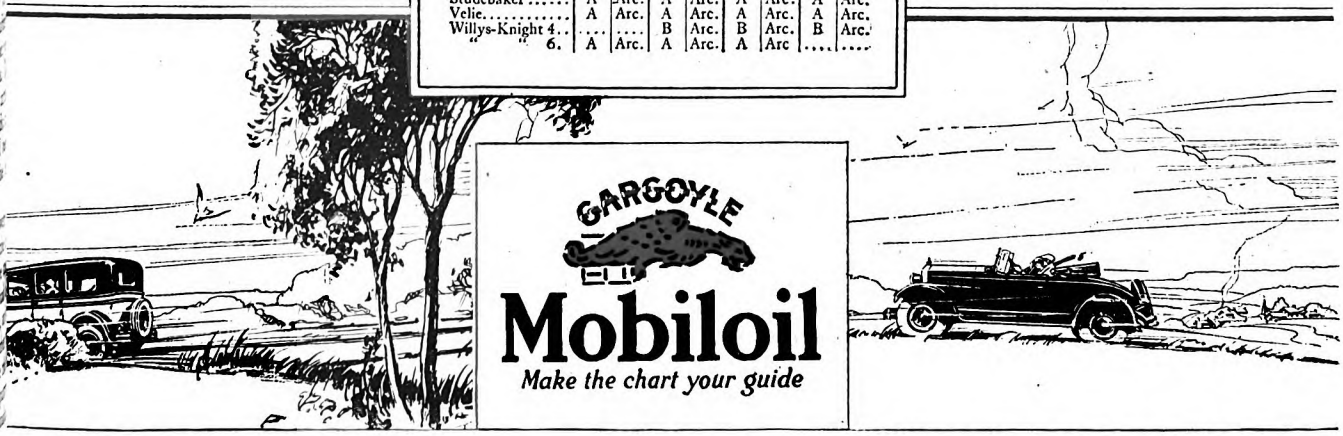
Any lubricating oil which has simply maintained its standards during the past few years is not good enough today.

Not if you are at all particular.

Make sure of your lubricating margin of safety. You can get it with Mobiloil.

The Mobiloil dealer has the Mobiloil Chart. From it you can quickly determine which oil to use—with scientific exactness.

That oil is designed and produced with 1927 driving conditions in mind. That is why it gives you the greatest obtainable economy and operating efficiency.



VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas.*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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Feet that cry for COMFORT

SOMEWHERE at some hour, the nerves of your feet seem to utter a little cry. As time goes on, the cry comes oftener and grows louder. It's a warning that fallen arches, backache, nerve strain, headache may develop. It's a cry for comfort; the comfort of *Cantilever Shoes*.

To stand at ease, to step out gracefully, to be fresh and ready for joyous activity; to feel your best at all times, your feet need properly shaped shoes as much as your eyes crave good-looking shoes.

Your feet desire shoe arches that are flexible like your own arches. The flexible arch of the Cantilever Shoe improves circulation and permits strengthening exercise of foot muscles. Cantilevers have no metal shank piece concealed in the arch as do ordinary shoes. Cantilevers fit up snugly to the arch of your foot and afford each foot the precise degree of support it needs. For weak arches that need correction, wear Cantilevers and see how quickly you improve.

Cantilever Shoes make it easier to shop, stand and walk without tiring so soon. Life seems brighter and happier, for your feet are comfortably cared for. It isn't as though you had to make a sacrifice for your comfort. Cantilever Shoes are not only beautifully comfortable, but they are good-looking. Prices are reasonable.

Ask for a demonstration at your local Cantilever store. There you will see a variety of smart oxfords and pumps, beautifully designed in the modish colors of the season. If the Cantilever store in your locality is not listed in the telephone book under "Cantilever" write the Cantilever Corporation, 402 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, New York, for the address and an interesting new booklet on footwear.

Cantilever Shoe

MEN • WOMEN • CHILDREN

COMFORT~THROUGH~FLEXIBILITY

ing fifty or sixty birds is not only a good deal of trouble, but also rather expensive. It takes a lot of time and foraging—and costs about a dollar a day for the supplies that are purchased.

Knowing that country school-teachers are not paid extravagant salaries, I asked Miss Coburn if this wasn't a severe tax on her personal exchequer.

"Well—perhaps," she admitted. "But occasionally some kind friend helps with the expense. One lady, whom we did not know at the time, happened to pick up an old copy of a Springfield paper when she was on the steamer returning from Europe. She read in it an account of our bird hospital and sent us ten dollars to help carry it on. She sent us another check later; and others, who are interested, have been equally thoughtful. Of course we ourselves take care of most of the expense."

"BUT that isn't all," I said. "How can you ever leave home and take a vacation?"

"I can't," she replied quietly.

"You mean that you stay here all the time? That you never go away for even a few days?"

"How can I?" she asked. "What would become of my birds?"

"No," interrupted Miss Ingraham, "she never has a vacation. I do all I can to help her take care of them while I am here, for I love them too. But when school closes in June, I go to visit my family; or I take a trip somewhere, for change and recreation. But Miss Coburn never goes away."

"Well," said her friend, "if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth some sacrifice. A few years ago, a friend who owned a place at the seashore invited me to visit her there during vacation. That was before the fire, and we had only about a dozen birds then. But I couldn't leave my patients, and my babies, no matter if there *were* only a few of them.

"When I explained this to my friend she told me to bring the birds too! She had a room in the attic which they could use. So I put them in cages and started off, looking like a traveling aviary.

"At that time, we had a black-crowned night heron which had lost one foot and been otherwise injured by being caught in a steel trap. The children had named him Bunty. He was Bunty the First. We have one now who is Bunty the Third.

"This one is a friendly, good-humored creature; but Bunty the First was much older when he came to us, and he was rather inclined to be cross. He and Miss Ingraham, however, got on especially well together. She would say to him, 'Comb my hair, Bunty!' And he would run his long bill through her hair, first on one side, then on the other.

"Near the cottage where my birds and I were visiting, was the Casino; and every night the orchestra played there for the dancing. As soon as the music started, Bunty would leave the box where he spent the night and stump across the floor to a window which looked out toward this Casino. He would stand there, as close to the window as he could get, listening to the music.

"There was one piece which was his favorite. The minute they started to play that piece, Bunty would begin to utter a peculiar note, a sort of quack, quack. I

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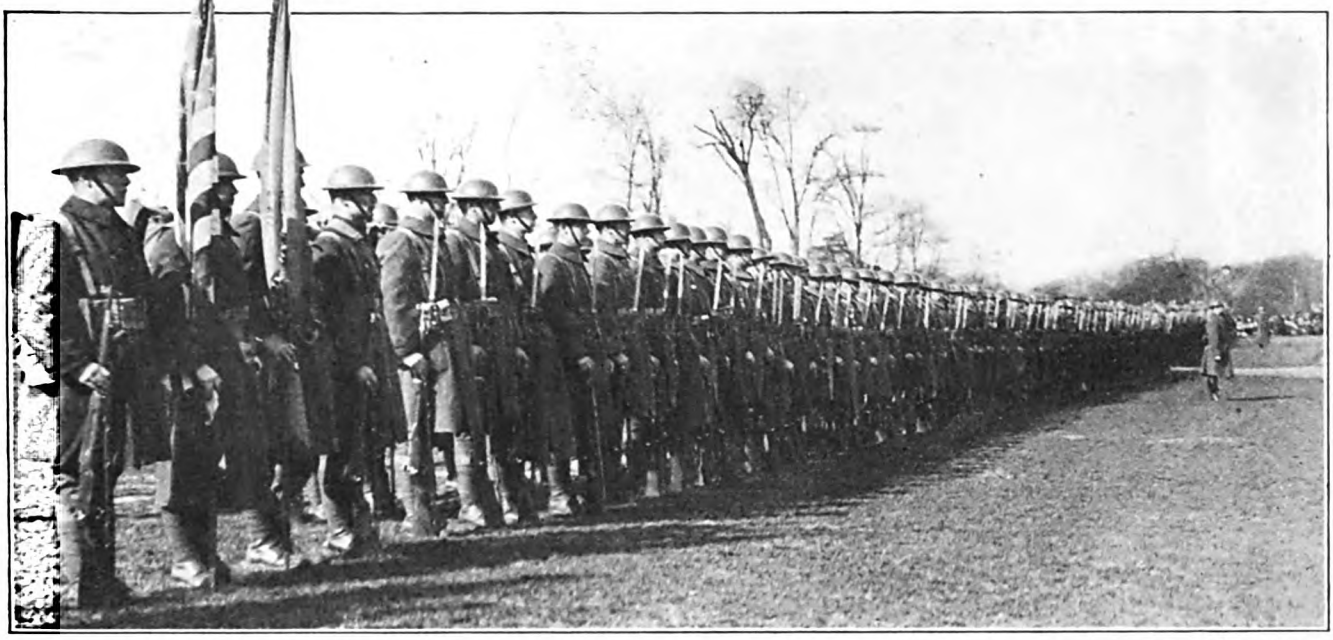
Companee–'ten-shun!



© 1927, M. L. I. Co.

WHEN Uncle Sam mustered his greatest Army and Navy to fight overseas, he had a million and one things to plan and arrange for. You remember the ships that were built and the equipment provided—camps at home and supplies abroad.

One of the wisest and kindliest provisions was to supply everyone in Service with life insurance at less than its cost to the Government—a lower rate than could be offered by any life insurance company in America. The Government had no taxes to pay and made no charge for overhead expenses.

More than $39,000,000,000 of insurance was taken by 4,500,000 Service men and women. Many of these wisely took $10,000 policies—the largest written by the Government. Others neglected their opportunities and either took out smaller policies or no insurance at all.

The policies were originally issued on the yearly renewable term plan. After the war, holders were invited to convert them into policies on a level premium, legal reserve basis such as is employed by large life insurance companies.

But, unfortunately, many policies were allowed to lapse. And now the officials at Washington, gratefully remembering the way the Government was supported in time of need, offer veterans a final chance to restore protection to their families with life insurance at rates below actual cost. All Service men and women who lapsed their term policies may have their insurance reinstated by the payment of one month's back premium when accompanied by a certificate of good health which any physician may give. Or they may now take out smaller policies at the same special rates. But—the necessary formalities must be carried through before July 2, 1927.*

There are perhaps 3,500,000 of you men and women specially privileged to get insurance at the old bargain rates offered in wartime. Will you, who have earned this right, neglect the golden opportunity?

*For information and necessary blanks send to any local headquarters of the United States Veterans' Bureau, or of The American Legion, or of the Red Cross, or to the national headquarters of any one of these organizations at Washington, D.C.

One of the most common misconceptions in the public mind regarding life insurance is that lapsed policies are a source of profit to insurance companies and therefore are desired by them. As a matter of fact, lapsed policies mean loss to both policy-holders and companies. Worst of all they often spell domestic tragedy.

Because of temporary financial pressure, men sometimes stop paying premiums hoping that a little later they may take out new policies—even though they realize that at an older age they will have to pay higher rates, *if*, by good fortune, they are able to pass again the necessary physical examinations.

Life insurance policies are not merely sound investments; in the majority of cases they provide the surest form of protection for American families. Once a man or woman has taken a life insurance policy, every possible precaution should be used to keep it in force at its full value.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company spends a great deal of time and effort each year urging policyholders whose misfortune may have caused them to lapse their contracts to apply for reinstatement. Also, we are glad to co-operate with Washington in urging Service men and women to get their Government insurance reinstated before it is too late.

The 3,500,000 eligibles for this bargain insurance are in a fortunate position. We hope they will take advantage of their extraordinary opportunity.

HALEY FISKE, *President*.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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Even a child will tell you --*it's different!*

Mennen Shaving Cream *does not stop at softening your beard. It soothes, tones up and protects your skin.*

When you first feel the smooth, easy glide of a razor through a Mennen *dermutized* beard — the quickest, closest, most luxurious shave in your experience—you, too, will say: "Mennen *is* different!"

But keep on using Mennen and you'll soon see another striking difference. Complexion clearer and healthier. Skin toned up and more vigorously alive. Your face feels better and looks better.

The Mennen process—*dermutation*—so completely softens the beard and flattens the "mounds" around each hair that there's no scraping and nicking of the skin as in ordinary shaving.

Mennen *dermutation* does even more; it soothes and heals any irritated tissue. Five wonderful emollients in the cream feed, stimulate and protect the skin.

Buy a tube of Mennen on your way home tonight. Try it for a week. If you're not enthusiastic over results, send us the tube and we'll refund the purchase price. Mennen *is* different!

Now—for after shaving—try Mennen Skin Balm. Is antiseptic—mildly astringent—with a clean, masculine odor. Finish with Mennen Talcum for Men. It's a man's talcum—tinted so it doesn't show. 50c a tube for Skin Balm—25c for talcum.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J. The Mennen Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

suppose it was the nearest he could come to singing. He was like a person who is so fond of one particular melody that he wants to hum it whenever he hears it played.

"After our first robin, Ittie, was old enough to live outside, he still had such faith in human friendliness that he would go around to the various neighbors, begging for 'eats.'

"The birds nest all around the schoolhouse here, in spite of the fact that fifty children are shouting and playing close to them and that motor cars are constantly dashing along these two roads. One day, when we counted them out of curiosity, nine hundred and fifty cars passed the schoolhouse in a single hour on only one of these roads. There are usually about twenty occupied nests in this little triangle. People who know the subject thoroughly tell me that this is the most remarkable nesting record in all their experience. They *like* human companionship—when they feel that it is safe! And they are such beautiful and interesting friends that, in making them at home with us, we receive far more than we give."

IN THE fourteen years since that first baby robin found a home in the Sixteen Acres school, the two teachers and their pupils have befriended more than fifteen hundred birds. Each year the number of their feathered protégés increases. This year they have cared for more than three hundred birds. The day of my visit there were more than fifty birds, of fourteen different species, including robins, rose-breasted grosbeaks, blue-jays, orioles, red-winged blackbirds, field sparrows, a heron, an owl, a crow, and other kinds.

Miss Coburn's work has been officially inspected and endorsed by both the Federal and the State authorities. It is being helped by the Radio Nature League, which was organized about two years ago by Thornton W. Burgess, the well-known "nature writer."

In his broadcasted talks, Mr. Burgess has told of Miss Coburn's bird hospital. Dozens of wounded, or helpless, wild birds have been sent to her as a result of these radio talks.

This is just what she wants; but as I saw what it means to her, in work and in sacrifice of time and of money, I wondered how long she could meet these demands.

The Radio Nature League has "adopted" the hospital, and will help by building a large outdoor flying cage, which is sorely needed. But even though other assistance may come, the fact remains that she is giving up a large part of her life to—well, to what?

To the relief of suffering? Yes, that is part of the answer. To an attempt to interest people in preserving our bird species? Yes; that, too, is something she hopes to accomplish.

But, as she explained to me with that gentle, kindly smile of hers, the real reason is something deeper and more human. If the children under her care, the people of her neighborhood, the others who hear and read about what she is doing—if, indeed, you and I may be moved to make our passing impulse of pity *more* than an impulse, Mary Coburn's hope will have been realized.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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1 *Three on each side, they should be working day and night—*

1 The numbers show where the mouth glands are located. One pair is clear back in the throat.

2 In the cheeks, a second pair needs daily care.

3 Under the tongue two more must be kept active. Daily use of Pebeco renews the vigor of the mouth glands, even where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Inside your mouth

are the six real guardians of its Youth

YOUR PRETTY TEETH and sweet wholesome mouth. These are treasures indeed!

And nature has appointed guardians for them—six little mouth glands. These bathe the mouth with protecting fluids which counteract decay.

But you must keep the mouth glands working. Soft foods, lack of exercise, make them lazy. They slow up and leave your teeth unprotected.

Pebeco puts the mouth glands back to work. Its important salt awakens them to youthful activity with its keen sharp taste. How fresh and young your mouth feels now!

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey.

How confident you can be, when you have used Pebeco! No matter how close to others you laugh and speak, you know your breath is always sweet and pure as a child's.

"Pebeco is more than a tooth paste," so many users say. "It is necessary to perfect and complete care of the whole mouth."

FREE OFFER

Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D-30, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER JUNE, 1928)

PEBECO

keeps the Mouth Glands young

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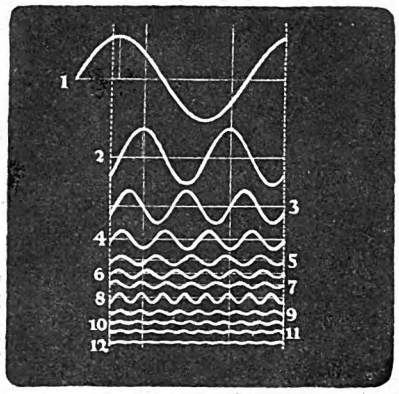
And now Thomas A. Edison answers another questionnaire . . . . .



In the photographic diagram above, wave No. 1 is that of the fundamental tone of an organ-pipe. The numerous waves beneath it are that organ-pipe's overtones. They are as elusive as a ray of sunlight, yet their capture and preservation on a phonograph record is utterly essential to full, perfect Re-Creation of an artist's performance. It is obvious that they cannot be preserved if their microscopic strength is dissipated in any way — moving machinery, for example. But let ***Thomas A. Edison*** *give you his views on the subject.*

QUES. What is musical sound?

Ans. When anything such as a tightly stretched string connected to a sounding board is caused to vibrate rapidly and regularly back and forth it sets the air around it in rapid vibration which in turn vibrates our ear drums back and forth. Through the mechanism of the ear these vibrations are transmitted to our brains and we "hear" a musical sound. Physicists call such vibrations sound waves.

Ques. Sometimes music is rich, mellow and beautiful. Sometimes it is harsh, sharp and unpleasant. Why is this?

Ans. The presence or absence of overtones controls the beauty and quality of a musical sound. The more overtones there are, the richer and more beautiful the quality becomes. The difference between the metallic tinkle of a child's piano and the mellow resonance of a concert grand is due to overtones.

Ques. What are overtones?

Ans. When we set the string I mentioned vibrating it sends out a powerful or fundamental wave. It also sends out many other related waves. These secondary waves are called overtones.

A simple illustration of this: Drop a large pebble into a pool of quiet water; wave rings

"I don't use delicate overtones to move machinery."

are formed that go out in all directions in smooth and regular procession over the surface of the water. Now try dropping the large pebble again but at the same time drop several very small ones along with it. The wave rings caused by the large pebble will be there as before but, in addition, there will be many little waves or ripples criss-crossing each other and the appearance of the principal waves will be quite different from what they were in the first experiment.

The big waves may be compared to the fundamental sound wave, and the little ripples that are superimposed on them to the overtones.

Another illustration might be an automobile crossing a series of mountain ridges. The mountains and valleys correspond to the principal or fundamental sound waves and the "thank-you-ma'ams" to the overtones—only in the case of music the "thank-you-ma'ams" are enjoyable.

Ques. What, in effect, do overtones accomplish?

Ans. I've already answered this in Question No. 2. To put it in another way, however, one artist with a few simple lines paints a picture; another paints the same picture but fills out his canvas with backgrounds of light and shade and with subtle color effects. It might be said that the second artist has added overtones to the sharp fundamentals of the first artist's work. The greater the skill in handling the overtones, the greater the master and the more permanently pleasing the effect. This is also true in music.

Ques. Can overtones be recorded on phonograph records?

Ans. Years ago I recognized the fact that only through capturing the delicate and elusive overtones as *well* as the fundamental wave, and faithfully recording them on a record, could phonograph music earn its right to a permanent place in the musical esteem of mankind. I have worked always with this goal in view. Nature has been reluctant, but one by one she has given up her secrets. The present Edison Phonograph is very close to my ideal.

Ques. How have you captured these delicate overtones?

Ans. In many ways. For example, I made a thicker record of greater solidity which would not shake and vibrate as a whole when played. I developed an extremely hard and smooth surface for the record so that the sound waves—the minute ones which are overtones—would not be flattened out when the diamond point passed over them. By adopting a permanent diamond point I got away from making the sound grooves "grind in" steel needles. By mechanically feeding the so-called tone arm across the record I eliminated having the delicate sound grooves *drag* the arm across. In other words, I don't use delicate overtones to move machinery. Countless experiments in recording have taught us many vastly important tricks and processes. No one thing has captured the overtones for us. I have mentioned a few but there are many others. A combination of many details working together has achieved present results. ★

Nothing can be better than the BEST

A phonograph serves one purpose and one only—to reproduce voice or instrument *as it sounded originally.* When a phonograph has accomplished this, nothing more can be asked.

Five thousand tests, in which living artists sang or played side by side with the New Edison before critical audiences in such musical centers as Carnegie Hall in New York and Symphony Hall in Boston, have proved that there is no difference between the original performance and the New Edison's Re-Creation of it.

Eminent musical critics who attended these tests were unable to distinguish between the living voices or instrumental performances and the New Edison's rendition of them, and have put themselves on record to that effect. (Send for free booklet, "What the Critics Say.")

The nearest Edison dealer will be glad to demonstrate the New Edison Phonograph to you. Ask him also to play an Edison 40-minute record—the inventor's latest achievement—a record of ordinary size which allows you to hear a complete concert without interruption, and at a marked reduction from the usual cost of phonograph music.

The New Edison Phonograph is mechanically and technically correct. It is put together in a laboratory by skilled craftsmen. It is not a talking machine or a toy. In combination with the Edison Record, it forms *the ideal method of sound reproduction, without distortion or tonal blemish.* Try it for a few days in your home, and you will realize what this means. Any Edison dealer will be glad to allow you to make this trial — particularly if you can obtain some other make of machine with which you can compare the New Edison.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Orange, N.J.

The NEW
EDISON PHONOGRAPH

OK Thos A Edison

★ WATCH FOR OTHER QUESTIONNAIRES BY MR. EDISON

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Your Aunt Emma

(*Continued from page 67*)

and you can tie this on the cat if you want to. I'm going to Central Africa, and live naked and eat things that disagree with me, and live forever. You are a good woman, Emma; but I'm really too well to keep you happy."

Well, that is one side of the story.

I can't tell all the other side of it, for it would make a book in itself—the half-dozen blood transfusions and skin graftings she has submitted to, and— But no. "Submitted to" is wrong. Joyously volunteered for, is better. For Aunt Emma has a genius for self-sacrifice. Our family doctor, when there is nothing much the matter with a patient, says, "Put the soft pedal on Aunt Emma, won't you? There's nothing much wrong here." But when things are serious, he looks grave, and says, briefly, "Might send for Aunt Emma."

And when she arrives, things change at once in the troubled household; for this extraordinary woman who can be so irritating and depressing where trivial scratches are concerned, is balm and healing to a deep wound, and health and regeneration to a vital hurt.

An adult member of my family—let us call her Lou—had pneumonia, and the doctor was pretty worried. "Better send for Aunt Emma," he said, and so I knew it was serious. She arrived within an hour, and she came with a pleasant look and an assured calm and at once Took Charge. That confused, whispering bedlam, that subdued, shadowy fright, which is so apt to possess and disorganize a household where one of the important members is lying dangerously ill, took flight at once upon the appearance of Aunt Emma.

IN TIMES of real crisis, there is that in her manner which puts illness on notice that there is a fight to the fore, and inspires her human allies with the nerve and quiet and capacity to endure and triumph which she feels within herself. Within three hours, the household tangles had been straightened out, the servants had been calmly lifted out of the disorganization which so often falls upon servants in a house where illness has entered, children and adults felt themselves and their schools and their business set back upon the basis of a regular routine, and both the night nurse and the day nurse, without being told to do so, automatically began to report to this super-nurse, who had so quietly and efficiently Taken Charge.

For Aunt Emma really knows more about nursing than most trained nurses; she has an infallible eye for a good professional nurse, and if the one on the job doesn't come up to her ideals and specifications, that one departs without fuss or flurry and one who does conform takes her place. This sort of efficiency, backed by real knowledge, and by fearlessness and devotion and confidence, helps a doctor—gives him confidence, too. And the mental state thus created gets to the patient, even though the patient may be in delirium.

For the queer thing about Aunt Emma

"—they're just as important to me as the smoke itself"

"And Some of These, Please—"

"And two packages of Life Savers," he said to the clerk when he had chosen his day's supply of cigars.

"They're just as important as the tobacco itself," he went on. "Great between smokes. I use them now all the time. You'll always find a couple of packages on my desk at the office. And in my pocket at other times. I wouldn't be without them."

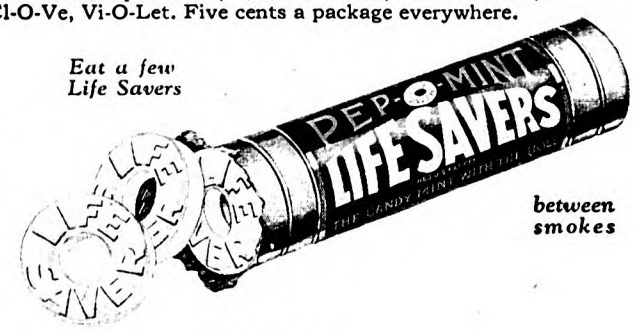
* * *

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, those little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke taste so much better.

It's a fact: Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes, you'll always have a package handy.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package everywhere.

Eat a few Life Savers



between smokes

P. S.
Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors—Orange, Lemon and Lime. 5c a package.

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Clean up-and prevent fire

This is the slogan of cities and towns all over the country where "Clean-Up Week" is an annual event. It is a slogan worth millions of dollars if every householder will take it seriously and act accordingly throughout the year. For property worth millions is destroyed by fires originating in rubbish piles and litter.

Make every week a clean-up week with regard to preventable fire. Clean out every avoidable hazard. The North America Agent can give you sound advice on practical Fire Prevention methods and dependable property protection.

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and the
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life

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that when everything is going well, she pessimistic; but when things are really oing badly, there never was such an ptimist in existence. Like Mark Tapley, "Martin Chuzzlewit," she "comes out trong under circumstances," and delights her ability to do so. In this particular ase, the struggle was long and tough. But somehow we all—doctor, nurses, the atient, and the household—clung to unt Emma as drowning mariners to a ock, and the unconquerable spiritual uality of the woman pulled us through. And when the danger was over, she took our hours' sleep and left us, left us to Take Charge of another serious case in the Community.

AUNT EMMA really should have been the executive head of some organization which would have called into activity all her possibilities and qualities. But circumstances denied that to her. If she were in charge of some great nursing organization, such as the Red Cross, she would be happy all the time, because she would be active all the time, active in the way she is best fitted for. As it is, she has to do the best she can in our town with the friends and relations whom fate has placed at her disposal.

I wonder how many cases there are in the world of people who have never found their real work.

Aunt Emma's activities in the autumn and early winter of 1918, when the epidemic of influenza and pneumonia struck this country, would make material for a novel, for an epic poem, for a drama.

Our community was one of those which was hardest hit. It was impossible to get enough physicians and professional nurses to attend to the persons who were completely down and out. Sad to say, there came one fortnight when it was actually impossible for the local undertakers to keep up with the number of deaths.

I am afraid to say, lest I be accused of exaggeration, how long Aunt Emma went without sleep or rest during this trying time, and how many stricken households she ministered to. It is beyond computation how many people actually owe their recovery to her self-sacrifice and indefatigable energy and high courage. She organized the town into fighting committees; and she herself was the most valiant warrior of them all. And when it was over with, she was little better than skin and bones—skin and bones; but there was a light shining through, there was an aura about the woman.

"You must go South for a vacation," I said to her.

"Not yet," she said; "there are still a couple of families here who need me."

"You're all in," I said.

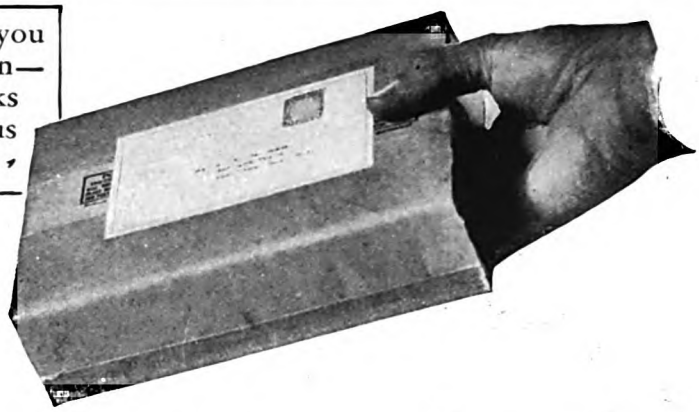
"I'm happy," she replied, and she looked it.

Extraordinary woman! It was only a few months later that she almost fussed and fumed and worried me into a state of illness once more, all over nothing, for I was perfectly well at the time. And the very last time I saw her, she said to me, although the weather was all that heart could desire:

"There, you're going out without your rubbers again, and it will rain inside of an hour!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Handed to you by the postman—the new books you are anxious not to miss



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selected from the books of all publishers and with a guarantee against dissatisfaction

Henry Seidel Canby

Heywood Broun

Dorothy Canfield

Christopher Morley

Wm. Allen White

THINK over the last few years. How often have outstanding books appeared, widely discussed and widely recommended—books you were anxious to read and fully intended to read, when you "got around to it," *but which nevertheless you missed!* This need be true no longer.

The Book-of-the-Month Club will deliver to you every month, just like a magazine, *the outstanding book of that month*, and with a guarantee against dissatisfaction.

The outstanding book each month is chosen impartially *from all the important new books, whoever the author and whoever the publisher.* The choice is made by a group of unbiassed critics, listed here, who have no business connection with the enterprise. The theory is—and it works!—that any book appealing strongly to a majority of five individuals (of such good judgment and such varying taste) is *likely* to be a book few people will care to miss.

But *you are not obliged to accept the judgment of this committee.* Their choice is simply a practical method at arriving at one outstanding book a month. Tastes vary. You are not expected, willy-nilly, to like and keep the books you receive.

Before the book-of-the-month comes to you, you receive a carefully written report *describing what sort of book it is.* If you think you will like it, you let it come to you. If not, you specify *that some other book you prefer be sent instead.* You make your choice of a substitute from a list of other worth-while new books, *which are also described carefully*, to guide you in your decision. However, if you let the chosen "book-of-the-month" come, and find you are disappointed, *even then you may exchange it for some other book you may prefer.*

Thus you can be absolutely sure that you will never again, through oversight, miss books you are anxious to read; you keep informed about all the best books; *you choose your reading with more discrimination than ever before;* and you *do* obtain the outstanding books you are anxious not to miss.

The cost of this unique service is—nothing. You pay the same price for the books as if you got them from the publisher himself, by mail. Send for our prospectus which explains how simply the service operates. It is working smoothly and satisfactorily for over 40,000 discriminating people. Your request for our prospectus will involve you in no obligation to subscribe.

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What's *your* favorite alibi?

With a dozen clean shirts within arm's reach, a brilliant author will not discard his soiled one until driven to it by his wife. A slovenly man? Not at all. He merely dislikes the actual task of changing the buttons.

A very successful lawyer fails utterly to keep his nails clean. In fact, he declines to do it. He knows that he ought to, of course. But he dislikes doing the job himself. And he will not take time to go to a manicurist.

These are examples of a certain type of laziness that is present in most of us, however we may deny it.

You will notice it in your friends, if you know them well. And if you are honest enough to admit it, you will find it in yourself. To neglect the little tasks of life seems to be a very human weakness.

Heading the list of things people are lazy about is tooth brushing.

In your childhood, you will recall, it loomed large as a nuisance. Now that you are grown up, you probably alibi yourself, as so many of us do, with such feeble excuses as "I'll do it later," "I'm in a hurry now," or " too tired."

Recognizing this human weakness we set about to create a dentifrice to meet it —a dentifrice for busy people, for tired people—even for lazy people.

Now greater speed

A dentifrice to clean teeth quicker than ever before. And clean them whiter.

Our chemists created formula after formula. Three were selected. Each was tried by thousands. The result was noted. Then the most perfect of the three was chosen.

Minimum Rubbing

Now we offer it to you under the name, Listerine Tooth Paste. It provides a maximum of cleansing* with a minimum of brushing. The job's over in a minute. But that clean, fresh feeling in the mouth lasts a long time.

And only 25c

Compare this dentifrice with any paste at any price. Once you use it, we will wager you'll be delighted with its results —and its economy. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.—By the way, the 25c tube of Listerine Tooth Paste is a large one.

** This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth decay.

LISTERINE

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"— even for lazy people"

J. HENRY

TOOTH PASTE

-- over in a minute

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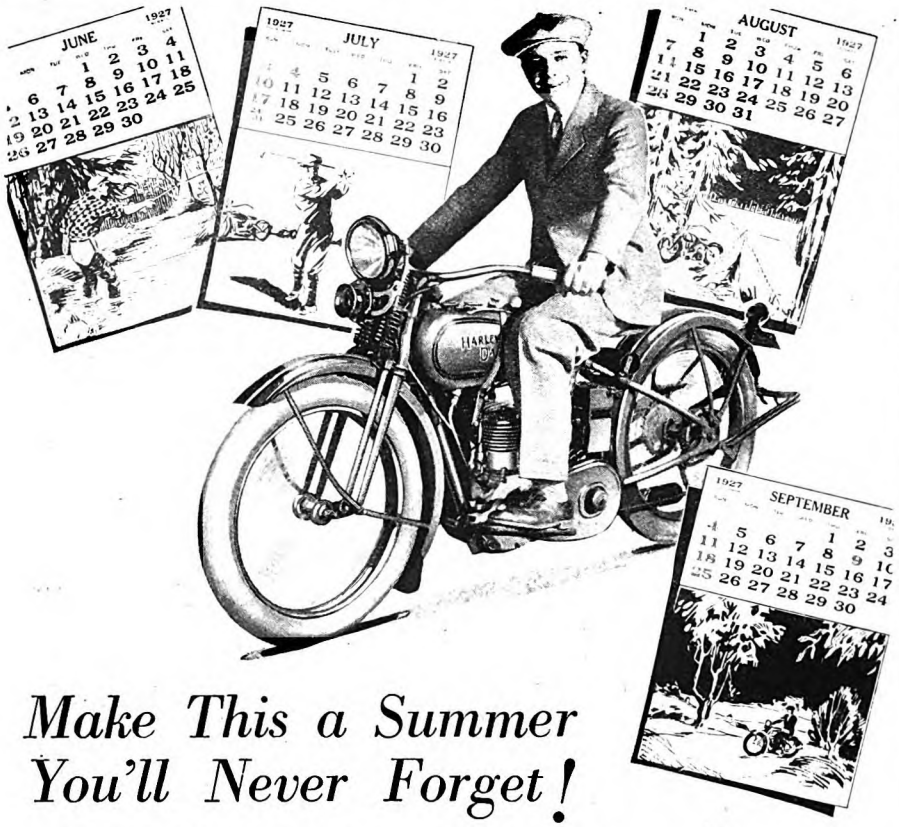

Make This a Summer You'll Never Forget!

WEEK-END fishing trips hours on the golf course picnics galore happy, carefree miles over breeze-swept country roads. Get away from hot city streets and crowded walks. Spin over the beckoning highways. Seek out the unbeaten trails.

All this and more is yours with a Harley-Davidson Single. The cost is merely a fraction the cost of a car —*only one cent per mile!* And you'll be proud too, of the sleek, stream lines of this handsome mount.

Start right now to enjoy the world's greatest sport – *motorcycling.* Ask your Harley-Davidson dealer about his easy Pay-As-You-Ride Plan. Price of Single, complete with 3-speed transmission and full electric equipment, f.o.b. Milwaukee $235

Mail the coupon for catalog.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
Department A. M. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
New-Type Motorcycle
Single

The Harley-Davidson line includes Single and Twin-cylinder models in a wide range of prices. Get our Catalog.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Department A. M., Milwaukee, Wis.
☐ Interested in Single; send catalog and dealer's name.
☐ Interested in your Dealer Proposition. Is my territory open?
Name
Address

Mail This!

The Leading Case

(*Continued from page 23*)

will find it an instructive case, Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford, on the points involved here, and from an authority that you, yourself, will admit, unquestioned."

He paused as for a sort of emphasis and went on.

"It is the case of Saul, in the First Book of Samuel!"

He leaned on the table, regarding the tall old man.

"And, Mr. Ponsford, it is a case precisely like your own in every item of it. Reflect upon those items. You will observe that only in their degree and in their setting are they to be distinguished from your own. In their essential features and in their moving purpose they are the same. Saul, heretofore directed by Jehovah in dreams, could no longer reach Him. He was in grave perplexity, and he went to the witch of Endor. . . . And that medium, like your own, called up a dead man."

Again the attorney paused. His drawling voice tapered to a little piping note.

"Thus far, Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford, the great leading case goes evenly on all fours with your own. But I can see . . . I can see, sir, that you will claim a distinction at this point—a divergence that impairs this case as a controlling precedent. The witch of Endor, calling up Samuel, directed Saul to doom, while your medium calling up your father, directed you to fortune. It is a grave divergence, I must concede, Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford, and if it holds my leading case breaks down."

The witness lifted his eyebrows and drew down the muscles of his face. He was puzzled and in some concern, but he maintained his equanimity.

"Your knowledge of the Scriptures does you honor, sir," he said, "and I, with all men, commend you for seeking example cases in it. But, as you say, this case breaks down at its cogent point."

He leaned back, giving the aspect of a man at ease.

COLONEL BRAXTON, standing behind his table, his body relaxed, his eyes half closed, as one about a matter of no importance, again uttered his startling expletive.

"Ah! . . . but does it break down, Mr. Ponsford . . . Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford?"

There was a shuffling sound, as though the whole human mass in the court-room moved.

That high, sudden, whining expletive seemed charged with some hidden menace. It electrified us into a keen expectancy. The judge looked down at the witness and the attorneys turned about sharply in their chairs.

Colonel Braxton seemed to keep hold of the witness with his eye; to take, invisibly, a little firmer clutch upon him. But his voice retained its even tenor.

"But suppose, Mr. Ponsford," he continued, "it should ultimately appear that the vision of your father, thus called up, led you to disaster, instead of fortune; then, Mr. Ponsford, my example case

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"Six months ago I was miserable, unhappy"

I WAS ACTUALLY LOSING *all my rength. I had a terrible case of constipa-on. I was very thin; my skin was sallow, nd I was extremely nervous.*

"I had been taking several different inds of medicines but all in vain.

"After reading a number of Fleisch-ann's Yeast advertisements I decided try this much talked of food, and im-ediately I purchased a number of cakes.

"Several weeks passed and I began to e my complexion clearing up, my old ep and vitality returning. I gradually gained my normal weight and I am ow enjoying wonderful health. I feel is due entirely to Fleischmann's Yeast nd I am more than pleased to have the pportunity of relating my experience."

MRS. CORA M. GREGORY, Dallas, Texas

IN the past year over three quarters of a million more men and women have started ating yeast. Today one person in every hird American family is making this remark-ble food a part of his daily diet.

To feel the way that Nature meant every-ne to feel you must keep your system *clean* —and *active*. That is what yeast does. It urifies the entire digestive and intestinal ract, counteracting putrefaction and pre-enting the absorption of dangerous toxins y the body. It strengthens weakened in-estinal muscles, daily aiding the sluggish rocesses of elimination.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the easy, natural vay to banish constipation and its attendant lls—indigestion, pimples and boils and that constant, discouraging feeling of weariness.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine; it is a pure corrective food—a living plant, rich in the nutrients of the grains in which it is grown. Unlike harsh drugs and purgatives, which merely whip the system into temporary abnormal activity, yeast gently, naturally tones up the whole system.

Start today to eat your way back to health! All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. J-41, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N.Y.C.

MRS. CORA M. GREGORY *in the garden of her home at Dallas, Texas*

LEFT

MISS JEAN McLEAN likes the outdoors and thinks horseback riding is by far the nicest thing to do in it. She was made particularly miserable when she fell victim to a series of painful boils. Her mother writes, "My daughter Jean had such a bad boil on her leg that I persuaded her to try Yeast. She did and had no more trouble until she stopped eating Yeast. Then she had another boil—on her arm. She began the Yeast again, and again was all right—until she stopped. This time the boil came on her eye but after this third one she ate the Yeast more faithfully. This was a year ago and she hasn't had a boil since. I believe that the Yeast keeps her system in such good condition that there will be no further trouble with boils."

MRS. DANIEL McLEAN, Glendale, Los Angeles, Calif.

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, *Well-known Theatrical Producer, N.Y.*

"THEATRICAL PRODUCTION, demanding as it does constant rehearsals and irregular hours, is a severe strain upon the constitution. I find that the best way to counteract that run down feeling and to keep in perfect trim is the regular daily use of Fleischmann's Yeast. For several years now I have made it a practice to take Yeast every day. I drink it in a glass of milk and find it very pleasant. It relieves all traces of indigestion and keeps my system functioning normally."

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, New York City.

Keep well this easy, natural way

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

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Pipe Smoker Risks Life Finding Can of Favorite Tobacco

Over a period of years, we have heard of many ways in which pipe-smokers prove their devotion to their favorite tobacco.

But the medal certainly goes to Joseph P. Fink of Darby, Pa.

His letter follows:

Darby, Pa.
November 12, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I take the liberty of writing you concerning a little incident that happened to me in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

I have a mania for crawling through a number of unexplored caverns between the towns of Woodstock and Mt. Jackson. One cave was exceedingly dangerous with its tight passages, etc. I spent three hours in this cavity, groping blindly with a "dead" flashlight and a severed guiding string.

To cut my story short, I was finally rescued by a searching party after a terrible experience. It was a wonderful feeling as I sat at the mouth of the cavern telling my friends that I would not go back in there for love nor money. I meant it—until I reached for my can of Edgeworth. It was gone, and I recalled dropping something during the excitement in the cave.

It is queer what a man will do when his favorite tobacco is concerned. I realized that without my tobacco it would be as bad as being lost in the cavity—so I crawled back.

It was a grand and glorious feeling as my hand came in contact with the Aristocrat of Tobacco.

Yours very truly,
(signed) Joseph P. Fink, Jr.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.*]

would be precisely parallel. It would be happily cited. It would go on all fours with your case not only in its preliminary features but also in its conclusion. And we could say, remembering this judicial trial, that the case of Saul in the First Book of Samuel was paralleled in our time by the case of Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford in this Circuit Court."

Mr. Wellington Monroe got up.

"Your Honor," he said, addressing the judge, "I am loath to interrupt the counsel for the defense. But he is introducing an innuendo that has no evidence to support it. His interrogations, when they undertake to assume a fact, must undertake to assume some fact appearing in the case. What evidence produced here can justify the learned counsel in the vague prediction of disaster which he introduces into his cross-examination . . . and, to his 'jaundiced eye,' what disaster is it that appears?"

The judge permitted Colonel Braxton to go on. The counsel for the defendant would doubtless presently connect his interrogations with the evidence upon which he based them; if not, a motion could be made to strike them from the record.

It seemed that this aside was a matter which Colonel Braxton neither saw nor gave regard to.

"NOW, Mr. Ponsford," he continued, as though there had been no break in his words, "your distinguished counsel, Mr. Wellington Monroe, wishes me to name the disaster which I see behind you in this case . . . and I will name it. . . . It is the penitentiary house!"

There was a great movement of astonished silence.

The aspect of the witness was that of a man behind a curtain, for his imperturbable demeanor held.

But his attorney was instantly on his feet.

"Your Honor," he said, "I demand that the defendant's counsel withdraw this statement, or at once connect it with something in the case."

He was now concerned and lost his facetious manner.

"And I do so connect it," replied Colonel Braxton; "I connect it with the very grant upon which this case is built."

He put out his hand and took up the Treasury warrant lying on the table before the witness.

"Your Honor," he said, addressing the judge directly, "there is a hole broken through this parchment where it has been folded." And he held up the ancient patent for all the world to see.

"Now, Your Honor, the writing of this warrant was all made at the same time, on both sides, except the signature of the governor, for it is a continuation of the long description of these lands in their metes and bounds; and this hole"—he indicated it in the parchment with his finger—"was either there at the time of this writing or it appeared afterward. If it was there at the time the warrant was written, then the scrivener would have written up to it, avoided it, and begun his word beyond, so that the sentence would run along evenly, irrespective of this hole in the parchment. But if this hole came later from fold or usage, a fragment of the word that had once occupied this space would now be missing, for the scrivener, in that event, would have been writing evenly along on an undamaged parchment."

It was a clear statement of an obvious fact that every man could see, and the whole court-room waited with a tense expectancy.

"AND this, Your Honor," he continued, "would be the case on *both* sides of this parchment if it were a genuine patent. But if it were not a genuine patent, if it were, in fact, a fraudulent and forged patent, one written down above the governor's signature, on a parchment of the time from which an earlier writing had been removed, then, in that instance, the forger, anxiously occupied with his fraudulent design, might forget, in writing the back of this parchment, how he had treated the hole in writing the other side.

"And this, Your Honor, is precisely what Mr. Ebenezer Ponsford did when he undertook to forge this warrant. He wrote the face of the warrant as though the parchment were uninjured, and he wrote the back as though the hole were in it; for the word "poles" is missing from the line running across the hole in this warrant on its face, while the sentence running across this hole on the back of the warrant is complete, leaving no word or letter missing."

He continued to hold up the patent, indicating the fatal error.

"And so, Your Honor," he concluded, his voice now big and dominant, "I maintain that the case of Saul in the First Book of Samuel is on all fours with this case. For the vision of Mr. Ponsford's father directed him to disaster no less deserved and tragic—not to fortune, not to the recovery of these lands—but to the penitentiary house!"

It was a great, smashing climax, and after a moment of tense silence the whole court-room cheered as in some popular assembly.

The judge pounded vainly on his desk for order.

And in the splendid confusion of this victory the gates of Paradise swung back for a moment for me. I was leaning close over the railing beside the girl, and when we all rose in the stupendous dénouement, she slipped her arm around my neck and kissed me.

That kiss was not intended for my mouth. But I received it! And like a vast enchantment it forever, for me, moved the common places of this Virginia court-room into the Kingdom of Romance.

AS ATTORNEY for the defendant in a murder case, Colonel Braxton introduced no word of evidence from the witness chair. His client had no witnesses; the case against him was strong; the prosecutor showed a motive for the killing, and then developed a powerful chain of circumstantial evidence. But Colonel Braxton broke the chain—and did it without a witness. In forthcoming issues you will read this story and others from the talented pen of Melville Davisson Post, in which the adventures of his great character, Colonel Braxton, are vividly set down.

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"What's the verdict?"

When maddening pain drives men and women to the dentist in search of relief they discover that neglect has taken high toll in precious health. . . . Go to your dentist at least once every six months and you'll never fear his verdict.

CLEMENT DUNSHEA

4 out of 5 invite dread Pyorrhea

If let alone, Pyorrhea, the grim foe of health and beauty, reaps a rich harvest. Its poison forming in pockets at the base of the teeth ravages the system, and often causes such serious ills as rheumatism, neuritis, anemia, and a host of other diseases.

With neglect as its ally, Pyorrhea marks 4 persons out of 5 past forty and thousands younger. But such uneven odds can be bettered, easily.

By practising these simple preventive measures, you can safeguard health. Have your dentist make a thorough examination of teeth and gums at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, now.

This dentifrice, the scientific formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, forestalls Pyorrhea or checks its course, if used in time. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of this disease.

Forhan's firms gums. It keeps teeth pearly white and protects them from acids which cause decay.

As a measure of safety, start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night. It helps to safeguard health and to protect you against Pyorrhea. Teach your children to use Forhan's for the Gums. They'll like its refreshing taste. It is health insurance for which they'll thank you in the years to come.

Get your first tube of Forhan's, today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE
IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

We Make This Promise

Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. 35c and 60c all druggists.

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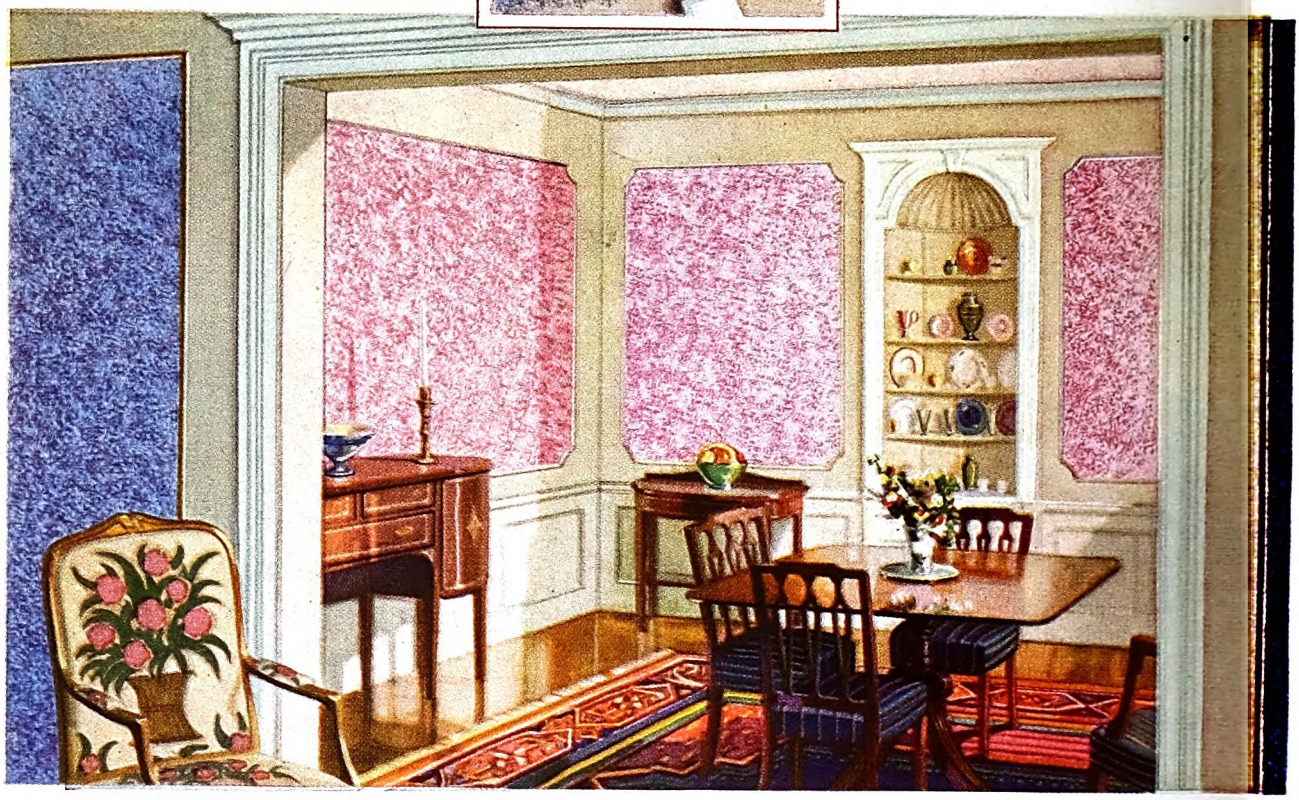
Pattern freely applied, colors delicately blended to delight the eye—just a promise of the numerous interesting color effects that the sponge-mottle treatment brings to your home. Its striking beauty belies the simplicity of application. First, an undercoat, either lighter or darker than the finishing color, is painted on the wall and allowed to

dry. Then some of finishing color is poured on a board, and the flat side of a sponge pressed into it. Next the sponge is tamped against the wall. Two or more colors may be used for the mottling; though one color, in addition to the ground color, will be found sufficient to produce a most effective wall finish such as you see in the rooms below.



Paint with a Sponge?

WHY NOT . . . when the results are as beautiful as the walls you see here.

"Sponge mottle," the painter calls it. "Beautiful!" you will say as you watch the pleasing design appear under the gentle tamping of the painter's sponge.

The process is simple—and not expensive. The ground color, applied by brush in the usual way, should be a solid tone. Over this, a contrasting color, or two if you like, is sponged on. By turning the hand slightly, the painter varies the pattern left by the high spots of the sponge.

As in any painted wall finish, the true beauty of the sponge-mottle effect lies in the quality of the paint and the clearness of the colors used. Paint made of Dutch Boy white-lead and Dutch Boy flatting oil, mixed and tinted on the job, assures not only a beautiful wall finish, but also a washable and lasting one.

This sponge-mottle finish is but one of many distinctive interior treatments obtainable with Dutch Boy white-lead paint. Some of the more unusual of these effects are shown and described in our booklet on decorating the home. This booklet will be sent you free, together with an offer of further service from our Department of Decoration. Just send your request for booklet "M" to our nearest branch listed below.

"Save the surface and you save all"

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway — Boston, 800 Albany St.
Buffalo, 116 Oak St. — Chicago, 900 West 18th St.
Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave. — Cleveland, 820 W. Superior Ave.
St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St. — San Francisco, 485 California St.
Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.
Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

Professional painters know this Dutch Boy Painter trademark. It is the mark of pure white-lead—the basis for an all-lead, all-purpose, all-color paint. Paint made with Dutch Boy white-lead can be used on the outside of your house to beautify and protect and on the inside for creating interiors of rare charm. It can be applied over stucco, concrete, brick and stone as well as plaster and wood. And, whether your painter uses it on the woodwork and walls of one of your rooms, or on your whole house inside or outside, it will save you money because it saves and beautifies whatever surface it covers.

DUTCH BOY WHITE ~ LEAD

for CLEANLINESS *for* BEAUTY *for* DURABILITY

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Diogenes Had the Right Idea!

(*Continued from page 43*)

had served nineteen years. The governor pardoned me and let me out, on condition that I should find employment and make good as a free man within a year. If I fail I must go back to prison. I have applied in hundreds of places for a chance to earn my living. Nobody will give me steady work. People don't want anything to do with a discharged life man. I'm up against it. I must get work soon, or go back to prison for the rest of my life.'

"His face and voice and manner touched me. I saw that there was something good in him. His face showed no sign of dissipation. But his whole figure was black with discouragement.

"'WHY did they send you to prison?' I asked.

"'For doing what any man of spirit would have done,' he answered. 'I am no angel, but I can stand as much as any man without losing self-control. I was running a little restaurant in Dallas, Texas. My specialty was the old-fashioned flapjacks. They were well made. They got a reputation. The best people in the city came and sat at my tables. I was making money. One night, a lot of rich young bloods came in. They had been drinking. They got noisy and quarrelsome. I tried to get them to leave. They began to pick on me and break the furniture. A fool's fun is as dangerous as dynamite. He never knows when to stop. I grew angry. I couldn't help it. I began to fight, to protect myself and property. In a minute we all took fire. One of the young bloods drew a revolver. I got him before he got me. Yes, I killed him.

"'When a thing like that happens a situation changes quickly. It gets worse or better right away. As if a thunderbolt had fallen in their midst, those young fellows were scared and sobered. They quit their deviltry, picked up their fallen comrade, and went away.

"'I was arrested, tried, and convicted of murder. How could it have been otherwise? I had only my own word and a good character with which to defend myself. They were many. They swore me into prison for life. I served nineteen years.'

"'How about your family? Are they not willing to help you?' I asked.

"'When a man gets the mark of Cain on his brow I think that his family is likely to be harder on him than other people. To them he is dead, and they want him to stay dead. He would be like a ghost in the house, and even worse than that. He would be a skunk in the parlor. They have tried to forget him. They never speak his name nor do the neighbors. I have thought it all out. My family will have nothing to do with me. How is it with you, sir? Will you give me something to do—anything?'

"I believed him. Words are like metal. You know the sound of gold when you hear it and you know the sound of lead.

"'You're on,' I said. 'Come to-morrow morning ready to go to work.'

"He came in the morning with a happier look in his face. I put him at underground work. At the end of the week his boss gave me a good report of him. He had done his task well and faithfully. There came to my desk, also, a little tobacco sack. It was filled with the greater part of his wages, and a note requesting me to invest it for him. I did as he wished. The filled tobacco sack came every week, and a good report of his conduct. Soon he was promoted.

"He went on and on, doing his work faithfully and well. He won the respect of his associates. He was worthy of every trust put in his hands. Naturally, I became deeply interested in John Bowdoin. I dressed him up and lifted him into a place near me. I came to know and trust him, as one knows and trusts his own brother. He did his work quietly, modestly, cheerfully, and faithfully. There was something big and fine in the soul of him. You couldn't help feeling it. He had made a stepping stone of his sorrows and had risen to a noble manhood.

"Yes, I would call him a great man. In judging greatness, you must take account of the circumstances. It's a thing deeper than wealth or position or popularity. Never have I seen a higher type of character than that of John Bowdoin. You may judge how well I knew and trusted him when I tell you that if I were leaving home I had John go and sleep in the house to look after the family.

"He died, by and by, and there were those who wept for him. He left an estate of seventeen thousand dollars, and a will bequeathing it to me.

"How curious that certain members of the family that had cast him off put in a claim for it. Voluntarily I gave them five thousand dollars.

"Oh yes, I enjoy the hunt for honest men. You never know where you'll find them. It's a better sport than that of shooting lions or bull moose.

NEXT to honesty what do you consider the most important trait in a good lieutenant?" I asked.

"Optimism," he quickly answered. "Give me a man who likes the world he lives in, and who has the capacity to enjoy it. Give me a man who can put his heart in his work and his play—a man who has faith in other men and in himself, but not too much. He must be able to criticize his help, and to stand criticism and profit by it. Such a man, if he has health, will have energy and a kindly judgment of those beneath him. He will have poise. He will command the respect of all who serve his wishes."

"What other trait do you value?" I asked.

"Courage," was his answer. "Mr. Carnegie was right when he said that a man, seeing his way clearly in an emergency, who has the courage even to disobey orders when his principal is not at hand to be consulted, is a most valuable asset. There are many men who have sound judgment without the courage to trust it. Their way is strewn with fragments of wasted time and energy."

Our food is so soft...our gums so frail

In searching for the source of these widespread troubles of the gums, dentists have found that our gums are dependent on stimulation to keep them in health—stimulation which nature intended the roughage in our food to supply.

But modern cooks have thwarted this plan. For food, dentists point out, is too soft, too refined and too quickly eaten to give the gums the stimulation they need so much.

Small wonder that gums become soft, weak and tender—that "pink tooth brush," the first sign of gingival breakdown, may almost be counted a national ailment!

How Ipana and massage keep gums firm and healthy

Ask your dentist how to protect your gums. He will recommend massage—and very likely he will mention too, the benefits of Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana, because of its ziratol content, is held in high regard by the profession. Dentists recommend it as an aid to the massage in toning and strengthening weak, undernourished gums and in rendering them more resistant to disease.

Try Ipana for a full month

The coupon of course, will bring you a ten-day trial, enough to acquaint you with Ipana's cleaning power and its delightful flavor. But the better plan is to start at once with a full-sized tube from the druggist. Use it faithfully for one month. That is a fairer test of Ipana's power to improve the health of your gums.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J67
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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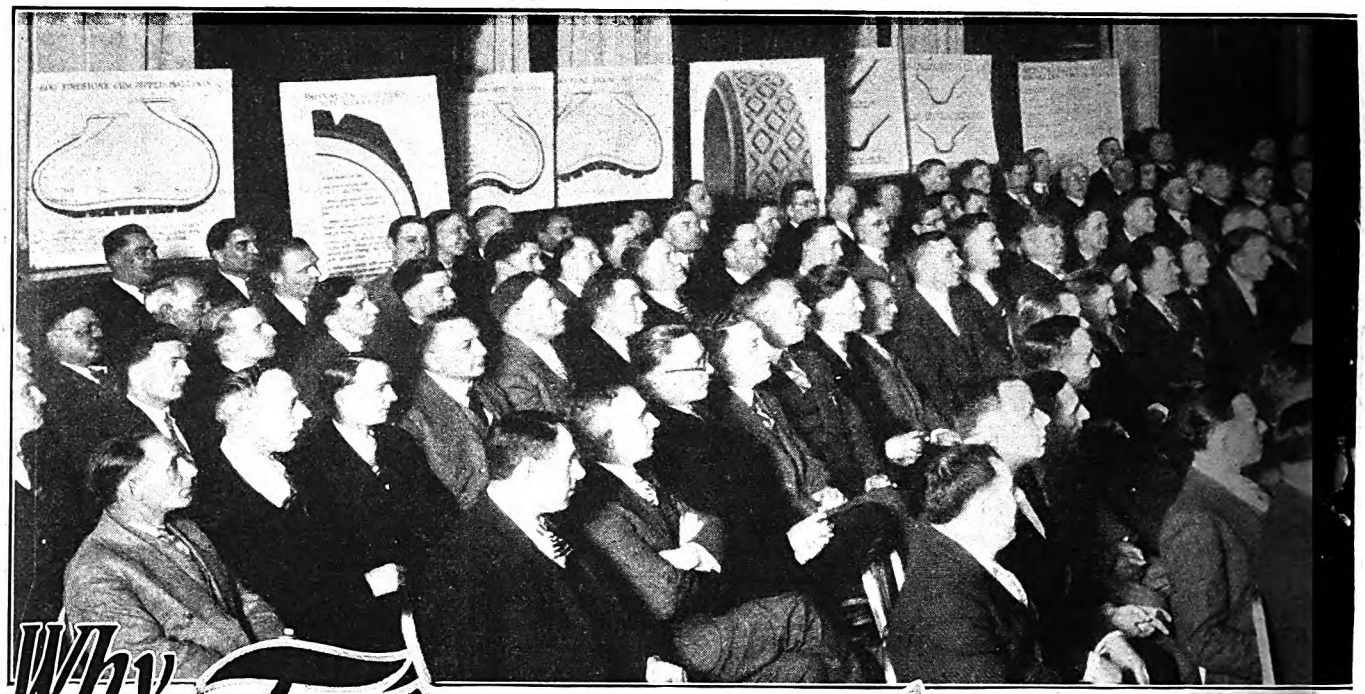

Why Firestone *Serve You Better*

During the month of March, Firestone held many tire educational meetings throughout the United States, which were attended by most of the Company's great field organization of 30,000 Service Dealers. They were given the latest information regarding the construction, care and repair of tires.

For the past several years Firestone has conducted repair schools where Firestone Dealers and their repair men could learn the up-to-date methods of tire repairing.

Many thousands of these dealers have installed in their new Service Stations, or equipped their present Service Stations, with Firestone specially designed equipment, enabling them to make expert repairs on Balloon, Truck and Bus Tires, not to be obtained elsewhere.

It will pay you to call on the nearest Firestone Dealer and let him inspect your tire equipment. A few simple suggestions may greatly reduce

MOST MILES

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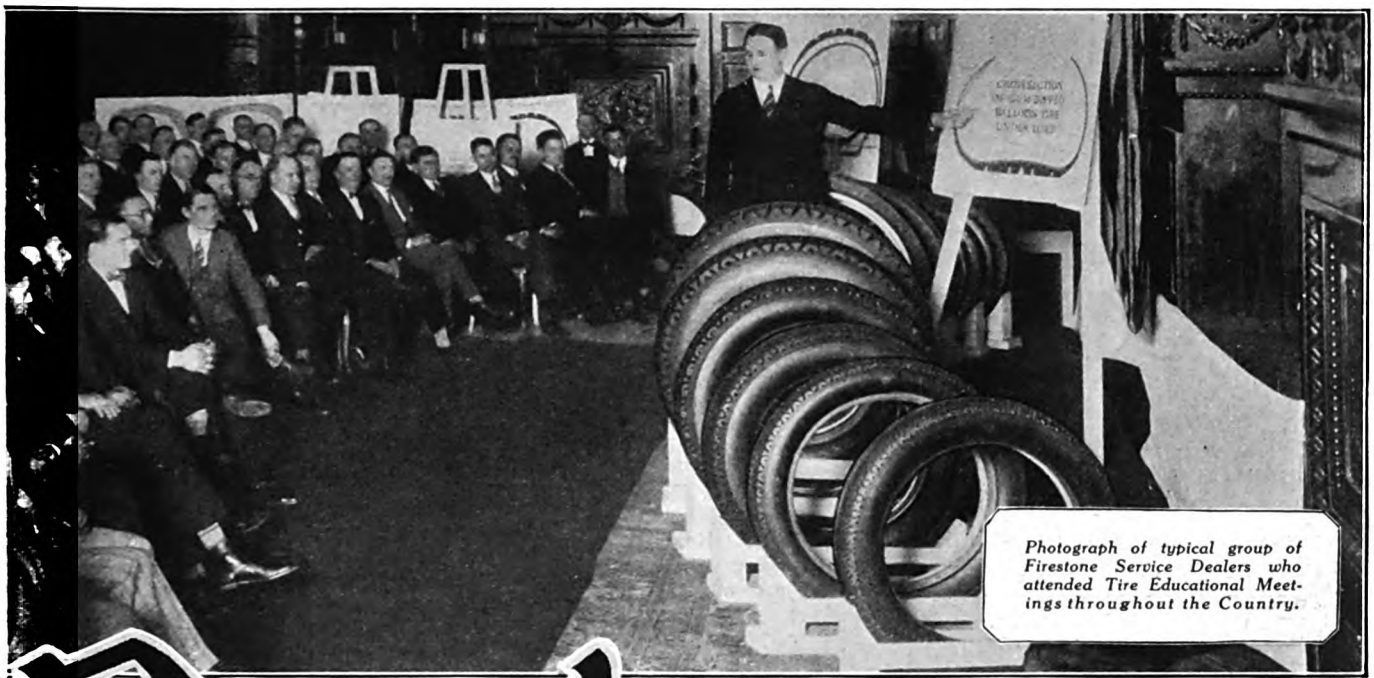

Photograph of typical group of Firestone Service Dealers who attended Tire Educational Meetings throughout the Country.

Dealers *and Save You Money*

your mileage cost. Too many automobilists—otherwise careful of their cars—give their tires little or no attention. For instance, it is quite common for some motorists to run their tires without valve caps! You will be surprised to learn how seriously anything so easily overlooked can affect tire service.

As proof that the public is today more appreciative than ever before of what Firestone Service means, it is significant that sales of Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires during the first four months of the present fiscal year were over 100% greater than the corresponding months a year ago.

Firestone specializes in the manufacture of tires and sells only to regular tire dealers direct through 148 Factory Branches and Warehouses, assuring prompt service and fresh, clean stocks in all sizes and types. The Firestone Dealer is able and willing to help you enjoy complete motoring satisfaction. See him today.

PER DOLLAR

THEIR OWN RUBBER.. Harvey S. Firestone

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FOR EVERY ENGINE

There is a correctly designed dependable Champion Spark Plug for every engine. Your dealer will gladly explain to you which particular Champion you should use to secure the very best engine performance — maximum power, speed and acceleration plus greater fuel economy.

Car manufacturers recommend, and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles to insure better and more economical car operation. This is true, even of Champions, in spite of their world-wide reputation for remarkable long life.

***Champion X*— exclusively for Ford Cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors— packed in the Red Box—**
60 cents each.
Set of Four $2.40

***Champion*— for cars and trucks other than Fords — packed in the Blue Box—**
75 cents each.
Set of Four $3.00
Set of Six $4.50

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO

The Hill of Two Names

(*Continued from page 41*)

had committed themselves to sounding, masculine approval of the meal before she told them that she had prepared it herself.

"It's sure noble chuck," declared Uncle Jud. "You sure got yourself a permanent job, Mrs. Marjory, cookin' for this outfit!"

But she was looking at Harleigh. He was frowning. Already she was learning, as Uncle Jud had long since learned, the meaning of the line that settled at the edge of Harleigh's lips. He was not successful in attempting to disguise his firm resolution with light words.

"Play around with your chickens and your cute little pigs as much as you like, dear," he said. "But I don't want you to start drudging. I'll just hop over to Wendelville to-morrow and rustle a new maid."

UNCLE JUD scowled at him. After dinner he wanted to remain—a sort of instinct to lend his strength to her in the talk she must have with Dave. But he left them alone. Outside the ranch-house, he gave his confidence to the quaking images of stars in Dry Creek.

"It'd be a heap better," Uncle Jud told them, "if Mrs. Marjory was kind of a nagger. But, bless her, she couldn't be an' be the thoroughbred she is. Dave's overdoin' this 'strong, silent man' business a whole lot. A woman is a woman, born East or West. Especially a woman like Mrs. Marjory. Dave's making a mistake. She don't want to be coddled. She wants to be a wife."

Uncle Jud sighed.

"Besides which," he told the broken stars, "the way *she* cooks dumplings is a gift!"

In the house, Mrs. Marjory lost the conviction that she wanted to put into her words. It was as if she knew Dave less well than when she had first seen the lean brown man walk curiously into a New York studio. He had been out of place, but he had not been in the least disturbed. He was so sure of himself. Now it was she who felt like an outsider.

"But, don't you see, David?" she wavered. "I love to do it—for you."

His smile was a smile that one might give to an eager, earnest child.

"That's mighty brave of you to say, honey," he began, gently enough.

"It's not being brave, David," she broke in. "I love this country of yours. I want to feel that, in a humble way, I have become part of it—with you. I want to do my little share of the work."

"But there's no need of your working, Marjory dear."

"Yet you work every day." It was almost arguing.

"It's different with a man," he said. "It's a man's country. And, besides, *I've* never had anything else."

She looked at him, helplessly. So helplessly, that for a moment he might have believed she was going to weep. He had never seen her in tears. It might be necessary to postpone the trip to Wendelville for a day or two.

He put his arm around her and patted her shoulder, as one might caress, in dismissal, a disappointed little girl.

"Play for me, Marjory," he asked her. "That's the sort of thing I like to see your pretty hands doing."

She went to the piano. Her hands reached for familiar, friendly chords. When she played it was a tune as happy as a gypsy dance; as care free as the chuckle of sweet water over the smooth stones of Dry Creek.

Uncle Jud, on the bank of the creek, listened. Mrs. Marjory sure could play a piano.

"It's as close as she can come to lyin'," said Uncle Jud. "It'll fool Dave. But it don't swindle me a little bit!"

Next day, Dave Harleigh went to Wendelville. As Marjory played, the night before, he had decided that she had forgotten her disappointment. He need not postpone the hiring of a new maid.

He made other solitary journeys to Wendelville. She had learned not to expect explanations from him. She hesitated even to ask him little questions about things she saw on the ranch: The ways of cattle; the preference of horses for certain types of bunch-grass; the use of farm implements that looked like grotesque, childish imaginings. Such questions as a newcomer to the country might ask. She did not wish to remind him that, after all, she *was* an outsider. A tenderfoot. He had laughed once, and called her that.

SUMMER began its long siege in a day. One morning the poplars laughed at the cool caress of the wind from Blue Mountain. The next day they rustled thirstily and seemed to droop. The air stood still. The sun made a slow, pitiless march across the sky. At midday it halted and hung over the hill of two names. A slow, killing heat, patient and merciless as a vulture. Heat—heat—

Dry Creek went dry a week earlier than usual that summer. The whole country was parched. The rich soil crumbled. Great cracks opened in the earth. Around the hill of two names, all through the day, hung a shimmering curtain of haze.

There was the wind, of course. But it no longer brought the cool blessing from the top of Blue Mountain. Traversing the plain, it gathered the hot breath of the suffering land. The wind struck warm against the face. Breathing it was like breathing at the door of a baking oven.

The wind languished. But it had malice enough left to play its old, torturing trick with the powdery earth. For hours and days on end it swept the dusty fields like an energetic but slipshod housewife. It raised busy clouds of dust, lifted tons of fine dirt and carried it—ten yards or ten miles—to drop it for another sweeping.

Marjory would find the fine drifts of it under the doors an hour after she had swept. She was the undisputed housekeeper by that time. There was no chance of keeping a maid at the place in the heat of summer.

Marjory, having finished sweeping and

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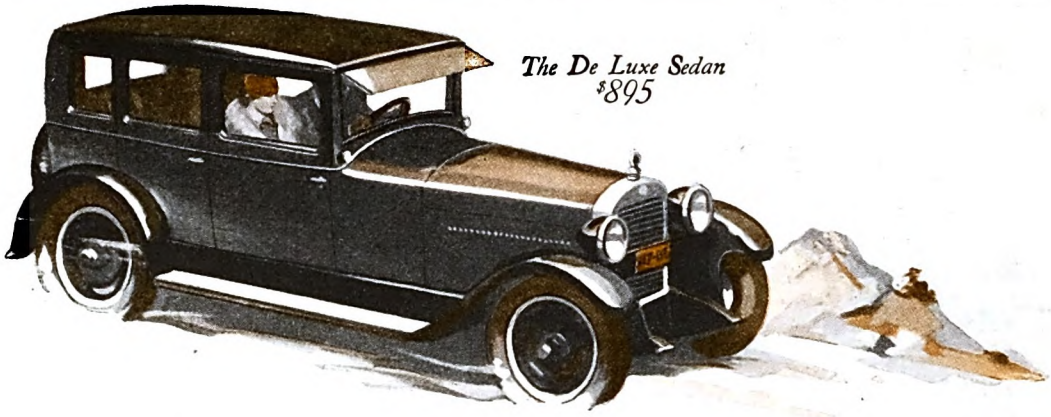

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dusting, smiled—sometimes a little desperately—and began sweeping and dusting all over again.

It made cooking a problem too. It was bad enough to work over a stove in that heat. But the food, despite all her care, *would* have a gritty feel between the teeth.

"Which I can give you a mite of advice," offered Uncle Jud. "The same being not to make mash' potatoes while this dusty spell is on."

DAVE HARLEIGH left the house early each day, to accomplish as much as he could in the fields before the torture of heat drove him and his men to shelter. Marjory admired the fact that he could keep his men working for him. All over the country, ranch owners were complaining of the modern workmen.

"It sure ain't like the old days," explained Uncle Jud. "Not like when I was a youngster, and Dave's paw run the ranch."

"But David's men are loyal, aren't they?" Her eyes were glowing. It made Uncle Jud a little bold.

"It's because Dave's always fair," he said. "He's got a way of handling men. He sure understands *men*."

For the next day or two he wondered about the swift look she had turned on him at his deliberate emphasis.

"I better mind my own fool business," Uncle Jud warned himself. "It might've been she was glad there was someone beside her who knowed how mule-headed that Dave can be. But I ain't sure she wasn't ready to take my scalp for so much as hinting that Dave ain't perfect in all respects."

The terror of the heat clung to the wheat country.

Marjory did not falter. At least, there was no sign that worrying Uncle Jud might read. She would not have been a woman if she had not become a little disheartened sometimes at the drifting, sifting dust. Early in the summer she was a little pale, and there was a flush high in her cheeks that comes to the faces of women in the tropics.

Somehow, despite the universal dirt, she managed to keep in clean dresses. She had taken to wearing light, ginghamy things. When David rode back to the ranch at the close of each day he found her looking cool and crisp in brave blue and white checks, or in a flowery, pinky dress.

It refreshed him, just to see her standing there in the doorway. There must have been real admiration in him for her plucky persistence. But it is certain that his resolve never relaxed. Lest he betray that vigilant determination of his, he disguised his emotions with the easy words he habitually used toward her—words he might use to a little girl—"playing house."

Once, when even he had to abandon hope of keeping a maid during the summer, he had suggested leaving the ranch. Marjory had reminded him, gently enough, of his promise to give her at least one season of life as he had always lived it.

"Would you quit, and go into town, if I weren't here?" she asked.

"I was hoping," he said, "that by now you'd realize that ranching isn't the romantic picnic they write about in books."

"Can't you believe yet, David, that I am proud to be part of this country, even the little part I am? Or I would be, if only you— But we will stay, won't we?"

"I'll keep my word, Marjory. We'll stick on the ranch. For the summer, anyway."

They stuck. He kept at his work in the fields. Marjory, in the ranch-house, dusted and swept, washed and cooked. By the end of the summer the tropical flush had left her cheeks. In its place was a healthy ivory brown.

At the end of that summer, David took her to Wendelville. He made heavy pretense that it was only a brief visit. It was in Wendelville she learned, with a sudden shattering of her hope, the reason for his mysterious, solitary journeyings to the big city of the wheat fields. He had bought her a house, quite a lavish house. The day that he took her there, a new automobile was standing just outside of the garage. That was hers, too.

Dave was jubilant as a boy over his surprise. Because of this, she masked her despair. In spite of everything she had done during the long, brutal summer to prove her fitness for his life, his original conviction had not wavered. He had looked upon her ranch days as a childish whim. While she was most earnest and most hopeful, he had been planning and building this house.

"It's a beautiful house, David," she told him. "Any woman ought to be proud of it."

IT TOOK more fortitude for her to face life in the city of Wendelville than he had ever imagined she would have for living on the ranch. She adjusted her mask more securely.

"This is what I've wanted for you from the beginning," he told her. "Now you can live the life you've been used to."

He was eager for her to enter the social life of the little prosperous city.

"Of course, it isn't like back East," he apologized.

It was, though. That was the ultimate sadness of it. Wendelville, with its background of pioneer history, chose to fashion its social life after the pattern of the East, as assuredly as its dressmakers cut their goods along the models in the Eastern style magazines. It was a very good imitation. Why not? But an imitation.

Dave had arranged their membership at the country club. The new generation of Wendelville played golf on a rolling plain where its fathers had heard the high chant of Indian warriors, where the earth had thundered under the hoofs of the wild-horse herds.

Back at the Harleigh ranch that winter, Uncle Jud, with disconsolate devotion, took care of Mrs. Marjory's chickens and the young pigs. He refused utterly to visit the new Harleigh home in Wendelville. Dave drove to the ranch in the new car—there was a chauffeur—with the invitation.

"No, Dave, I reckon I won't," said Uncle Jud. "I ain't cut out to be no social butterfly."

He had been relieved to find that Dave was not wearing knickerbockers. Nevertheless, there was an accusation in his tone.

"You don't think *I* crave living in

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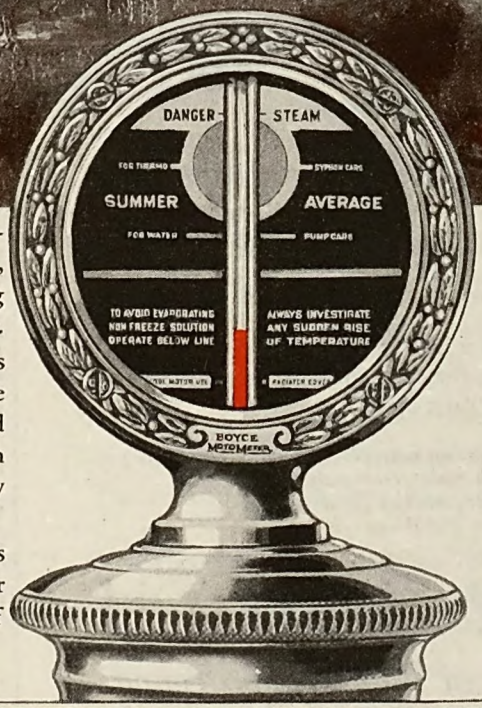

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town, do you?" exclaimed Dave. "I feel the same way about that soft life as I've always felt. But I figure I can stand town, and soft living, better than she can stand ranching. I'm mighty willing to do it for her sake."

"Mrs. Marjory took to ranchin' mighty handy, I thought." Uncle Jud said. And, as Dave climbed into the big car, he added, almost in appeal:

"You've thought it out, ain't you, Dave? From the start? You ain't ready yet to lighten your pack by sharin' it with a old side-kicker?"

"You mean I'm still mule-headed, Uncle Jud?"

The veteran covered his emotion with a surly response: "I was tryin' to be polite and ladylike, the way city dudes are."

"You've got to remember," smiled Dave, "that mules have a way of looking out for themselves. Mules are pretty smart at that, aren't they, Uncle Jud?"

Jud did not assemble his reply until the big car was making a wake of dust in the direction of the hill of two names.

"Yes, mules sure look out for themselves a heap," he admitted. "With mules it's called being a mule. With folks it's called being downright selfish!"

DAVID and Marjory remained in Wendelville all that winter and the next summer. It became necessary for Dave to run out to the ranch often during the spring. Only once he brought Marjory with him. Uncle Jud saw that she had become pale. He rather expected her to change into one of the ginghamy house dresses, and sweep and dust. She didn't. There wasn't the laughter in her eyes that there had been that first season.

"An' Dave still thinks," Uncle Jud addressed the dust of the departing car again, "that his maw was the one who had the real hardships!"

She didn't visit the ranch again all summer. Uncle Jud read in the Wendelville "Tribune" that she was often hostess to what the "Tribune" called Wendelville's younger married set. Her name was listed with those at the country club dances, at bridge parties and dinners.

"If it was anybody else," mused Uncle Jud, "I'd say Dave had broke her spirit. It's moral certain she ain't the kind to run with that younger married set. She's doin' it because she thinks that's what Dave wants her to do."

It was in the fall of that year that the bottom dropped out of wheat. Perhaps two years of prodigal prosperity had made Wendelville reckless. But there isn't much you can do when the bottom drops out of wheat. Good men are likely to fall with the bad. That year wrote tragic and heroic chapters into the story of the wheat country.

David Harleigh faced the torrent of misfortune, silently and grimly. Out of it, he salvaged enough for Marjory. He had thought all that out too. By himself.

AND now he was riding back, alone, to the Harleigh ranch where, for sixty years the Harleighs had carried on the struggle with the soil. He was riding back on the buckskin instead of in the big car. He was glad of that. It made him feel stronger for the work that was ahead of him. Work would be good for him right now. Hard, long work. Plenty of it—

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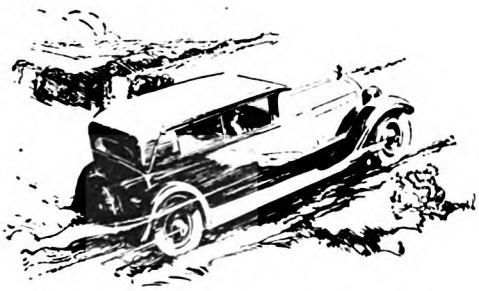

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1 **It will end all carbon trouble and make carbon formation an asset.**
As carbon forms, both temperature and compression (pressure) are increased. Ethyl Gasoline neutralizes the higher temperature and the increased compression becomes increased power.

2 **It will give you more power, particularly on hills and heavy roads.**

3 **It will make your engine operate more smoothly.**

4 **It will reduce gearshifting.**

5 **It will increase acceleration, making your car easier to handle in traffic.**

6 **It will eliminate "knocking" under all driving conditions.**

7 **It will reduce vibration and engine wear and tear.**

8 **It will save the expense of carbon removal.**

9 **It will give you more power from each gallon of fuel that you use.**

IN SHORT, the advantages of Ethyl Gasoline over regular gasoline are so marked as to make the small premium it costs a real economy.

IT is important that you differentiate between Ethyl Gasoline and other "anti-knock" gasolines. Ethyl Gasoline is the *only* fuel which eliminates "knocking" under *all* conditions, thereby making present day automobiles perform more efficiently.

It was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories after 8 years of scientific research which resulted in these two important discoveries:

1 **That "knocking" is an inherent characteristic of *all* gasolines. What had previously been called a "carbon knock" or "ignition knock" or "engine knock" is in reality a *fuel knock,* due to the too rapid combustion of gasoline in the cylinders.**

2 **That "knocking" could be completely eliminated in gasoline by the addition of *Ethyl Brand of Anti-Knock Compound.* This ingredient was discovered by General Motors research engineers after experimenting with more than 33,000 chemical compounds.**

SO SUPERIOR is Ethyl Gasoline to other so-called "anti-knock" fuels that it has been adopted wherever unusual performance by a gasoline engine is required. That is why the United States Navy uses Ethyl Gasoline in its latest types of airplanes. That is why Ethyl Gasoline is used by the racing car drivers who are setting up new records.

Ethyl Gasoline is available throughout the United States and Canada through leading oil companies and responsible jobbers. It is sold at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trade mark shown below.

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"What can have happened to them? Do you suppose they've had an accident?"

"More likely Jim is having tire trouble again; he doesn't seem to learn by experience. I switched over to Kelly-Springfields long ago."

"Yes, it's the best way," he found himself saying, as the buckskin made eager tracks along the trail from the hill of two names. Sweet water for the buckskin.

"The best way," he repeated, like a tired ritual, a religious formula of consolation.

It *had* to be the best way. There was no *other* way now. He had thought it all out. He had sent her away and, in the end, she had realized that his way was best. He remembered her pale smile.

The sun had dropped below the horizon. The western sky was the color of an ocean wave, where the sun strikes through. A cold green. He hadn't been able to tell her to get a divorce. He'd wanted to, but at the last the words wouldn't come. That was one of the disadvantages of keeping your words and your thoughts always to yourself. It made it hard to speak when you wanted to.

The cold sky made symmetrical silhouettes of the poplars. The first evening star, abashed, winked suddenly in the sky. Well, it was a poor man who couldn't carry his own pack. It didn't lighten the load any just to talk a lot of words to somebody. Words didn't weigh much—just words.

Oh, but he was going to miss her! No use trying to shift the pack. It weighed just the same. No use trying to lie to himself. It weighed terribly.

Far on the other side of the ranch-house, he made out the figure of Uncle Jud. The veteran retainer was riding away from the ranch. It was as if he were taking the far trail to avoid meeting Dave. It seemed almost like desertion. But he knew Uncle Jud better than that. Even in his bitter, strange loneliness he knew that Uncle Jud was not quitting in this time of adversity. He was on some late chore, likely as not. He'd be back presently, because he'd left a fire in the stove. Against the poplars scrawled a slow pattern of gray smoke.

THE tall trees made the dusk deeper around the house. He had always told her that it was lonely. But he had never appreciated himself how miserably lonely it could be. The house was a dreary shadow set in other shadows. Dave told himself he should have chosen another hour for his solitary return. Sundown was always such a sad hour.

"I feel homesick," said Dave, in wonder. "Homesick now that I'm back at my own home—where I've lived since I was a boy!"

The buckskin had been pressing forward eagerly. He shook his head impatiently when Dave held him in. The smell of sweet water was in the horse's distended nostrils. Still Dave held the reins firm.

His home since boyhood. Yet they were not memories of boy days that rose from the shadows to meet him; that lurked under the somber symmetrical poplars. He remembered her delight with the song of the creek. He recalled her way of meeting him, fresh and cool and smiling, when he came weary from the fields. Her slim fingers making music for him. Little, secret words they knew together.

He made a long rite of unsaddling the buckskin. The big horse snorted his impatience. Even as he lifted the saddle off, Dave fought with the temptation to replace it and ride back the way he had

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MAZDA Lamps cost you no more than other lamps which look much like them—so why not have one acknowledged standard? And your dealer will give you a little metal kit, to keep your "spares" in.

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come. Then he decided that he would find some chore to do around the corrals until Jud came back, and they could go into the house together.

"No!" he finally told himself. "I've got to face it alone. It's going to be just as bad to-morrow and the next day—and all the days there are."

His spurs rang with the stiff swiftness of his stride toward the ranch-house. For a final moment, at the door, he halted. Then, with his burden overpowering him, he entered.

It was dark inside the house. He felt his way into the living-room to find a lamp. His fumbling fingers struck a match. The lamp wick took the flame, guttered and swelled into a soft, yellow glow.

MARJORY stood before him, framed in the door of their bedroom. Marjory in a cool ginghamy dress, with a slow smile in her understanding eyes.

The spell of the dark still clung to him. She seemed unreal in that light; in the memory of the lurking, despondent shadows. But she was real—very real.

"Marjory!"

The way he spoke her name must have been enough. It must have answered any question that was in her heart. A woman would understand, then, why she asked:

"You are not angry, David dear?"

He could not speak. He was dazed with the splendid vanishing of his nightmare of loneliness. There was hammering in his ears the pulse that beats in the first awakening from a bad dream.

"You are not angry," she repeated, "that I have disobeyed you, that I am so stubborn? I didn't go far; and I have come back to *stay*, David; to live your life—to be your wife."

He was struggling to speak. He took a step toward her, his arms stretched out in an imploring gesture.

Then he dropped to his knees at her feet. His arms went around her cool, lovely body. His head was pressed close to her. Then the words came—

Marjory listened and smiled down on him. Her slender fingers tangled in his hair.

"Dear boy," she murmured. "Dear, dear boy. I've been waiting so long!"

IT WAS a long time before the wheat country knew all of the story of Marjory's desertion. Even to-day, it is not quite clear as to some of the simplest facts of the very simple tale. But then, if all things were always known, there would be no gossip. And for some folks it would be a dreary, cold world without gossip.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, in "Your Family Tree," coming next month, says he used to be uncommonly proud of his ancestors until he looked up a few hitherto unexplored branches of his family tree, and discovered some distinctly unsavory forebears about whom the less said the better. His article is not only entertaining but also extremely informative on the intriguing subject of genealogy, and furnishes conclusive evidence that if anyone is keen about claiming William the Conqueror (or any other Illustrious Ancient) for an ancestor, it is pretty simple to prove his claim.

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A pronounced advantage the De Luxe Light Six Sedan enjoys over other cars in its field is its 7-bearing motor.

As contrasted to a Four or to a Six still powered with the older type 3 or 4-bearing motor its performance superiority is so great as to be almost unbelievable until you actually experience it.

You'll find it trigger-quick in getaway, of great power and speed, and with the supreme smoothness and quietness inherent only to the 7-bearing type of motor design.

Its finely-modeled body, of genuine hardwood construction like the world's highest priced cars, is a symphony in blue, with the lighter shade of the body proper and the fenders handsomely set off by the darker tone of the upper body.

In the interior there is further evidence of costly quality, for choice Mohair Velvet is used for the upholstery, the steering wheel is of solid walnut, and the instrument board and window ledges are of walnut finish.

Among many notable attractions included in its standard equipment are front bumpers, bumperettes, motometer, 4-wheel brakes, and 5 disc wheels.

And Nash has set the price so low as to be but little more than that of a Four or cheap Six.

(542)

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Diamonds

(*Continued from page 33*)

out how all that had been resented, counted against her somehow. Mrs. Dudley said little. She was a tall woman, soddened with housework, living alone in the bony house with her daughter and her daughter's child. The daughter was neutral-tinted, from the effect of trouble.

Bill had told Maud about the trouble; but Maud had paid little attention. Georgia's husband had run away and later been divorced, leaving as his only bequest, the child, Jimmy. But Jimmy was something to leave, the one glowing thing in the scrimping household of women: a sturdy, noisy boy of eleven who looked amazingly like Bill when he smiled.

Maud saw that they were poor, and that in addition to poverty they were bound by their own inadequacy. There was nothing clever about the housekeeping, nothing graceful about the furnishings, nothing well flavored in the food. Bill's presents—the ones she herself had bought—stood about, contrasting with everything about them, useless. The floor lamp, the tea wagon, the mahogany tip-top table, the cabinet phonograph. There they were, testifying mutely to the gap between Bill's life and that of his mother. It seemed impossible that big, jovial Bill could have come from such a setting.

They cared for Bill. They had brought Jimmy up in the glamorous idea of his Uncle Bill, rich, affluent, generous. That was the note most often struck, the one of Bill's generosity. It was a tradition.

"HE WAS so generous. Once when he was in Syracuse he sent Mother a rose tree as high as this room for Mothers' Day," said Georgia.

That was Bill, having a sentimental spending jag, thought Maud. Why hadn't he sent his mother an insurance policy, instead of letting some florist flatter him into a rose tree as high as the room? She saw the worn places on the rug, the hole in the tablecloth, mocking the rose tree.

She felt apologetic when she gave them the few possessions of Bill's which she had brought.

"He really didn't have many things," she told Mrs. Dudley, as she brought out the watch, the ring, the few clothes worth keeping. "You know how he was. He'd wear a thing out and throw it away."

"You breaking up housekeeping?" asked Georgia.

"I've really nothing to break up. We rented the apartment furnished."

"Rented your furniture?"

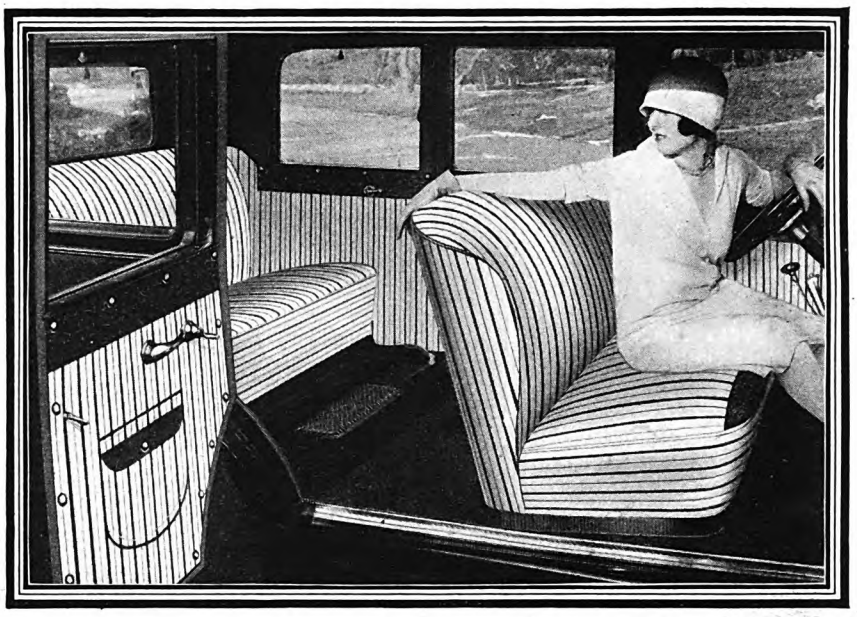
"Yes."

Mrs. Dudley sighed.

"Poor Bill," she said, almost unwittingly, and Maud flushed. She started to tell them that Bill had wanted it so, but it was impossible to add to that look of distress on her mother-in-law's face.

"It doesn't seem real he's gone," said Mrs. Dudley. "He worked so hard. Never stopped to enjoy himself."

Maud saw their picture of her in a flash. The extravagant, city-mad wife, refusing to have a home, insisting on furnished flats.



FANDANGO

AUTO SEAT COVERS *Protect & Beautify Your Car*

1 Only FANDANGOS snap on or off in 10 minutes—by the watch.

2 Only FANDANGOS are attached with absolutely no tacking or sewing.

3 Only FANDANGOS leave upholstery and interior unmarred when removed.

4 Only FANDANGOS have the new patented fasteners whose features insure perfect satisfaction.

VITAL IMPROVEMENTS

to be found *only* in FANDANGO SEAT COVERS

FANDANGO Auto Seat Covers completely cover the upholstery of your car. They protect light dresses and do away with dust-raising whisk brooms which wear out upholstery fabrics. No need to scrub at spots with costly cleaners to keep the *inside* trade-in value of your car as great as its *outside* value. Fandango Covers keep cars and clothes clean, and are easy to clean after long service.

THEY FIT PERFECTLY

Fandango Covers fit perfectly, because master patterns are cut for every model car listed as soon as exhibited at the shows. Remember—the serial number on your engine no longer wholly governs your car's worth. Its worth is what your dealer thinks he can sell it for.

The beautiful Fandango striped fabrics in restful greys and exquisite blues, with perfectly harmonizing Spanish art leatherette reinforcements at all wearing edges, improve the appearance of many *new* cars.

YOU GET TEN PIECES IN A SET

The sets consist of covers for seats, backs, side panels, arm rests and door covers with large pockets. The back part of the front seat cover reaches the floor, thus offering protection against the feet of the rear seat occupants in the car.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Fandango Seat Covers must satisfy *you* in fit, workmanship, material and appearance—or you can return them. Over 100,000 car owners adopted Fandango Covers in 1926. We are the world's largest seat cover manufacturers. Many $50 to $75 made-to-order seat covers do not fit, look or wear as well as Fandangos. Our low price indicates the quantity we sell, not the quality you get.

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Unlike other methods, the new patented Fandango Snap-on Pin, found only on Fandango Covers, leaves no marks, lays flat, and needs no sewing. This exclusive feature enables you to easily attach or remove the covers. Complete instructions come in each box.

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Note: Check full information. Print name and address plainly.

☐ Model ☐ Master ☐ Standard ☐ Special ☐ Light

☐ Advance ☐ 4 Cylinders ☐ 6 Cylinders ☐ 8 Cylinders ☐ 2 door

☐ 4 door ☐ 4 Passenger ☐ 5 Passenger ☐ 7 Passenger ☐ Coupe ☐ Coach

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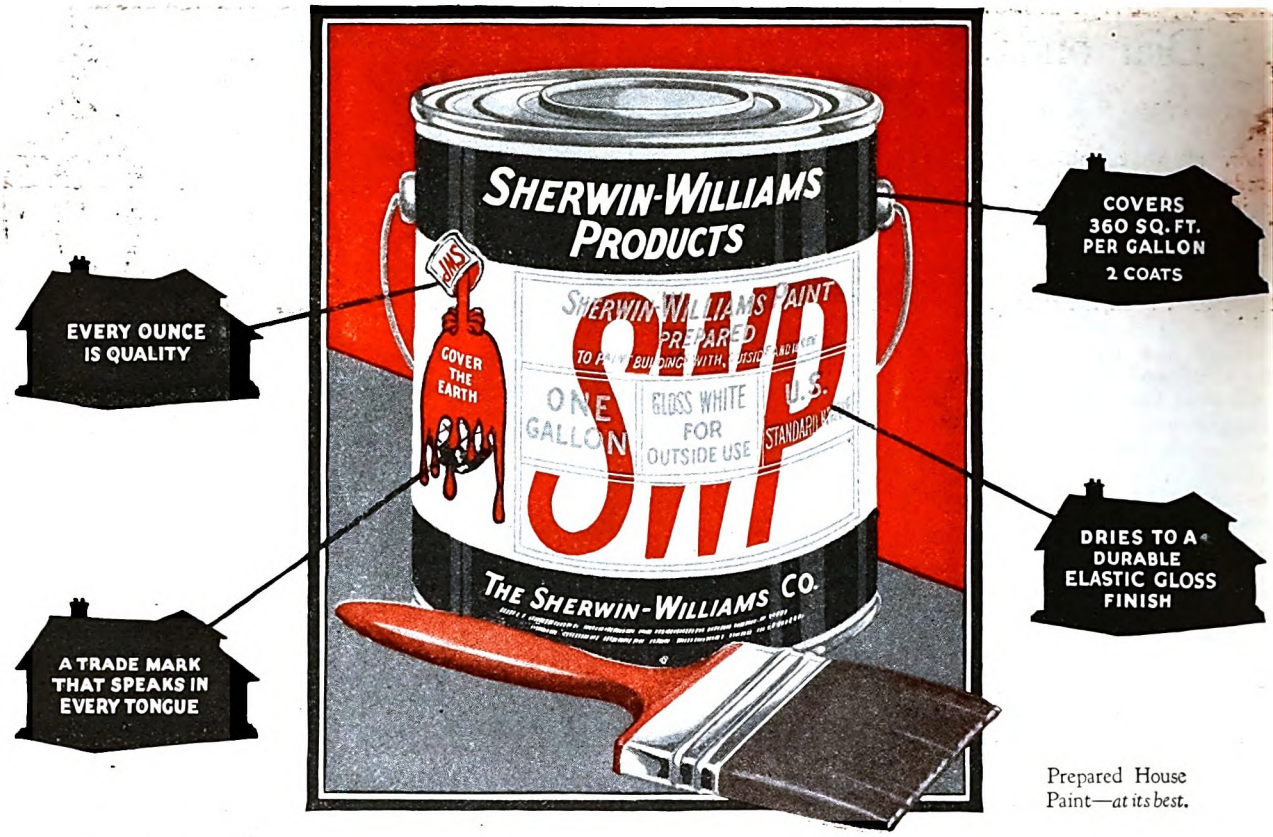

Prepared House Paint—*at its best.*

Don't be fooled on House Paint!

"Cheap" paint isn't cheap at all!

WHEN you buy paint to dress up and protect your house, don't let a "low price" blind your good sense. Thousands of home owners are bewailing a "cheap" paint job this very minute and paying the penalty in hard cash.

"Cheap" paint is made of cheap or skimpy materials. How else could it be sold at a low price in the highly competitive markets of today?

Cheap or skimpy materials make a poor, weak grade of paint. That's only sense. It may *look* like paint and *smell* like paint *in the can.* But on the brush and on your house—the poor quality shrieks.

Compare the "cheap" formula with SWP!

If you are tempted to use a "low price" house paint—one that is claimed, even guaranteed and warranted, to be "just as good as SWP,"—*GO SLOW!!* Remember that *low price* and *low quality* go hand in hand. You can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear.

Make the formula test! Insist upon seeing the formula of the "cheap" paint, either on the label or in the literature of the company.

Compare the materials used in making the "*cheap*" paint with the ingredients of fine old SWP House Paint—as shown in the formula which is plainly printed on every SWP can. Take Outside Gloss White for example:

Note the big percentage of *White Lead Carbonate* and *White Lead Sulphate* used in fine old SWP Outside Gloss White. White lead should be the *basic* ingredient of all white paint and light tints. It is to these paints exactly what flour is to bread.

See how much less of this basic ingredient is used in the average "cheap" white paint.

Zinc oxide, another costly pigment, is the next essential ingredient. A liberal percentage of zinc oxide combined with a large amount of white lead makes for a *balanced formula*—such as the formula of SWP Outside Gloss White House Paint. It assures a finish of superior wearing quality.

THE ACCEPTED STANDARD THE WORLD OVER . . .

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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSE PAINT

More than 90% of the pigment content of SWP Outside Gloss White is made up of these two important ingredients—white lead and zinc oxide.

In the majority of "cheap" white paints you will find only 50% *or less.*

It is the liberal quantity of this expensive basic material in every can of SWP Outside Gloss White that gives this fine old paint its remarkable covering capacity.

In the darker colors like browns and greens, the "*balanced formula*" of SWP is even more important. Naturally, these dark colors can contain little, if any, opaque white pigment such as white lead or zinc oxide.

Sherwin-Williams have the pick of the world's colors. Sherwin-Williams Dry Color Works produce practically everything except the natural earth and mineral colors. That is why SWP colors are so rich, so permanent and so true to character.

Greater durability of the paint film on your house is assured by SWP due to the use of a specially treated, pure linseed oil—made in Sherwin-Williams' own linseed oil plant.

360 square feet per gallon or only 250—which?

Some people think that SWP House Paint is an expensive paint because it costs more per gallon.

As a matter of fact, SWP is the least expensive house paint *on the wall*—on the market. And here is why:

Ask your painter to use SWP—for best results.

A gallon of SWP will properly beautify and protect three hundred and sixty square feet of your house—two coats to the gallon.

Will a "cheap," low price paint do that? No!

The best you can get from a gallon of the average "cheap" paint is two hundred and fifty square feet!—two coats.

Right there, in that *forty-four per cent greater coverage*—in the fewer gallons of SWP needed—the difference in price per gallon is nullified.

On the wall—in actual gallons needed to paint your house—Sherwin-Williams House Paint costs no more, and often *less*, than the cheap, low price kind.

And remember this: It costs no more to put on *good* paint than to put on "*cheap*" paint.

Which would you rather have?

You get more years of service, too

Once your house has been painted with SWP House Paint your saving has only begun. A beautiful SWP job outlasts a "cheap" paint job by several years.

It dries to a firm, elastic, glossy surface. It weathers slowly. There's no cracking or chipping or peeling—if properly stirred and applied.

Long after a "cheap" paint job has taken on the appearance of a pair of faded overalls, you can wash the dust off an SWP job with plain soap and water, and the colors will come up fresh and bright.

Less repainting expense

And when repainting *is* needed it can be done easily, quickly and with much less paint, *because the* SWP *surface is in perfect condition.*

Compare that with a "*cheap*" paint job that fades out and wears out quickly—that cracks and chips and peels—that has to be repainted often—and that costs more to repaint because it has to be burnt off, or scraped off, at every repainting.

SWP House Paint is sold by leading paint merchants everywhere. And each of these dealers is "Paint Headquarters" in his district. One of them is no doubt located near you.

See "Paint Headquarters" and save money

Before you let "cheap" paint blind you to real economy—see your local SWP dealer. He will estimate your requirements in SWP.

Compare the SWP estimate with what "cheap" paint will cost. Then remember the greater durability of SWP—the exquisite colors that do not fade. Then specify the paint you think will give you best results.

If you do not recall "Paint Headquarters" in your locality, write us for the dealer's name. If you want expert help on a color scheme, our literature, color cards, or the famous Sherwin-Williams Household Painting Guide—just write. There is no obligation.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland, Ohio

SWP
Guaranty of Satisfaction

SWP House Paint, when thoroughly stirred and applied according to directions, is hereby guaranteed to cover more surface, to look better, to last longer and cost less per job and per year than any house paint on the market.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland : : Ohio

COSTS LESS PER SQ. FOOT. . . LESS PER JOB . . . LESS PER YEAR

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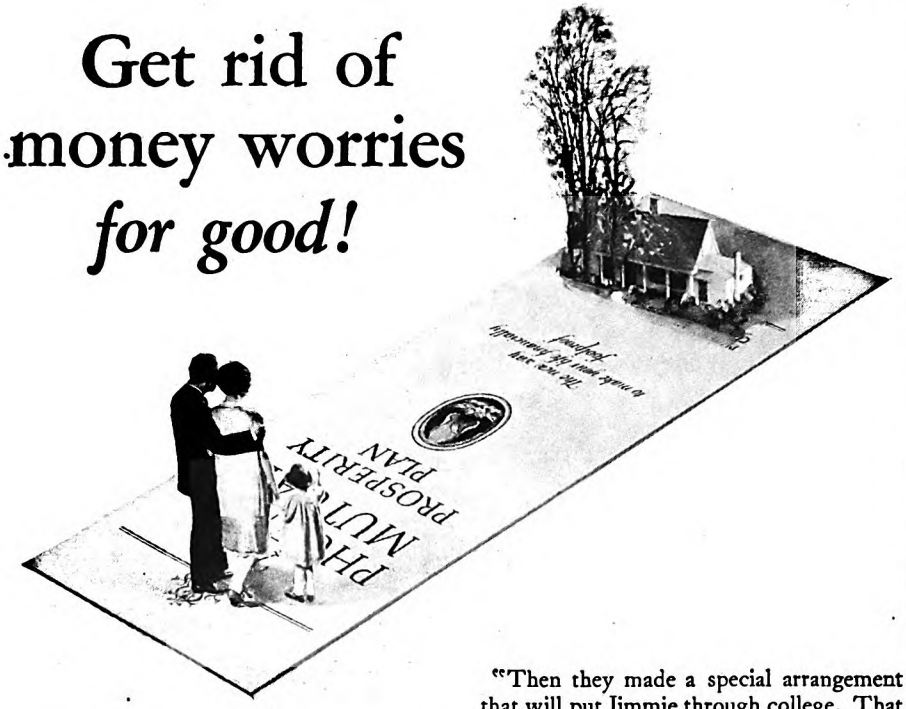
Get rid of money worries *for good!*



TWO MEN were talking in a club-house reading room.

"Everything's going pretty well with me —*now*," said one of them. "I make enough money to pay the bills, enough even to take a vacation now and then. But I sometimes wonder how it would be if anything happened to me. I know perfectly well the house might be sold, my son taken out of school..."

The other man smiled.

"That's just the way I was fixed," he said. "And then a funny thing happened. I answered an advertisement and got hold of a copy of the Phoenix Mutual 'Prosperity Plan.' Maybe you've heard of it. I filled it out.

"I was paying 6% interest on our mortgage at the time. The Phoenix people showed me how by paying only about 1½% more I could fix it so the bank would hand the home over to my wife clear of debt. That was the end of that worry.

"Then they made a special arrangement that will put Jimmie through college. That fixed *that*. And just recently they fixed up what they call an 'income agreement'— and now the family will have an income of $100 a month after I'm gone.

"So the only things I had been worrying about are taken care of—and all because I filled out that little piece of paper!"

WOULDN'T you like to make *your* life plan financially foolproof? Wouldn't *you* like to get rid of money worries for good?

You can. The coupon at the bottom of this page will bring to you, free, the remarkable Phoenix Mutual "Prosperity Plan."

Sending for it is the first step towards real independence—protection for you and your family no matter what happens—an education and every advantage for your children—leisure and comfort for yourself in your later years.

There's no obligation. Send for your copy *now*.

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2 LEAVE your home free of debt.
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PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
249 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, my copy of your "PROSPERITY PLAN."

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BUSINESS ADDRESS.....
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CITY..... STATE.....
DATE OF BIRTH.....

"I wish he'd enjoyed himself more," said Mrs. Dudley.

Maud's clearest picture came back to her: Bill, in the tiny kitchen between living-room and bedroom, holding a cocktail shaker high, a little flushed, a little raucous, pulling off a party!

"He wasn't unhappy," she said gently, "truly he wasn't."

IT WAS only a little later that she discovered that they thought she was rich. Evidently, their measure of Bill's circumstances had been the rose tree. There was nothing covetous in their manner. They simply assumed that she had Bill's money. She caught Georgia's eyes once, shifting from the pinhead diamond that still adorned her own finger in memory of her miserable marriage, to the clusters on Maud's hands, and back again, in discouragement. But they asked for nothing, hinted for nothing. They were dull people, but they were fine too.

"Your diamonds are wonderful," said Georgia, seeing that Maud had caught her comparison.

"They're a good investment," Maud hinted.

Georgia regarded her sister-in-law.

"It must be wonderful to look as young as you do, Maud. But I suppose that's the way you feel when a man is so crazy about you. I think I could have stood it better if my husband had just died. Kept on caring, and died. Then I'd have something to look back on, anyway."

"You've got Jimmy to look forward to."

Georgia shook her head.

"What's going to happen to Jimmy? That's what we worry about, Mother and I. She's not been herself since Bill went."

"But your mother hardly ever saw Bill," Maud reminded her.

"I know. But he was there, successful and rich, and he was hers. There to rely on, in a pinch. She'd sort of hoped that Bill would take an interest in Jimmy. There's not a man left in the family now. She feels lost, somehow."

"I know."

"Of course you do," said Georgia politely. But there was no pity in her voice. Maud saw that they couldn't pity her, because she looked so young and healthy. They couldn't pity her, because of the diamonds and the wardrobe trunk lined with blue velvet, and the presumable fortune she had in New York. They had an idea that she didn't appreciate Bill. "Why," thought Maud, "I lived with him. I knew him from A to Z. The Bill they knew here is a myth!"

Georgia was talking on.

"Poor Bill," she said, and Maud had an impulse to scream at the recurrent phrase. "I remember when he was going to be married. He came in the week before, just like a crazy kid. He was full of plans, and talking about what a beauty you were and all. I always remember his saying to me about you: 'She's not going to spend her life in a kitchen like Mother. Believe me, that girl is going to have some time! She's going to wear diamonds!'"

"Oh," said Maud, with a sick little gasp, "don't, please." She could feel the tears rushing on her. That was what he wanted, to keep her from this down-at-the-heels domesticity. Perhaps it ex-

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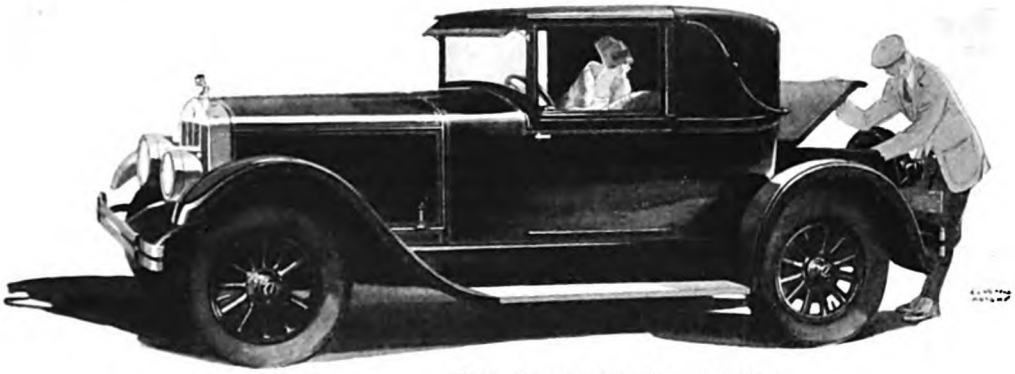
Air-Cooled
The 25th Anniversary Franklin



THIS PERSONAL CLOSED CAR
DOUBLED ITS SALES FORECAST

Now on the Crest of a New Wave of Success - THE FRANKLIN COUPÉ

First of the modern personal closed cars, the Franklin Coupé has always been one of the fastest-selling. Today, new superiorities are again adding to its popularity.

All the fresh power, quick speed and unrivaled smoothness which have won new thousands to the 25th Anniversary Franklin — all the jarless comfort, effortless handling and choreless reliability which have built Franklin's past growth—

All the delight of owning the only car with air-cooling, the system that has swept aviation to its achievements of the past year—all the minute betterments in appearance, performance and endurance which tell the story of Franklin care and precision—

And all in a closed car of exceptional design appeal and practicality—hand-crushed leather trim, broad 3-passenger seat, clear-vision pillars, over-size luggage spaces. Its very history indicates its outstanding value: it pioneered the safety front pillar—it ran up an output double that first scheduled—it bowed only to the Sedan in volume popularity.

Its present price is the crowning feat and attraction. First Franklin closed car priced below $2500, this Coupé is likewise the first true quality car you meet as you mount the price scale.

Franklin prices throughout are the most favorable in Franklin history. Ask about the 25th Anniversary Easy Ownership Plan.

FRANKLIN

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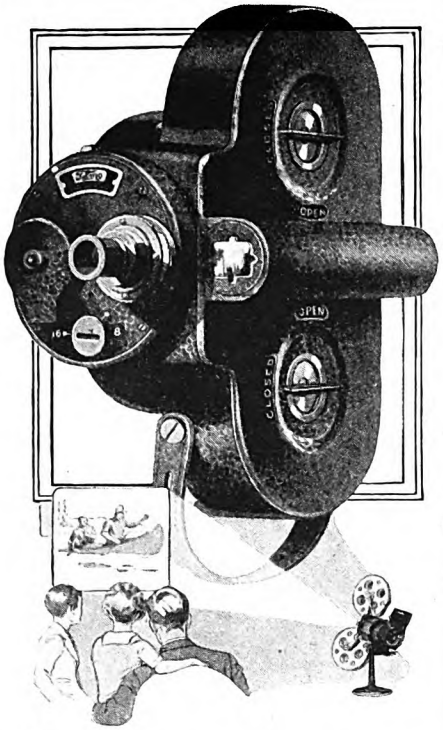

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Eastman Safety Film [16 mm.]—in the yellow box—used in *Filmo* Camera is obtained at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. Original film cost covers developing and return postage to your door.

Then show your movies on wall or screen at home with the remarkably simple *Filmo* Automatic Projector. Brilliant, flickerless pictures of theatre quality result. For variety of entertainment, choose from *Filmo* Library—hundreds of subjects at little more cost than raw film.

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plained things. She saw the diamonds on her hand winking boastfully at the sunlight.

"I didn't mean to upset you," said Georgia, with her pale, apologetic smile. "It just came back to me, that's all, what he said. He hated the way Mother was always worrying."

"She still worries, doesn't she?"

Georgia evaded: "It's been a bad year."

"How do you mean?"

"You see, she usually has a little money coming in quarterly from some stock that Father left her. But they aren't paying dividends this year. It bothers her to borrow. She hates mortgages, and doesn't want to put one on the house. She doesn't see how she'd ever pay it off, but she needs money for this year. Now, don't you tell her I told you! It'll work out somehow."

"But," said Maud, very evenly, "I should think the money that Bill left would help out there. Or isn't it enough?"

"Bill left?" asked Georgia dumbly. "What did Bill leave Mother?"

"It was about four thousand dollars, wasn't it?" asked Maud. "I think a thousand for your mother and three thousand for the boy's education. He told me about it. There's a memorandum or something. I thought of course you knew. She'll hear about it soon. It takes so long to get things straightened around, with those lawyers, you know."

Jimmy came into the room, with Bill's smile on his face, and she met it bravely.

"Didn't you know your uncle Bill left money for you to go to college?" she asked. "He expects you to be a fine man, Jimmy. You're not to disappoint him!"

IN THE third booth in Jensen's beauty parlor in the Hotel Morocco, a very pretty girl with a model shingle shifted from one foot to the other. It was funny, she reflected, how soft you were after being out of work for ten years. This standing all day did certainly get you.

"Aren't you burning it a little?" asked her customer crisply. "Seems to me I smell something."

"I don't think so," said Maud, looking at the soft, fat face of the woman whose hair she was working on. She had never seen her before, and she never wanted to see her again.

"When I was in Chicago last week, I had a hot oil," the customer's plaintive voice went on, "the best I ever had. Now, they always say New York is so far superior to Chicago, and I say, why can't they have as good hot oil shampoos? I don't feel rested after this one to-day at all."

"Neither do I," thought Maud bitterly, and went on making bedspring curls in the scanty mongrel hair of the woman in her chair. Day after day they came, this meaningless stream of people, in and out, in and out. No permanence, hardly a face that grew friendly or familiar in the long line of customers. She thought of the shop on Seventy-eighth Street suddenly, that neighborly, pretty place done in Colonial style which she had meant to establish, and tossed the thought angrily out of her mind.

"Is that right?" she asked the lady deferentially.

"That wave, the second from the top, should point downward instead of up. You see what I mean. It's more becoming to my face. However, I can't wait now. It will have to do!"

Maud unpinned her, as one takes the bib off a cross child, and let her go. She stood looking at herself in the mirror. Three months she'd been at this, and there were already signs of fatigue in her face, already signs that one of these days the freshness would be gone. She made a little gesture of defiance at her reflection in the glass, and Alva came teetering in on her heels, large and impressive, and kindly too under her white apron, and energetic as she always was during shop hours.

"Bozo to see you out there, Maud."

"Know who it is? I wasn't expecting anyone."

"Well, hurry up and see him, and then take that woman in the blue outfit who looks like a heavy storm. Shampoo, clip, and water wave. Take her clear through, and there may be a good tip in it, dearie."

Maud went to the outer parlor, wondering. She thought she had settled that business with the lawyers completely, and hoped nothing had broken loose. It would be awful if the Dudleys found out that she had sold her diamonds to give them Bill's "legacy," and had nothing left.

IT WAS Mark Wooley who was waiting for her. He walked over to her quickly and drew her down on one of the absurd litt e cretonne-covered benches

"I've been hunting everywhere I could think of. I went home, and discovered after about forty-eight hours that I was coming back under any conditions to take my chance. You'd gone from the apartment and I cou'dn't get a trace of you," he said simply, "unti finally I stumbled on your lawyer, and he told me you were working here."

"Why shouldn't I be working here?"

He looked at her. It was strange to find herself blushing like that.

"Why did you try to give me the wrong idea about yourself?"

"I didn't. You had it."

"And you wouldn't run down Bill. Gosh, you're a good sport! But how was I to know how he'd left you?"

"What did that fool lawyer tell you?" she asked hotly.

"He's my lawyer too," said Wooley. "Our lawyer, I hope. Oh, he told me plenty. I dug it out of him. Don't blame him."

He looked down at her bare white hand, thin and muscular from much shampooing, bare of everything except the wedding ring Bill had given her.

"How lovely your hand is," he said quietly.

"Can you take your customer now?" asked Alva from the doorway. "She's been waiting a long time, Mrs. Dudley."

Maud jumped guiltily to her feet.

"But she's your last customer," urged Mark, "isn't she, Maud? We're having dinner together to-night. Same place, same time."

"Same dress," she agreed; "but no diamonds!"

"There'll be a new one soon," said Mark, under his breath.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Swimming suits, *young ladies and gentlemen,* such as only Spalding knows how to make!

SPALDING has designed and made the equipment of America's athletes for over fifty years—the equipment with which America's athletic supremacy has been won! . . . Naturally, Spalding designers know just the touches that give ease and grace to a swimming suit.

They have the professional air, these suits. They make you look like a *swimmer*. There are new designs—one or two pieces. Elastic-knit throughout, or with flannel trunks. Speed suits with low-cut arm holes. And scores of new color combinations.

You'll find *professional* quality, too—ability to weather sun and water and wear, such as a life guard's suit must stand. Materials—colors—workmanship—all are guaranteed.

There is a Spalding Store, or some other store which has these suits, in almost every town. *Your* design and *your* colors will be there—at a price remarkably low for such quality.

A 24-page booklet—illustrated with photographs.

It's free. Send for it. It shows Spalding Swimming Suits for every member of the family.

FREE—MAIL THE COUPON!

A. G. SPALDING & BROS. A. M.—6-27
105 Nassau Street, New York City

Please send me the free 24-page booklet showing Spalding Swimming Suits for every member of the family.

Name.....

Street.....*County*.....

City.....*State*.....

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

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New

Equipment perfected for gasoline stoves

Every housewife who now uses, or who is thinking of purchasing, a gasoline stove rightly demands—a flame varying from low to intense heat, perfect control of that flame, and a lighting system which guarantees quick and sure response.

That is why she wants the

PRESSURE

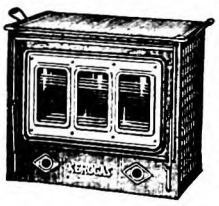
KEROGAS

TRADE **BURNER** MARK

Here is a variable flame always at your command by a simple turn of the control wheel. But more than that, every stove equipped with Pressure Kerogas Burners is also equipped with the remarkable K-Direct Gas Lighter. This guarantees the housewife quick, safe and sure response.

Go to your nearest dealer. Select the make and model of gasoline stove to suit the requirements of your kitchen, *but be sure* that it carries a complete Kerogas equipment of Pressure Kerogas Burners plus the K-Direct Gas Lighter.

For the woman who prefers kerosene as a fuel, dealers are prepared to show a large variety of brands of stoves which have the famous Patented Kerogas Burner.



The Kerogas Oven for Baking and Roasting is a fitting companion for the Pressure Kerogas Burner. It is especially constructed to withstand the intense heat provided by these Burners. The Kerogas Oven is reliable, durable, and gives sure, uniform results.

Manufactured by

A. J. Lindemann & Hoverson Co.
1234 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges—Also the Celebrated L & H Electric Ranges and Appliances.

DEALERS NOTE: The best jobbers are prepared to supply gasoline stoves equipped with Pressure Kerogas Burners.

Ten Ways to Make a Fool of Yourself

(*Continued from page 25*)

interested in paying my life insurance premiums; and I can't see the sense in rushing across a street filled with mad motors to keep an appointment to the second, when the other fellow will probably be half an hour late.

But I guess the hurry-hurry bug is born in us. Way back in the days before there were automobiles, men and women used to rush across streets in front of cable cars, horses and mules, and then turn around and stand on the curb and watch the rigs go by for fifteen minutes. Their children now dodge across among the automobiles, and traffic is held up while they are loaded into the ambulances.

We had a man in Flushing where I live, who ran like the dickens to catch a train, and as he reached the station platform he dropped dead of heart disease. If he had walked and caught the next train, only ten minutes later, he might to-day be paying income tax and serving on a jury. Any train in the world may go, for all I care, and I'll get the next one, but I will not run for a train.

It has to be admitted, safe as railway travel is, that there are accidents now and then, and in every case the people who are killed or injured are those who caught those trains, and very seldom the people who missed them and took the next trains to leave. In something like nine thousand engagements I have had to meet people in New York, there has been but one occasion when the man or woman I was to meet did not keep me waiting from ten minutes to an hour, and that one time was a funeral. The only New Yorker who is ever on time is a dead one.

Even in Detroit—and there the traffic is even worse than in New York, they tell me—people rush to get across the street, and get killed and maimed by the dozens. And in Detroit, I was told, people are so seldom on time that when I was advertised to lecture at eight o'clock, we did not leave the dinner table until eight-fifteen, because no one went to eight-o'clock affairs until eight-thirty. Young fellows who were invited to nine-o'clock dances went home and went to bed at nine o'clock and slept until twelve, and then went to the dances. The casualties among the young men rushing across streets through traffic to get home in time to get to bed by nine in order to go to dances at twelve is said to be something frightful. They will take chances.

ANOTHER complaint I have against my fellow men is that the waters of America are beginning to be clogged with what is left of human beings who make fools of themselves by diving into the rocks in shallow water without first testing the depth, by going out in flimsy boats and canoes without knowing how to handle them, and by saying, "Oh, pshaw! this ice ought to be thick enough for skating!" I know it's not my job to correct the matter, but I thought I'd squeeze in this protest about people making asses of themselves in this manner. (It isn't numbered in the ten ways.)

Now, a much pleasanter way of making a fool of yourself and one that will create more laughter—for I don't laugh when I see you try to commit suicide—is to make errors in etiquette and deportment. These things cause blushes of shame in the victim, but they do give the others a hearty laugh. Just after I came to New York, an editor gave me a dinner at the Lafayette and asked me if I would have a benedictine. I replied, "Well, just a small glass!" I blushed about that from 1898 until prohibition arrived and it no longer mattered that benedictine is served only in glasses the size of a thimble. It was to the home of this same editor that I was invited one evening for dinner, and arrived in full-dress regalia the night before. But I was not the man who, when the floating island dessert was served, found that he had nothing with which to eat it but an oyster fork—he is a celebrated artist now.

My favorite bad break used to be opening my napkin with a flirt of my hand and throwing the sly little roll that was concealed in it clear across the room. Now I stalk all doilies cautiously, letting my right hand creep up on them silently, giving them a gentle tap with the forefinger, and then opening them fold by fold with an elbow on each side to head off any buns or biscuits that may try to make a dash for liberty. In the past five years only one roll has fooled me, and it got away only by trickery, going down between my knees and I was able to put my foot on that one before it got far away. Once I blushed a whole evening because I offered a lady the wrong arm when taking her in to dinner, and found I was the only male on that side of the procession.

ANOTHER way to make a fine "etiquettel" fool of yourself is to wear the wrong clothes. A man can do this nine times out of ten if he is given a chance. I have found that the fatter a man is the greater longing he has to wear golf clothes to business; and on a city street in the morning a fat man in golf clothes is about as inconspicuous as a balloon in church. The first time I ever golfed was with a brand-new outfit a friend had picked out for me on a liberal scale, including a sweater he had chosen to fit Chang, the late Chinese giant, on the theory that it might shrink. It was one of those first-class sweaters that you can bend by putting one foot on the lower rim and pulling upward with both hands on the collar.

I had never been on a golf course. The friend who was going to teach me golf came to the house for me one broiling-hot day in August, and I rushed up-stairs to get ready. As my other friend had told me to buy the sweater, I thought a sweater was an imperative requirement of golf, so I put it on. This sweater was a rich brown-red like the side of a cow, but more itchy. I knew something was wrong with it because when I tried to walk, the spikes in my new golf shoes caught in its lower rim. I pulled it up to my waist, but this brought the neck edge up beyond my eyes, and I could see nothing but a red sweater barrel, except when I looked straight upward. Then I saw the ceiling.

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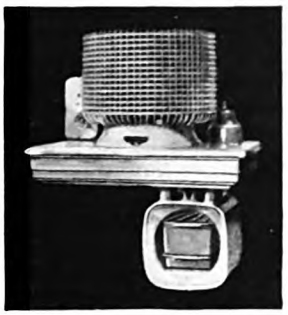
Now Comes – Simplified Electric Refrigeration

THE CREATION OF GENERAL ELECTRIC— THE LEADING RESEARCH ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD



THE GENERAL ELECTRIC ICING UNIT
is the revolutionary feature of new-day refrigeration.

• • •

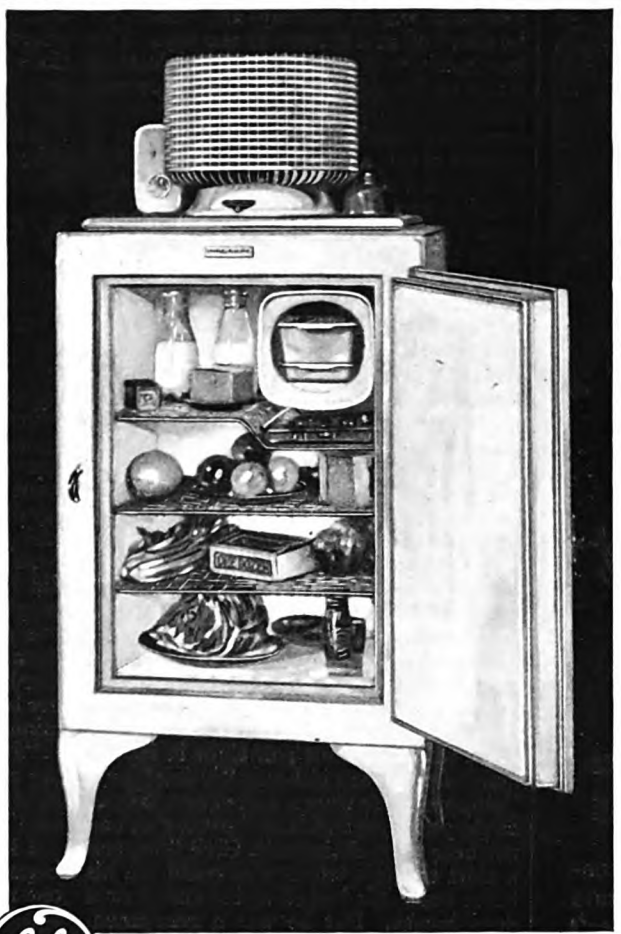
THERE is now a new development in electric refrigeration for the home. An amazingly *simplified* icing unit by General Electric Company. A factor everyone, from now on, must take into account when considering an electric refrigerator. Electric refrigeration—above all things an *electrical* problem—has been solved *electrically* by the world's outstanding group of technical experts.

The General Electric icing unit is so supremely engineered and so precisely constructed that its operation is practically *noiseless* three feet from the refrigerator. It uses very little current and no special wiring is needed to hook it up—the regular house circuit is adequate.

The entire mechanism is housed in an hermetically sealed casing mounted on top of the cabinet. You *never* need oil it—*never* need touch it. It operates automatically, maintaining a *practically constant* temperature in the refrigerator.

Only an institution like General Electric Company—with its world-wide electrical resources—could have produced so outstanding an electrical achievement.

It marks 15 years of intensive research. Some 64 leading engineers cooperated in its development. Their goal was to produce the *simplest,* most *practical* electric refrigerator Electrical Science could achieve. Several thousand refrigerators—of 19 different designs—were built, field-tested and improved before production of the models now announced, was authorized. They embody the best thought of the leading electrical research organization of the world.



GE Refrigerator

Outstanding Advantages

Simplified—no pipes, no drains, no attachments. Portable—install anywhere. Just plug into nearest electric outlet and it starts.

Quiet—three feet away you can hardly hear it.

No Servicing—never needs oiling or attention. All moving parts are enclosed in an hermetically sealed housing.

Economical—uses very little current and maintains uniform temperature.

Clean—the circulation of air through the coils drives dust away from the top of the refrigerator.

Guaranteed by General Electric

• • •

• • •

Now thousands who have debated the purchase of electric refrigeration will want to see this new creation, will wish to find out what General Electric has done in the field. Buying any other way is a mistake.

Remember that the efficiency of any electric refrigerator you may purchase rests basically on its efficiency as an *electrical* device.

The General Electric Refrigerator is obtainable in various sizes suitable for every home. Different models are now on display at lighting companies and dealers everywhere

Write for Booklet No. 6-A. It tells all about this new-day refrigerator.

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Will not Break!

. . . and keeps contents hot or cold all day long

HOW annoying—how inconvenient—when a vacuum bottle breaks! But this one *can't* break. It is made entirely of steel—contains no glass.

And your hot coffee or your iced tea will retain the desired temperature *all day long* in the Stanley Super Vac. Guaranteed.

Sold by leading dealers. Pint, quart, 2-quart sizes.

We would like to send you our useful recipe booklet, "Outdoor Cookery." Write for free copy. Stanley Insulating Company, Dept. A-6, Great Barrington, Mass.

STANLEY
SUPER VAC
VACUUM BOTTLE

However, after turning back the cuffs of the sleeves until they snuggled neatly up under my arms, I managed to free my hands and put on my golf bag.

For years my golf bag was famous as the largest and heaviest golf bag ever seen in America. When it was empty, an ordinary caddy could almost lift it off the ground; but my friend had made me buy all the kinds of clubs that had been invented up to that time. I had some clubs that other golfers used to stand around and gaze at with awe. I think there was one called a "biffick," which was used when a ball lay in front of a boulder and the boulder had to be shattered in order to hit the ball. Another was called a "moppus;" this was to use when a hill or small mountain was in the way, and needed to be sliced off and thrown to one side. The bag itself was of white canvas with leather strips up its sides, and iron gas pipe was concealed under the leather. It was a neat little outfit and not as heavy as a carload of coal. It had all the clubs needed to permit a man to do 128 on nine holes, which is what I did. Before the end of the year I got down to 120.

On the side of the golf bag was a strap, of brown leather two inches wide, fastened at each end. This was to sling the bag onto one's self with. I had considerable trouble getting into the strap, because the sweater took up so much room; but I finally managed to get my head through the strap and one arm through it. This made it impossible for me to breathe, but I could still sweat. I bent my knees and got my golf cap from the chair and put it on my head and went down-stairs carefully and backward. This was because the golf bag extended diagonally across my entire front, with the heads of the "biffick" and the "moppus" pushing my Adam's apple back so far that I gagged.

As soon as I saw my friend I knew I had made a fool of myself. He was standing on the porch talking to my wife, and he had a golf bag as big around as a pencil and there were only four golf clubs in it, and none of them was either a "biffick" or a "moppus." He wore a pair of tennis shoes of the year 1874 and flannel pants that had not been washed since the Civil War, and a shirt through which you could see his heart beat. He looked at me and drew a deep breath. But he was a gentleman. All he said was, "I don't think you'll need a sweater to-day."

HERE are two more perfectly simple ways of making a fool out of yourself, which, strictly speaking, do not come under etiquette and deportment. They come under the extra suggestions for good measure I promised in the beginning of the article. But while I'm on the subject of clothes, let me recommend for the "brown derby" the man who goes out in a downpour of rain minus rubbers, when rubbers are only a dollar and a half a pair, and even the cheapest undertakers charge two hundred dollars. The other prize goofus is the chap who wears his cotton underwear in zero weather because he thinks it's smart to do so.

And, I ask you, what kind of double-barreled fool do you feel when you introduce people by their wrong names?

I believe my favorite stunt is forgetting names. I can sit down at a table alongside a man I have seen every week for ten years, and forget his name with absolute completeness. If I have a friend with me I begin to grope for the names in order to make a few introductions, and presently a name comes to me.

"Mr. Gammis," I say, "I'd like to introduce my friend Smith. Mr. Gammis," I say cheerfully to my friend Smith, "is the man who wrote that bully book on codfish—fishing on the banks, you know—the name escapes me just now, but I did enjoy that book! I think, Gammis, it is the best thing you ever wrote."

"Yes," says the man I called Gammis, "only I did not write it. My name is Bidenbender, you know. I illustrated that last story of yours."

This is somewhat distressing to me, because the week before I had been complimenting Bidenbender on the illustrations he had done—only I had uttered the compliments to John Garrymount, who was Bidenbender's worst rival. I wonder I have any friends left. For if there is anything that gets a man's goat it is forgetting or mispronouncing his name.

YEARS ago, when "gallery gods" and cheap prices prevailed, I saw a woman make a fool of herself in the old Grand Opera House, in Eighth Avenue, in New York. Along toward the middle of the show two toughs in the gallery began a fight and someone yelled "Fight!" In the orchestra seats many mistook this for "Fire!"—I stood up, saw the fight in the gallery, and guessed that there was no fire. But a very stout woman one row in front of me did not wait. At the very first cry of "Fight!" she climbed onto her seat and jumped into our row. Now, those were the days of long skirts, and her skirt did not come with her all the way. It caught around the back of her chair; there was a sound of tearing cloth, and in an instant she was almost ready to go to bed. Her husband, who had been trying to pull her back, climbed after her, and in half a minute had her coat on her.

"It ain't a fire, it's a fight!" he was saying over and over. "It ain't a fire, it's a fight! Look what a fool you make of yourself!"

I knew just how she had felt when she began her dash. I had done the same thing one night when I was a boy. My father and I were burning papers in a house into which we were going to move, and a church congregation passing by thought the house was on fire and pounded on the door. We had a lantern, and I grabbed it and fled, scared white with panic. I did not know what I was running from or where I was running to. I was one mass of unreasoning fear. The shouting and the pounding on the door robbed me of any sense I ever had. I could think of nothing but flight. That was panic.

The man who, when the house catches fire, throws the mirror out of the window and carries a feather pillow carefully down-stairs in his arms is the same sort of panic victim. I ran, carrying with me the lantern my father needed for navigating the dark halls and stairs, in order to reassure the excited people outside, who would have broken down the door in another minute. It is possible that one of them shouted "Fire!" and that set me off, but I certainly did make a fool of myself.

Probably the verbal dressing-down that

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r father treated me to cured me of pan- to an extent; at any rate, I have such ear of making a hasty fool of myself at I would now sit in a burning theatre til my shoes burned off before I would k, casually, "Don't you smell leather rning, my dear?" While I make a fool myself in all the other ways possible— d at a moment's notice—I think I am nost panic-proof.

T'S the panicky feeling that makes the biggest fools out of both nations and en. All of the great national panics have sulted from fear, and made fools of nancial systems and of business, because eryone tried to climb over the backs their chairs when someone shouted Fight!" After which, the nation went ound for a while without petticoats. In a reverse attitude, it is this same anicky feeling that makes men rush un- ainkingly to "get in on the ground floor" real estate and other booms that so ten blow up and leave nothing but an lor of hot air and scorched pocketbooks. he same men who make one kind of fools themselves rushing to get in on the round floor are the men who make the ther kinds of fools of themselves by ushing to jump out of the window, when e ground floor has been jacked up to the venty-seventh story.

This is the same panicky feeling that nakes a chicken utter loud squawks and ash into the middle of the road when an utomobile approaches at fifty miles an our, and the difference is that we laugh t the man who buys at the top and sells t the bottom, while we feel sorry for the hicken.

And this brings me to the last important vay of making a fool of yourself. In most nen it is caused by a desire to avoid that ery panicky feeling I have just been tell- ng about—by a desire not to make a fool of one's self by appearing frightened, when here may be nothing to be frightened about.

"I would look like a fool, wouldn't I," ou say to yourself, "going to old Doc Smith and saying, 'Doc, I'm afraid I've got coromentis of the dulcinea, or some- thing,' and then having him look me over and tell me that all that is the matter with me is that I've been reading patent medi- cine advertisements."

So you never go near a doctor, except when you decided to take out a little more ife insurance to satisfy your banker. If you are accepted for more insurance, you let it go at that; if you are rejected, you know you have been a fool and that you should have gone to a doctor long ago.

I have an idea that reluctance to see a doctor lest he thinks you are foolish to come to him has put more men prema- turely under the sod than war or auto- mobile accidents have.

Health, when you come right down to facts and leave figures alone, is absolutely the most important thing any man can have in this world; and the man who takes a chance with his health, or who allows himself to drift into a serious disease with- out consulting the man who knows how to keep him alive and well, is making of himself the biggest fool of all.

Anyway, making a fool of yourself is merely doing something you should have intelligence enough to avoid doing.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Go-where the Fish are *Striking*

HOOKED! You bet he's hooked! Game little scrapper. He's given you a battle. Your heart pounds—your blood tingles—as you play him toward the net. Man! There's a *real* thrill. Bass waters soon will open. Wherever—whenever you go fishing, you can depend on a Johnson Motor to give you *more fishing.*

Two models—the *Light Single* and the *Light Twin*—are ideal for fishermen and auto-tourists. They're the lightest weight, portable boat motors made. Anyone, even a lad of ten, can carry, attach and operate one, using an ordinary rowboat. The *Standard Twin* and the *Big Twin* are designed for speed craft and large family boats.

The keenest of motor enthusiasts experiences a real thrill at the smooth power, the pick-up, the speed of a Johnson. Any Johnson dealer will let you take one for trial. Sold by sport goods, hardware and marine supply dealers, on payments if desired.

Your Johnson Motor may be insured against fire and theft (exclusive with Johnson) at a very slight cost

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 836 Sample Street
South Bend, Indiana

Export Division: 75 West Street, New York, New York, U. S. A.
Canadian Distributor: Peterborough Canoe Co.
Peterborough, Ontario, Canada

Johnson
Outboard Motors

New Speed Laurels

Baby Bandit, a step-plane powered with a *Big Twin*, driven by J. Fiske of Cocoa, Fla., won the Nation's most coveted outboard racing trophy . . . the Col. E. H. R. Green cup . . . at Miami Beach, March 18th.

In winning the Col. Green Cup, *Baby Bandit* outclassed one of the largest field of entries ever started in an outboard racing event.

A new world's record of 26.53 m. p. h. for mile trials was made by a Johnson *Big Twin* at Mt. Dora, Fla., February 26th. At Tampa, on March 5th, a record of 25.89 m. p. h. was made by a *Big Twin* in competition with other motors.

There are 4 models of Johnson Motors:
26-lb. Light Single $115
37-lb. Light Twin $140
55-lb. Standard Twin $165
85-lb. Big Twin, $210
Speeds of 8, 13, 22 and 27 m. p. h., respectively are possible, depending on boat used

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF OUTBOARD BOAT MOTORS

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 836 Sample St., South Bend, Ind.
Send complete information on
☐ The Four Johnson Motors for 1927 ☐ The new Johnson AQUAFLYER
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Address.....
City..... *State*.....

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IOWA—

BETWEEN the tranquil middle reaches of the blue Mississippi and the champagne-colored flood of the Missouri stretches a flowing prairieland that breaks frequently into high rolling hills crowned with groves of fruit and nut trees and drained by swift streams. Sparkling lakes dot its northern boundaries. In summer the air is scented with honey-locust and the fragrance of wild flowers. In winter the bright landscapes have the charm of rare old colored prints. Tilted warmly to the south, the extraordinarily deep, fertile, porous soil makes it one of the most wonderful agricultural regions in the world.

This is golden Iowa. An unequaled wealth-producing area where an almost perfect balance is maintained between industry and agriculture. A great region *where virtually the entire land surface is rich tillable soil.*

POPULATION: With a population of 2,500,000, there is only one city of over 100,000 inhabitants. There are 18 with over 10,000! Population is distributed with great evenness. The city here reaches its highest point of development—a compact industrial unit supported by the wealth of a rich soil. Typical are Des Moines, Dubuque, Cedar Rapids, Sioux City, Davenport, Council Bluffs, Ottumwa, Mason City, Boone, Clinton.

AGRICULTURE: The total annual value of farm crops is close to $1,000,000,000! Iowa leads the Nation in the production of corn. More than doubles the hog production of any other state. Stands second in the number of beef cattle. Third in dairy cattle. First in value of poultry and eggs. Of Iowa's 210,000 farms, more than 123,000 are operated directly by owners or managers; their average full value is estimated at more than $35,000!

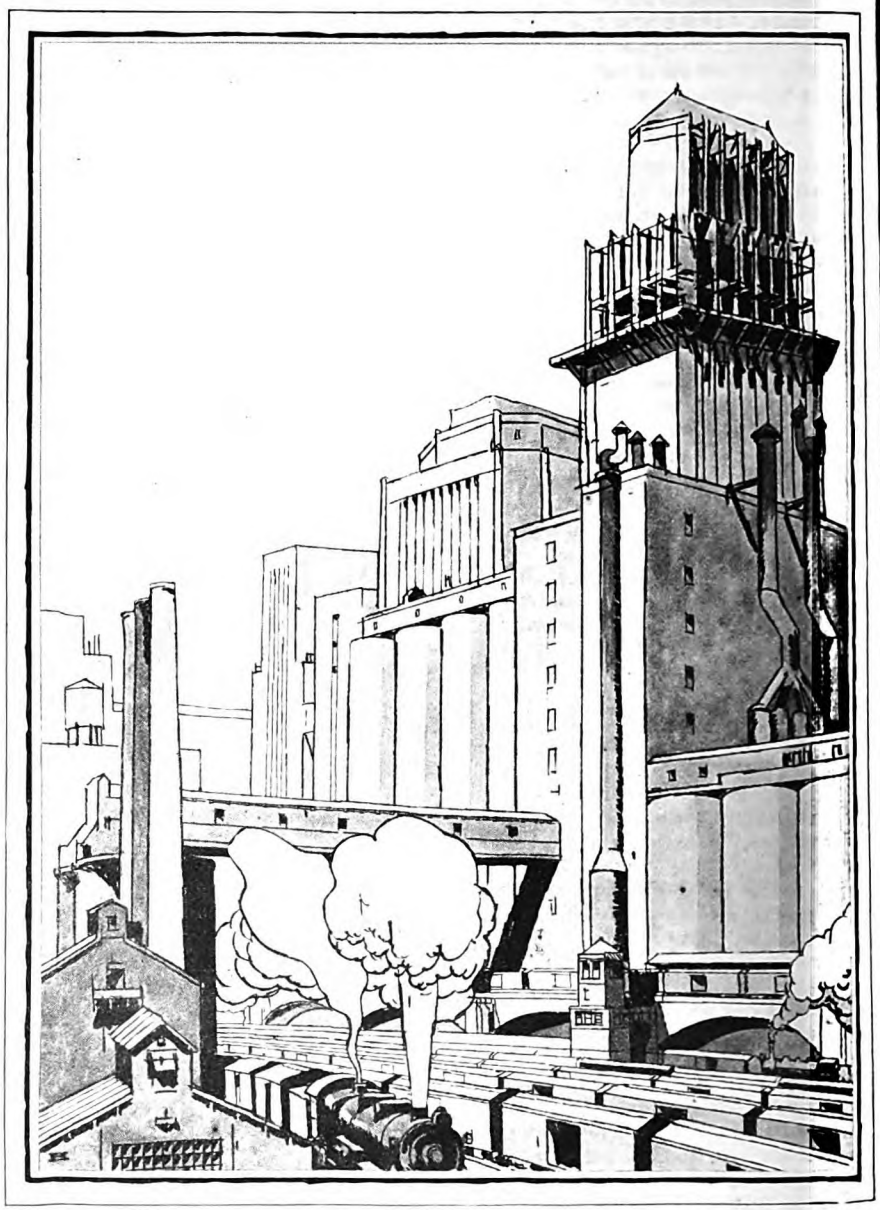
INDUSTRIAL: Industrial development has gained with significant suddenness in the last ten years. This has taken the form of a great variety of manufactories, employing local materials. According to the 1920 census, Iowa's factory output was already $745,000,000 annually; *it has increased considerably since then.*

POWER: Great hydroelectric resources are available in the tremendous flow of the rivers that bound Iowa. Keokuk Dam, the largest river water-power project in America, is typical of what may be done. In addition, coal fields extend through 23 counties, already producing 9,000,000 tons annually.

TRANSPORTATION: No other state is so well served by railways. It is claimed there is a railroad within ten miles of every farm in the state. Three trunk lines of The Milwaukee Road serve Iowa, giving it outlets north, east, south and west.

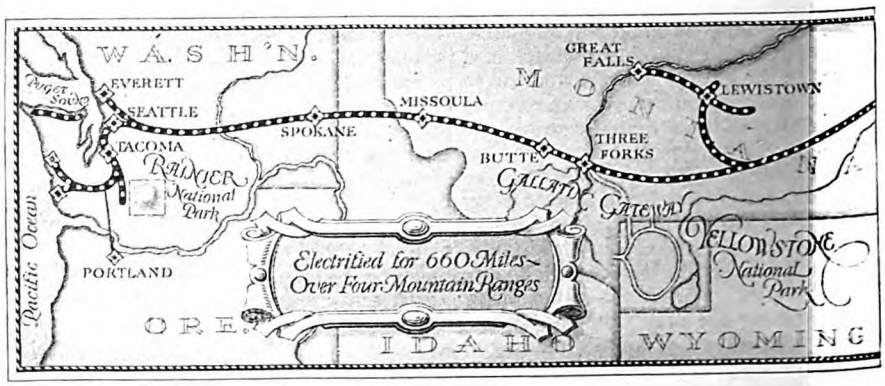
The height of civilization

Located in the strategic center of a prosperous and peaceful nation, Iowa has attained close to the ideal of civilization as a commonwealth. With industry and agriculture about balanced, its population evenly distributed, and small, live metropolises as regional centers, it is in addition distinguished for the number and excellence of its educational institutions, its high standards of living, and the health, stamina and beauty of its rising generation.



SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND THE ORIENT

The



The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

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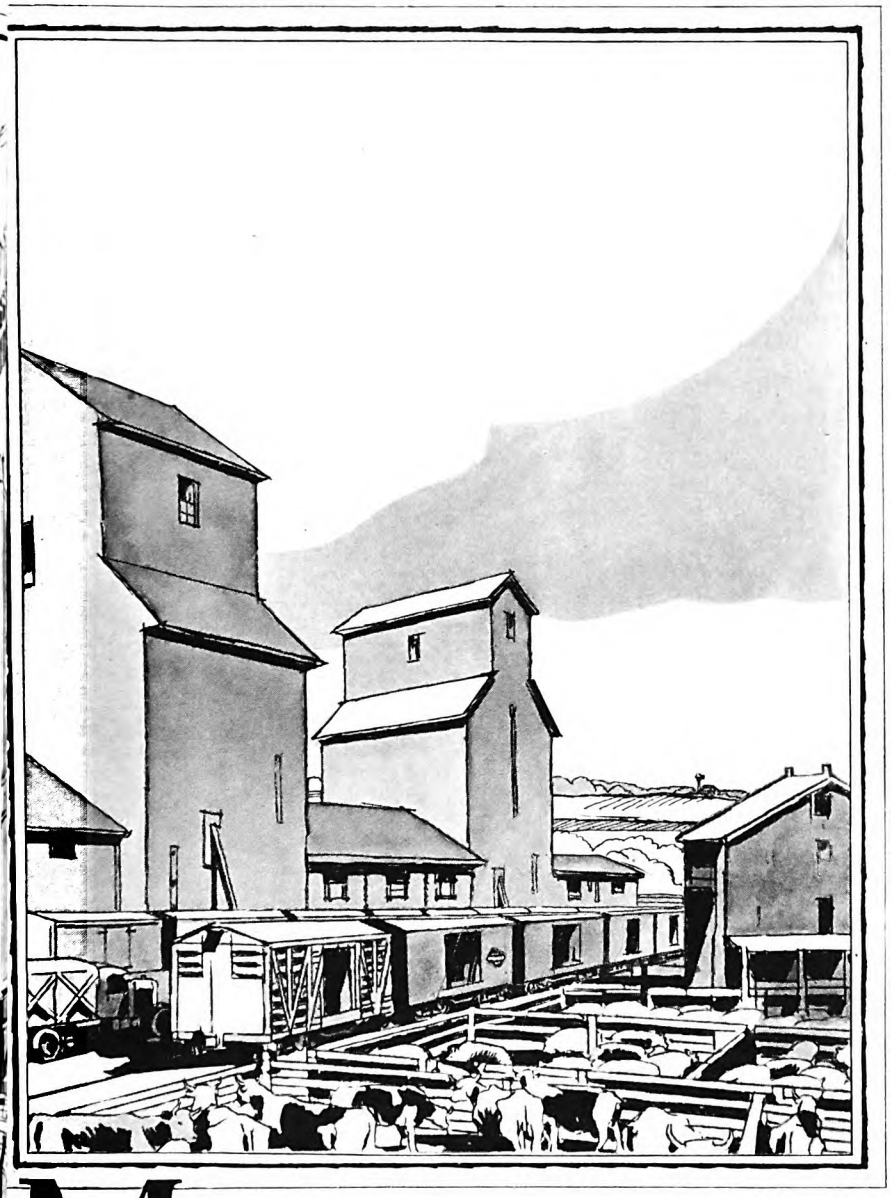
he Golden Corn State



A farmers' railroad

To CO-OPERATION between farmer and railroad must go credit for the marvelous development of Iowa. Neither could exist long without the assistance of the other. Most typical symbol of Iowa's growth is the small country grain elevator standing high beside the tracks at a wayside station. The overwhelming bulk of this region's produce flows to market over the rails; and the tools of production and the necessities and luxuries of life come flowing back.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway serves Iowa with three trunk lines and a network of branch lines. It extends the same character of service over all the northwestern block of the United States from the middle reaches of the Mississippi to the Pacific.

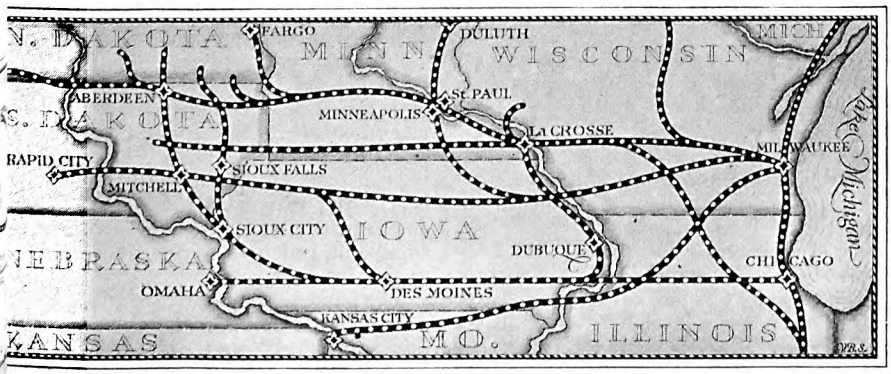
The Milwaukee Road is 11,000 miles long, employing 60,000 men. It reaches from Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City; to Milwaukee and the upper Michigan Peninsula; to Minneapolis and St. Paul and Duluth; westward to the Black Hills; and to Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Olympic Peninsula and the Pacific.

To the Coast

A master stroke of railroad engineering was achieved with the extension of the line to the Coast in 1911. For 660 miles over four great mountain ranges —Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky, Cascade, to shipside—*it is electrified.* The hydroelectric power is generated chiefly in Montana. The latest development in this most modern railroad is the *adoption of roller bearings on passenger cars.*

The Milwaukee Road is the short line to the Coast. Scenery of extraordinary grandeur alternates with the beauty of richly cultivated plains and valleys. The world-famous *Olympian* and the *Columbian* will take you in restful luxury.

MILWAUKEE ROAD



Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma

TO PUGET SOUND
THE CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY
ELECTRIFIED

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Room 884, Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

Make a check before the region that interests you. We have the closest co-operation with Chambers of Commerce and other business organizations who will supply you with detailed information.

- ☐ Puget Sound
- ☐ Inland Empire
- ☐ Industrial Montana
- ☐ Kansas City
- ☐ Agricultural Montana
- ☐ Eastern Dakotas
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- ☐ Minneapolis-St. Paul
- ☐ Wisconsin
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Keep Your Ear to the Ground—You May Learn Something!

(*Continued from page 34*)

physicians were helpless. Death stalked in every block and made the nights hideous with the rumble of carts bound for the cemetery.

But a group of volunteers, organized as the Howard Association, stood their ground. They went into the stricken homes and served as nurses. They dug the graves, acted as ministers, and helped bury the dead. John G. Lonsdale, Senior, thirty-two years old, was treasurer of this group. His wife was at his side. And before the yellow scourge had lifted both had given their lives. John, Junior, at six years of age, was left an orphan.

He went to live with an uncle, Captain J. P. Mellard, first at Frankfort, Kentucky, and later near Hot Springs, Arkansas. The boy's only estate was a few thousand dollars paid as insurance on his father's life—that, and a memory that was to be the guerdon for his loss.

"To this day," Mr. Lonsdale told me, "I am grateful for that insurance. It kept me from absolute dependency, and later paid for my education. I believe that no man who marries and becomes a father is fair to his family, or true to his family's trust in him, if he fails to carry life insurance. I would say to the young man, 'Buy insurance before you buy the ring!'"

Young John didn't shine in school, but he could run faster and jump farther than any other youngster of his age. Every darky for twenty miles about knew and worshiped "Marse Johnny."

ONE old negro servant, James by name, but known only as "Uncle Geemes" was the boy's most devoted mentor and admirer. There was no shaking old "Uncle Geemes" in his solemn prophecy that some day "Marse Johnny was going to be a great big man up No'th."

Uncle Geemes taught Marse Johnny where the rabbits ran, how to build a box trap and to set a snare, and the whereabouts of the deep pools in which the big fish lurked. And when Marse Johnny went to bed with the measles, the whooping cough, and the mumps, it was anxious old Uncle Geemes who hovered by his bedside, tender and concerned as a mother.

"He was the first soul on this earth," said Mr. Lonsdale softly, "to have faith in me. That faith was bounded by neither earth nor sky."

Impulsively he reached into a trouser pocket and held up for my inspection a horsechestnut, worn to a silken sheen by the passing years.

"Now laugh your head off," he challenged, and though his own hearty laughter rang out I saw a suspicious moisture in his eyes. "Uncle Geemes gave me this whim-wham when I was a boy—to keep away the 'rheumatiz,' he said. The virtues of the gift may be questioned, but those of the giver never. He's been dead these many years; but I've kept the token and always will. It's an antidote for pride.

"I don't believe anybody," he said, "influenced me more than did old James. A man must have faith in himself; and old James, though only a poor darky, built in me, an orphan, the fires of faith.

"'Marse Johnny, go No'th,' was one of old Uncle Geemes's constant injunctions.

"The South was still staggering from the defeat of the war. It was without money. It lacked schools. More clearly than many a white man old James saw the need of a new viewpoint, that only Northern education could give.

"THERE came a time, when we were building the railroad between Little Rock and Hot Springs, that our last dollar had been spent. Every source of possible help seemingly had been exhausted, and we were beaten.

"'Go No'th!' the old darky said again. 'Them Yankees are just rollin' in money. How d'you all know they won't let you have some if you don't ever ask 'em for it?'

"I went North," said Mr. Lonsdale. "I got the money. The railroad was built; and it was the woolly head of old James that made it possible!

"Our first train ran with the governor, state officials, and local notables aboard. As the gayly bedecked coach came into the station, there was a cheering from the assembled crowds. Above the voices of all I could hear that of old Uncle Geemes, who had spied me on the train.

"'There he is!' he was shrieking. 'I knew it! I knew it! Marse Johnny said he'd come with that railroad, and I declare to goodness he sure did!'

"I wanted no higher praise from any man; for there is no greater satisfaction than the knowledge that you have justified another's faith."

Lonsdale built his first railroad when he was ten years old, and in that too he "filled a need." During one of the hottest summers Arkansas had seen in many years, a traveling carnival "went broke" near Hot Springs. Part of the equipment left behind for a group of wide-eyed boys to wonder at was a track that had been used for the roller-coaster.

"Gee!" gasped one youngster, recalling the thrill of the roller-coaster ride, "wouldn't it be great if they'd left the cars too!"

"I tell you what," spoke up young John. "I'll build a railroad. That's better any day than a roller-coaster."

"Where you goin' to get an engine?" demanded the other jeeringly.

"Don't need an engine," said John, and went to work. Out of odd bits of board and a miscellaneous assortment of wheels he constructed a coach. But it was in laying the tracks that he exhibited his engineering gift. They were run down one small hill and up another. Gravity furnished the motive power.

The passenger fare was set at one penny a ride; but, pennies being scarce, marbles and "treasures" were accepted, and the road was an immediate success. "At that time," laughed Mr. Lonsdale, "I thought that Jay Gould and I owned all the railroads in Arkansas."

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His consuming interest was railroading. There was only a stub short line running into Hot Springs from the south, and the lack of a railroad to the east was a regular source of complaint to older folks. The virtual railroad monopoly of the Gould interests in the state was one of the most vital topics of the day.

Once young John asked his mentor, Uncle Geemes: "Since they want a railroad so bad, why don't they build one?"

"Marse Johnny," the old negro replied, "folks hereabouts resolute too much on this railroad. They get together an' resolute, an' resolute again. So much time is taken for resolutin' that no time's left for buildin'."

Uncle Geemes wasn't far off in his diagnosis. Several bales of resolutions had been passed by civic and business bodies; but not a foot of right-of-way had been purchased or a tie laid.

Lonsdale went North to finish his schooling at St. John's Military Academy, at Manlius, New York, and at a business college in Baltimore. He was eighteen when he returned home to enter the real estate office of his uncle-guardian. He worked hard for a few dollars a week; sold bits of land in Hot Springs, farms and chicken ranches; rented hotels and boarding-houses, and did all the detail work of his uncle's business.

But he was always thinking and dreaming of that needed railroad into Hot Springs. Here was a great health resort, virtually cut off from the world. He could see what a railroad would do for the hotels, for land values, for farms along its way.

And the Chamber of Commerce was still "resoluting"!

One afternoon a youth whose jaw was clenched and in whose eyes was the gleam of a Sir Galahad rode out of Hot Springs on a runt of a Western pony. He headed into the hills, toward Little Rock. He had a map in his pocket on which was roughly penciled a line, crawling from village to village—the railroad to be. But he depended more on his eyes than on the map.

The lone rider was young Lonsdale. Folks said that no railroad could be built through those hills without expensive tunneling and grading, and an expenditure of untold millions of dollars. But this boy on the pony had hunted those hills. Old Geemes and he had got through without a lot of climbing, by following the gaps. Standing in one gap, with the hills rising on either side of him, his keen eye ran an air line to the next discernible gap. Why couldn't a railroad be built through the gaps?

WEEKS, months, he rode and walked those hills. It wasn't sufficient merely to find a way through; that way had to be the most direct and practical. The work had to be done in spare time, during evenings and on Sundays. Old Uncle Geemes was his sole companion—and though the town laughed at the dream of this boy, the black man didn't. To him it was serious, sober endeavor. He believed in "Marse Johnny."

Then, one night, an imposing and important individual appeared before the local chamber of commerce. He wore a frock coat, which swung back majestically from his portly belt line. A huge pearl was in his rich cravat; he spoke of Wall Street

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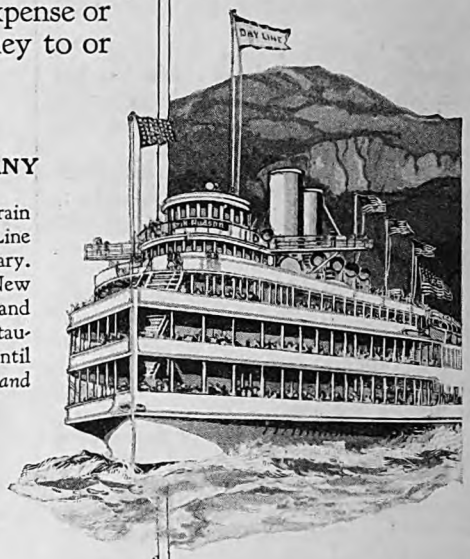

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as if he lived there, and called the nation's financial giants by their first names. The chamber was impressed.

"What about this railroad you talk so much about?" demanded the stranger. "I'm interested in such matters. Railroad building is my specialty."

So they told him how badly they needed a railroad; they read the latest resolution on the subject.

"But the route?" the stranger insisted. "What have you done about the right-of-way?"

They had done nothing. Finally, somebody spoke up a little dryly: "There's a young fellow over in Captain Mellard's real estate office who claims to know something about that. The name's Lonsdale. Reckon you might see him."

The promoter, for such he was, hunted up Lonsdale, heard his arguments, and studied his maps. He brought in an engineer, and the three went over the route Lonsdale had laid out.

"It's *the* route," decided the engineer. "But what about buying the right-of-way? How much will it cost?"

"I've settled that," said Lonsdale quietly. "I've got options for all of it. I've convinced the farmers and land owners that this railroad is going to help them. They'll *give* the land to get the road!"

THE promoter smiled and rubbed his hands. To show his confidence in the success of the project, he said, he individually would subscribe for a half million or more in stock, which he would have issued at once. Also he would "negotiate" with his influential friends in Wall Street. The "Little Rock, Hot Springs and Texas" would be the name of the new railroad, for shortly it would be extended into Texas.

Contracts were made, workmen engaged, construction machines brought in. Along the sixty miles of the proposed road the country seethed with enthusiasm. And, not doubting for a moment the promoter's sincerity and honor, Lonsdale went to the friends he had made among the townsfolk and the farmers. They subscribed for stock and laid down their hard-earned money for it. They extended credit. The mountaineers came down from their hills to wield picks and shovels; farmers hired with their teams. The new road was under way!

Eventually, the bills began to come in. They were paid out of the funds subscribed by Arkansans. But these funds dwindled, and Lonsdale had to extend his appeals into a wider territory and utilize more heavily the new road's credit. The promoter, who had not yet put up a penny, was still "negotiating." The company began to be pressed for money.

Picture at this stage Lonsdale's predicament. He had involved every friend he had in this railroad venture. Even old James had gone out and raised what money he could among his few affluent friends. And a business panic, that of the early nineties, was rapidly spreading over the country. Creditors *had* to have their money. And there was no word from New York!

In desperation, Lonsdale went to New York to confront the promoter. At the man's home the door was slammed in his face. He stayed around and made some careful inquiries, learning finally that the

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promoter was expected at a certain doctor's office. He went there and sat down to await his coming. After two hours' wait, the promoter appeared.

"Oh, hello," he greeted cheerfully. "How are things out in Arkansas?"

Lonsdale poured forth his story of the perilous situation, and the imperative needs of funds. "We're on the verge of bankruptcy!" he finished. "You've made promises. Now what are you going to do?"

The promoter stuck his thumbs into his suspenders, pursed his lips, and teetered calmly on his heels. "Since you're that bad off," he said, "I couldn't possibly let you have money. The best thing you can do is to declare yourselves bankrupt."

The road did go into bankruptcy, and Lonsdale was appointed the receiver. Careful liquidation, he estimated, would just about enable them to meet their debts. Much of the roadway had been built.

THEN the promoter for the first time really showed his hand. He presented a claim for personal and other services amounting to more than six hundred thousand dollars. It was a shrewd move to get complete control of the road and its assets, for under the bankruptcy law at that time claims were allowed preference in the order of their filing. The promoter had filed his claim first.

In the meantime, the local situation was such that Lonsdale dug into his own savings to buy food for men and mules employed by the company. Right down to his bottom dollar he went. His only explanation of this act was, "I didn't know those fool mules could eat so much."

One night, anxiously poring over the bankruptcy laws to find a possible loophole through which to foil the promoter, he found a clause that made him jump up and cheer. It declared that stockholders of a bankrupt company could be sued for whatever portion of their stock subscription remained unpaid. The promoter's claim was for $600,000. He had signed, but not paid for, $675,000 in stock!

Lonsdale himself owed $1,000 on stock he had taken, which was a pile of money to a youngster of twenty-four who was "broke." However, he raised the $1,000 and paid it in. Then he instituted his suit against the promoter, with the result that that gentleman was seen no more in Arkansas.

Lonsdale's next move was to call the stockholders and creditors together and effect a reorganization of the company under the more modest name of "Little Rock and Hot Springs Western." It was then that old Uncle Geemes suggested that "Marse Johnny" again "Go No'th," and see if he could not interest Yankee capital in the project.

Lonsdale steered clear of New York this time and went, instead, to Philadelphia. There, to conservative men, he frankly told the story of the bankruptcy and reorganization, and presented facts to show the soundness of the venture. The Philadelphians promptly investigated, and when they found Lonsdale's facts to be as represented, they did not hesitate to furnish the funds to complete the road.

"I knew it!" chuckled old Uncle Geemes.

So the dream of the boy on a runt pony came true; and John Lonsdale in the eyes of Hot Springs was a "made" man, at twenty-five years of age!

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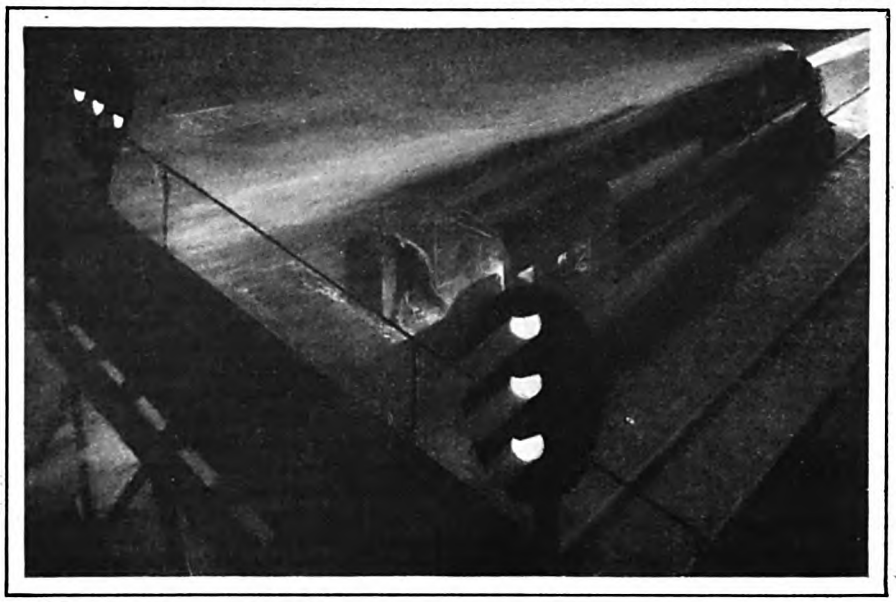

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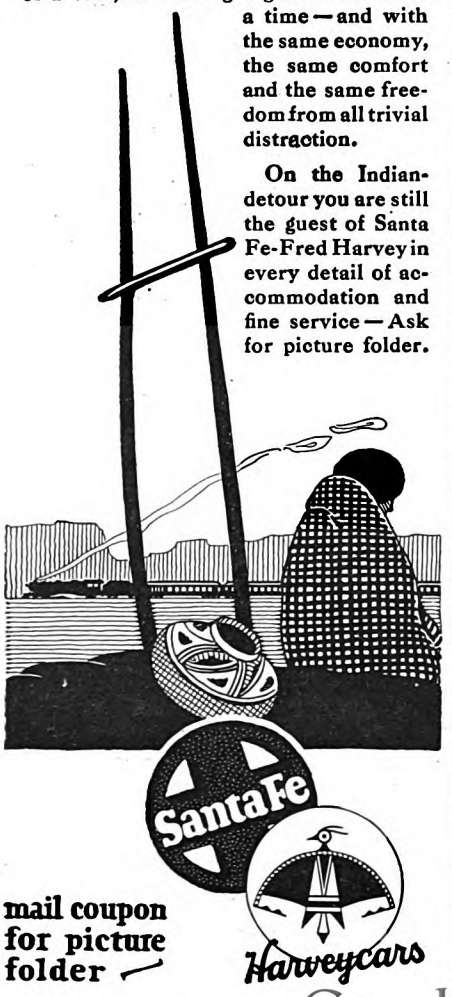

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His next step to "meet another expressed need"—the establishment of a direct telegraph wire and brokerage office in Hot Springs—found an immediate supporter in Colonel S. W. Fordyce, a local magnate. Fordyce had watched Lonsdale's railroad fight, and he did not hesitate to introduce him to the visiting money kings. At Hot Springs these men were on vacation, with leisure on their hands. The result was that Lonsdale, in a year's time, was better acquainted with many of the greatest financial figures of the day than many successful brokers who had spent years in New York. He rose like a rocket in the brokerage world. Before he was thirty great New York firms were bidding high for his services.

In 1904, quitting Hot Springs, he moved to New York and became a partner in the banking and brokerage firm of Logan and Bryan. During the next ten years he was almost phenomenally successful. He engineered "big deals." He made more money than he had ever dreamed of possessing. But those ten years held no "high spots," except his marriage in 1913 to Marie Allen, of Georgia. That marriage in a few short years was destined radically to change his whole life.

Lonsdale had been previously married and left a widower. A daughter had been born to that union; but a son was born to this, and he had longed for a son. There was no prouder, more delighted father in New York.

They were living in a fashionable block on Fifth Avenue. One morning Lonsdale made out an impressive list of various things the new baby would need. Then, summoning the nurse girl, he dispatched her to the drug store on the corner to buy such of the articles as usually are sold by druggists.

The nurse returned empty-handed. "The druggist doesn't keep any of these things, sir," she stated.

"What?" roared Lonsdale.

"He says, sir," repeated the nurse, "that nobody hereabouts ever has babies, and it doesn't pay him to keep baby supplies."

Mr. Lonsdale recounted the incident to his wife. "Marie," he said, "we've wandered a long way from home. This neighborhood and the New York that we know is too highly civilized."

"Homesick?" inquired Mrs. Lonsdale.

"You bet I am!" exploded Lonsdale. "I'm homesick for a bit of Arkansas mud on my shoes! I'm tired of walking on concrete. I want our boy to grow up where a new baby is the town's first citizen!"

AND down in St. Louis, which is just a night's jump from Arkansas, the troubled directors of the National Bank of Commerce were considering the suggestion which a great capitalist had made that they secure Lonsdale for the presidency. John Lonsdale confessed to me that, deep in his heart, he believed God had something to do with making that board of directors consider his name.

In due course a letter came to him in New York: "We would like you to come to St. Louis."

Lonsdale hesitated. After all, in New York he had attained wealth, position, and what men called success, and he was only three years beyond forty. Was it wise to give up all this to become a stranger in a strange place, at the head of a bank which had suffered almost a mortal blow?

"At least, go and talk with them," suggested Mrs. Lonsdale. And she added slyly, "Doesn't that bank do some business in Arkansas?"

Still uncertain, head fighting with heart, Lonsdale boarded a St. Louis train. It had been twelve years since he had left the Southwest. As the train turned westward through the hills of Pennsylvania, the car wheels began to sing the song heard by every man bound home!

"That bank *does* do business in Arkansas," muttered Lonsdale. "And there's no reason why it can't do more."

He settled back comfortably into his seat and listened to the wheels. The Big Town was behind him and he was "rollin' home"!

I SUPPOSE there were a good many business men in St. Louis at that time who often wondered why "somebody" didn't make it his business to take the lid off the National Bank of Commerce. It was the biggest bank in the city, with assets of $60,000,000; but its wonderful possibilities were bottled up and sealed by an excess of conservatism.

Lonsdale proved to be the Somebody. First off, as I've mentioned, he turned the organization inside out by establishing private offices for stenographers, and abolishing private offices for executives. "You fellows that want responsibility," he said to them, "can have it. Go ahead and show what you can do. It's teamwork of the entire organization that's going to count."

Next, he studied the list of $6,000,000 in questionable assets that had been charged off the books prior to his arrival. He concluded that some of these assets were collectable, and proceeded to collect. When it became necessary, he instituted suits, though some of these suits involved people high in financial circles.

"This bank," he announced, "will play no favorites. Depositors, large or small, will be treated alike. The only requirements a borrower must meet are personal character and sound collateral."

Twenty-eight railroads have lines entering St. Louis. The bank had little or none of this business. Lonsdale went after those roads, and made a majority of them patrons of his bank.

Here and there in the Southwest he spied aggressive, able young men at the head, or near the head, of purely local institutions engaged in banking. These men had "made good" in their own communities. They had followings. One by one Lonsdale reached out and brought them to St. Louis to serve in executive capacities in his bank. He wanted the business of those wide-flung communities, and he got it—by recruiting their own best talent.

To-day the National Bank of Commerce is a $100,000,000 institution. It had 8,000 customers when Lonsdale took charge. Its customers now number 100,000. The deposits have jumped in twelve years from $37,000,000 to more than double that figure. In fact, there's no sounder bank in the whole Southwest than this once tottering structure.

And John Lonsdale is the man who made it so.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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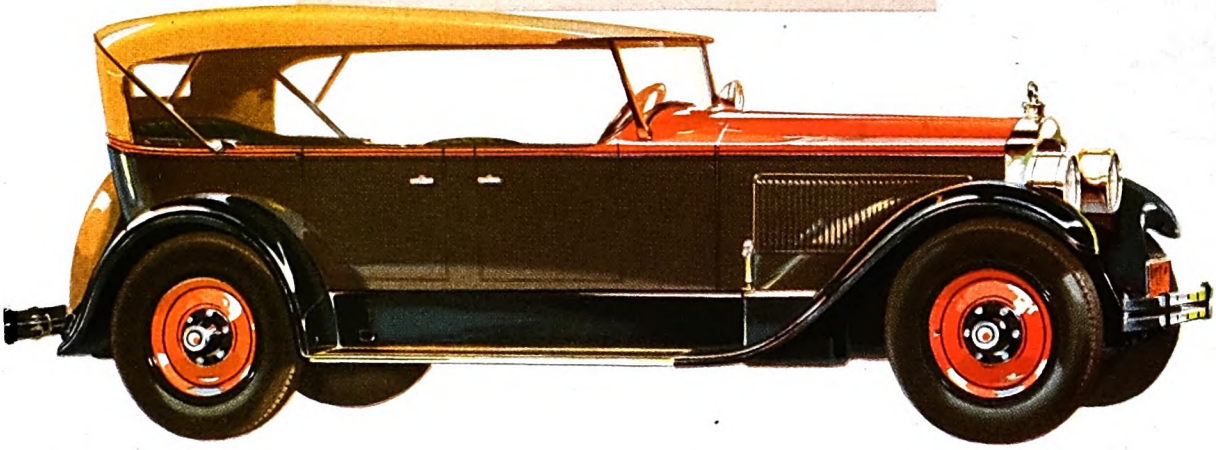
"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars"



BALANCE

What Packard means by "balance" in a motor car goes far beyond the mechanical balance of parts which assures silent, vibrationless operation. Packard's clientele takes that for granted.

The balance in which Packard takes pride is that perfect balance of desirable qualities which led one enthusiastic owner to write that his Packard was "the supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."

Packard's deliberate aim for 27 years has been to develop a car of all-around excellence—not a car famous merely for one outstanding trait but of acknowledged superiority in all. Those who own Packard cars know how well Packard has succeeded.

Whatever you may expect from a motor car the Packard will provide to an unusual degree. Beauty, smartness and distinction recognized and imitated the world around. Speed unsurpassed by any but racing cars. Roominess and comfort which are proverbial. Low operating cost and long life which make Packard ownership a real economy.

It is the *balanced excellence* of Packard cars which makes them so universally admired and desired.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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PORTABLE ROYAL TYPEWRITER

EXPERIENCED travelers take the Royal Portable Typewriter as essential equipment on sea or land, wherever they go. Most modern of lightweight typewriters, it is constantly helpful—when writing letters ahead for reservations, when writing letters home, when keeping a personal record of travel experiences—easy to write, easy to read.

Standard keyboard, ease of operation, visible writing, and many special features give the owner of a Royal Portable all the conveniences of a big office machine. This dependable portable, weighing only nine and a half pounds, is built to last a lifetime by the skilled workmen who make the famous Royal Standard Typewriter. $60.00 complete with carrying case—many prefer gradual payments—an investment in good service that appeals to good sense.

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Perfect visibility of writing.
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"Everybody wants one"

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Do You Know What Makes a Popular Song Popular?

(*Continued from page 55*)

name of this song was 'Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl,' and it sold one million seven hundred thousand copies.

"Unfortunately, it was published just before the law went into effect giving composers their share of the mechanical rights on player-pianos, phonographs, and other reproducing machines, so we did not get anything out of those; but we did quit our jobs and get married on the royalties."

"How many songs have you written?"

"I have no idea. For the first ten years I used to write about ten or twelve a year; but now I work. I have written as high as eighty-five in a year."

"How long does it take you to write a song?"

"About an hour. If I can't do it in one sitting, I can't do it at all."

"What do you write first?"

"The last line of the chorus, and work backward. I usually have a great many lines left over from the first verse, and I take the second verse out of them."

"Is the music written first?"

"Nearly always. One of the boys, like Walter Donaldson or Ted Fiorito, with whom I have written a great many songs, will come over to the house and say, 'I've got a flock of tunes I'd like to play for you.' So he sits down and plays ten or twelve or twenty tunes. When he plays one that sounds good to me I stop him and have him play it over and over again, and then I try to hear what the notes seem to say. A trick in writing popular songs is to write words that actually fit the music."

"HOW many popular songs are published every year?" I asked. "How many make money? How many are hits? How many are total losses?"

"I'd say roughly," replied Kahn, "that about two thousand popular songs are published every year by reputable publishers; that less than ten per cent make any money worth mentioning; that seventy-five per cent are total losses, and that the real hits assay about one half of one per cent.

"Between ten and fifteen million dollars are spent by the public each year for popular songs, and this is about ten times as much as was spent for popular songs twenty years ago. Women are by far the biggest purchasers—five to one.

"The West and Middle West are the biggest markets. And more popular songs are sold per capita in the city than in the country."

"What makes a song popular—the words or the music, or both?"

"The happy combination of both. The ideal set-up comes when the words say just what the music says, and when these words express colloquially something that every young person has tried to say—and somehow *can't*. If the music has a rhythm that matches the rhythm of the words, and if the words have sounds that harmonize with the music, you've got something."

"What rhythm is the most popular?" I continued.

"That one's easy!" smiled Kahn. "There are ever so many popular fox-trots and one-steps, of course, but I'm sure that the outstanding hit of every period is a waltz. I'm referring to the big nation-sweeping hits. Just look at a few of them. Start with 'After the Ball,' 'Merry Widow,' 'My Hero,' 'Pink Lady,' 'Isle of Golden Dreams,' 'Beautiful Ohio,' 'Naughty Waltz,' 'What'll I Do?' 'Three o'Clock in the Morning,' 'Midnight Waltz,' and 'Sometime.' They are all waltzes."

"What are the most popular themes?"

"A cinch! 'Mother,' 'Sweetheart,' 'Home,' and 'Yearning for You.' All these simple heart-tugs have infinite variations.

"Father is usually good in songs only when he is comedy. He isn't taken seriously. Remember 'Everybody Works But Father,' and 'What's the Matter With Father, He's All Right.'

"I think the 'home' song originated in the South, and many of them with the negroes," Kahn went on. "We also got our moonlights, and balmy breezes, and wish I was back again stuff from them."

"Why do the Southern states get the spotlight in popular songs? Why is it you never hear of people wanting to go back to North Dakota, Montana, or Rhode Island?"

"I think it is because most Southern states have musical names—Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, as examples. Compare such names with Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New Hampshire. You must also remember that popular song writers are partial to names that are easily rhymed.

"Incidentally, I'll tell you something curious: Whenever I write a song that I cannot sing the way a colored singer would sing it—if it doesn't sound smooth when sung with the darky accent—it's almost sure not to go. Don't ask me why, because I don't know."

"WHY do popular songs die so suddenly?"

"The main reason is that there are so many songs nowadays. Years ago, one singer went all over the country with a song, and it took several years to go around. Now, a song written at three o'clock in the morning in New York is being broadcast on the radio at seven o'clock in the same evening, and is heard simultaneously in Seattle, Minneapolis, and in Miami.

"If it sounds good, wires are coming into the New York and Chicago offices for orchestrations, and within a week a thousand orchestras are playing it all over the country, it's being sung in vaudeville, in movie theatres, and it's being dinned nightly into a hundred thousand homes from fifty radio stations, more or less. Probably more people heard 'Sometime,' and heard it more times in the first three months of its existence, than have

Why some women look old before their time

In this fast moving era with its ill-adjusted habits of health, many women, even very young women, suffer in looks from the poisons they themselves set up — the poisons of Auto-Intoxication.

TRUE beauty comes from within. A clear skin, flashing eyes and radiant animation are results of a healthy physical condition—the rewards of obedience to nature's laws.

Yet glance about you and see how few women enjoy perfect health. See how this quick-step round of duties, cares and pleasures has taken its toll from nine out of every ten women you know.

Nature rebels when we lead nervous but physically inactive lives. Digestive disturbances develop and frequently stoppage of waste products in the intestines ensues. These waste products, fermenting, set up poisons which are carried through the body by the blood—causing a form of self-poisoning known as Auto-Intoxication.

Auto-Intoxication shows itself in dull headaches, fatigue, indigestion and in a hundred different ways. It makes women look old before their time. It brings unhappiness, depression, irritability.

To combat Auto-Intoxication "stoppage" must be swept away. To do this Sal Hepatica, a palatable effervescent combination of several salines, is a safe and approved standby.

It stimulates the release of the natural secretion of water in the intestines and this, in turn, brings about prompt elimination by flushing.

You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

Send for the new booklet on Auto-Intoxication which tells you how this common ailment affects health and beauty.

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Dept. L-67; 71 West St.
New York City

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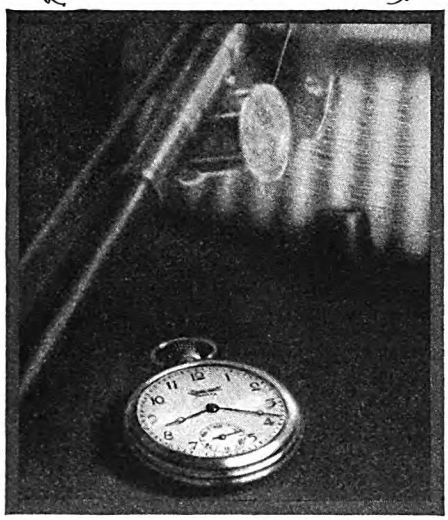

Dependable Time and a Carefree Mind
for
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If Mr. W— loses his expensive gold watch or has it stolen, it means a big investment for a new one. If he breaks it, it means a sizable repair bill.

If instead for Summer Time he either carries an Ingersoll Yankee or wears an Ingersoll Wrist Watch, he has a watch that will keep dependable time under all conditions and more dependable time than expensive, delicate watches under conditions of hard usage.

If he loses his Ingersoll or has it stolen, he can get it replaced easily at one of the hundred thousand stores that sell Ingersolls. And if he breaks it he can get it repaired quickly and at a nominal cost by sending it to the Ingersoll Service Department, at Waterbury, Conn.

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heard 'Love's Old Sweet Song' sung in ten years."

"The man of the street would like to know how a popular song gets popularized," I said. "For instance, he hears it in vaudeville, then on the radio, and then at a dance. How does it get started, and what are the ways in which it is pushed?"

"Well, first of all, the lyric writer has succeeded in fitting words to a tune which one of the melody boys has hammered out. They go to a publisher with it, and play it over for one or two gentlemen known as 'song-pickers.' They are the ones who exercise the executive 'No.' In fact, they say 'No' so much that they have almost forgotten how to say 'Yes.'

"Now, they don't know what the public wants any more than I do, but they do know some of the things the public *doesn't* want. Years of publishing have furnished them with a large stock of experience, and they have bought a great many costly mistakes which they don't intend to buy again if they can help it.

"A youthful beginner who comes bouncing in, full of vim and vigor and blissful ignorance, does not know all the things that cannot be done, so he goes ahead and *does* them. If he gets away with it, something new is accomplished, and the old stand-by boys come following along after him.

"Well, anyway, the song-pickers decide that the new song has a chance. Then a copyright copy is printed, a plain black and white copy, and this is submitted to the best singers available in the New York locality. These singers try it out on the public, and in that way they get a line on the song's possibilities. If it seems to go over, the publisher gets out orchestra arrangements in two to seven keys. Then the publisher gets out special orchestrations for dancing, quartet arrangements, brass band arrangements, glass slides and reels of films for the movie houses, and organist copies.

"But to return to the publisher, who is still getting out different variations of the song. He must now get out special professional versions. For instance, one for two boys to sing in duet form; one for a boy and girl to sing in duet form; others for two girls in duet form, or for extra choruses, or for comedy choruses, or for patter choruses. A patter, as you know, has one of those long monologue talks between the verses while the orchestra is playing a few introductory bars of the song over and over again.

"All this material is shipped to the various offices. Important firms, like Remick, Berlin, or Feist, have at least a dozen branch offices, in Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, Denver, and other cities. Out of these offices travel people who sing the songs, people who persuade acts to use the songs, salesmen who see the trade, and various other missionaries of light and laughter. Would you believe there are from twenty to thirty thousand orchestra leaders in this country who eventually get orchestrations of a popular song?"

"WHAT chance has an unknown song-writer of getting a hit?"

Mr. Kahn smiled a tired smile. "Well, I suppose I ought to say he has a very good chance; this would enliven and hearten about forty-eight million fellow Americans, of whom thirty-seven million write to me regularly. But, to be brutally frank, the unknown writer has about the same chance of putting over a song hit as one who knows nothing about stocks and bonds has of making a killing in Wall Street. It *has* been done, of course. Occasionally, someone breaks the bank at Monte Carlo. Two unknown youths wrote 'Yes, We Have No Bananas,' for instance.

"I don't mean to say that the publishers aren't always looking for new stuff, but they are doing it out of the corners of their eyes. Naturally, they look to the writers of the current hits for their next hits, and they give the recognized writers the most careful consideration. As a matter of self-protection, the publishers listen to everything that comes in. There is no telling when a 'Yes, We Have No Bananas' is going to show up. But it seldom does—and the publishers hardly expect it."

"WHAT has become of the old-fashioned song-writer—the one who wrote poems that were later set to music?" I inquired.

"He went out along with detachable cuffs," replied Kahn. "To-day, practically all songs are written to be danced to. They have nervous, broken rhythms, with the result that the lyric writer must fit words to these rhythms, with efforts that call for considerable ingenuity. You will find this is one of the reasons for so many repetitions in song lyrics and the introduction of colloquial expressions which can be repeated, like 'Oh, Oh, Oh,' 'Yes, Sir; No, Sir,' and the result of this use of colloquial expressions, repetitions, and general offhand tone is that when a person reads a really good popular song he immediately says, 'Oh, for heaven's sake, I could have written that myself!' When a song writer hears people say that about a song, or when he hears them singing it when they are dancing, he goes right out and starts spending the royalties."

"How many copies are supposed to be a good sale?"

"If you sell a million to-day, it's a 'wow'—five hundred thousand is a big sale. In the good old days, two million was not unheard of. Sales are picking up again, however, and you'd never guess why.

"Pick up a copy of a popular song to-day, and you will notice a line of funny little black dots running across over the top of each bar of music. They look something like Braille type for the blind, but they are ukulele chords.

"The ukulele is bringing the popular song sales back."

"What does the average really popular song make?"

"Well, the composer and the lyric writer may get from twenty thousand dollars to forty thousand dollars—evenly divided between them. This includes the royalties on sheet music, player-piano rolls, phonograph records, and so on."

"What is there to the popular legend that a great many melody writers deliberately take themes from classic composers and revamp them for their own purposes?"

"Well, I think all the first-class melody boys conscientiously believe they create

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That's *got* it!

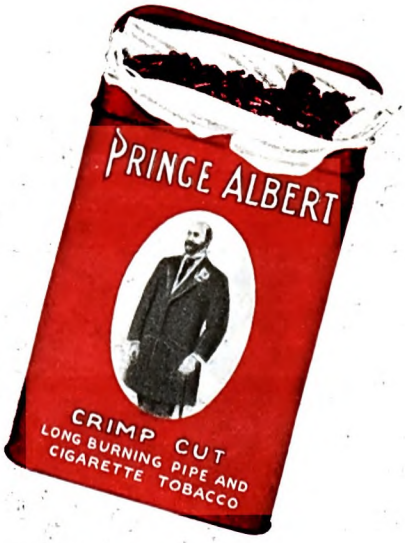
I KNEW what I wanted all the time. That's *got* it . . . that P. A. taste. I'm sold! And now I'm going to make up for lost time by working P. A. on both shifts. The minute I got a full whiff of that Prince Albert fragrance, I felt I was on the right track.

Now I know. I couldn't ask for more. P. A. has everything I ever wanted in a smoke. It couldn't be more to my liking if I had grown the tobacco myself. The very aroma that comes floating out of the tidy red tin is a treat. And that's only a starter.

When you tuck a load into your pipe and light up, that's the real thrill. That taste! That mellow, mild, can't-get-too-much-of-it taste! Cool as the spray from the bow of a boat. Sweet as a grape, plucked fresh from the vine. Fragrant as a pine-bough.

Mild, too, with a mildness that saves you from tongue-bite and throat-parch. Mild, yet with that rich, full tobacco body that lets you know you're smoking and makes you glad you *are!* Try Prince Albert, Men. Then you'll say with me: "That's *got* it!"

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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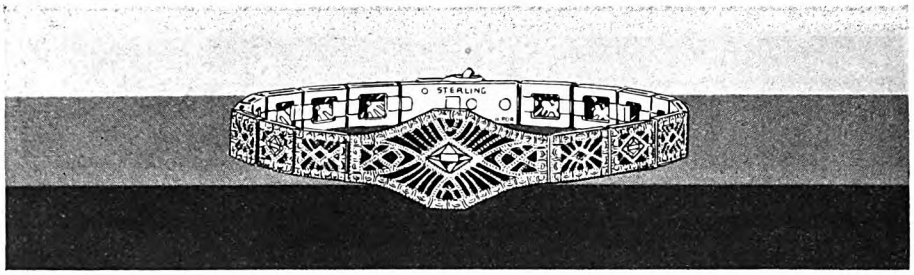

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THE girl graduate or the bridesmaid is thrilled with a Simmons Flexible Bracelet or Watch Bracelet . . . the young man getting his diploma or the usher at the wedding is delighted when given a Simmons Chain.

You have a wide range of beautiful designs to choose from when you ask to see an assortment of Simmons Chains and Bracelets. And any one you select will give years of service because it is made by the special Simmons process of drawing natural gold, green gold or white gold over a stout base metal. Yet, with all this beauty in design and thoroughness of manufacture, Simmons Chains and Bracelets are very reasonable in price . . . $4 to $15 for the chains and $6 upwards for the bracelets.

Ask your jeweler to show you the Bondstreet Chain, also the Slipon Belt Chain. The Bondstreet is winning everybody with its heavy links, and the Slipon Belt Chain is "just the thing" when vests are not worn. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS
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CHAINS

The swivel says *it's a Simmons*

their themes. They do not deliberately go out and grab a melody and write around it. I believe, however, there is a standing prize of five million dollars for four *original* bars of music, which nobody has been able to collect for some years. Naturally, the fellows who are in the music business, and listen to music all day long and far into the night, hear lots of things that soak into their subconscious, and the subconscious hums it back to them, and says, 'Listen, here's something brand-new. Take it and go *to* it.'

"At the same time I see no reason why a composer cannot use a theme for a starting point with just as much authority as a preacher will take a text for a sermon, or the author or playwright will borrow his own experiences or those reported in a newspaper story, out of which to fashion a novel or play.

"Some popular songs have had amusing beginnings. I'll tell you about one of them! A few years ago someone gave my little boy a toy pig for Christmas. It was one of those little German musical pigs—you twisted its tail and it played a little music over and over again. Walter Donaldson came over to the house one evening and succeeded by some low cunning in taking the toy away from my child. For the rest of the evening he amused himself by sitting there and twisting the little pig's tail, and listening carefully to the result. A few days later he came over to my place and played a melody for me which I liked so well that I wrote a lyric for it. It was published and was quite a sizable hit. The song was 'My Buddy,' and the idea for the music was given to Donaldson by the tune the little pig played. Neither Donaldson nor myself split any of the royalties with the pig."

It is interesting in connection with this to know that "My Buddy" forms the theme of the music which has been played in moving picture theatres to the accompaniment of "The Big Parade." And this tune, which came from a German toy pig, is played with the greatest fervor in those parts of the film where the Germans and Yanks are shooting each other.

A GREAT many people are so curious about the origin of popular song melodies," said Mr. Kahn, "that I can think of nothing more apropos than to quote from Sigmund Spaeth's excellent book, 'The Common Sense of Music,' what he has to say about the origin of 'Yes, We Have No Bananas:'

"'Sometimes one melody is not enough to create a popular song. That riot of Græco-Americanism, "Yes, We Have No Bananas," contains three melodic germs. Its opening strain is a shock. If you have ever listened to Handel's Messiah, the oratorio that is sung every Christmas in Carnegie Hall, and even more often elsewhere, you may remember the solemn moment when the chorus rises and the audience rises too, by a fixed tradition, for the famous "Hallelujah Chorus." The first four notes uttered by the mixed voices are intended to convey the word "Hallelujah."

"'Hereafter they will inevitably suggest their modern offspring, "Yes, We Have No—" and jazzinine listeners will unconsciously add their mental "bananas." There is no escaping the exact parallel—

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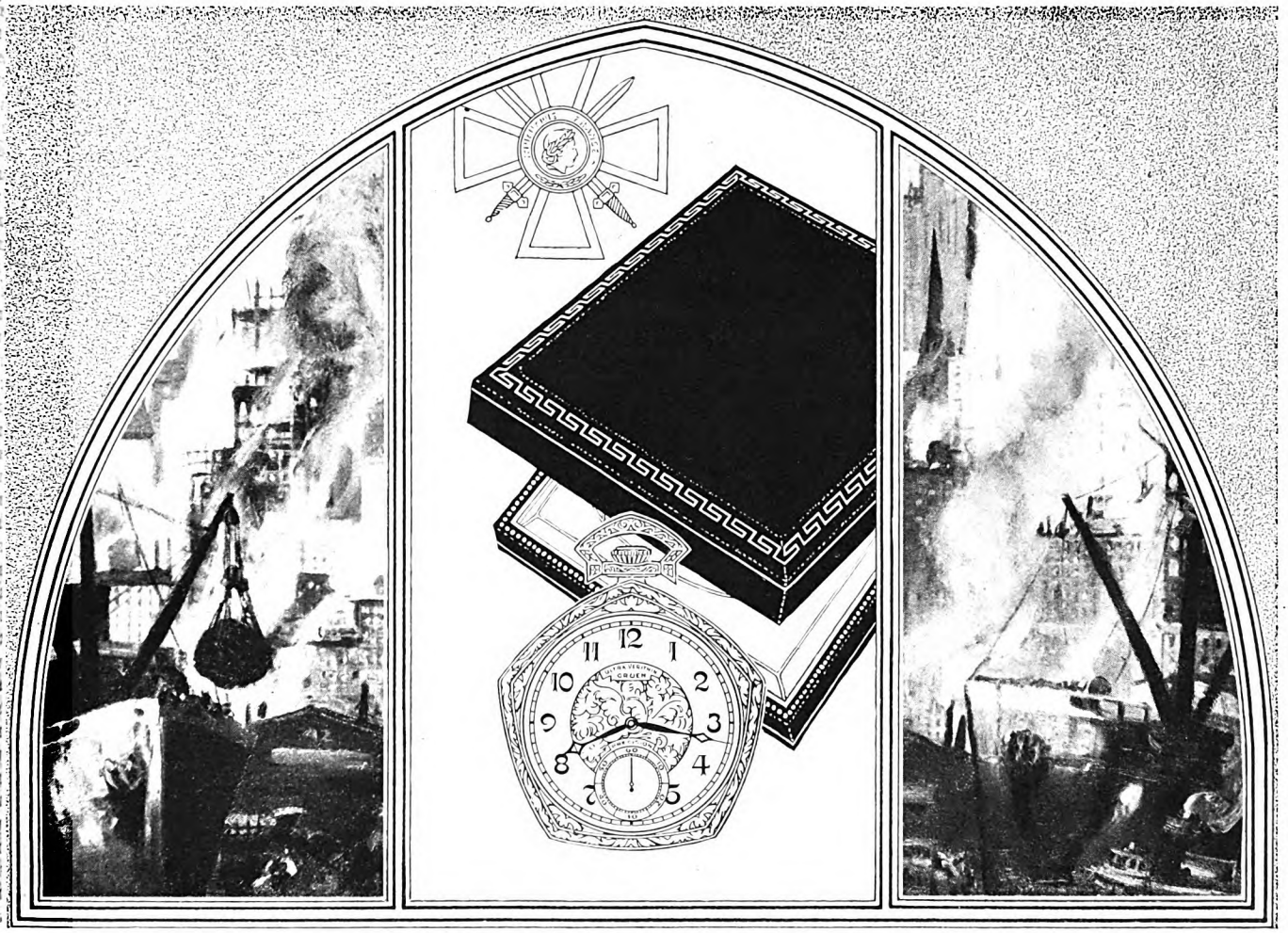

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For there exists no official committee in American commerce, industry or politics that adopts such things as standard.

And yet no official cachet could have marked the Pentagon more plainly as America's accepted presentation watch.

It has become that, as authentically as if it were solemnly appointed for the purpose, by sheer frequency of individual selection.

This was recognized when the commander of the American Expeditionary Forces was presented with a Pentagon upon his retirement.

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It has been recognized by hundreds of other organizations and individuals in America who have made the Pentagon their tribute to important achievement.

This almost universal choice must, of course, be attributed to the particular qualities of the Pentagon itself.

It is unique first of all by its shape. But its five gracefully rounded sides give it more than beauty.

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The Gruen jeweler nearest you can show you the Pentagon pictured here, as well as many others priced from $2500 to $75—including the Paladin model at $250. Consult him about the details of presentation. He can give you valuable help.

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Every Pentagon carries this GRUEN pledge mark, placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

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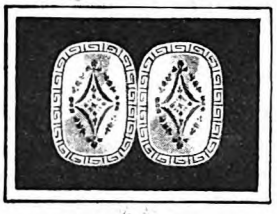
No. 2108, Krementz quality rolled white gold plate, hand engine turned design. In blue gift case $4.50 pair.



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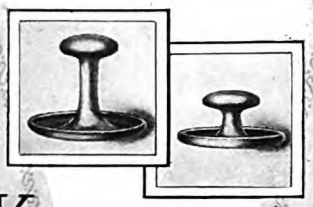

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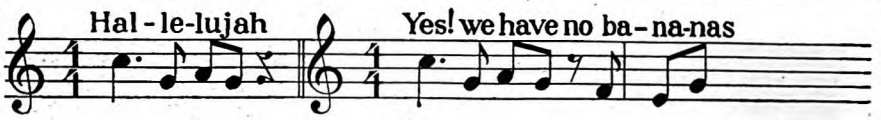
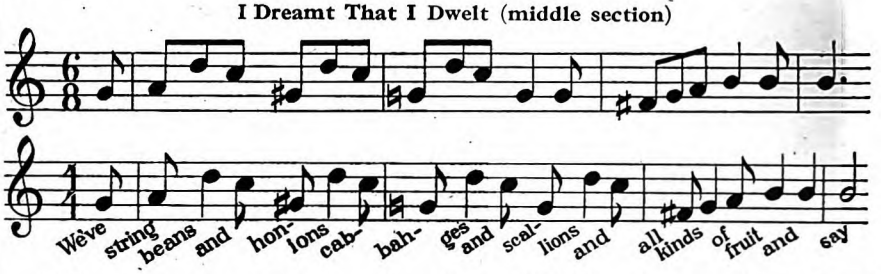


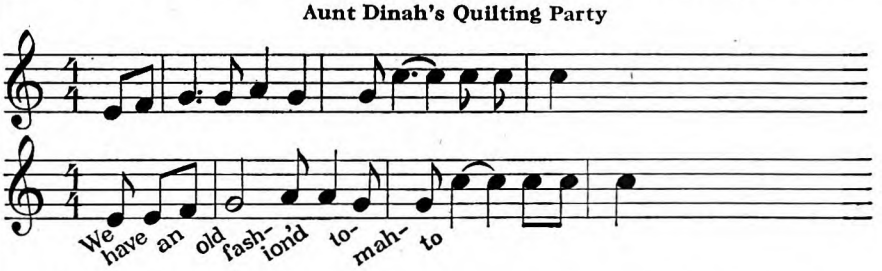
"'But this is only the beginning. The "Bohemian Girl" contains a fine melody, "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls." Its middle section is literally transcribed in the corresponding portion of "Yes, we have no," and so on, the only difference being in the time.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt (middle section)



"'Next comes a complete phrase from that good old American song, "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party," also known by the words of its chorus, "I was Seeing Nellie Home."

Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party



"'And at the end the Hallelujah of Handel once more resounds triumphantly, an everlasting reminder of our unconsciously good taste. "Oh, Bring Back my Bonnie to Me" may be recognized in the closing line; but as this is a conventional ending, the parallel is probably accidental.'"

"DO YOU always collaborate with the same melody writers?" I asked Kahn.

"For the first four or five years I wrote all my songs with my wife, Grace LeBoy, who, as I told you, wrote with me 'Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl.' I could not write with anyone else for a long time; and then one day I met Egbert Van Alstyne, who, as you know, has written many of the biggest song hits this country has ever had: 'In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree' and 'I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark,' to mention only two.

"Well, you can imagine that when Van Alstyne asked me to write songs with him, I said I would. And day after day I used to go up and sit in his apartment, and he played tunes for me for three months, and I kept sitting there and thinking—and I was so impressed and awed I couldn't think of anything to write. Finally, I did get started, and among the songs I wrote with him were 'Memories,' and 'Pretty Baby.'"

"Do you know anything about music yourself?"

"Well, when I was nineteen years old I started taking piano lessons. I took two lessons a week—for two weeks—and then my aunt, on whose piano I was performing, moved the piano to another town and ruined my musical career. Since then I took one zither lesson; but it didn't help much either."

"Have you any superstitions about your work? For instance, do you write better with your hat on, or looking out of the window, or at night? Can you work on the train? Do you require a lot of noise, or a lot of quiet?"

Kahn squirmed uneasily! "I have no superstitions."

But his wife chimed in, "Oh yes, you have. Tell him about your titles."

"I certainly won't," said Kahn emphatically.

"Well then, *I* will," she replied. "Gus tries awfully hard to get titles with six syllables. He believes they are good luck. Our first one had six syllables: 'I Wish I Had a Girl.'"

"Have you ever written any songs that you did not like after they were finished and published?" I inquired, turning back to Kahn again.

"I should say so. I wrote one once called 'So Long, Mother,' that I think is the most terrible song ever written. I prayed that it would not go, and hoped nobody would ever see it, and the darn thing sold nine hundred thousand copies, and I heard it in my dreams. I broke our lease and moved twice because people in the same apartment building sang it, played it and danced to it every day and night."

QUICKSAND! The very word sends a chill down the spine, and conjures up a vision of unsuspecting human beings and animals being sucked under its grayish surface. Next month, J. F. Coleman, for thirty years an engineer in the Mississippi Valley, tells of thrilling encounters with this treacherous substance, which has destroyed mines, wrecked railway tracks, and caused entire cities to sink many feet.

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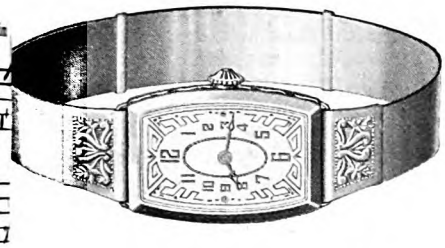
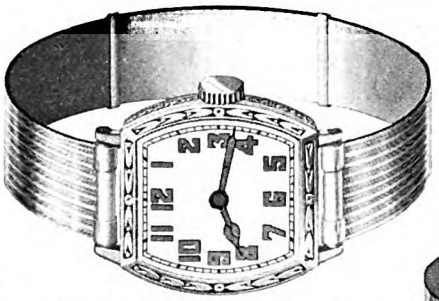
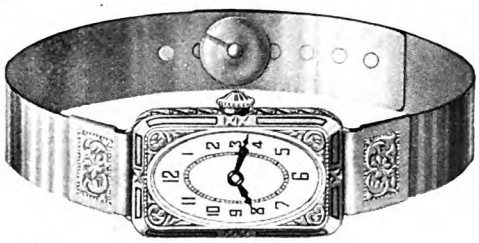
Diana Model, designed for women. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. Plain, $7.50. Decorated, $8.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch





Olympian Model, designed for men. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. Plain, $7.50. Decorated, $8.50. Can be fitted to any modern strap watch

Amazon Model, designed for women. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to fit the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. Plain, $6.50. Decorated, $7.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch



In these articles too you now can have

the style and durability you expect in the best of watch cases

YOU have learned to take much for granted in a good watch case. From nothing else do you so confidently expect lasting day in and day out service.

Now you can be just as sure of your belt buckle! Just as sure, too, of the band that holds your watch on your wrist.

For belt buckles and watch bands are now offered by Wadsworth—the same Wadsworth whose watch cases have for more than thirty-five years been the consistent choice of leading watchmakers and importers for the dress and protection of their finest movements.

The Wadsworth Belt Buckle, made in 14-kt. white or green gold filled, can not tarnish. It therefore offers all the beauty of solid gold at only a fraction of its cost.

It is the only gold filled belt buckle which meets the standard approved by the Federal Trade Commission for satisfactory wear in a watch case.

It will not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather.

Wadsworth Watch Bands, too, are made in 14-kt. white or green gold filled.

Your Wadsworth Watch Band will wear and keep its beauty as long as the watch to which it is attached.

It will add a new note of smartness to your strap or wrist watch. It can not absorb perspiration or discolor the wrist, and will always remain cool and non-binding. It never needs to be replaced for the life of the watch.

Wadsworth Watch Bands and Wadsworth Belt Buckles are to be found at your jeweler's. Ask to see them.

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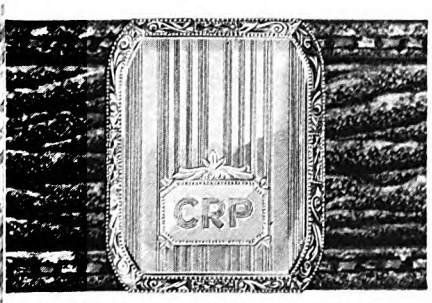
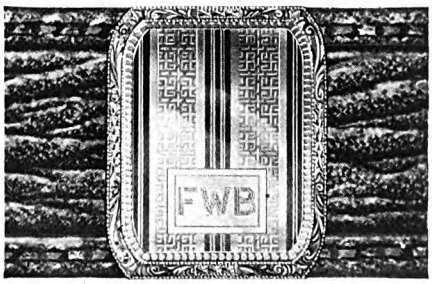
Dayton, Kentucky, Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements



The Wadsworth Gold Filled Belt Buckle is untarnishable. It will not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather

Improved Ben Hur Model, designed for men. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to conform to the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. Plain, $6.50. Decorated, $7.50. Can be fitted to any modern strap watch



The only gold filled buckle made to exacting watch case standards. A pleasing variety of designs, $9 to $12; sets, $15 to $20. Can be had also in sterling silver: $2.50 to $7; sets, $5 to $12

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Life's minor handicaps (such as cuff buttons)

This young fellow is trying to dress in a hurry. He has to catch his train. But he can't get his cuff buttons fastened fast enough. And he's either going to lose his temper or miss his train.

Remedy: Kum-a-parts.

You can get Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons into cuffs easily and quickly. That's a time-and-temper-saving convenience. The little snap device—easy to fasten and unfasten—sees to that for you.

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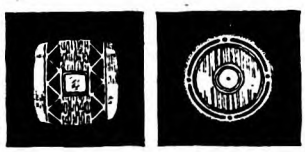
The new Slip-in-Studs for evening wear make putting on a stiff shirt a pleasure.



Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons

Broadway Comes to Lakewood!

(*Continued from page 37*)

only the air of the theatre? Haven't you labeled them, in your own mind, as vain, jealous, self-seeking? Have you ever thought of them as sharing your own simple, wholesome tastes? You have dreamed, perhaps, of spending weeks in the Maine woods or some other haunt of nature lovers. But would you ever have dreamed of an *actor* as your ideal of a companion?

I doubt it. Yet, for more than a quarter of a century, there has been no dearth of actors at Lakewood. On the contrary, ten times as many as can be used there are eager to go.

Because of the money reward? Decidedly not! The salaries they receive are so small as to be negligible. They go because they love just what you and I love!

I went to Lakewood myself last summer. I watched the members of the stock company rehearsing in the morning, playing in the afternoon, and play-*acting* in the evening. I never saw a happier set of people. And the secret of their happiness was that they were combining play and work! The work was just as necessary to their enjoyment as the play was.

HAVING been introduced to this group of figures in the story, let us go back to Herbert Swett, the leading character in it. Here, too, our traditional notions about people are likely to receive a jolt.

Mr. Swett is a business man: a rather stout, rather bald, gentleman, with the crisp, efficient manner of the typical office executive. He can think and talk in terms of dollars and cents.

But a surprising number of these unromantic-looking business men possess a certain unsuspected trait: They sincerely want their business to "show a profit" in something *more* than dollars and cents. They have their ideals; and they try to bring them into their business.

Herbert Swett is this kind of business man. When he found himself running a street-car line to an amusement park which was really a man-made scar "on the fair face of Nature," he began to work toward his ideal of what such a park might be.

To-day, as you approach Lakewood by the road, you do not see a phalanx of garbage cans. You do not see even the rear of a cheap hotel. Instead, there is a vine-wreathed pergola, through whose white pillars come glimpses of blue water.

That pergola might be said to mark the site of a battle fought and won. When Mr. Swett proposed tearing down the hotel, the suggestion was received with consternation.

What! Tear down something that brought in money? Not much money, to be sure, but a little, nevertheless. Tear it down and put up a *pergola*, which wouldn't yield a nickel in revenue?

People thought he was crazy. They could not see that order and cleanliness and beauty have *an actual cash value*.

As time went on, this battle for his ideals was fought again and again. After some years, Mrs. Shepherd, on whose sympathetic understanding he could always count, died. There were other changes in the personnel of his associates. Finally it came to a definite break. As he baldly described it, he was fired.

The situation was not one that would encourage a man to have faith in the ideal he had striven for. But Herbert Swett's faith remained unshaken. With a little backing from friends who shared his ideas, he acquired the traction company property, including the park.

During the previous twenty years, he had accomplished something toward its transformation. Now, with absolute control, he staked everything on his belief that people do want the finer things of life—beauty, simplicity, wholesome recreation, all that stimulates body and mind.

OTHER summer resorts have done some of the things which he is doing at Lakewood. They have horses for riding, links for golfers, a country club for dancing, a tea-house, tennis courts, and dinners, and bridge parties. They, too, have canoeing and sailing and speed-boats. But Lakewood alone has the Lakewood Players! That institution is unique.

Two years ago, the old barn was enlarged and made into a real theatre. There wasn't any too much money with which to accomplish the transformation; not enough to spend on external show, if the interior was to be made comfortable and properly equipped. Outside, it is just a neat white building without architectural pretensions, although this will be changed in time.

But it is a real theatre; and in certain ways it is unlike any other theatre I have seen.

In the first place, it is always open! The doors are not closed, from early in the morning until after the audience has departed at night. All day long, people wander in and out.

The curtain is not down. There is the stage, set for the first act of the evening performance. On either side of the auditorium are groups of windows, with *inside* window boxes, filled with flowering plants.

These windows, hung with gay cretonne curtains, open into the forest. But I watched the people, as they came and went; and it was not the forest outside that claimed their interest. Sometimes they would sit there for fifteen minutes without saying a word, or speaking only in hushed voices, almost as if in a church.

It may seem a little thing, this keeping the house open during the day; but it is an example of Herbert Swett's instinctive understanding of human nature.

To most of us the theatre, with its tremendous power to influence us, has been quite another world from the one in which we live. Not one person in a thousand ever sees the interior of a playhouse except during a performance.

If a city manager would leave his doors open, as some churches do, and let us go in and out at will, I believe there would come a subtle sense of mutual "belonging" which would bring our world and the world of the theatre much closer together.

To the people who go to Lakewood, this theatre is as accessible as your grocery

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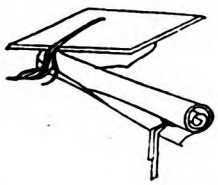
For Graduation give an Accurate Watch

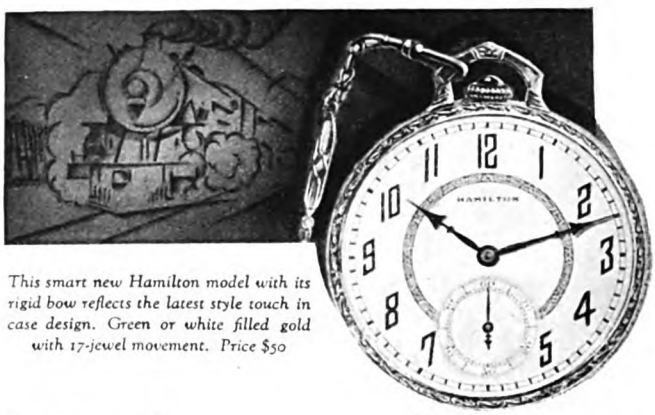


There is one gift of which every graduate is inevitably and most justly proud—a handsome watch.

A WATCH has beauty, it has elegance, it has lasting value. But a gift-watch must have two further qualities—accuracy and dependability. And these are the distinguishing characteristics of the Hamilton Watch.

In a fine timepiece, accuracy is indeed the prime requisite. It is the outstanding achievement of the Hamilton—the quality which has won for it the name—"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy." It is, in fact, so accurate that it is preferred by most American railroad men.

The Hamilton Watch has an inherent dependability, too, that justly sets it apart from other watches. If you could see the watch in the process of making, you would realize why this is so. Each tiniest screw and pivot, each balance wheel and spring, is fashioned to that minute precision which insures the accuracy and dependability of the Hamilton Watch.

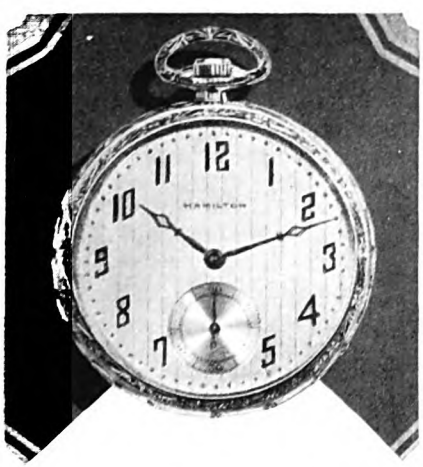


This smart new Hamilton model with its rigid bow reflects the latest style touch in case design. Green or white filled gold with 17-jewel movement. Price $50

MAY we not send you our two informative booklets, "The Timekeeper," which illustrates Hamilton Watches at prices from $48 to $685, and "The Care of Your Watch"? Address Hamilton Watch Company, 883 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

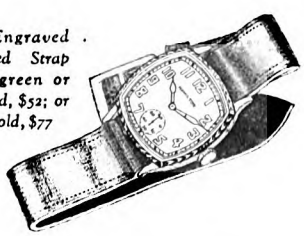
HAMILTON offers a splendid selection of 17-jewel thin models in cases of white or green filled gold, plain or chased. The prices range from $48 to $57, with a particularly attractive group at

$50

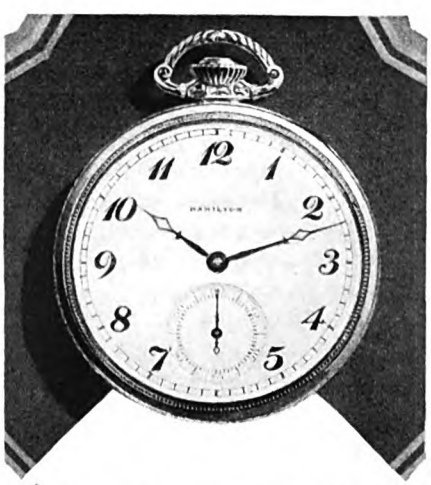


The Hamilton Masterpiece has a superb 23-jewel movement and is cased in 18k white or green gold with beautiful hand carving. The raised numerals are of 18k gold. Price $250

The new Hamilton Fillmore has a touch of elaboration through the gracefully chased bow. In white or green filled gold case with 17-jewel movement. Price $50



Hamilton Engraved Cushion-shaped Strap Watch—in green or white filled gold, $52; or in 14-karat gold, $77



Hamilton Watch *The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

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MORE than a professional man—more than someone with vast experience—your physician is most frequently a friend whose confident advice brings comfort and courage.

And you realize as never before how you rely upon him when you face the first challenge of motherhood and look to him for support.

At that time he may recommend certain medicinal products in order to bring relief and combat conditions. On the purity and effectiveness of those products much will depend. How will you be sure that the articles you buy are the best you can obtain? There is only one way!

Observe the name of their maker, and what it stands for.

There is one name you can trust as you trust your physician —*Squibb*. For almost seventy years this name has been recognized by physicians, pharmacists, and users of medicinal products everywhere as full guaranty of skill, knowledge and manufacturing integrity.

When you buy any product under the Squibb label, its finer quality becomes immediately apparent. Squibb's Milk of Magnesia is an excellent example. It is perfectly smooth, entirely free from the unpleasant, "earthy" taste of the ordinary product. It is pure, uniform, easy to take and of full strength.

These qualities are the result of years of effort and research directed to the one end of producing a Milk of Magnesia as nearly perfect as skill and science can make it. That is why Squibb's Milk of Magnesia is acknowledged everywhere to be "The Standard of Quality."

Milk of Magnesia is frequently prescribed by physicians to expectant mothers because it neutralizes acids both in the mouth and the stomach, often helps digestion and acts as an extremely mild laxative. If your physician recommends that you use Milk of Magnesia, you will find it well worth while to insist that your druggist supply you with Squibb's.

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store is to you. They have an everyday intimacy with it. If it wasn't a first-class playhouse they would resent the fact; just as you would resent having to buy your food at an unsanitary market.

It seems to me a fine thing that they should have that feeling. Yet this particular method of achieving the result never had occurred to me until I saw how Mr. Swett has done it at Lakewood.

IN TALKING with me about the Lakewood playhouse, a good many people have spoken of it as a "unique theatrical venture." But if it were only that, I should not be writing about it. To me it seems an extraordinary human *ad*venture.

Over and over again, Mr. Swett has had tempting offers from people who wanted to put in the "jazz" features common in most amusement parks. He refused these offers, even when he sorely needed money to develop his own plans.

He was called visionary and impractical. His ideals were laughed at. To give the best plays in the Maine woods, for instance! How would he foot the bills? Maine was a notoriously bad theatrical state, anyway. Even the town theatres, putting on cheap road shows, had hard sledding.

To all of which, Mr. Swett replied: "Perhaps they have hard sledding *because* they put on cheap shows. Perhaps Maine is a bad theatrical state because its people want something better than they are offered. I was born and brought up in Maine. I know that I, for one, want the *best*, in the theatre and in everything else. I have enough faith in the people of my state to believe that they want it too."

We were in his office, which is in one corner of the theatre building, when he repeated this to me. We had been sitting there an hour, talking of his dreams and efforts at Lakewood. The conversation had been interrupted, every few minutes, by telephone calls. They came from Skowhegan, Madison, Augusta, Bangor, Jackman—almost at the Canadian border; from Solon, Bingham, Guilford; from villages too small to dream of supporting a theatre of any kind; even from farmhouses on lonely country roads.

These telephone calls were orders for seats: "bunches" of seats; three, four, five; even one for a party of twenty!

During the performance, the previous night, more than two hundred automobiles were parked under the trees which flank the roadway. After the play was over, it took these cars half an hour to pass, in a steady stream, up the road to the main highway.

There the stream divided and whirled away in three directions. Many of those cars would not reach their destination inside of an hour. Some of them would be two hours or more on the way. Lakewood plays begin promptly at eight and close at ten-thirty. But, even so, it would be early morning before some of the audience would get to bed. And in a region where early rising is more or less of a necessity this means more than it would in a city.

An audience at Lakewood is an interesting slice of life. In it you may see such men as Judge Pattangall, of the Supreme Court of Maine, one of the most brilliant lawyers in the state. He attends every play that is given during the season. Or you may see the head of a great corpora-

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PAINT FOR BEAUTY
with this white *white paint*

A cool white house on a shaded green lawn!

You may have denied yourself the pleasure of having the white house you really wanted because white paint required frequent renewal.

But not now. There *is* a paint that is brilliantly white when first applied—and brilliantly white through all its long life. The name of this *white* white paint that stays white is 40-40-20.

40-40-20 is the Registered Trade Mark of The New Jersey Zinc Company and paint bearing this trade mark is made from its specified products according to its specially developed paint formula. It is made in white, and in pure, clear, durable tints by 120 paint manufacturers. Write to us for free booklet.

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tion, with a party of guests—important business men from Boston or New York. You will find there "the best people" from the state capital, aristocratic Augusta.

But you will find, also, little groups from the villages "up-river;" people who are hungry for entertainment. What kind of entertainment?

Well, how about "Outward Bound," a play which captivated the critics and other alleged high-brows? These Maine folks packed the Lakewood theatre every night of the week that "Outward Bound" was presented. They liked it so well that they asked to have it repeated. They crowded the house to see "The Green Goddess," "The Boomerang," "The Ghost Between," and other metropolitan successes. They are eager for the *best*, in plays and in acting; and they appreciate the best when it is given them.

In some ways, the performances at this literally backwoods theatre are better than the New York ones. The company is called a "stock company;" but probably no other stock company can show so brilliant a list of members.

The director is Howard Lindsay, who directed the Broadway production of "The Poor Nut," "Dulcy," "To the Ladies," "The Haunted House," and other successful plays. Any city stock company would jump at the chance of getting Howard Lindsay. He goes to Lakewood instead; simply because he is *happier* there.

For the same reason, Arthur Byron heads the list of players. With his long and brilliant record on the stage, he is perhaps the star of the company. Stars are supposed to be decidedly "high hat"—jealous of their prestige, insistent on having all the "fat rôles." Yet Arthur Byron, after playing the lead one week, will take a minor part, or even a small "bit," in the next week's production.

That is the spirit of the whole company. It is a splendid example of team-work. No one tries to grab all the glory. In fact, no one *wants* all the glory, because no one wants to do all the work! That is the understanding; divide the work so that all will get a chance to rest and to play.

The members of the company live in separate bungalows along the lake front; but they take their meals at a clubhouse which Mr. Swett has provided for their use. Here they eat at a common table.

IF YOU could attend one of these plays, you would be amazed to learn that each one is put on after only five rehearsals. This would be impossible if the members of the cast were not experienced actors.

In one case, this was not true. Last summer, "The Old Soak" was given at Lakewood; and the leading rôle was played by its author, Don Marquis, the famous newspaper columnist and writer. It was Marquis's début as an actor; but he gave a wonderful interpretation of the character which he had created.

There is another amazing thing about these Lakewood productions: A new play is put on each week—and the same scenery is never used twice!

If the theatre were in a city, there would be immense storehouses, crammed with scenery, stage settings, and properties which could be rented. But these resources do not exist in the Maine woods! Yet, every single week of the season, the Lakewood stage blossoms out with newly-

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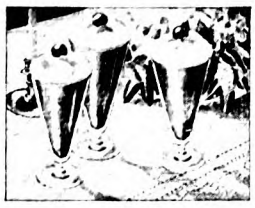

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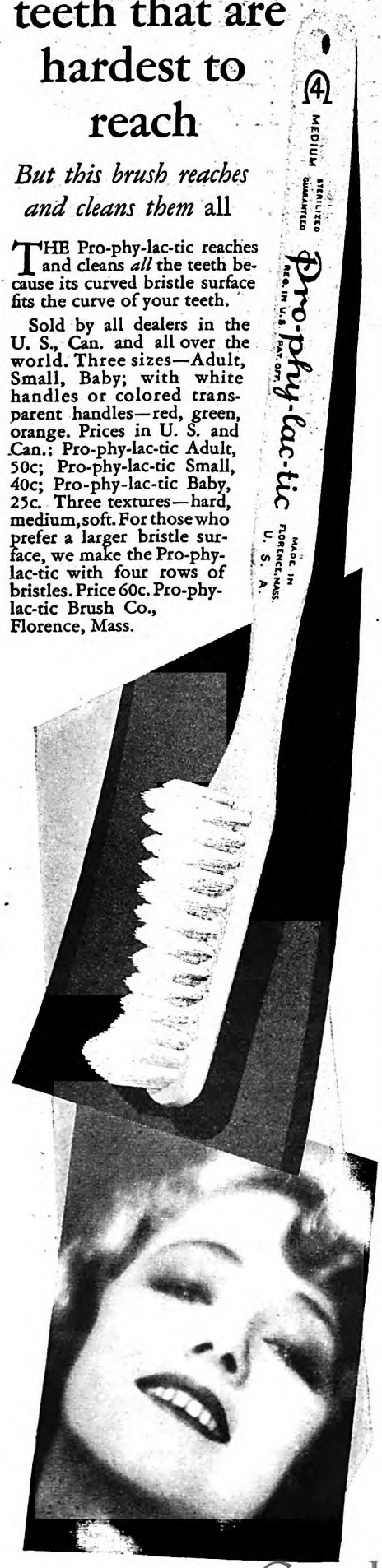

painted scenery and newly-built settings. Where do they come from?

One morning, in search of the answer to this question, I went "back-stage" to look around. I found myself in a lofty, open space, with a huge canvas leaning against the end wall. It was painted to represent a Spanish interior; and, standing in front of it, was a man in paint-stained overalls.

This man's name is Charles F. Perkins, although it has been genially shortened to "Perk" by his Lakewood friends. I wish I could give Perk a story all by himself. He deserves it. For ten years he has been the scenic artist of this unique theatre; and as a scenic artist he, also, is unique.

Mr. Perkins lives "up at the corners," a group of three or four houses at a country crossroads. Originally, he was a house painter. During the spring and the fall, house painting is still his occupation; but during the summer he becomes an artist, and by no means the least interesting of the unusual features of Lakewood life.

He has had no outside training for that job. He never has been back-stage in a city theatre. He has taught himself the technique of his work. He must paint scenes from various countries and of various historical periods; but there are no art galleries or rich libraries to which he can go for ideas and for accuracy of detail.

When I asked him about this, he pointed to the iron-bound trunk on which I was sitting. His art galleries and libraries were in that trunk! It contained, so he told me, thousands of prints and photographs which he has been collecting for years; scenes from all over the world; streets and houses, exteriors and interiors; mountains and valleys; rivers and lakes and seas.

The day of my visit, he was preparing for the next week's production of "The Squall," a Spanish play by Madame Jean Bart. Incidentally, it was to be the first production of this drama in any theatre. The Maine "back country" was to see it before New York did. The author herself was there. Blanche Yurka and Pedro de Cordoba had come to Lakewood, to be guest stars in the production. A brilliant theatrical première in the heart of the wilderness!

I SAID before that taste and intelligence are not matters of geography. I want to add that talent and ability are not matters of social rank. If you doubt this theory, try it out in your own community. Try it in your civic activities, your school boards, your women's clubs. I have seen it done. And I have watched, with amused satisfaction, the general surprise when some hitherto humble citizen, or obscure housewife, turned out to be a shrewd counselor or to have some unexpected talent.

We talk glibly about "the best people" in our town. But we don't really know who the best people are, unless we give all of them a chance to show their value to the community.

That little sermon was preached to me, back-stage at the Lakewood Theatre, as I talked with Charles Perkins, gray-haired graduate from house painting.

Hanging on the walls were some of the small settings he had made for "The Green Goddess," a play whose scenes are laid in the Himalayan Mountains. I asked him how he, a Maine countryman, could paint these scenes.

"There's more than one way of traveling," he replied calmly. "Some people go all over the world, and see nothing. Some stay at home, and see pretty near everything. If you ain't got imagination, there's no use traveling. And if you *have* got it, you don't *need* to travel. I never was any nearer to the Orient than I am this minute. But I can *feel* what it's like, because I have imagination.

"But you mustn't think I depend entirely on that. I study a whole lot. I've got to be a good many things besides an artist. When I paint mountains, for instance, I got to be a geologist. I want to know how a stratum of rocks would run. I wouldn't want some scientist to look at my scenery, and say, 'That ain't right! Them rocks wouldn't run that way!'

"When we put on 'The Bad Man,' I had to paint scenes out West in the desert, and folks said to me, 'How can you do that, when you ain't never been West?'

"But I *could* do it, because I know just how that dry, burning heat would feel; and how the sunlight would make blue shadows on the sand. I got to know about air and climate and geography."

He picked up an illustrated magazine, and showed me a scene in Spain.

"For one act in this new play," he said, "I wanted to show, through an archway, a glimpse of distant mountains. I could have painted 'em in just any old way. But I dug up this picture of *Spanish* mountains. Then I figured out what season it was, the time of day, and what the air would be like, so I could get the right effect."

All this, for a mere detail of one scene, in a play that was to be given one week, in the Maine woods!

WHILE we were talking, other "artists" were at work, each in his own way, to make this one-week production as perfect as possible.

In a separate building, the stage carpenter—another native product—was building the sets under the direction of James Bell, a well-known New York stage manager. Somewhere else, a native seamstress was making the costumes. On the stage itself, a brilliant cast was rehearsing the play. And, in the front office, the man whose vision and whose faith had brought all this about was reserving seats for people from many miles away.

It was an extraordinary bringing together of those who are eager to *give* the best and of those who crave to *receive* the best.

I asked one of the playwrights who summer at Lakewood how the audiences there compare with metropolitan ones.

"They are better!" he declared with emphasis. "Among theatrical folks there is a common saying that 'New York is the biggest bunch of rubes in the country.' Here at Lakewood we get the cream of the people for miles around; good old American stock, shrewd and intelligent. It is a joy to play to them. I wish there were hundreds of theatres like this one. It would be a great thing for the American drama and a great thing for the people.

"But that would mean having hundreds of men like Herbert Swett! Men who combine business sense with idealism—and who have the courage to build on that combination.

"Perhaps you haven't noticed one interesting thing about this place. Did you

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ever before see an amusement park without a policeman, or any kind of officer to preserve order? There is none here, and there is no need of one. The place has no pretensions to luxury or show. But everyone who comes here reacts instinctively to Mr. Swett's ideals of simplicity, quiet, order, and natural beauty. The spirit of jazz can't get in here. He won't *let* it in. And no one is more grateful to him than we stage folks are. I wish the season lasted six months instead of thirteen weeks.

"When Blanche Yurka arrived, the other day, it was raining; not the best conditions under which to see the place for the first time. But when someone asked her how long she could stay, she drew a deep breath and said, 'I don't know. But if I keep on feeling as I do now, I'll be here until Christmas!' It is that way with us all. We wish we could stay here, resting and playing and working indefinitely."

AS FOR the Maine folks, they echo that wish. They know these actors as Broadway cannot know them. They see them off the stage; Arthur Byron and James Bell in corduroy trousers and flannel shirts, building a sailboat; Howard Lindsay and Robert Hudson and Pedro de Cordoba having afternoon tea at the well-named Acadia Tea House, while a dozen ladies from Skowhegan are enjoying a bridge party in the adjoining room.

Last summer they could see Don Marquis honeymooning there with his bride, Marjorie Vonnegut, the actress. Lakewood visitors learned to know the Kathryn Keys of the stage as Mrs. Arthur Byron; and they saw the two young daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Byron make their début in the Lakewood Theatre.

Nedda Harrigan, daughter of the once famous Harrigan of "Harrigan and Hart," was there with her husband, Walter Connolly, who acted last in "Applesauce." So were Albert Hackett, vacationing briefly from "The Cradle Snatchers;" Dorothy Stickney, Hortense Alden, Estelle Carter, Eric Dressler, Cornelius Van Voorhies, and Sam Wren.

The last-named gentleman performed the duties of publicity representative; and that reminds me of how this publicity has grown. Twenty years ago, the Lakewood plays were advertised in only the two nearby towns, Skowhegan and Madison. Last season they were advertised in one hundred and twenty-five cities and towns!

"We are doing sixty per cent more business this year than last," Mr. Swett told me. "We are just striking our gait now—and it is a gait that goes by leaps and bounds. But the *goal* isn't going to be changed! It is the same one I had before me all through the years when I could only creep toward it, an inch at a time, as it seemed."

"And that goal?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I guess I am trying to give people a chance to be healthy and happy; to give them surroundings which will be good for both mind and body. I have staked everything on my belief that people do want what is really fine. I have proved that the people of my own state want it. And although I, naturally, am prejudiced in favor of Maine," he smiled, "I don't suppose we have any monopoly of intelligence. I'd be willing to try this same experiment in any state of the Union."

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The Thing I'd Like Best of All to Do

FIRST PRIZE

I'm Saving My Pennies for a Trip to the Ocean

I WANT to see the Pacific Ocean! I want to hear the thunder and roar of its great waters; see the surf, the gigantic waves, the tides, the sands. I want to sit on the rocks and paddle with bare feet in the water. I want to don a bathing suit and get into the water. I want to ride in a steamer, a yacht, or a canoe, just so it's afloat. I want to fish with a hook and line for a whale, a crab, or a tadpole, just so I fish. Oh, I want to sit on the sands of the beach and drink in my fill of the ocean!

When I was but a tiny child, a lady gave me a conch shell, and told me its roaring was the roaring of the Pacific Ocean. I spent hours with my ear close to the shell, listening to the story it told me. I dreamed of the sands, and the great waves, and as I grew my dreams grew also. I resolved to see that ocean.

As a country school-teacher, my opportunities were limited, for wages were small in those days. But later, as a farmer's wife, I started the "Ocean Fund" with odd pennies in an old sugar bowl. And it grew.

By and by, sickness came to us . . . the "Ocean Fund" was used to tide us over.

I began again. More years went by. Finally, after much careful financing and repeated sacrifice, I felt the time had come. Everything was in readiness and my trunk was packed.

A telegram came that my aged father, who had gone to spend the weeks of my purposed absence with a relative, was dangerously ill. Doctors, nurses, hospital, operation . . . the old sugar-bowl again yielded up its store.

Have I given up? No! I'm beginning again! There are less than a hundred pennies in the "sugar-bowl bank" to-day, and the silver threads are gleaming thickly in my hair; but if I live long enough, and some new billow does not again wreck the bank, I'm bound for the ocean-wave, to make that dream come true! F. L.

SECOND PRIZE

I'd Like to Have Another Try at Farming

FOR the past twenty-five years I have been cooped up in an office, doing clerical work, and for the greater part of this time I have known that the thing I'd like best of all to do is farm. I would rather have a two-horse farm of fertile land, in a good location, with two good mules, and enough riding plows, cultivators, and live stock, than be President of the United States.

I have tried several times to gratify this longing by buying small farms, and doing farming as a side line. I have bought five separate farms, and tried to carry out this plan—with no success.

My first venture was in white potatoes. I went into it on too large a scale; and when I had marketed my potatoes, I was just five hundred dollars poorer than when I had planted them. I failed on tobacco and on cotton. Then I had a try at strawberries. Through the advice of inexperienced people, I set out the wrong variety, and lost heavily.

With all the above setbacks, I have just as much faith in farming now as I had at the start, and I am just as hopeful as ever. And I would still rather have a farm than be a Captain of Industry.

Yet I have a hunch that I will have to remain in an office as long as anyone will employ me, and that I will join my fathers without having had a real try at my favorite vocation. L. M. S.

THIRD PRIZE

I Want the Means to Live Up to My Education

THE thing I'd like best of all to do is to draw a comfortable salary check each month. My education has fitted me to enjoy the best in literature, drama, art, music, home-furnishings, and clothes. My school-teacher's salary forces me to accept the mediocre of life's necessaries, and to deny myself almost entirely the pleasures not necessary to mere existence, but vital to balanced living.

I like to work for my living. I like to teach school. I do not ask for luxury. But I would like, best of anything I can imagine doing, to draw a salary out of which I might provide myself with the things I have the ability to appreciate and to use.

I want a modest home furnished in good taste, located in a congenial neighborhood. I would like to afford one good play or concert every week, and sometimes one or two of the better movies. To be able without scrimping to buy one new book each week, and indulge in all my favorite magazines, would be luxury for me. I would like to be able to purchase all the benefit tickets I am asked to buy, without having to deny myself street-car fare or magazines.

I want to be able to make my Christmas and birthday gifts generous. My idea of an orgy of pleasure is to be able to buy more than one dress at a time, without considering whether or not it is appropriate for school. I'd like to entertain friends at dinner as often as I chose, without arguing with my budget. Each summer I covet one trip. Most fervently of all do I wish to put enough in my savings account each month to insure me against the day when I am too old for the schoolroom.

I don't want to be left a fortune. I don't care to marry a rich man. My wildest dream is a salary of four hundred dollars a month twelve months in the year. This means escape from nagging worries, and a reasonable amount of enjoyment through the things that feed and clothe the mind and spirit. B. C.

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Louise Takes Things Into Her Own Hands

(*Continued from page 59*)

deas as her mother. She'd say, "Oh, hank you, we never take coffee at night," hough Mrs. Curley was the only one it ver kept awake. And, "No, I've never earned to swim. We're both awfully fraid of the water." We all got out of the vay of speaking of Louise Curley and her nother, and into the way of pairing them ff together as "the Curleys."

Then we had all begun having babies, nd didn't have time for so many evening parties, anyway. Louise would always be he first one to come to see every new baby. I never knew a human being who vas so crazy about babies. She used to ry to get her mother to adopt one. But Mrs. Curley would laugh and say, "Mercy me, Louise is the only baby I need."

The truth of the matter is that, though Louise was only twenty-six, she had begun to seem a little of an old maid.

It never occurred to any of us that he minded this, till she suddenly began going with Mr. Pawling. We had all thought she was perfectly contented. Contented—why, she must secretly have been getting desperate! When a girl only twenty-six years old begins to go with a baldheaded man who gargles night and morning, and carries his change in a pocketbook, it's a dead cinch that she hates the prospect of being an old maid.

"Do you think Mr. Pawling is really serious?" I asked Dulcie.

"Oh, I don't magine he's proposed, or anything like that yet," she answered; "but he's going to see Louise two and three times a week. And now that his brother has died and left him the other store in Verblen, goodness knows, he's in a position to support a wife. I don't see why Louise shouldn't get him, with half a chance."

"When she's always with her mother, though, she hasn't really got half a chance," I said.

This was perfectly true. As any girl who has ever had the least experience with men knows, there comes a time in every love affair where you've got to be alone in order to do your best work. And, as things were, I realized that Louise would practically never get a chance to be alone with Mr. Pawling.

"I THINK all of us girls ought to help Louise out on that," said Dulcie, turning my silver platter over and beginning to polish the back. "We'd have to do it awfully tactfully, of course, so as not to hurt Mrs. Curley's feelings. But I believe that if we really put our minds to it, we could do it."

"I think so too," I agreed.

And we polished a while in silence, thinking of ways and means. Matchmaking is the most fascinating sport in the world, and almost at once I had an idea. I was to entertain the Christian Endeavor, Saturday night, and the Curleys always went to that. So did Mr. Pawling.

"I'll ask Louise and Mr. Pawling to help serve," I said. "That will throw them together for quite a little while."

"That's a good idea," said Dulcie. "And I'll see that Mrs. Curley is kept entertained in the meantime."

Which we did. I got Mr. Pawling out in the kitchen first and then I called Louise. Mrs. Curley came right along too, saying, "Why, of course, Dotty, we'll be delighted to help you out."

She pinned a tea towel over the front of her dress for an apron, and asked me briskly which plates I was going to use for the sandwiches. I gave Dulcie a wild signal, and she came to the rescue.

She said, "Oh, Mrs. Curley, I've just been dying to ask you about that paper Mother said you read at the Woman's Club. It's—"

I didn't hear the rest, but Dulcie can be awfully flattering when she sets out to be, and the next thing I knew she had Mrs. Curley cornered in the living-room. I set Louise and Mr. Pawling to cutting cake and dishing ice cream and so on, and kept out of their way as much as I could.

REFRESHMENTS, however, can't take forever, and when they were over somebody asked Mr. Pawling to sing. That was unfortunate, because it brought Mrs. Curley right into the picture again, to play for him. Her mother being able to play so well, Louise had never learned.

Mr. Pawling has a very deep voice, which seems downright funny, he's such a mild, wiry-necked little man. He loves to sing, and puffs his chest out like a pigeon and just goes to it. He sang five or six songs before he stopped. Most of Mr. Pawling's songs seem to be tragedies of the sea.

He was booming away on "Davy Jones' Locker" when I happened to glance at Louise. She was sitting there listening, and suddenly—I don't know why—I remembered how we always used to drag Denis to the piano and get him to sing Irish ballads. Mrs. Curley had never had to play any accompaniments for Denis. He could listen to anything once, and sit down to the piano and play it by ear.

I looked at Mr. Pawling, standing up there, looking like a thin robin, booming away, and above his careful, middle-aged bass, I actually seemed to hear Denis's rich young baritone. How could Louise bear to listen to Mr. Pawling, the girl that Denis O'Shea had looked at when he sang,

"The pretty flowers are made for blooming,
The pretty stars are made to shine,
The pretty girls are made for the boys, dear—
And maybe you were made for mine!"

It was suddenly downright spooky, like a ghost in the room, the ghost of Denis O'Shea. Or not exactly the ghost of Denis, either, because he wasn't dead, just married. Goodness knows, I had never been crazy about Denis, so there was no reason why I should have been the one to see his ghost. But always when he had used to sing, it had the queerest effect on me, starting somewhere around the pit of my stomach, where all my great emotions seem to hit me first.

Denis's singing always made you think of spring and moonlight and the man you

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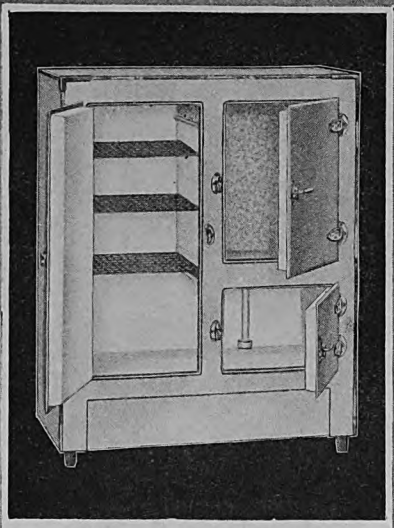

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REFRIGERATORS

were in love with, and made it seem queer and glad and tearful and magic, the thought of being married to him, of being with him forever, of having a home, and maybe sometime babies that belonged to you both.

After Denis's ghost, it was considerable of a come-down to wake up and hear thin, bald-headed little Mr. Pawling singing his sad sea songs. Still, in a way, I thought I could understand how Louise was feeling. Feeling that she just couldn't bear to stand by, and see youth and love and life pass her by altogether.

SITTING there, while Mr. Pawling was puffing out his chest and rocking in the cradle of the deep, I took a deep and solemn oath with myself. If Louise wanted a home and babies of her own bad enough to take Mr. Pawling along with them, I, for one, was going to do all I could to see that she got the chance!

This wasn't going to be so awfully easy, I realized; but matchmaking always stimulates me to my very best. Besides, Dulcie and I had told the other girls, and we were all working together.

Evenings, we'd see the three of them together at the movies, just as we had used to see the Curleys with Denis.

Everybody goes over to the Oasis after the movies to get sundaes, and whichever of our crowd happened to be there would loiter around the movie door till the threesome came out. Then we'd maneuver to get up a bunch to go to the Oasis together, and by positively diabolical cleverness, arrange it so that Mrs. Curley would be dragged in at a table with some of the rest of us, and Louise and Mr. Pawling would have to sit by themselves.

Fortunately, the Curleys lived just beyond our house and Dulcie's, so that walking home it was possible for some one of us to walk along with Mrs. Curley, keeping her engaged in conversation, leaving Louise and Mr. Pawling to walk along alone together.

One thing that helped our scheme a lot was the fact that Mrs. Curley prided herself on Louise's young friends liking her just as well as they did Louise. When one or the other of us would ask her to do something alone, or would tell her some little secret or something like that, she would be so flattered that for the time being she'd forget all about Louise.

After all, though, these times were always pretty short. Louise might not have got far with just them. But I had a real inspiration. This was getting Mrs. Curley to play the accompaniments for the chorus of "Betty, Mind Your Step."

The Christian Endeavor was putting on an amateur musical show, and as Mr. Pawling was one of the principals he didn't have to rehearse with the chorus. And, of course, Mrs. Curley was to play for the chorus, so she had to be at all their rehearsals. That left Louise with a lot of free evenings, and though she and Mr. Pawling would always come around afterward to take Mrs. Curley home, they had had three or four hours alone together first.

Things were really working like a charm. Mr. Pawling was at the Curleys' most of his spare time. We were always running into him and Louise together at different places. He bought himself two new suits, and began combing the nine hairs he had left so that they'd cover as much of his baldness as possible. All of us girls were fairly hugging ourselves with pleasure at how well things seemed to be going.

And then—trust Girlie Whittaker to do the one wrong thing at a critical moment—everything changed. We were all walking home from the Oasis together, Louise and Mr. Pawling, a little ahead, I walking with Mrs. Curley. Girlie caught up with us and walked along with me and Mrs. Curley. We hadn't taken Girlie into the scheme, as she's so tactless we hadn't dared.

And to-night if she didn't look ahead at Louise and Mr. Pawling, and then laugh knowingly, and say to Mrs. Curley, "Well, it looks like a wedding in your family."

I must confess that at first I didn't realize what a terrible thing this was to have said. It had never occurred to us that Mrs. Curley would be against Louise's marrying a man as irreproachable as Mr. Pawling, who wouldn't even take her away from Montrose. Why, there wasn't a chance that he would mind having Mrs. Curley live right with them.

But when Girlie said this, we happened to be under a street light, and I saw Mrs. Curley's face. It was startled, amazed. We passed out from under that light and by the time that we reached the next one and I could see Mrs. Curley's face again, it had taken on a new look. Angry, outraged.

It was quite a little way between that light and the next one, and by the time we had walked that distance, and I got another look at her, Mrs. Curley's face had settled into an expression that fairly turned my heart cold. It was a look of hard, set determination.

In that look, I read the truth. It hadn't been Denis alone she had opposed that other time. She didn't mean to let Louise marry anybody, ever. Louise was her chum, and she was going to keep her always, just for herself.

IT WAS a perfect revelation to me. I had never dreamed of a mother being like that. Why, all the other mothers I had known had been like my own: Feeling terrible about losing their children, of course, but not really lifting a finger to hold them back.

I remembered my own mother when Kathie first told her that Elmer wanted her to marry him and go 'way off to Minneapolis to live. Of Dulcie's mother fixing Dulcie's wedding veil, crying over the orange blossoms, and yet insisting gamely all the time that Roger was a fine young man, and she wasn't losing a daughter, she was gaining a son.

Howard Merton's mother. She was a widow too, and Howard was her only son and had been supporting her. But when Howard and Rosie wanted to get married, didn't Mrs. Merton go out and get herself a job in the Minerva Book and Stationery Store, so that she wouldn't be standing in Howard's way!

It was the first time in my life that the idea had entered my head that all mothers—and especially those as nice as Mrs. Curley—weren't like that. Good sports, when it comes to the important things.

As I said, it just turned me cold. I suddenly saw the whole affair of Denis in a new light. Remembered everything Mrs. Curley had done, even her getting sick.

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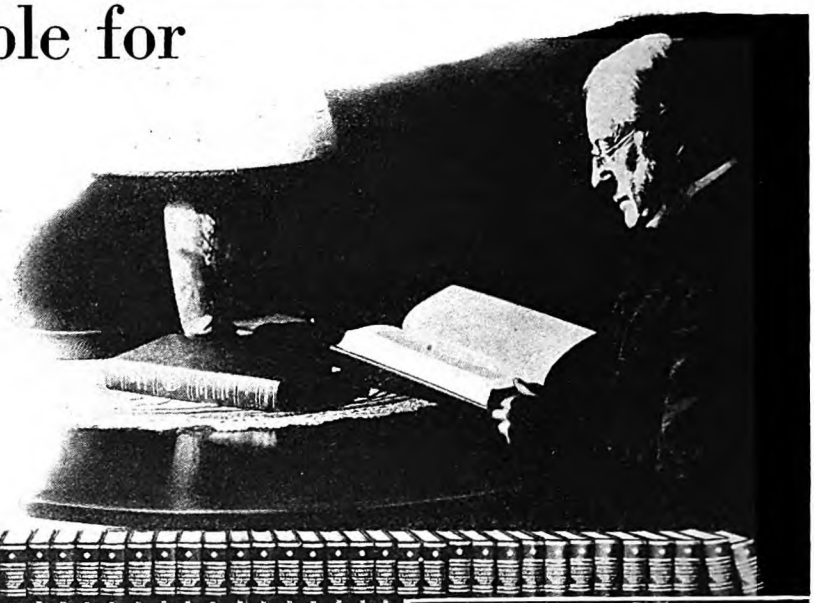
"The best acquisition of a cultivated man is a liberal frame of mind or way of thinking; but there must be added to that possession acquaintance with the prodigious store of recorded discoveries, experiences, and reflections which humanity has acquired and laid up."

Charles W. Eliot



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Remembered how, though Louise and her mother had always spoken of pneumonia, Doctor Horne had said it had just been a very bad case of grip.

I remembered every detail—the sweet, patient way Louise had taken care of her, looking like a poor forlorn little ghost herself, her lips white, and her face all queer and drawn.

And how, as soon as Louise had torn her own heart out and given up Denis, Mrs. Curley had got better right away, seeming younger and gayer and more blooming every day, excitedly carrying Louise off for a shopping trip to Chicago, and pretending that everything was lovely and happy once more.

And now she was going to do the same thing right over again. I knew it. She'd keep Louise from marrying Mr. Pawling, just as she had kept her from marrying Denis. It was a terrible shock to me to realize that a woman could devote her life to a daughter, and still be a bad mother. But it was true.

I thought of it all that evening, and while I was bathing the babies the next morning. I've been trying to teach the twins to be polite, and when I was lifting Jill out of the tub, she put her fat, damp little arms around my neck, and said:

"I want to give a kith on Mother—pleathe!"

SOMEWAY, it made me think of Louise's always being the first one to come to see the new babies, of her mother's getting old, sometime, and dying and leaving Louise all alone. Without ever having had a home or a husband or her own baby's fat little arms around her neck.

What had been a jolly, social, matchmaking scheme seemed suddenly to me to be almost a holy trust. I felt that it was all up to me. I just couldn't let Louise's life be left so empty.

We girls would all have to get busy now and work quick. The alarm, so to speak, was out. I didn't know how far things had gone with Louise and Mr. Pawling, but I knew that they'd got to be speeded up now.

Someway, I had a feeling that Mrs. Curley would probably not be taken sick until after the musical show was over. She just loves to be in on anything like that. But time was frightfully short. It was only three days now till the show would be pulled off.

I spent the morning trying to think of some dignified, tactful way to hint to Louise that tempus was fugiting and she'd got to work fast. That is a rather delicate thing to get across tactfully to a girl who doesn't know what you are getting at. Besides, I knew her mother would maneuver now so that Louise would never have any time with Mr. Pawling alone.

She was to have this one afternoon though, I happened to know.

"Mr. Pawling's asked us to drive over to Verblen with him to see his store that his brother left him," Mrs. Curley had told us, before she had known what was afloat, Wednesday afternoon.

I had had to think quick.

"Oh, isn't that a shame!" I said. "The girls in the chorus wanted to rehearse their 'Shine On, Moon,' Wednesday afternoon."

The girls hadn't heard of it, of course, but I knew they'd stand by me.

"Oh dear!" Mrs. Curley exclaimed.

Not a before-and-after picture. To show you how loss of hair adds years, the artist has simply sketched a young man with and without his hair.

Your 120,000 hairs . . *against* Dandruff *and* Baldness —*what chances?*

THERE are about 120,000 hairs on your head, if you are dark; 140,000, if you are blond; only about 90,000, if a red-head. And each day you lose from 50 to 150 hairs. If no new hair grew in, in less than a thousand and one nights you'd be bald!

Normally, these lost hairs are replaced by new ones. Yet, *dandruff* often retards the growth of healthy, new hair; in many cases, almost prevents it.

If you have dandruff, your scalp needs special care with a special soap—such as Packer's Tar Soap—made for the hair and scalp.

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When you wash your hair, do this: Wet the hair with warm water, apply Packer's Tar Soap and pile up the rich, piney lather. With the finger-tips massage three minutes. Rinse. Lather again, repeat the massage, then rinse thoroughly.

In severe cases of dandruff, repeat this every other day for one or two weeks. (In milder cases, every third or fourth day may be sufficient.) Gradually decrease the frequency of the shampoos as your scalp clears. Then *keep up* the treatments regularly once a week to prevent the dandruff from coming back.

In most cases, this simple method will soon rid your scalp of dandruff and restore your hair's normal, healthy vitality.

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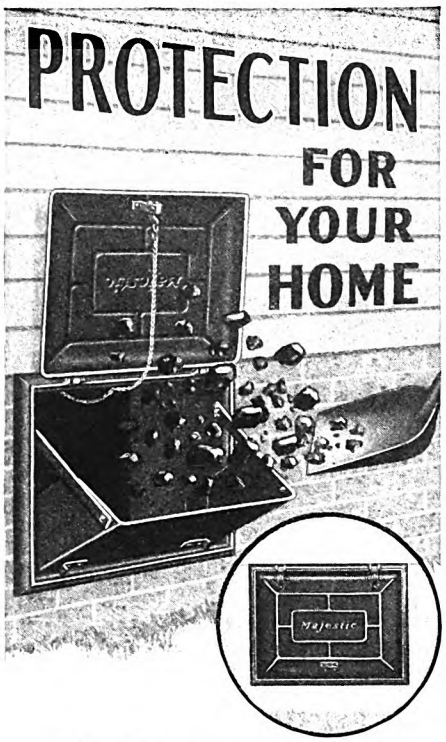

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"Well, maybe Mr. Pawling can take us some other day."

But, as it happened, Mr. Pawling couldn't, and we girls had fixed it so that we couldn't possibly rehearse any other time. So Mrs. Curley was going to stay, reluctantly, to play for us—after we'd told her how her playing was all that was holding the chorus together at all—and Louise and Mr. Pawling were to drive over to Verblen alone.

I WAS walking home from rehearsal a little after five. Mrs. Curley was still back in the Sunday-school room, going over the "Darkling lie the shadows" with the altos.

I was walking slowly, it was such a heavenly spring day. It had been raining, but it had stopped, and the twilight was so sweet and fragrant it almost brought tears to your eyes. Little drops hung on the purple lilac bushes; the forsythia was out, gay and yellow, in every yard; there was that sweet spring smell of the earth—gardens that had been freshly plowed.

As I came in sight of the Curley house, I saw Louise coming down the porch steps alone, and all my anxiety was suddenly over. At the first glance I had of her face, I knew that our job was done. We wouldn't have to manage Mrs. Curley any longer; we needn't have anything more to do with the affair. As far as our part was concerned, the deed was done. Louise—there was no mistaking the look on her face—had taken affairs into her own hands.

In that one afternoon, something magic had happened to Louise Curley. She wasn't any longer the quiet, dull, almost elderly girl who had gone to Women's Club meetings and worn clothes just like her mother's.

Her cheeks were simply flaming, her eyes fairly shone out light. She was breathing in queer, half-gasping little breaths that kept her scarlet lips a little bit apart. Young—she was as young as the yellow forsythia. And lit up like a Christmas Tree.

At first, though she saw me, she didn't seem to be going to stop. Then she apparently thought better of it, and came toward me, half running.

She caught my hand tight, looking right into my eyes.

"Listen, Dotty, you girls all like Mama—be as sweet as you can to her, won't you?"

"Of course we will, Louise," I promised.

Then I noticed the suit case she had in her hand. It was big and it must have been heavy; but she carried it as lightly as though it were a flower or a flag.

"Louise," I gasped, scarcely daring to believe my eyes, "you're eloping!"

"Yes," she said; "I've got to. I can't help myself. I gave it up once, and I can't again. I've got to!"

Got to—why she was like a shining bit of steel being drawn to a magnet. Shining! I felt suddenly queer and shy about looking into her eyes. It was all there, the way the Irish love songs always make me feel.

"You'll all be sweet to Mother, won't you? I'm so sorry to be doing it to her." Her eyes filled with tears, but they were a queer sort of tears. It was as though fire were shining through them, like the sun on the dripping forsythias.

"I—I hope you'll be awfully happy, Louise," I said awkwardly.

There didn't seem to be anything you could say to anyone so unearthly radiant.

She leaned over and kissed me. Then, catching up her suit case, she ran away down the avenue. The heavy bag seemed fairly to float along beside her. It was as though she were flying.

I stood for some little time, just looking after her. We'd put it over. There was no doubt of that. But little had we known what we were putting over. I felt as though we had been thinking we were making bread pudding. And all the time we had been making angel food.

It was breathless, and so sweet it hurt, like the smell of spring in the twilight. I felt that, for a moment, I had been looking at a flaming miracle.

Love is certainly the strangest thing in the world. I finally pulled myself together and started on home, to put the cereal on for the twins.

"And just to think," I thought to myself, amazed and incredulous, "of feeling like that about a man who gargles!"

IT WAS nearly ten o'clock that night when Dulcie called me up. She was as excited as I had been.

"What do you think of Louise Curley?" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"Words simply fail me," I said.

Will snorted from the wing chair.

"'S the first time they ever have!" he said, trying to be funny.

"Mr. Pawling just didn't know what to make of it," Dulcie went on excitedly. "He stood around in Verblen waiting for her for nearly three hours."

Wasn't that just like Mr. Pawling, to let a girl come on home alone to get her suit case?

"And to think that she just ran into him in the street! And that he was leaving this very night!" Dulcie exclaimed. "And it all happened like a flash—he'd been visiting his married sister in Verblen, you know."

I didn't even know that Mr. Pawling *had* a married sister in Verblen.

"It certainly knocked the breath right out of me," said Dulcie. "I hadn't even heard that his wife had died, three years ago."

"His wife!" I exclaimed, now completely befuddled. "Why, Mr. Pawling has never been married!"

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Dulcie said. "Who's talking about Mr. Pawling?"

There was a moment's silence, while I tried desperately to make sense out of what I was hearing. Then—

"Oh," said Dulcie, "you haven't heard!"

"Yes, I have," I insisted, puzzled, but persistent. "I saw Louise just as she was leaving."

"Louise Curley," said Dulcie, in that excited, complacent tone of one who is the first to tell amazing news, "Louise Curley was married in Verblen at half past six—to Denis O'Shea!"

We haven't really got over it yet. It is the most exciting, romantic thing that has ever happened in Montrose. It is like a fairy tale. They caught the flyer for New York that night, and sailed on Monday for Buenos Ayres. Louise Curley, who had never been farther from home than Chicago and Grand Rapids! I shall never forget her flying down our prosy street as though she were on her way to heaven.

The real joke, though, is on all us girls.

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We expected to have to nurse Mrs. Curley along for months or years. In spite of how I felt about her as a mother, I was really awfully sorry for her, and we girls agreed to do all we could to keep her from being too unhappy.

And then, we didn't have to do a single thing!

Less than a month after Louise had left, Mrs. Curley married Mr. Pawling. I shall never know just what the truth is, but Mrs. Curley, at least, is perfectly sure that he had been coming to see her, all along. And for all I know, maybe he was. If he was, goodness knows, the way we pushed him off onto Louise furnished opposition enough to make any courtship a success.

"I could never have married, though, if Louise hadn't," she told Mother Horton. "It would have left Louise too terribly alone. You see, we've always been so close. Just like sisters!"

I swear that it's completely cured me of matchmaking, though Will says when I'm through with matchmaking I'll be through with breathing. That is as it may be—you never can foresee how you're going to be tempted.

But there's one thing I'm sure of, absolutely, cross-my-heart, hope-to-die sure. That is, that I shall never stand in the way of the twins' love affairs.

Even Jack can marry anybody he wants to. Though, of course, I can't help hoping earnestly that, for all her money, it won't be that Scoggins baby with the adenoids!

How Do You Get That Way?

(*Continued from page 53*)

hands, and become extraordinarily proficient in the use of their toes.

Can you make an arrow head? Can you make fire with two sticks? Can you shin up a tree? Can you walk a tight-rope? Can you skate? Can you dance the Charleston? Can you conjure rabbits from a plug hat? Can you juggle seven kinds of things at one time?

To one question you say, "Yes," to another, "No." Why "Yes" to this and "No" to that? "I learned this. I didn't learn that. I never tried to make an arrow head, or fire with two sticks, or juggle, or walk a tight-rope. I never learned to skate on ice, because I grew up in Florida. I can't dance the Charleston—or any other kind of dance; my parents wouldn't let me learn."

You learned thousands of complicated bodily movements. You trained your motor mechanism to fit you for your walk in life. But your "walk" in life was not predetermined the day you were born. Let us say you are a carpenter. You were not destined to be a carpenter when you were born, and you don't have to remain one if you don't wish to.

While you were growing up, your motor mechanism could have learned *anything* anyone has ever done with a normal body. The specific ways into which you organized your manual behavior depended upon the specific patterns set for you by the home, school, and society in which you were trained.

That well-groomed look of cleanliness

which successful men must have

YOU may think that your face is clean. You may wash and scrub it often—but remember this! You live in an atmosphere permeated with dust and dirt. You can see it in any sunbeam. Every motor car that passes pours out a trail of unseen grimy vapor. Every breeze stirs up dust. The U. S. Weather Bureau estimates that there are 117,000 dust and grime particles in every cubic inch of city air.

Some of that grime alights upon your face. It clings. It sticks. It becomes imbedded in the skin. You can't wash it off. You can't scrub it off. It stays there and gives you that leathery, half-clean look of the man "who looks his age."

Yet you can keep clean. You can bring back that glowing, ruddy, healthy look of the successful man. It is easy. It takes just a minute or two, right in your own home. After shaving, use Pompeian Massage Cream, instead of ineffectually dousing your face. You can actually see imbedded dirt roll out. You will be surprised to find how soon that glowing, healthy look of cleanliness comes back to your face.

You will have that heart-warming, glorious, feeling that—by gosh! you really are clean.

Make this convincing hand test free!

Wash your hands thoroughly. Dry them. Rub a little Pompeian Massage Cream into the back of your hand until the cream first disappears, then comes out again. Notice this—*the cream goes in pink and comes out black!* The black is dirt that you could not remove by washing. Now use this pleasant massage cream every day to give your face that clean and healthy look of the successful man. 60c at all drug stores.

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"Have been an enthusiastic user of the Twinplex since I was first introduced to one during the 'Big Fracas.' We had one in our squad while over there and, believe me, it was a life saver. As soon as I came home I bought my Twinplex and since then I have used but one package of blades. Have the last blade in the stropper now and expect to use it for some time to come. I shave every morning and the old 'bristles' are as tough as any of 'em." (Signed)

F. J. Sheehan, Chicago, Illinois.

You can imagine how much his saving in blades has amounted to. As for the improvement in the shave, here's your chance to see for yourself.

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All dealers are authorized to sell you a Twinplex on 30 days trial. If after four weeks of marvelous shaving you are willing to forego the comfort and economy you have enjoyed, give up your Twinplex and get back your money. If you can't find the model you want, write us.

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Twinplex Stroppers

These may not be the ways you now desire; but, lacking understanding by your parents, or without any definite goal of your own to determine your course of action, you took the path of least resistance and responded to your environment. But you don't have to remain what you are to-day just because you've been trained that way.

At the same time that you were learning to use your motor mechanism for specific purposes and in specific ways, you were also learning to use your voice mechanism. You learned to talk. What language? English, the language of your parents, of the human beings who brought you up. You could just as easily have learned Chinese, or Choctaw; all languages sound alike to the newborn.

By the time you left school you had not only learned to speak English but to think in English. You knew several thousand words. You knew their meanings and you had acquired ways or habits of using them. You learned to respond to words and to situations with words. By the age of ten, you could cross Asia with Marco Polo, the seas with Magellan, the Alps with Napoleon—with words. You could explore the world, conquer the world—with words.

You did not always speak the words: you learned to speak them to yourself, to think them and see them. If you got in the habit of doing great things only with words and doing little things with your motor mechanism, you became a day-dreamer and built your castles in the air. It will not be easy for you to abandon these "thinking habits" for "doing habits," and convert your longings into realities. You may *think* the most glorious story ever conceived—it is what gets into the film, or on to the printed page, or into action that counts. The ways you have organized your verbalized behavior form part of your personality.

MEANWHILE, you were also learning specific emotional habits—to fear, to hate and to love—and you were organizing them into emotional behavior.

Now, it is important that hunger, pain, fear, anger, love, should move you. They are enormously useful emotions. Without hunger you would not eat, and without food you die. Without love you would not mate, and your strain would die with you. And unless you can be moved by fear or anger you cannot flee or fight for your life. These emotions move you; that is why they are called emotions.

And the collar-buttonish things that can send you into a towering rage, or scare you out of your boots! A clock enrages you because it will not stop cuckooing; you throw a shoe at it. A mirror enrages you because it reflects a distorted countenance; you are afraid to smash it!

Afraid! What or whom were you afraid of at birth? You had an inherited fear response to just two situations: a loud noise; falling or being dropped. A flash of lightning did not scare you; a clap of thunder did. By and by the mere flash scared you and made you jump, even though you could not hear the thunder. The banging of a door scared you. Your fears became specific; conditioned fears, they are called.

Who or what made you mad when you were a babe? But why should a babe be angry at anybody or anything—it has loving parents to care for it until it can learn to distinguish friend from foe? But suppose its parents were not loving, suppose they resented another mouth to feed. Well, you certainly knew nothing about this at birth; you could not distinguish your father from the physician, or your mother from your nurse. If your nurse fondled you and your mother pinched you, you learned to love your nurse and hate your mother.

You squirmed with anger when your limbs were pinioned and your movements restrained. And why not?

Your inborn capacity to rage at restraint, to fear noises and falls and to love the hand that fed and fondled you, developed into an individual repertoire of specific likes and dislikes, fears and hates, disgusts and aversions. You learned them—as a child almost unconsciously. They became your emotional habits, and formed your attitudes and conditioned you for or against thousands of persons, things, situations, words, phrases, nations, times—yes, and life and death.

YOU probably started to school when you were six years old. What had you been doing up to that sixth year? Unless you understand the significance of those pre-school years, you fail to get the big idea of this article. Our forbears knew the idea, and expressed it cleverly in the adage: "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." What they did not know was just how true that adage is, and all the misery and misunderstanding that follow from it. They went on bending twigs "in the way they ought to grow;" that is, like themselves.

The world into which children were born kept changing; but children were still bent in the same old way. By the time the child was ready for "school" it already had the habit of being afraid of a thousand and one specific persons, things, and situations not necessarily fearsome at all. The child had likewise formed innumerable dislike habits. It was all right for our early ancestors in their arboreal tenements to be afraid of the crash of a falling tree or the thunderbolt. But the child who hides under the bed during a storm will never become a young Ben Franklin, on speaking terms with lightning.

Well, you might say, it isn't my fault I am as I am to-day. I'm the product of my parents and my environment. That's true enough. It is up to parents to give their children a good set of habits; but if your parents have been remiss you don't have to remain a bad-tempered person, a coward, or a shrinking, sensitive soul. You can force yourself to change; you can break the mold that imprisons you and form a new set of habits.

Stop a minute and make a list of the things, people, and situations you are afraid of. Ditto for hate and dislike. Then ask yourself whether these specific things, people, and situations are really fearsome or really hateful? For each item on the list put this question to yourself: Why do I like this thing? Why do I hate that person? Why am I afraid of this situation? You dislike many ideas—and have no real reason for such dislikes. Pressed for an answer, you probably

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reply, "Well, I just don't like them!"

And so I say again, you were not born with a list of specific likes and dislikes written into your very nature, nor with bents or inclinations to talk a particular language, or play this or that set of games, nor with a capacity to engage successfully in any given trade or calling. You were born with a capacity to learn anything, and do anything. The society, the community, and the family into which you were born demanded in varying tones, and with varying rewards and punishments, that you grow up the way they thought you should grow.

UNLESS you understand the difference between your inborn capacity to learn and the things you actually learned, you will never become a first-class psycho-analyst of yourself. Understand this difference, and you can remold yourself to your heart's desire.

If you were "all there" at birth, you had all the equipment for learning and all the capacity to become intelligent that any human being ever had. You required no habits, no instincts, no innate tendencies for any special job, pursuit, or profession, and had none. But you could learn. What you learned in Hebron, Ohio, in 1927, A. D., was not what you would have learned in Hebron, Palestine, in 1927, B. C. Human nature does not change; human society does change. If you could not have formed habits as an infant, you could never have become a child. The congenital idiot never learns to behave like a human being; it remains an idiot, because specific parts of its habit-forming machinery were left behind.

Anything well learned is easily done and long remembered; it becomes a habit. You learned how to dress yourself; you learned it so well that you never forgot it. You do not recall the countless movements you went through this morning in the act of dressing; and yet they were infinitely complex and difficult.

From the day you were born you began to learn the specific lessons taught you by the hands that rocked your cradle and the hands that fed you. You were a clean slate on which these nurturing hands could write. Most of what was written on that slate during your early years cannot be easily wiped out—your basic habits were formed. But you can still do an infinite amount of changing and molding.

When you became a "personality" you acquired "character." You organized your innate capacity for human behavior along the specific lines of behavior of certain human beings. And having formed certain habits, you had time to learn new things. The fundamental difference between you and an ant is that an ant is born wise, and has nothing to learn; you were born ignorant and could learn anything.

A practical question often arises: A childless couple wish to adopt some orphan of unknown and possibly worthless parentage. Dare they take the chance? Will not the child of worthless parents inherit immoral tendencies?

The answer to this question is "No." A normal, healthy child inherits nothing save its physical characteristics, a certain glandular mechanism, and a capacity to *learn*. You were not born with habits of cleanliness, decency, modesty, thrift,

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PAINTS & VARNISHES

stinginess, niggardliness, avarice, selfishness, politeness—none of these habits came with you or any other human being at birth. You were born naked and unashamed; you may be two, five, or ten years in learning to be ashamed of your nakedness. Brought up in one of the Solomon Islands, you will never learn to be ashamed of your own or any other human body; but you would learn to feel undressed if you did not have your nose pin on.

To the infant, nothing matters but food, freedom from noxious stimuli, and freedom from restraint. Its growing body is a tremendous transformer of energy—it demands action and more action. The tirelessness of children! It is inexhaustible. The insatiable curiosity of children—about everything they can get their hands or eyes on! But mothers want rest and fathers want peace. "Don't!" they say. "Stop! Drop it! Put it back! Let it alone!"

Parents and aunts and uncles, and grandparents and brothers and sisters, are all bent on forcing the child this way and that way—"So that folks will not be ashamed of you," or, "Will be proud of you." The child learns to meet these demands, to adapt itself to circumstances: by honesty or by lies, by smiles or by screams. And rest assured that it is just as easy to teach any child to be self-reliant, honest, unselfish, polite, and fearless, as it is to teach it to be a sniveling coward or a selfish little beast.

Why? Because every child can be infuriated, scared, punished, starved. It can also be fondled, bribed, coaxed, and soothed. To put it another way: It has various specific mechanisms which can be shocked into action of various kinds. After being shocked a few times a spark suffices to set them off.

These childish habits can make or mar for life. Hence their importance. Many an adult never gets far on any road because he learned to carry all his troubles to his mother. She encouraged him. He never learned self-reliance. Many an adult fails because as a child he never formed the habit of getting along with playmates. He never learned to be a good sport, to play fifty-fifty, to take a joke, to play the game through.

I DO know that the forces which make or mar us are infinitely numerous, and that we are infinitely complex. Every human being, young or old, is meaningless except as viewed against the background of these forces. And these "forces," I admit, include glandular mechanism, which is inherited and always varies in infinitesimal amounts, and which may at any moment of a human's life so change as to change outlooks, bents, likes, and dislikes. But these are the forces which can and must be studied and recognized, and vested with power to mold personalities.

To say you are what you are because your ancestors were what they were is to deny the evidence of our eyes, and is without any ground of biologic support. Your ancestors have been talking for I do not know how many thousand years; give me a newborn child, and in ten short years I can have him so scared he'll never dare lift his voice above a whisper, or so brave that he'll fear nothing.

The hypothesis that you get that way

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use that way was predetermined for at birth is an untenable hypothesis; hypothesis that you can learn *any* way nable, is biologically sound, and can nade to work.

rests on a firm foundation of experi- t and observation which can be stated gorically, thus: No form of behavior, rait of character, no tendency toward ific ability to learn or acquire any ific way, form, kind, or degree of an behavior, has ever been definitely ed to be innately related to any color kin, shape of head, convolution of n, size of brain, form of face, or any r inborn physical trait of any *normal* an being.

hat is a sweeping statement; it may be ew to you that you will not like it. try it out—on yourself or on your lren; it will not bite you nor harm n.

o child is a born hog or a born miser. human hog is a human animal who never learned the value of social be- or. The human miser is a moral per- . To hoard gold is not childish, it is natural. What does the child care for —or for anything but food and free- ? Only with learning do marbles, , tops, drums, and so on, and so on, e to have value in the child's eyes; t can it get out of them, what can it with them? And it is up to the parents ee that the child gets the proper pective.

one household, the reading of books the child parental smiles; in another, on the banjo or at the piano, or in the en, woodshed, or garden.

ong before the child can talk it has ned various specific ways of getting ts. With speech come additional s. And when to action in motor and ch mechanism there is added a reper- of emotional reactions, the child has far in acquiring an assortment of oons which will keep the family on the o. Later in life, tantrums and con- ion fits may be of no avail. And even e adult gives no overt sign of inward , tantrums, or tears, these emotional tions will consume energy better spent a sober tongue or calculated action hands and feet.

Y mother who is so busy with other affairs that she must use her ability to e her child to make it behave, or who tually makes deceit easier than esty, and a lie more valuable than the h, teaches the child its first lessons in cial behavior.

ou can, of course, as an adult, change ways—if you have courage and the alse. Many people become afraid of *new* early in life. They lose the in- ible curiosity of childhood; they soon ust their original impulse to explore world about them and manipulate it heir own ends.

npulse is no figure of speech, it is real; it is at bottom an emotional drive. goal may be to better one's lot, to get e out of life, to get up in the world. drive itself is love of something or ebody, or fear of something or some- , or hatred of something or some- , or all three combined.

or example, under the drive of being e sociable, you decide to learn to play ge. You conquer your fear of making

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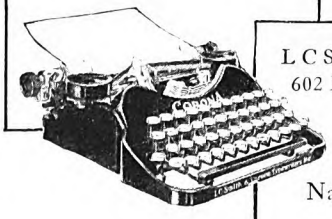

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mistakes and taking chances, and finally become a good player. That means that you have trained your hands and voice to play the game, and your emotions to keep quiet while you are playing, so that you can give all your attention to the game. Bridge becomes a habit—bad, if you play it when, for any one of a hundred reasons, you should be doing something else that is essential or important.

How many bad habits have you? Do not resent this question: a candid answer to it will do more than anything I know to help you get new and better ones. Probably the commonest of all bad habits is sheer inability to live at peace with one's self and one's family. Have you ever lost a job because you could not measure up to it with your hands or your voice or your head? Rather is it not because you could not get along with somebody? Too much mustard or vinegar?

You are, say, a "shark" at detecting fraudulent checks and counterfeit money; you have all the ways of an ideal bank teller. All but one: You cannot be civil to the president or polite to customers. And are promptly and properly fired.

Being fired may be the very incentive you needed. Having given hostages to fate in the form of a wife and baby, you are driven to look the situation over—in words. That is what words are for, to manipulate the universe from a chair, or a bed, or while fishing. You play and resolve—with words. You arrive at a decision. But what is of more consequence is the way you go about getting results out of that decision, so that you and your wife and your baby can eat the results. Many a man to-day is president of this or that concern because of some particular time he was fired, or fell in love, or was presented with an heir.

SPECIFICALLY, then, you can change your ways when—and only when—you have defined your problem and got the drive behind it; that is, when you have decided just what way you want to be and where you want to go. You must do your own psycho-analyzing. It is literally true that there is no help like self-help, and the first step in self-help is to know yourself. Take stock of yourself. And remember that you are in your own hands now; you are your own trainer. But you cannot train yourself to do new tricks if you cannot make yourself try the trick once. It is the first lesson that is the hardest. After a few lessons it becomes as easy as pie: it is a habit; and a bad habit, if it enslaves you.

You are an actor on a specific stage. Can you get more out of your part, can you qualify for a bigger part?

You play a speaking or a manual labor part, or, more likely, a part which combines action in both voice and motor mechanisms. The school-teacher's part is largely verbal; the farmer's, manual; the stenographer's, about equal parts of verbal and manual. You require no expert to tell you whether you are fitted to play a verbal or manual rôle, or one which combines both.

How skillfully do you play your part? How well do you know your world of words or your world of objects, and how well can you manipulate it? Can you play the piano or the typewriter or tennis or golf, or drive a car, or wash dishes, or

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tread the maze of crowded streets, or manage a home or an office or a desk, easily, efficiently, without sweat and fret and emotional strain? In brief, like a habit?

Can you use words as tools, as building blocks, as structural plans? Can you build serviceable structures with them, structures which get results, which sell your wares, which carry your ideas to your listeners or to your readers, which manipulate the past and present, and design a future which can be translated into reality?

If not, why not? If your manual or verbal ways are not getting you where you want to go, what is the trouble? Lack of skill? If so, can you by practice become more perfect? Or are you on the wrong track?

As a rule, you have to convince yourself before you can convince anyone else. You must put your heart into your part. If you do not love your rôle, or love somebody or something so well that love drives you, you cannot put into your part half as much energy as you might. Fear may enable you to beat a bull to a fence, and hatred to build a spite fence, but love—of home, of wife, of children, of fellow men, of fair play, of decency, of honor, of adventure, of victory, of country, of immortality—leads to real achievement.

You have become so complexly organized that you will often find yourself pushed to determine the driving force behind your actions, or even behind any specific act. Your "reasons" are likely to be "I like," or, "I don't like." The real reason will be that your actions or specific acts are driven by your visceral and emotional habits.

You may so love your wife that a hateful rôle seems good because of the contents of the envelope on Saturday night. But hating a rôle and playing it well is about as difficult as eating a pie and keeping it—and very few people can do it. The microbe hunters who have everlastingly obligated the world to them so loved their work that they forgot to fear poverty and death.

Apart from the technique or skill that you put into your rôle in the play of life, the only important factor is how well you have organized your "drive." If fear has become the dominant factor in your life, your way is indeed narrow and your horizon shut in. Some people are so dominated by fear that they cannot speak above a whisper or take a deep breath. Their birthright of curiosity to know everything and impulse to do everything stagnates in the bottom of a deep well.

Love and fear are incompatible bedfellows and the union is never happy for anyone, or fertile in socially useful action. Less abject and despicable than fear is hatred, but fatal to more people. They are true twins, spawn of ignorance and brutality. They do more to wreck homes and despoil the earth than famines and plagues.

If your way seems to lead nowhere, try to find out what holds you back. If the rôle you play gets no hand, try to discover wherein your performance has failed. Get a bigger drive into it, or, if you cannot put your soul into it because you hate it or fear it and cannot master your hate or fear, change to another rôle,

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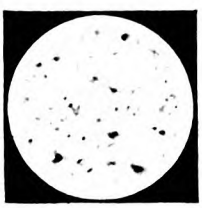

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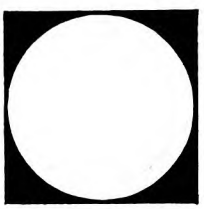

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one you can put your soul into. But into it you must put some drive. Without love, the stage of human affairs loses its main drive and its only creative force.

Love does rule the world, or will when it has fewer fears, jealousies, and hatreds to compete with. You will probably find it impossible to love your enemies; but you can help make it possible that the coming generation hates fewer enemies.

You can do that as you grow old. Your joints may stiffen and your manual habits—of whittling, of golfing, of driving a car—will drop out one by one. But you will be able to talk. And talk is cheap—it requires but little energy. And even less to talk to yourself—thinking is cheaper than talking. As long as you can think without fear and without hatred you can think new thoughts, and keep on remolding the world to your heart's desire. But if you cannot think without your childish hates and fears you may know that you are old and set.

YOU are what you are to-day because you were what you were yesterday—and all the preceding yesterdays back to the day you were born. You can become something different to-morrow by forcing yourself to be something *different* to-day. It is the here and now that counts to-day. There are fearsome things in this world: disease, ignorance, stupidity, intolerance; they should not be run from, nor should they cause the cheek to blanch; they should be faced boldly, as hateful things to be removed from the earth. Fear to face the facts of life and resentment against those brave enough to face them have led individuals and nations to physical indigestion and moral stagnation.

The brave have often paid for their courage with their lives. That was a great price; but because they dared—and paid—you face a more open world, not as free as it should be, but never before so free to applaud the record-breaker, enrich the inventor, and welcome home the explorer from his conquests over the unknown; above all, never before so free to say to any and all: "Your way is not my way; but if it satisfies you, if it gives you joy and health and happiness, be on your way, and God be with you."

Which is the better way? One must be brash indeed to say. But I think we can agree that any way is good that is open and marked by sign posts which will keep bugbears and gray wolves and hell fires out of the way of children. I say again that the hypothesis that you can learn *any* way is tenable and biologically sound; it represents possibly the greatest law of nature yet discovered by science; its application can revolutionize human behavior and give the coming generation a chance to get better returns on their capital than we who are set in our ways can ever hope to get.

A QUESTION which never grows stale is, "Shall a woman forsake her job or profession when she becomes her husband's wife?" Next month, in "I Gave Up My Law Books for a Cook Book," Lucy R. Tunis tackles the affirmative side of this question in an extremely diverting fashion. This is not only an article of vital interest to women; it will be a revelation to men.

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"Boys Will Be Scouts"

(*Continued from page 19*)

Then came an experience that would have embittered most people for life. A severe, intermittent pain would suddenly catch him in the knee. Perhaps, because of added strain or nervousness, it came most frequently when the children were to start work at their daily tasks. The teachers and employees of the institution thought he was shamming.

A Mrs. Harrison Dingman had promised Mrs. West during her final sickness that she would try to keep an eye on Jimmy. Occasionally she visited him at the orphanage. On one of these visits she found him suffering intensely. Three times that day he had been whipped for his "pretended" pain. Mrs. Dingman was horrified. Before she left, she made the orphanage authorities promise that there would be an immediate examination.

The doctors hurried Jimmy to a hospital at once. They found that he had a tubercular trouble, known as "white swelling," that caused intense pain in his hip and knee. For the next year and a half he remained at the hospital, most of the time strapped flat on his back. But the disease was too far along to effect a cure. His was a "hopeless case."

Hard years followed at the orphanage. Jimmy felt that no one wanted him. That was even harder to bear than the physical pain. The final drop of bitterness was added when he was put in with the girls to learn to sew.

But in learning how to use a needle he stumbled onto one of the first steps in the long ascent that lay before him: Activity. Work. Jimmy West's needlework gave him something to do. It kept him from brooding.

"Eventually," he told me, "I began to acquire faith in myself. In time, I said, 'I might be able to work my way up with my hands.'"

ANOTHER broadening influence came into his life when Mrs. Ellis Spear, wife of the United States Patent Commissioner, fulfilled a promise made long before to his mother and, like Mrs. Dingman, came to see him. She brought him a toy ox-cart that her own children had played with. A gift! Affectionate interest! The very loneliness of the little cripple's heart made him feel all the more deeply this first contact with loving kindness.

Through books that Mrs. Spear lent him came a new realization. It would not be enough to develop only manual dexterity. To the development of his muscles he must add the development of his mind. There was a small library, long unused, at the orphanage. He got the matron to open it, and let him read. Best of all, he secured permission to go to school! Not the limited orphanage school, which gave only a rudimentary knowledge of reading and writing, but public school, where he could associate with boys and girls from real homes with real fathers and mothers! That was when he was twelve. He started in the fifth grade.

By the time he was fourteen, Jimmy

What has dandruff *to do with* blood-poisoning?

ONLY this. Blood-poisoning is a germ-disease. And dandruff is a germ-disease. At least, that is what many authorities now state. And with the rapid progress of medical science in the study of bacteria, more and more germs are constantly being identified. Some are associated with deadly typhoid, diphtheria and lockjaw. Others simply annoy, such as dandruff and noxious body odors.

By this finding a *single cause* for so many ailments, science opened the way for the next step—finding a *single means of prevention.* And science itself has now taken this step and produced Zonite, the great germicide-antiseptic. Never before has there been an antiseptic of so wide a range—an antiseptic so powerful that it actually *stamps out* disease-germs, yet so harmless to human beings that it can be held in the mouth. And yet it is the boast of Zonite that it does just one thing. It kills germs.

First coming into public notice as the Great War Antiseptic, it was natural that Zonite should be thought of as a preventive against blood-poisoning in cases of cuts and wounds. In the Allied hospitals in France infection of wounds was reduced over 70 percent by the use of this new and wonderful kind of germicide. But the uses of Zonite have now spread far beyond the dreams of the days behind the Allied front. Mouthwash, gargle, blisters, baby rash, bad breath, manicure, insect bites, enema, shampoo, feminine hygiene, corns, poison ivy, artificial teeth, purifying drinking water—these suggest a few of its services to the family.

Powerful, yet safe

Previous to the discovery of Zonite there were two classes of antiseptics—some poisonous and caustic like carbolic acid, and others weak and ineffective like peroxide of hydrogen. Zonite can be used for the throat and nose like peroxide and yet it is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body.

Hence, Zonite represents an entirely new idea in all-around antisepsis. Harmless to human beings; fatal to germs.

Many in one:
Emergency antiseptic
Dental cleanser
Mouthwash
Nasal spray
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Ask your druggist what he uses *himself*

In bottles 25c, 50c and $1 Large Tubes, 50c

Full directions with every package

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Use Zonite Ointment for sunburn, plant poisoning, insect bites, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.

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"Loyalty is one of the finest characteristics,"

says

Theodore Roosevelt

THERE is no stronger, or truer, form of loyalty than that of a son to his father.

Of course, you will remember your father on the day set apart to show respect to fathers.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19
IS FATHER'S DAY

Good shops everywhere are showing a pleasing assortment of Father's Day Cards, expressing the very thoughts of love and respect you want to convey.

* *

The year is full of occasions in the lives of those we love when the sending of a message of remembrance, congratulation, praise, encouragement or sympathy is the proper thing to do. There is a suitable Greeting Card for every occasion.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

West was more or less of a leader at the orphanage. He had long outgrown the sewing-room. Other children, healthier and stronger, were "bound out," so it fell to the crippled boy to take charge of his younger companions. For a time he had sixty boys in his care. Besides looking out for the children and carrying on his own school work, he did the laundry work for the whole institution.

It sounds almost unbelievable. But it is fact. And when, at sixteen, this slim cripple finally was graduated from the eighth grade, he asked permission to tackle high school.

The matron of the orphanage laughed at him.

"What good will it do you?" she asked. "Besides, you couldn't go to high school without slighting your work here."

But Jimmy West wouldn't give up. He went around to the high school and asked to be allowed to come in for part time, so that he could keep on with his laundry work at the orphanage. The school authorities shook their heads: it would be too irregular.

STILL the boy on crutches was not discouraged. After all, there was nothing in mere refusal that hurt as much as physical pain, or hopelessness—and he had endured both. He went to Allen Davis, principal of the business high school. Mr. Davis saw something of the ambition, the energy, the determination to rise above his orphanage surroundings that marked Jimmy West as a boy that was not to be denied.

"Of course you can come," he said. "We'll fix it some way so that you'll be able to carry on your work at the Home."

Jimmy obtained permission from the matron to go to high school for one month. If, in that month, he could show her that his laundry work and other duties at the orphanage would not suffer, he could continue.

He made a "go" of it. Four days a week he went to school. He continued to do the laundry work for the whole institution. Part of the time, in addition, he acted as night watchman. Frequently he would get all of his studying done at night, ring the rising bell in the morning, get in a little sleep before breakfast, and make up the rest when he could, perhaps during part of the afternoon, and again in the evening. Two years of it, and he had finished the commercial course. Also, he had become the editor of the school paper, a substitute teacher in arithmetic, and business manager of the school football team! A ninety-pound orphan on crutches managing the football team!

By the time he was graduated from high school, he was the big brother of all the youngsters in the orphanage. The institution gave him a regular job, paying him a small salary in addition to his board and lodging.

The buildings were unclean. Enlisting the children's help, he whitewashed and painted the whole place.

"The conditions in that institution were bad," he said. "There was waste and incompetence; aside from the bread and milk bills, it cost more to feed the fourteen employees of the institution than it did all the hundred and eighty-odd children. I decided it was up to me to tell the board of directors how matters really stood. So I went before them, and put the cards on the table. What I told them opened their eyes. But, of course, I had to hunt for another job."

He applied for work at a bicycle shop. But the proprietor of the place shook his head at the thought of hiring a cripple.

"If I learn to ride a bicycle," asked Jimmy West, "can I have the job?"

The proprietor smiled at the absurdity of the idea.

"If you can ride a bicycle," he answered, "I'd be willing to try it."

So West went around to one of the bicycle rinks that were not uncommon in those days. By evening his body was a mass of black and blue spots—but he had learned to ride. Then he threw away his crutches. He decided he had reached the point where he must learn to get along without them.

The proprietor of the bicycle shop, amazed at what the boy had accomplished, gave him the job. He held it until he was ready for his next step ahead.

That came when he decided he must learn to do more than keep books in a bicycle store. He got a chance to read law with an attorney. He worked with him during office hours, and helped him at home morning and evening. He was paid seven dollars a week, with room and board. He even managed to find time for Y. M. C. A. work, and became well acquainted at that institution. Then he strove to secure a law school scholarship that would let him take up more definite legal study without having to meet a high charge for tuition.

It was the high-school experience over again. At the first place he applied, the law school, then known as Columbian University, his application was curtly refused. So he tried a private school. The head listened to him attentively.

"The law needs chaps like you, West," he said. "I haven't a doubt you'll make good. Start in here whenever you're ready, and don't let the tuition bother you. You can pay it off later."

To support himself, young West got a position at the Y. M. C. A. as assistant to the secretary. A little later he secured stenographic work in the offices of the War Department.

MEANWHILE, conditions at the orphanage had slumped back into a state hardly better than they were before he had made his disclosures to the board. So, to do his part in getting better conditions for the children, he took one of the boys himself. A young ward to the lawyer with whom he had worked also came to him, after having West appointed guardian in the older man's stead. So Jimmy West, at twenty, besides earning a living for himself and carrying on his law school work at the same time, had two boys to support! He did it by renting a house and running it as a boarding club.

The law work was interrupted for one year when, during the Spanish-American War, the secretary of the Washington Y. M. C. A. went to the front, and West took his place as acting secretary. One incident that occurred during that year is characteristic:

A fire burned out a wing of the Y. M. C. A. building in which night school classes with an enrollment of more than a hundred were held. The night school

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Many heroes forfeited their lives for failure to outrun Atalanta—and Hippomenes won the race and her hand only by throwing golden apples ahead of her, which she stopped to pick up. So Swinburne wrote of: "Arcadian Atalanta, snowy souled—fair as the dawn and footed as the wind."

THE COMMANDER

Studebaker's Big Six Brougham

$1585 *f. o. b. factory*

including front and rear bumpers

THE beautiful silvered figure of Atalanta is poised on the radiator of The Commander, Studebaker's Big Six Brougham, to symbolize its beauty of line, speed and power.

You are captain of the boulevard and master of the open road when you sit at the wheel of this Big Six Brougham — commander of thrilling power that only seven American cars can equal, and they cost from two to five times more.

The Commander will idle smoothly or take the throttle for acceleration at 3 miles per hour. It will sweep from 5 to 40 miles per hour in 18.4 seconds. It will deliver 70 miles an hour easily, smoothly!

Put The Commander against any test you want. Charge it against the steepest hill. Let it out down the free stretches. Then you'll know why the Studebaker Big Six outsells every other car of equal or greater rated horsepower.

At its new low price of $1585—this Custom Brougham is the latest triumph of Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture.

Equipment Nickel-plated bumpers front and rear; snubbers; no-draft ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker); full-size balloon tires; disc wheels and positive acting four-wheel mechanical brakes; engine thermometer and hydrostatic gasoline gauge on dash; two-beam acorn headlights controlled from steering wheel; cowl lights and interior dome light; rear traffic signal light; automatic windshield cleaner and rear-vision mirror; oil filter; Alemite chassis lubrication; silken curtains; Butler finish hardware.

Atalanta—symbol of Studebaker Custom Cars

S T U D E B A K E R

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Armstrong's Brown Jaspé Linoleum No. 17

Jaspé in blends of brown

A fresh, modern floor beauty approved by critical decorators for every type of interior

Many women like the floors in their homes to be of one color tone throughout. They want something modern, something truly decorative. And they seek floors that will look equally effective in dining-room, living-room, and bedroom. A difficult task . . . unless they have seen a floor like that in the living-room above.

Brown Jaspé, it is called. To both the eye and the touch, this modern floor of Armstrong's Linoleum is unlike any of the old-type floors. It is as smooth as a table-top, to begin with. The eye detects no cracks, no gaping seams. Yet this one-piece floor of Jaspé actually has the appearance of a rich, softly textured surface.

To this unusual "jasper" effect has been added a mellow blend of heather browns. The result is a floor beauty that harmonizes in good taste with almost every type of room decoration.

Green Jaspé No. 19

Arabesq Tile No. 9012

"But will this beauty last?" you ask. "Are Armstrong's Jaspé Floors easy to clean?" Have them cemented in place and their beauty will last a lifetime. A waxing and polishing, a dry-dusting, is all the cleaning care they ever need.

You wonder, "What does all this up-to-date floor beauty, comfort, and cleaning ease cost?" Surprisingly little when your Armstrong Floor is installed; nothing at all as the years roll by.

Your local department, furniture, or linoleum store merchant will show you Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum in two tones of brown. There you will also see Jaspé effects in green, blue, gray, and taupe, as well as scores of other new floor designs in Armstrong's Linoleum.

Hazel Dell Brown will help you

Our decorator, Hazel Dell Brown, has written "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." This new illustrated book contains a special "Decorator's Data Sheet" and an offer of Mrs. Brown's free, personal service. Sent to anyone for 10 cents. (In Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 900 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

PLAIN - INLAID - EMBOSSED - JASPÉ - ARABESQ - PRINTED

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had to be discontinued. West went to the president of the institution to see what could be done about reopening it. The president promised to do what he could; a meeting of the directors was to be held that evening.

West knew what those night school classes meant. He had taken some of the work himself. While the directors were discussing ways and means, he hung around outside, waiting for the meeting to break up. When the president came out, Jimmy met him on the sidewalk.

"I'm sorry, West," he said, "but I couldn't manage it. It would cost a lot to put the building in shape again. We haven't the money. We must wait a while."

"Look here," West answered, as soon as the shock of disappointment had passed off; "if I agree to open that night school again without its costing the Y. M. C. A. *one cent*, will you let me do it?"

And finally, still standing on the deserted sidewalk, the president promised. "But only," he reiterated, "if you do it without any expense to the Association. We haven't the money to spend."

In telling me about it, Mr. West smiled.

"When I want to put something across," he said, "I don't ask for *money*, I ask for *permission to go ahead*. It isn't *money* that set the wheels revolving. It's energy, and intelligence, and initiative, and determination—those are the things that count. Money comes afterward."

"But how?" I asked. "How did you tackle the reorganization of that night school, for instance?"

"Well, first I went to the instructors. I got each one of them to promise he'd give his services until the school could be put on a paying basis again.

"Then I went around to various contractors to see about getting the building repaired. I explained the fix we were in. I told them that the teachers had offered to donate their services, and asked them if they couldn't contribute some of the work of restoring the wing. You'd be surprised at the way they responded. We reopened the school with an enrollment of two hundred, instead of the one hundred and thirty-six we had before. Instead of having to work for nothing, the instructors were paid more than they received before the fire."

WHEN West finally was graduated from law school, he decided he would like to be appointed a member of the Board of Pension Appeals, a semi-judicial position with the Department of the Interior.

"Get one of those pension attorney jobs? You—just out of law school? Why, you might just as well try to get to the top of the Washington Monument without going inside!"

That was the answer he got; an answer that would have stopped most men. But West had learned that there always is a way around a refusal. In less than six months he secured his appointment, and carried on that work for more than six years.

But with it he kept up his other activities. Retaining his interest in the Y. M. C. A., he branched out into settlement work. That led, in turn, to the securing of better playgrounds for Washington children. It was in this connection that he bought one of those first little two-seater automobiles, to enable him to get around more readily to his settlement work and playground activities. Once the Washington Playground Association voted him one thousand dollars to cover his expenses in playground work. Otherwise, there was no remuneration whatever.

The playground work brought him in touch with President Roosevelt. He wanted to secure the use of the big oval at the rear of the White House grounds for ball games. Roosevelt gave his consent, and the oval has been used for ball games ever since.

WHEN the episode related at the beginning of this article showed West the need for a Juvenile court, he worked with members of Congress until the success of the project was assured. But he did not receive the appointment of judge. Roosevelt had made other promises that took precedence over his assurance that West could have the place.

"Sorry," he explained. "I wanted to put you in; but I couldn't. It was my own mistake in promising something that I was already committed on, indirectly. But whenever the chance comes I'll make it up to you. You can count on that."

James West did count on that assurance. But, characteristically enough, not for himself.

He had married. With his wife, he had taken on some editorial work in the shape of a campaign for dependent children that was being carried on in the pages of a New York magazine. He suggested to the editors that it would be a fine thing to get the President of the United States to call a conference on the subject, after the order of the conservation congress of state governors. The editors agreed it would be fine; but doubted its feasibility. "It's not likely you can get President Roosevelt to take on anything like that," they said.

West reminded Roosevelt of his promise and the President made good. The banquet held in connection with the National Conference that T. R. sponsored, attended by the President himself, was the biggest banquet, in point of numbers, ever given in Washington up to that time.

In 1910 those in charge of the proposed Boy Scouts organization in America asked West, whose work with children had already made him one of the outstanding national figures in that field, to accept the job of chief executive of the organization. At first he declined; then, realizing the possibilities of a nation-wide movement that would enlist the enthusiasm of growing boys, he decided to accept, and took office shortly after the "Boy Scouts of America" was definitely incorporated. In 1916 the scope and usefulness of the Boy Scouts movement had grown to such proportions that it received the distinction of a congressional charter, being to-day one of the four organizations that have ever received that high honor—the others being the Near East Relief, the American Red Cross, and the American Legion. By 1920, the Scouts organization had 16,826 troops, with 475,000 scouts and scout officials. By 1926 there were 24,352 troops, with a total of 808,683 scouts and scout officials.

James E. West knows boys. All his life he has worked with, and for, children. Moreover, he understands what they mean to America, as few Americans do.

At noon—each day

JAPAN TEA

For better afternoons

About the middle of the afternoon, ambition fails you.

You yawn. You dawdle. And you're anything but pleased with yourself when the afternoon is gone and you've so little done to show for it.

Well, then, try this. At noon, prepare for four o'clock fatigue.

Relax, after luncheon, over a cup or two of refreshing Japan Green Tea.

Drink it slowly. *Linger* over it.

Repeat daily. And—no more listless afternoons. You're fresh and wide awake all through the day.

Japan Tea is tea at its best—tea in its *natural* state, uncolored and unfermented, with all the flavor-laden juices of the fresh leaves preserved by immediate sterilization.

Specify Japan Green Tea when you buy. Put up for the home in packages under various brands. Several grades and prices. The best will cost you only a fraction of a cent a cup

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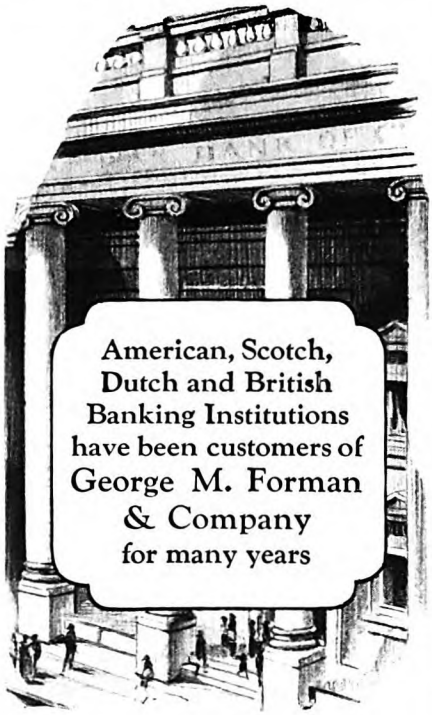

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"Of all the assets this great country has," he says, "none can be placed higher than Youth. What America will be in years to come depends on what happens to our boys and girls to-day. And yet, Youth is the one thing about which we know least, from the standpoint of intelligent understanding. The Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington spent last year $3,000,000 in order that we might know how to raise more and better cattle.

"In the same period, the Children's Bureau, which it was my pleasure to help inaugurate some eighteen years ago with the aid of Theodore Roosevelt, had at its disposal $350,000. The Board of Education had at its disposal $160,000. *Approximately, half a million dollars in all!*

"Granting the importance of boys and girls," continued Mr. West, "the problem was how to inaugurate a movement that would grip their interest, and make them better men and women.

"The first essential was to have a set of ideals to strive for. In large part we found this in the nine Scout laws that had already been formulated in England. We elaborated and interpreted them to meet our needs. The tenth, eleventh and twelfth laws, calling for bravery, cleanliness, and reverence, we added as being particularly valuable in this American age when we are likely to lose sight of serious things.

"OUR next problem was to secure the interest of boys. You mustn't preach to a boy. He won't stand for it. If you want to secure his coöperation, arouse his interest. Make him *want to do* the thing you wish him to do. That's easier said than done. But we have succeeded in arousing in boys an intense desire to become Scouts.

"We secured this result in part by our system of organization into troops, and by selecting well-qualified leaders who understand boys and their ways. We have capitalized boys' interest in outdoors—in tramping, in camping, and in woodcraft. Take a lad outdoors and show him how to do things that he already wants to do, how to handle a knife, how to swim faster, how to chop down a tree, how to build a fire, and the first you know you have a companion—an apprentice, as it were—who'll follow you through thick and thin.

"We have utilized ambition. The boy first becomes a tenderfoot, then a second-class, then a first-class Scout, and then, according to his interest and according to his leadership, he is permitted to acquire merit badges of proficiency in some seventy subjects. Last year we awarded through our Court of Honor and local councils almost one hundred and fifty thousand merit badges. Twenty-one merit badges give the boy a right to the highest rank in scouting—Eagle Scout. Over three thousand boys earned this right last year.

"Boys are naturally competitive. They want to try their skill to see whether or not they can outdo the other fellow. The merit badge system encourages healthy competition.

"Pride is another quality that every boy will respond to, as soon as you point out to him something that he has reason to be proud of. The right sort of pride is akin to self-respect. Once you get a boy to the point of being proud of being fair, proud of being clean, proud of being helpful, you have taken a big step toward making him a real citizen.

"Boys learn by doing. Our motto is 'Be prepared.' We require a daily good turn of every Scout. If we merely *said* those things, boys would listen, and go away unimpressed. But we don't stop with *saying* them. In our activities we make sure that boys are taught those things which enable them to put their mottoes into effect. We emphasize first aid, and similar activities that appeal vividly to boys in their teens.

"WE TRY to fit all boys for useful, successful life and citizenship in five ways:

"First on the list we put *physical fitness*. How well I know from my own personal experience that health is within the power of nearly every man! We try to give to each boy a consciousness of his own individual responsibility to make and keep himself physically fit.

"Our second point is *general education*. In spite of our splendid public schools, three quarters of the boys and girls in America to-day leave school at the age of fourteen, without having passed beyond the seventh grade. We make a point of encouraging boys to continue their schooling.

"Third comes *vocational guidance*. A survey made in the city of New York showed that one hundred thousand boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen average three jobs each year. We found one boy who held *thirty-four different positions* in two years! The underlying reason, we discovered, was that our educational system doesn't help boys definitely to find the things they can do best.

"Our merit-badge system gives, in a measure, vocational training. Of course we don't make a finished product. But these badge subjects cover practical activities, such as plumbing, carpentry, gardening, and a wide range of the sciences and arts—astronomy, botany, sculpture, and music.

"Again the emphasis is on *doing*. But to supplement the boys' activities, we have had little pamphlets prepared on each subject, which are available at a nominal cost. We give the boy a vision of the possibilities of a career in the work he does while qualifying for merit-badge honors. In winning these badges thousands of boys are discovering the thing they can do best.

"Fourth on our list we place the *right attitude of mind* toward organized government and the community. Do you know that only half the citizens of this country felt enough interest in the last two Presidential elections to go to the polls and vote? In scouting, we try to train boys for their responsibilities as citizens by giving them opportunities to participate in civic activities. They coöperate with the municipal police and fire departments, the United States Bureau of Forestry, and similar departments. Thus they get a vision of their relationship to organized society, and they measure up to that responsibility in a mighty encouraging way.

"Last and most important on the list we put *character development*.

"Personally, I believe that conditions to-day are better than they ever were,

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although I do not discount the harmful effects that automobiles, dance halls, jazz, and liquor play in the lives of our young folks. I see many of them being drawn into the whirlpool. Why? Because they lack the moral fiber that can come only through careful guidance, preferably in the home. The boys and girls of America need to have the benefit of two great influences which make for character building. We don't fool ourselves, in the Scout movement, into assuming that we are going to take the place of either of them.

"The first of these is the home. The second is the church. The boys and girls of America cannot grow into manhood and womanhood of the kind that gives them moral character without the help and power of God! So we are trying to strengthen the influence of the church in the lives of the boys of America, and we have been able to do it without regard to denominational differences. We adopted and emphasized that twelfth Scout law to fit conditions in America. Let me repeat it to you:

"'A Scout is reverent. He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties. He respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.'"

That twelfth law was built out of James E. West's own experience while, alone and practically unaided, he was changing himself from a weakling on crutches to a strong, healthy man; from an ignorant little orphan to a leader of educated opinion; from a lonely and almost helpless object of charity to the head of one of the greatest organizations in America. He never lost his faith in God or his fellow man.

Shooting Stars

(*Continued from page 28*)

during the long periods of exposure.

"The National Academy of Sciences has a special fund, the J. Lawrence Smith Fund, for the encouragement of research in meteors," said Doctor Shapley. "Assisted by a grant from this fund we began our special work here in October, 1924, with Doctor Willard J. Fisher in charge. Thus far, Doctor Fisher and his assistants have searched 53,489 plates, and have found 276 meteor trails. In one instance, four closely parallel trails were in the same photograph. Examples of rotating meteors, double meteors, meteoric spectra, and meteors that travel curved paths have also been found. All of this photographic data is being analyzed and catalogued by Doctor Fisher, and out of it we expect to get better acquainted with meteors."

I called on Doctor Fisher and he showed me some of these curious photographs, and discussed at length the many different appearances which meteors assume when they dart from the invisibility of outer space into the field of the earth's influence.

"If there is anyone who has never seen a meteor, and wants to, he can soon satisfy that desire," said Doctor Fisher. "Select a clear moonless night, go out beyond the city limits, and watch the sky for an hour or two. Meteors may be seen at any time

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of the night—large ones have been seen in daylight—but they are generally more numerous in the two or three hours before dawn.

"Some of them are so instantaneous that if you chance not to be looking in their direction, you will miss them. Others flare up into long streaks of fireworks as they course through the sky, and these are the kind most frequently seen. A shooting star is rarely visible longer than two or three seconds; but sometimes it leaves a train like a faint streak of cloud, which may remain luminous many minutes.

"There are times when shooting stars rain down in showers. Von Humboldt tells, in the account of his travels in 1799, how he was awakened in the early morning of November 12th to see the falling stars. For four hours he watched meteors darting across the eastern sky from north to south, some as big as the moon, some the size of Jupiter, all with long fiery trains, some showering sparks, and many bursting.

"On the corresponding night in 1833 there was another shower, just as wonderful, seen all over the United States. This time two American scientists, Denison Olmsted, of Yale, and A. C. Twining, of West Point, discovered an interesting fact which Von Humboldt had not mentioned: They found that the tracks of the shooting stars all seemed to come away from a point in the constellation Leo.

"Scientific men in this country were deeply stirred. Astronomers began to search historical records for references to past meteoric displays. Prof. H. A. Newton, of Yale, worked out a table dated back to the year 902, in which he traced the showers from Leo as occurring every thirty-three years. He predicted that there would be another brilliant display on the night of November 13th, 1866.

"Astronomers were thus forewarned, and the appointed night found them all primed for the exhibit. Thousands of people in many parts of the world sat up that night to see the shooting stars—and they were not disappointed. There was a brilliant display.

"PROFESSOR NEWTON'S prediction established two facts: First, that there is apparently a vast belt of meteors circling around the sun in an orbit such that the earth's position in November brings it in proximity to it. Second, the curve of the meteors' orbit is such that once in every thirty-three years the orbit of the earth crosses that of the meteors, and we pass through the very thick of the swarm.

"Thus, every November we may see some Leonids—those on the fringe of the swarm which get into the earth's gravitational field and plunge into our atmosphere. And every thirty-three years we should see a great display, because then we pass through the swarm of meteors like an airplane passing through a cloud.

"On this schedule another meteoric shower was expected in 1899. I am one of the many persons who sat up that night to see the rain of meteors; and it was a big disappointment, for the shower failed to appear. There were a few sporadic shooting stars, but nothing extraordinary. It is believed that the cloud of meteors was pulled aside by the gravitation of the outer planets. The next great shower from Leo is scheduled for 1932.

"It is a proved fact that the nights of November 14th and 15th are favorable times to look for meteors, because every year some Leonids put in an appearance.

"Another swarm of meteors is close to the earth on November 20th or earlier, and meteors are generally to be seen until the 23d. They are called Andromedes, because they seem to come from the direction of the constellation Andromeda. They are also called Bielids, because they are believed to be fragments of Biela's Comet which traveled the same path as this meteor swarm.

"Another favorable season for observing shooting stars is August, especially around the 10th, 11th, and 12th. These August meteors come from the direction of the constellation Perseus, and are Perseids."

It is believed by some authorities that the Aquarids, which may be seen to best advantage on May 5th, are particles from Halley's Comet. This most famous of all comets was last seen in 1910, and is not scheduled to visit our part of the universe again until 1985.

"METEOR showers are caused by small particles, for the most part, which burn up almost instantly when they come into contact with the upper atmosphere of the earth. Larger meteors occasionally plunge long distances, glowing like miniature suns. These are 'fireballs.' A large fire-ball flamed in the New England sky in broad daylight on November 15th, 1925, and was seen by observers in Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine.

"About six weeks later, on the night of December 29th, bright fireballs were reported from points in Quebec, Ontario, the New England states, New York, and Pennsylvania. The most widely observed was a fireball which flashed over the town of Hornell, New York, though not a single report of the meteor was received from that town. This is not surprising, however, as observers rarely see what is straight above them.

"The Hornell fireball was variously described. A man in Sharon, Pennsylvania, saw it "half the diameter of the full moon, pale yellow," while to an observer in Brooklyn, New York, it appeared "brilliant greenish white," and to another in West End, New Jersey, it was "a ball of fire, turning red, and like a searchlight shining through a dark sky."

"How do you know it was the same meteor?" I asked.

"I plotted the directions of sight that were given by the observers, and they converged at a point near Hornell. It is no discredit to a report that it differs in details from other reports of the same object. To an observer from the south or east a meteor may look very different from its appearance to an observer from the north or west. Then, too, a burning meteor is rapidly disintegrating as it speeds through the air, and its appearance at one moment may be quite different from its appearance a second or two later.

"The Hornell meteor was 64 miles above the earth when first visible, and it exploded at a height of 41 miles. Its velocity was close to 27 miles a second."

"Fireballs that explode are called 'bo-

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lides,'" continued Doctor Fisher. "The Hornell meteor is an example, though it does not seem to have made any noise. In July, 1894, a large meteor appeared in California within a few miles of the Lick Observatory. Perhaps no meteor ever had such a distinguished gallery, for it was plainly seen by several famous astronomers. It fell nearly vertically, and at a height of twenty-eight miles exploded with a loud detonation.

"More recently, in the early morning of July 18th, 1926, a fireball exploded over Maine. The flash was seen and the report heard in such widely-separated places as Portland, Bangor, and East Boothbay."

But for beauty and magnificence, no meteoric procession on record, said Doctor Fisher, can compare with the celestial display which was first sighted in the Canadian snowfields on that Sunday evening of February 9th, 1913. In the opening of this article I have tried to convey the impression of the flight as seen by one observer in Ontario; but the meteors were first observed a thousand miles farther west, in Saskatchewan, as a fleet of red fireballs.

The whole formation was from 1,000 to 1,500 miles in length and was seen over a stretch of 5,000 miles of the earth's surface. One hundred and forty-one of the observers were so impressed that they sent reports of what they saw to Doctor C. A. Chant, astronomer at the University of Toronto. Doctor Chant published an account of the phenomena in the Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, quoting the original data, and it is from his paper that the details reported here are gleaned. From this data Doctor Chant was enabled to compute the velocity of the meteoric procession as six miles a second.

That is a speed of 21,600 miles an hour. And yet, everyone who reported was impressed by the slow, stately movement of the meteors. They appeared to move slowly because of their height above the earth. When first sighted in Saskatchewan they were approximately 50 miles high. By the time they reached Ontario they were 34 miles high. When last seen by the officer of the "Newlands" they were approximately 14 miles high. In spite of their speed, the force of gravitation was steadily pulling them down, and it has been computed that they plunged into the sea about 700 miles beyond the "Newlands."

"WHY is it that so few meteors fall to the earth?" I asked Doctor Fisher.

"Most of them are minute bodies, and they simply burn up," answered the astronomer. "By measurement of the light of a typical shooting star, Opik found that it has a temperature of 6,000 to 7,000 degrees. And Lindeman and Dobson have calculated that it gives off energy at the rate of 4,400 horse-power.

"However, a great many meteors do not burn up, even at such temperatures," continued Doctor Fisher. "Many explode in the air and drop their fragments. Some manage to keep whole, and reach the earth as great chunks of matter glazed over with a thin crust like varnish. This coating seems to indicate that the surface melted so suddenly that the heat did not penetrate very far into the body. Fallen meteors are called "meteorites," and less than 900 falls have been discovered. Of

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these, 324 were found in North America."

Meteorites have been picked up in every state of the Union except Delaware, the District of Columbia, Illinois, Louisiana, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Washington. But this does not mean that meteorites may not be found in these states—for there is scarcely a doubt that many more meteorites have fallen than have been found. Many have accidentally been turned up in plowing, in prospecting for ore, and in digging for foundations. The greatest number of finds in the United States has been in Texas, twenty-four; but North Carolina, in spite of its smaller area, is a close second with twenty-two. It is reported that a farmer in Kansas paid off the mortgages on his farm by selling to museums and other collectors the pieces of meteorite which he found in his fields.

"Since the greater part of the earth's surface is sea, it is reasonable to suppose that more drop into the water than on land," said Doctor Fisher. "Uncounted millions of metorites undoubtedly lie buried in the ocean bottoms, in the jungles of Africa and the Tropics, and in the vast polar wastes."

One of the largest meteoric finds was in the Arctic. In 1894 Commander R. E. Peary was led by an Eskimo guide to Cape York, north of Melville Bay, Greenland, to see the "great irons." Peary found them to be three large meteorites. There was no record of when they fell, but Eskimo tradition knew them for at least a hundred years. The meteorites were called by the natives the "Dog," the "Woman," and the "Tent," because of their shapes.

PEARY returned to Greenland the next year to remove the meteorites. He had no trouble transferring the "Dog" to his ship. It weighed a paltry eleven hundred pounds. The "Woman" weighed three tons and was more difficult. After she was brought to the water front, a cake of ice served as a barge to ferry the meteorite from the shore to the ship. All went well until the load was alongside the vessel, and the tackle was being secured. Suddenly the ice cake broke into pieces, and it seemed as though the prize were lost. Luckily, the tackle tightened and held after it had dropped a few feet into the sea. Finally, after much sweating, anxiety, and excitement, the "Woman" was lodged in the hold of Peary's ship.

The "Tent" had been left till the last, because it was four miles away on an island. Peary found its weight to be many times that of the other meteorites, and it was impossible to budge it with such equipment as he had. Reluctantly he was compelled to abandon it, and came on home with the "Dog" and the "Woman."

Eleven years later, the explorer made a special trip to Greenland for the "Tent," but again its immense weight proved unmanageable. The next year, in 1907, he tried again, and luck was with him. The "Tent" was found to weigh thirty-six and one-half tons, and remains the largest meteorite in captivity. These three remarkable meteorites from Greenland may be seen at the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Perhaps the most remarkable meteoric find in the United States is the great crater near Canyon Diablo, in Arizona,

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generally known as Coon Butte. The crater is an immense hole in the rocky ground, nearly 4,000 feet in diameter, about 600 feet deep, and with walls rising 120 to 160 feet above the surrounding plateau. Thousands of pieces of meteoric iron have been found in and around this crater. A large specimen may be seen in the collection of meteorites at the Field Museum, in Chicago. Scientists believe that this scar in the rock-ribbed plateau of Arizona was caused by the fall of a gigantic meteor.

I asked Doctor Fisher if meteors have been known to strike people or destroy property.

"Some of the annals of the Middle Ages refer to falls of stone from the sky which killed and dstroyed human life. Chinese history tells of a palace being struck in ancient times.

"Humboldt's 'Cosmos' mentions the reputed death of a monk in Milan, Italy, in 1660, from this cause. But Doctor G. P. Merrill, lecturing at Cambridge, expressed doubt of all reports of such accidents. We have no record in modern times of any serious results from meteoric falls. Of course the impact of a meteorite large enough to make that crater at Coon Butte would do an immense lot of damage if the fall hit in a thickly populated region. Apparently the Mazapil meteorite missed the ranchman only a few yards. Fortunately, these misses seem to be the rule rather than the exception, and I don't think anyone need worry over the possibility of a meteor striking him."

"Are not these meteorites increasing the size and weight of the earth?" I asked.

"Yes, certainly," Doctor Fisher replied; "but the increase is so infinitesimal, in proportion to the earth's mass, that it is hardly appreciable.

"Theoretically, the earth's continual encounter with meteors slows down its revolution, increases its size, increases its attraction for the sun, shortens its orbit, and shortens our year. But Professor Young calculated that in a million years the shortening would amount to only one one-thousandth of a second."

AMATEURS who are interested in astronomy, and wonder where they can make a start, are invited to turn their attention to meteors. Some of the real advances in meteoric knowledge have been made by persons who were not professional scientists at all, but lay people who watched the skies as a hobby. Denning, the great English authority on meteors, is a business man, and studies meteors for relaxation as other men play golf.

There is an organization of meteor observers, the American Meteor Society, which is glad to enlist recruits and guide them to an intelligent acquaintance with shooting stars. Dr. C. P. Oliver, of the University of Virginia, is its president.

Doctor Fisher says that any photographers who own fast lenses will find the photographing of meteors an interesting test both of skill and of luck.

"The test can best be made on the night of an expected meteor shower," said Doctor Fisher, "with the Lyrids, Perseids, Leonids, Andromedes, or Geminides as the subject. Point the camera a little below the constellation from which the shower is expected, open the shutter at its widest aperture, and expose for one hour. The

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brighter stars will make paths on the negative, and some passing meteor may be caught during the hour. At the close of this exposure, change to a new plate or film, and make another hour's exposure. The best results are obtained after midnight. We should be glad to search such negatives at the Harvard College Observatory. In sending negatives to the observatory indicate the time of opening and closing the shutter, and name the town or place where the exposure was made."

One of the amateurs who observed the Hornell meteor took a photograph of the luminous train which it left after its explosion, and sent it to the Harvard College Observatory. Doctor Fisher says that to his knowledge it is one of the four photographs of meteor trains in existence. Two luminous trains were photographed in South Africa some years ago, another one in India, and, lastly, in 1925, this one in America by a quick-witted amateur observer, D. O. Woodbury, of Schenectady, New York.

EQUALLY fascinating to astronomical amateurs is the game of comet seeking. While comets are not so numerous as meteors, they are more lasting and, when one is found, it may be watched night after night for weeks, sometimes for months. The observer may witness the spectacular phases of its evolution. When sighted, a distant comet is usually tailless, but as it approaches the sun the pressure of the solar light beating against the comet's head drives off a flare of luminous vapor which may stretch for millions of miles into space.

Sometimes several tails develop at different angles. Sometimes, as was seen in Halley's Comet on its last visit, sections of the tail stream off at rapid velocity. Occasionally, as in 1910, a comet is of such brilliance as to be visible in daylight; but this is rare. Most comets must be looked for at night to be seen at all, and the majority of them are telescopic objects.

The present year, 1927, promises to be of special interest to comet observers, because, in addition to minor comets, it will bring back to the neighborhood of the earth two well-known visitors: the Pons-Winnecke Comet and the Encke Comet.

The Pons-Winnecke Comet was discovered in 1819 by Jean Louis Pons, a doorkeeper at the observatory in Marseilles, France, who became one of the most celebrated cometary astronomers. In 1858 the comet was rediscovered by F. A. T. Winnecke at Bonn. On its last visit, in 1921, it was first sighted and photographed by E. E. Barnard, the indefatigable comet seeker of the Yerkes Observatory.

This comet has a period of about six years in which it makes its elliptical journey around the sun. Since the earth is also continually traveling, it happens that only occasionally do their motions bring earth and comet close together. This year is one of those times of near approach, and on June 26th the Pons-Winnecke Comet will be only 3,500,000 miles from the earth. The sun is 93,000,000 miles distant, and our nearest planetary neighbor, Venus, is 26,000,000 miles, so, by comparison, the comet will be just over our back fence. It will be in the constellation Pegasus, rising in the eastern sky about eleven o'clock P. M. on June 26th and for a few days before and after that date. It may best be seen at midnight or shortly thereafter. The comet should show a good tail.

Encke's Comet also was discovered by Pons (in 1818), but its orbit was calculated by Encke, the Gotha astronomer, and because of this contribution the Comet bears his name. Encke's Comet has a period of three and one-third years, and because of its small orbit has been considerably disturbed in its motion by the larger planets. Encke's Comet will be nearest the earth on November 7th, when it will be within 100,000,000 miles. It also will be in the constellation Pegasus, and can best be observed around eight o'clock P. M., when it will be in the west.

Amateurs who are ambitious to discover comets must use a telescope, for by far the greater number of comets are invisible to the naked eye. A large telescope is unwieldy, and the most successful results have been obtained by the use of a small glass of from two to six inches aperture and of short focus. Seated at his telescope, the searcher slowly moves it across a section of the sky, his eye on the alert for any unaccustomed patch of light.

Distant comets are usually tailless, and the watcher may easily mistake bright nebulæ for comets unless he knows the sky intimately. But comets move and nebula are fixed; so, by watching the suspected patch of light night after night, he can tell by its movement among the stars whether or not it is a comet.

There is keen competition among comet seekers, for the first to report a discovery is honored by having his name bestowed upon the comet. Some years ago, there was an American who was awarding a cash prize of two hundred dollars for each new comet discovered. Professor E. E. Barnard, who has nineteen comets to his credit, called his home "the house that comets built," because it was entirely paid for with the prize money that he won by his cometary discoveries.

BARNARD'S record was even exceeded by that of another American, W. R. Brooks, of Geneva, New York, who discovered twenty comets in some twenty years of observing. Even the professional regards one new comet a year a satisfactory find, but the Rev. Joel H. Metcalfe, of Portland, Maine, has the unique record of discovering three comets within forty-eight hours.

Perhaps it should be emphasized, lest ambitions be unduly stimulated, that the two-hundred-dollar prize is no longer offered. But, through the endowment of another wealthy American patron of astronomy, a bronze medal is presented to the discoverer of every new comet. This award is under the control of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. Discoveries of comets and other celestial objects should be reported, if made in the Western Hemisphere, to the Harvard Observatory in Cambridge, Massachusetts; if made in the eastern Hemisphere, to the Observatory in Copenhagen. By agreement, these are the two world centers from which astronomical news is disseminated to the various observatories, societies, and publications throughout the world.

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Getting Away From the Grind

(*Continued from page 29*)

friendships grow out of our chance vacation acquaintances.

Now, the obvious purpose of vacations is to recuperate mind and body by means of rest and change; but this purpose is so frequently nullified by the manner in which it is carried out that the condition of the tired vacationist on returning home has become almost a stock joke.

When you plan a vacation, remember that the most important thing is to arrange for a complete change of environment. If you live in the city you should go to the country for your vacation, and if you live in the country you should plan to go to the city, or at least go to a different sort of locality from that in which you live the year around. If you live in a flat country, hike for the mountains. If you live in the mountains, get right out of them and make for the plains or the sea coast.

If you are engaged in tasks in which your eyes are employed with work near at hand, then journey to the place where you can exercise your long-distance vision.

If you are a traveling man, habitually on the move, then go to a place where you can stay put for a while. If you are a housewife who has been tied right down for one year to home duties and child-care, get away from home if possible, gad about, travel, keep on the go during most of your vacation. See new things, and many of them.

If your work is monotonous, then plan for a vacation that will have variety in it, and, if possible, travel. Some vacations should be spent in half a dozen places.

NOT long ago I heard of a middle-aged professional woman who just wanted to go to some place and sit. The rest of the family didn't take kindly to this idea of a vacation, so they planned on a trip in which Mother was to be left in a comfortable hotel with a big porch and easy chairs, while the other members of the family played golf and ran about the country on motor trips. This went well for three days, and that was enough for Mother. She wanted to get into the real vacation with the rest of the family.

From year to year, change the vacations. If you have been taking motor trips each year, plan for a boat trip or take a railroad journey.

Let me emphasize the value of water trips, boat trips, or canoe cruises. There is something decidedly restful about the water, especially for those who live on land, and do not have an opportunity to paddle around on a lake any time they choose.

If you go off on a motor trip, don't forget to walk. The automobile is a great institution for getting you off to the vacation grounds, and for getting you around when you are there. But after you establish your headquarters for a day or for a week, lock up the automobile, and do a little walking. But let me warn you against overdoing this hiking business on a vacation. I frequently see people come

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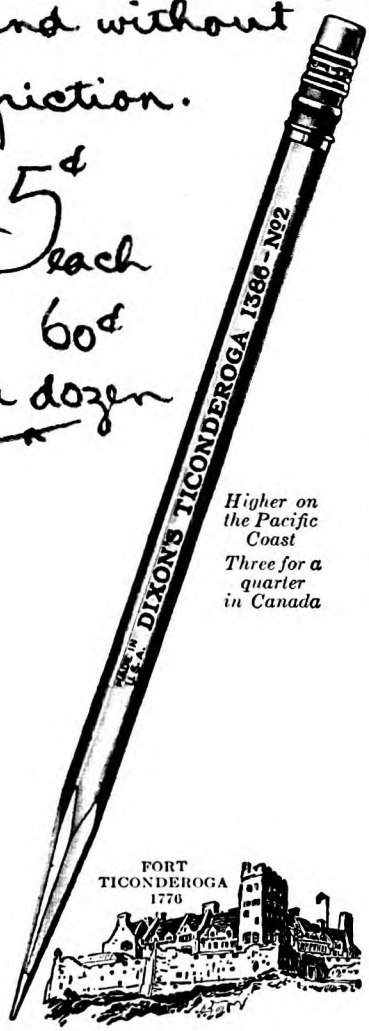

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home from a vacation on which they have really attempted too much physical exercise. They have walked too far, and it takes them about two weeks to get over the vacation physically.

A word about camping. This camping is great stuff for young people, and it is all right even for young married folks where everybody will pitch in and do the work. But I can't see the advantage of camping parties where a woman has to do all the work, and the man has all the play, aside from a little assistance in striking and breaking camp. For adults over forty years, except for those who are camping enthusiasts, I think the vacation by motor will yield much more health and recuperation if the camping idea is abandoned.

In the case of motor-camping family vacations, plan to change about as far as possible. Let the man do most of the cooking and the woman do the unusual things about the camp. It is real sport for a man to get a frying pan in his hands now and then. He doesn't have a chance to do it through the year. But how much of an inspiration to the housewife is the view of a frying pan?

In this connection, every woman off on one of these trips should learn to drive the automobile. Particularly should she do this if she does not drive much at home. Remember, first, last, and always, on a vacation try to do the unusual things, get away from your routine life, and engage in new activities.

UNFORTUNATELY, most of us have to plan our vacations in accordance with the budget. We have just so much money to be spent, whether it be an individual outing or a family holiday. A part of the good after-effects of a vacation is spoiled if you come home having spent twice as much money as you could afford, and if for six months the exchequer groans under the task of trying to cover the vacation deficit. Most of us, after we have taken a few vacations, learn how to plan for the expense. If you are careless in this matter, your vacation will cost you about twice what you thought it would; but if you will sit down and figure it out, or if, as a family, you sit down and talk it over, you will be able to make a good workable estimate.

I know a family of five in Chicago who, up to the month of March, had not been able to give a thought to their annual vacation. They had had unusual expenses during the year, and it seemed that they simply couldn't afford to take a vacation. But they had the good sense to know that a vacation was just as important a part of their life as anything else. They finally managed to provide thirty-five dollars for a vacation in July.

Now, what can five people do on thirty-five dollars? They, of course, had to abandon the idea of a vacation of the type they had been taking. It finally occurred to them that the Forest Preserves district about Chicago afforded an opportunity for camping out. Fortunately, they were able to borrow a tent from a relative, and this they pitched for two weeks near the river in the Forest Preserves. The thirty-five dollars saw them through the entire vacation, with canoe trips, motoring forays, including one trip into the city, on which they treated themselves to a table d'hôte meal. How much better that this family should have made the effort to have a real vacation, even though they had only thirty-five dollars to spare for it.

If you cannot get far away from home to have a vacation, then take one near home. If you can't afford to stop work for two weeks, then get a change of work. For example, if you are working in a city office, get off for two weeks and work on a farm. What I want to emphasize is that you should get away from your job once a year. It is not necessary that you spend an enormous amount of money in order to derive real benefit from a vacation. It is the change that does the good, and if you can't have a real holiday, then radically change your activities for a while.

In the case of the family who spent their vacation in the Forest Preserve, there was little opportunity to use money. There were no moving picture shows. There were no amusement park attractions. They just camped out under the trees and enjoyed nature.

On the other hand, whenever possible, I think it is a good plan to allow yourself some reasonable luxury on a vacation. The psychology of this attitude is good. You have been economical for a year. You have pinched the coins. You have had to scrimp and save. Now, within reasonable limits, enjoy spending.

Don't forget that money spent on a vacation is a profitable investment. Every dollar that is saved by neglecting the annual vacation stands a good chance of eventually falling into the hands of doctors, druggists, and hospitals. Money spent on healthful recreation and recuperation is not wasted. I have a patient now who thought he could not afford to take a vacation, so he is spending his money on the luxury of a nervous breakdown.

It is a lot of fun for an individual, or two chums, or a whole family, to sit down, plan a vacation, and work out a budget for it. You know how much you can spend. Now, make it go as far as you can. And remember that the main idea is to get away from the things you have been doing the rest of the year.

It does us all good to get out of doors as much as possible during the summer season, and we therefore derive extraordinary benefit from a period of two or three weeks in which we virtually eat, play, and sleep out of doors. There is something about outdoor sleeping that is beneficial, aside from the fact of just fresh air. I think it may be that the blowing of the breeze on the face has some highly beneficial nervous effect upon the circulation of the blood and the movement of the nerve currents.

THE actinic ray of the sunlight in moderate dosage throughout the day is highly beneficial to the health of the body. But I cannot too strongly warn the reader against over-exposure to sunlight during the summer season. This tendency to become unduly sunburned or tanned probably more than destroys the good effect of the sunlight that would otherwise be gained by moderate exposure or by out-of-door living with proper clothing.

And in this connection, we should remember that light-colored clothing permits us to receive a large amount of these health-giving rays right through our wearing apparel; whereas, dark-colored fabrics throw these health rays off.

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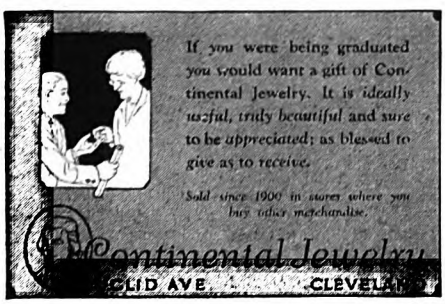

If you enjoy some particular outdoor sport, try to indulge in it during your vacation, but remember that if you overdo you will be sore of muscle and lame of back for a few days following.

I have a friend who, I think, is very wise. Two weeks before he goes on his vacation he begins to exercise—to walk, and take setting-up exercises—to get ready for his vacation. He is then somewhat hardened for physical exercise and the outdoor exploits of his vacation before he enters upon it, and he does not go around with a lame back, sore and exhausted muscles for the first week after he indulges in a little unusual out-of-door exercise.

While outdoor bathing is a most healthful and hygienic practice, it is much overdone, especially by frail, delicate individuals. Sea water, because of its low temperature as well as its salt, is very beneficial to the skin and general health. But too long bathing in the sea overtaxes the reactionary powers of the nervous system and results in the loss of too much heat on the part of the body. As a result, the individual is debilitated, and this experience is followed by headache, lassitude, and depression. Otherwise, outdoor bathing and swimming are to be recommended as wholesome and healthful.

A sudden plunge into cold water on a very hot day is attended with grave danger. On the part of the young and robust, there is danger of cramp, and consequent drowning. With middle-aged and elderly persons, there is great danger of sunstroke and apoplexy, especially the latter.

THERE is no question that a great many doctor's bills and much semi-invalidism would be saved if certain people who are not robust of health, and can afford it financially, would take two weeks' vacation in mid-winter as well as in mid-summer. I know this is not a practical idea, for most of us who have to stay on the job and earn our living by the sweat of our face or the sweat of our brains. Nevertheless, there is tremendous zest, not to mention real sport, to be had in mid-winter. The winter sports are just as diverting, fascinating, and health-giving as the summer activities, and I am not sure but that we are missing a great deal in not being able to get outdoors more in the winter to enjoy the cold weather; or, in the mid-winter season, after having been shut up in the house, to get away to a more salubrious climate for the outdoor living.

However, notwithstanding all that can be said in favor of vacations in the winter, those of us who can afford only one a year—and that certainly includes about ninety per cent of us—get more out of a summer vacation; and the summer vacation is about the only time that is suitable and convenient for the average family to have an outing together.

There is great danger on the part of some people of becoming over-heated when over-exposed to the sun; but, as a rule, this is due to wrong habits of diet, to over-indulgence in alcohol, tobacco, tea, or coffee, or it may be the result of obesity and embarrassed heart action. Then, too, we have a group of people who do not sweat easily during hot weather. They must be careful. They are in danger of

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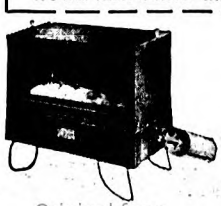

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sunstroke. Beware of becoming overheated when the perspiration is diminished. When you are sweating freely, if your head is protected from the direct rays of the sun, there is very little danger from over-heating.

If you become dizzy as the result of light exercise in the sunshine; if you have headaches when you walk forth in the bright sunlight, consult your physician, have your blood pressure taken, have your eyes tested; find out why you should be thus afflicted when taking moderate exercise in the fresh air. If it is purely and simply your nerves, then make up your mind to train yourself gradually to practice these activities until you can go forth and enjoy life without being dizzy and suffering unduly from headaches.

There is no question that a vacation is a great treatment for indigestion. Even an ordinary week-end holiday does wonders for the stomach. I am all the time meeting people who tell me they can't eat this and can't eat that, and then, when I ask them if they can eat those things when they are on a picnic or an outing, they say, "Oh, surely, Doctor. I can eat anything reasonable at such times."

It goes to prove that a great deal of our so-called indigestion is in reality nervous indigestion. There is nothing actually wrong with the stomach. These folks are tired, nervous, and overwrought, and the stomach reflex is upset. The stomach needs only a fair chance to do its work without the presence of nagging nerves or over-stressed minds, and it will respond immediately.

The week-end outing and the annual vacation afford excellent opportunities to keep our lung power up. It is found that the average woman breathes only about one quarter of her capacity, and the average man, only about one half.

We should make an effort to improve our breathing during the vacation. No vacation is a success unless it provides for some real physical activity. We become short-winded, as it were, as a result of being cooped up most of the winter season within doors, and as soon as spring arrives we should get out and try to atone for some of the mischief that has been done by our indoor living for four or five months.

TYPHOID fever is a passing scourge; but this plague still prevails in many of the rural districts in this country. In our larger cities we have most of our typhoid in the autumn, following the return to the city of the vacationists. They contract the disease while out on their holidays, come back home and become sick. We know enough about typhoid at the present time emphatically to state that it is usually due to gross negligence. It is not generally known among the people at the present time that we possess a mode of vaccination against typhoid fever that is almost as sure a preventive as smallpox vaccination is against that scourge.

A small lake in the country is an attractive place for bathing. Cottages built around it run their sewage into the lake. Those on a holiday go in swimming. If anyone about the cottages has typhoid fever, or is a typhoid carrier—that is, a person who carries germs of this disease around with him in the gall-bladder but does not have the disease himself—he will infect the lake, and any number of innocent people may come down with the disease.

In Illinois, a few years back, at a Chautauqua, a well became infected, and two hundred and one persons are known to have contracted typhoid fever in one season. Not long since the New York City Health Department traced ninety-four cases of typhoid fever in boys and girls to a brook from which they had filled their canteens.

Flies dearly love to feed upon filth, and they carry these germs of infection to our dinner tables, and in this way typhoid and other summer bowel complaints are spread.

HERE are a few important things to remember when on a vacation, especially if you have not been vaccinated against typhoid: Drink no water unless you know it is safe. Many states are now putting signs of approval on water supplies along the mainly traveled thoroughfares. Use only pasteurized or boiled milk. Do not swim in lakes or streams unless you know they are safe. Carefully clean and wash all raw fruits and vegetables, making sure that the water used for this purpose is not contaminated. Guard against flies, and be scrupulously careful about the disposal of wastes about the camp. Still more important than all of these things—though they should not be neglected—is that you be vaccinated against typhoid fever. You cannot always control everything connected with the vacation environment, but you can be vaccinated.

Sometimes a vacation is spoiled—if we go out in the woods to rough it or camp out—by flies and mosquitoes. Certainly every tent should be provided with netting to prevent the entrance of these insects, but we cannot always remain in a screened tent, even after sundown, when the mosquitoes come forth to serenade and bite us. Some people are fortunate in that mosquitoes will not bite them; but these individuals are rare.

A very effective mosquito repellent is the following:

Oil of citronella	1 ounce
Spirits of camphor	1 ounce
Oil of cedar	½ ounce

This mosquito repellent can be used on fishing expeditions, and it is also a good plan, when the mosquitoes are very bad, to wear gloves and a head netting, to prevent them from gaining access to the face.

The summer season is the ideal time for reducing. If you are going to enjoy a vacation you must get rid of your excess baggage. But let me warn you against too rapid reduction in weight. This is particularly dangerous if you are over forty years of age. To reduce at the rate of eight or ten pounds a week is all wrong. It is better to reduce at the rate of two or three pounds, and keep it up steadily. Don't do it by spurts, and remember we don't undertake to reduce by depriving ourselves of water or other liquids. There are just two things worthwhile in connection with reducing: the control of the diet, and physical exercise.

Much can be done to prevent undue sunburn or tanning by the use of cold cream before going out in the sun, and the application of the following lotion after exposure:

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Zinc oxide.....½ ounce
Starch.....½ ounce
Lime water..... 4 ounces

On a vacation, we sometimes tramp about in the woods and pick up little parasites known as "chiggers." They burrow into the skin and cause a great deal of trouble. The best way to get rid of these little fellows is to anoint the skin thoroughly night and morning with some heavy fat. Good lard ointments will serve the purpose. Greasing the skin suffocates these parasites and brings an end to their mischief-making.

I want to say a parting word to women. I think it would be a fine thing for the American home if more husbands and wives could take their vacations together. I know there are good and sufficient reasons every now and then why this is not practical. Nevertheless, if I were a woman I would think twice before I refused an invitation to go on an outing with my husband.

"He Whom a Dream Hath Possest"

(*Continued from page 51*)

everyone else did. Just as if she were an invalid. She guessed they did not know how she tended the cow and chickens, and how the neighbors were always saying, "Grandma, you're so spry and young for your age!"

Grandma Jeffers, adding supreme insult to injury, came and stood beside the chair. She was gowned in extremely short turquoise velvet, and waved a gorgeous golden feather fan. She wore pearls with the blue velvet, rings of them, bracelets of them, and a dog-collar. "Well," thought Grandma jealously, "all the strands of pearls in the world could not conceal the wrinkles in that old neck!"

And then Grandma forgot her grievances in the beauty of the service. Almost everyone was looking at the bride; but Grandma looked only at David. And that was Davie, was it, standing there so big and fine and smart? It just couldn't be! Why, it was only yesterday that Davie and Micky Miller had gone down to the creek with willow poles, and she had fried for their supper the three diminutive sunfish of their combined catch. And the day before yesterday, when old Mr. Wing had come over to see her because Davie had drawn his picture on the side of Tucker's store and everybody was laughing at it?

And then, all at once, the service was over. And soon the satin ropes were removed, and the orchestra changed from a throbbingly sweet melody to a crashing dance tune. With that little superior air which Grandma detested, Grandmother Jeffers took her by the arm and piloted her the length of the ballroom floor toward chairs at the edge of the palm-filled alcove, from which vantage point they might watch the dancers.

The journey over the slipperiness of the dark polished floor would have been fraught with as much peril to Grandma as that of Eliza crossing the ice, if Grandmother Jeffers had not guided her. The high-heeled, golden satin pumps of Grand-

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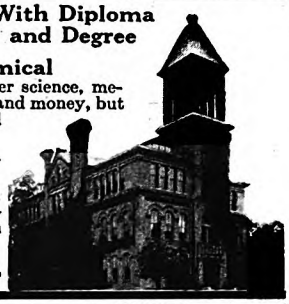

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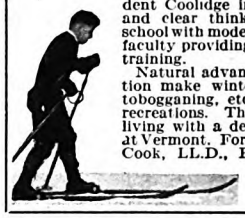

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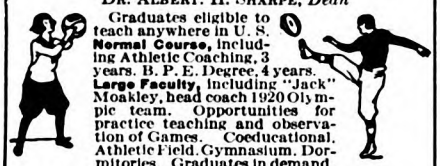

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mother Jeffers seemed to tow Grandma Burnham's flat and altogether sensible black kids over to the alcove like gay little yachts towing broad barges into the backwater of a harbor.

Grandma Burnham sank heavily into the waiting chair, with a breath of relief.

"My, that makes me feel old, the slippery floor and the bright lights and that awful loud, queer music!"

Grandma Jeffers settled in the other chair with birdlike lightness, and crossed silken ankles. "How odd! It makes me feel young." The voice was superior, condescending. "Young enough to enter into it, and get all there is out of life to get!"

Grandma did not answer. She was uneasy here alone with this woman. Evidently, she was to be with her all evening. It had been arranged, of course; Margie's family had assigned this painted old butterfly to the task of looking after her. For a long time Grandma said nothing. There seemed nothing to say. They had not a single interest in common—sophisticated, modern old Grandmother Jeffers and provincial, out-of-date old Grandmother Burnham. Their lives touched each other's no more than the Poles touch.

Well, Grandma thought to herself, tomorrow it would be over. She would go back home, and leave this silly old woman free to cavort around as she wished. She would tell the neighbors she just got homesick and took the first train for Edgeville. She looked timidly across at the other grandmother, sitting upright, poised on the edge of her chair, waving her feather fan with that little detached air of superiority.

SUDDENLY Grandma grew reckless. *She would just be herself and say what she pleased.* She wasn't going to be shy, or afraid of that kittenish old woman's opinion any more. And because she could not be long with anyone without expressing herself freely, she began talking, half to herself, half to the unwilling listener:

"This wasn't much like my wedding, I'm telling you. It makes me laugh to think of the difference. John and I were married in my folks' log cabin. We set all the chairs out to make room for the guests. There was two fiddlers for the music. My folks' present to us was two pigs and six chickens. My, my, how things have changed! But I was happy—just as happy as Margie. It *was* a happy time for us, too, in those days, wa'n't it?" Grandma's eyes were moist with memory.

"Yes . . . oh, yes," the other agreed without enthusiasm.

Shrewd old Grandma detected something. Grandmother Jeffers's wedding time *had not been happy*. Any woman, no matter how old or sophisticated, would recall it with some show of emotion here to-night in the midst of the flowers and the music.

"We stayed with our folks a while, and then we moved on a farm in Poplar County. My John, David's father, was born there. We hadn't much to do with. Nobody did. Times was awful hard; but such a happy time as we had, too, with all the hard work. I wouldn't change the memory of it for anything." Grandma's pleasant old voice flowed on reminiscently, monotonously: "Oh, of course, there are always some things you'd change. In all those years there's one thing stands out more than any other, that I'd change if I could. I'll tell you what it was!"

Her placid voice swept by uninterested ears, as though water lapped against the stolidity of a rock. "It was a sin of omission I guess you'd call it, instead of commission. We'd just got through living in the old sod house and built the new one. It seemed awful big and fine to me to have three rooms. My mother was coming to visit me for the first time, and I'd washed and scrubbed and cooked all day getting ready for her visit."

Grandmother Jeffers's restless, indifferent eyes were turned toward the gay throng, and she was tapping her foot irritably. But it did not faze Grandma. She was intending to finish the story of her memories more for her own pleasure than the listener's.

"WELL, there come a covered wagon along, and in it was a man and his wife and their two little girls and her young sister. The man was driving some cattle, and he stayed out and asked Pa if he could put them in our corral. But the women and the children come up to the door. The woman had a baby in her arms, and the sister was leading a little girl by the hand. The woman did the talking. She said they wanted to stay all night if they could. She said they had their own bedding and they'd bring it in and make up their beds on the floor. But I said 'No'."

Grandma's plump cheeks crinkled in the effort to keep her tearful emotion from showing. "I guess I've 'most never had a day that I haven't remembered that sinful thing . . . with the weather getting colder and the night coming on . . . and turning them away in their covered wagon. I was tired, and my mother was coming to visit, and I wanted everything spick and span. . . . But there ain't any of those things an excuse. It's been a blot on my life ever since I did it. Some day I believe I'm going to have to answer for that. Some day I'm going to hear, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me.'"

Grandma was preaching a sermon by this time—preaching to a sophisticated, disinterested audience. But she had chosen her text and she was going to see it developed.

"Think of turning folks away like that in an early day when houses were so far apart and everyone had to be hospitable! I heard they stayed at the next house; but that ain't going to excuse me a mite. Seems like that's the worst thing I ever did in all the time we lived between Deer Trail and Edmond, back there in Poplar County."

Grandmother Jeffers suddenly stopped tapping her foot nervously and stared at Grandma.

"Where did you say that was?"

Grandmother repeated it mechanically. "Between Deer Trail and Edmond, out in Poplar County. I've thought of that thing—"

"What year was it?" Grandmother Jeffers leaned toward Grandma. "Do you remember?"

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"Do I remember? I guess I do. It was the night before the Fourth of July, 1888. I know, because that was the year—"

Grandmother Jeffers put a slender, jeweled old hand on one of Grandma Burnham's pudgy red ones. Her young-old eyes were not restless, nor hard, nor uninterested. They had gone soft and shining and concerned. "Don't worry about it any more, Grandma." Her voice was trembling. "*I was the sister!*"

"*You!*" Grandma said it incredulously and then definitely, "Oh, no, not *you!*"

"Between Deer Trail and Edmond, in Poplar County, on the evening before the Fourth of July, 1888." Grandmother Jeffers went over it slowly. "Yes," she said definitely, "I was the sister. We stopped at a house, my sister and my sister's husband and their two little girls and I. A woman said she couldn't keep us because she was going to have company. I remember it as though it were last week. And we went on to the next house.

"It was because of what happened there that I remember it all. There was a young man stopping there at the next house. He had been studying law . . . he had some law books in his saddle bags . . . and he rode on away with us when we went. His name was Benjamin Erwin. Did you ever . . . ?" Grandmother Jeffers's white hand clutched a little at Grandma Burnham's red one. "Did you know anything about him . . . where he is . . . what ever became of him?"

"Benjamin Erwin? Why, he died . . . a long time ago. . . . I guess he never married."

"No, he wouldn't have. He said he wouldn't ever. . . . He was—" old Mrs. Jeffers tugged at her pearl dog-collar as though it choked her—"he was . . . the only man I ever loved!"

GRANDMA'S mind was still on her own part in this astounding coincidence, and she was clucking surprised little exclamations of "Dear, dear! And it was you I turned away!"

"No, no; don't you see?" Grandmother Jeffers was almost impatient. "If you hadn't turned us away we would not have gone on to the next house, and I'd have missed him. It was to be that way. I'll tell you about it. . . . " She pulled her chair close to Grandma's knee, like a child at confession. "I never told anyone . . . not a soul in my life. There isn't a friend I have . . . not one . . . I would tell this to now; but I can tell you. There's something about you that makes me know it is safe with you. We carry dreams around with us, you know . . . and Ben Erwin was my dream. But I never knew he died—I couldn't find out. He was the only man I ever loved. All my life I've thought maybe I'd run across him again. I wanted to stay young for him. He was going on West. He traveled with us several days. We camped on the prairie at night. He was going to start his law office farther West. I can shut my eyes and see it all yet . . . the wide sweep of the prairie . . . and the stars . . . and the wind . . . and Ben Erwin.

"It's nothing but a dream, of course. Anybody with sense knows that. But I've carried it about with me all these years. I was going to wait for him; but something happened. It isn't necessary to go into that. And we parted . . . and I never knew what became of him. I married Henry Jeffers and had a child. But Ben Erwin was the man I loved. I thought we'd meet again some day. I told myself it just had to be. But we never did. And now he's dead!"

Grandma's eyes were moist with sympathy. "Well, well, and if I hadn't turned you away, it would have saved you a lot of sorrow in your life."

"No. Oh, no! I wouldn't have it different, even now. Isn't it queer, Grandma? It was I and it was you! Well, I never could forget him. Forty-eight years ago, and it's still a part of me. You'd think a person would get over a thing like that, wouldn't you? With a thousand interests in life? I've traveled around a good deal. And it seems as though he has been with me. He's stood beside me at times . . . on a Scotch brae . . . and in St. Peter's . . . and once at Naples. At unusual times, you know. Then he's come. Forty-eight years ago, and the dream never left me.

"And I married Mr. Jeffers, many years older than I . . . and I had a child. Sometimes the dream seems wicked, and sometimes it seems beautiful. But, wicked or beautiful . . . it has stayed!"

There were tears in her young-old eyes. They welled over the touched-up lids, hard little tears, as though they came painfully, and slipped down the elaborate make-up. That little air of superiority, of condescension, was gone.

"Life wasn't what I meant it to be—roaming, restless . . . and trying to keep young, so if I should meet him. I suppose I ought to have accepted age sensibly . . . philosophically . . . like you have, Grandma. But I've thought life just couldn't go by without my seeing him again. And I wanted to be young for him. It's been my dream. A dream's a silly thing to carry around with you, isn't it? But there's no age or time limit to it. And even a dream is worth suffering for . . . if it just *possesses* you!"

A WEEK from Thursday, Mr. Jensen's little feather-weight car drew up in front of Grandma Burnham's, and Mrs. Jensen flew over with the key. Simultaneously, Sue Maybrick came from her yard, rolling down her sleeves over enormous arms. Children, coming home from school, stopped at the yard, and Jennie Wing hurried over from across the street. As they came up, Grandma stepped heavily out of the car.

She had on her best black with the white cuffs and collar. The erstwhile chic hat with the noble pompon was slightly awry. With uniform interest the neighbors all stared at the car. For behind Grandma a trim silken leg in a silver-buckled pump lightly touched the running-board, to be followed by a slender little bob-haired lady in a very gay and very youthful rose-colored coat and hat.

"Hello, everybody!" Grandma was beaming. Then she turned to the supple figure springing nimbly to the ground.

"This," she said, and chuckled wickedly, "is Grandmother Jeffers! I'll admit she ain't just what you'd call *feeble;* but we've grown to be mighty good friends, and she's come home with me to stay a few weeks!"

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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"Every Time I Blunder, Jab Me in the Ribs"

(*Continued from page 61*)

thing that almost cost him his health. In less than seven months' time he completed a two-years course in high school. Also, urged on by his mother, he studied music and voice culture. His mother held a half-expressed, half-suppressed hope that some day her boy would sing.

"How could you afford to study music?" I asked Mr. Sincere. "How did you find time for it?"

"I couldn't afford it," he answered. "I worked for it. An outstanding baritone of the time was George Ellsworth Holmes. He permitted me to clean his studio and care for his correspondence in exchange for singing lessons. As to finding time, you will discover there is a lot of time in twenty-four hours if you will devote it to one thing—work."

Work! Sincere, the boy, knew nothing else. Play was no part of his training. His indefatigable father set him a Spartan example.

"Up until I was thirty-eight years old," Mr. Sincere confessed, "I had never seen a mountain, nor an ocean, nor a summer resort, nor Niagara Falls. Business had taken me to New York, but it hadn't allowed me time to see more than my hotel and a few office buildings.

"I never took a vacation until I had passed thirty-eight; but I say it regretfully, not boastfully. I *lost* a great deal by giving my whole time to work.

"WORK, it is said, never kills. Maybe not; but it hardens. Too much work may congeal the human kindness in a man. It is likely to make him angular, with a heart of sharp edges, or to leave him as flat and tasteless as oatmeal without salt.

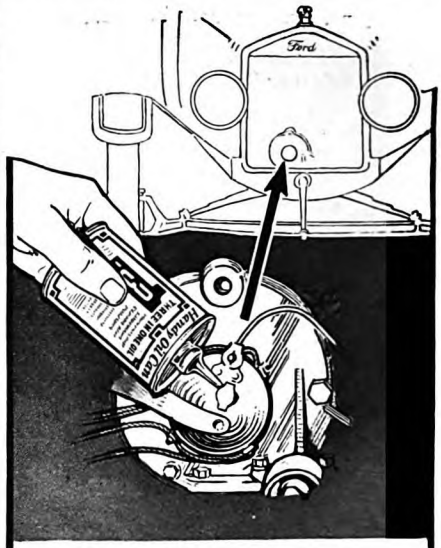
"To-day I revere and honor the memory of my father. His devotion to his profession was marvelous, and I never shall forget his exhaustless energy. But I wish he had played some with us youngsters; I wish he had smiled more, had lost his dead seriousness once in a while. He died an old man, but the world beyond his medicine satchel was a stranger to him.

"He taught me many things to do; but likewise he taught me many things not to do, though I didn't awake to them all at once.

"Thank heaven, I've played with my children! They're my pals. I've hung over a ship's rail, seasick, and I've thrilled at the grandeur of an ocean storm. In my later years I've spent money foolishly for foolish things, and I've spent hours chasing a golf ball, or listening to the voice of a great singer. And I'm a better man for it. I'm a better worker for it!"

Mr. Sincere paused, his eyes sparkling, and presently he continued:

"When I went to college—the University of Chicago—I got away from work for the first time. I tried for the football team and made it. There I came under a new master, Alonzo Stagg, the famous coach. Stagg's watchword was teamwork. He didn't try to submerge the indi-



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vidual in the group, but to emphasize his individuality by making it work in harmony with other individualities for a common end. He never forgot that, while a team must be a unit, it takes eleven men to make a team, and that no two of the eleven are alike. That was my first lesson in organization; and I've never forgotten it.

"I helped organize the college glee club and joined a fraternity. Between times, I sang professionally at various functions, was usher in a theatre, and picked up whatever odd jobs came along, to help pay my way through college. George Ellsworth Holmes died, and my services as studio janitor and secretary were inherited by Frank T. Baird, another singer, who continued to give me free singing lessons.

"Graduation was in 1897, and for a year more I kept in touch with the university, as a football coach and director of the glee club. Then—"

"What?" I prompted, as he hesitated.

"My play days were over. I had to buckle down under a taskmaster, at three dollars a week, to learn law."

THE old lawyer into whose employ Sincere went as a clerk long had been a friend of his father's. They were much alike in philosophy, built along the same stern, unyielding lines. The old lawyer never had married. Childless, homeless, his one love was his law books.

"My son, you are fortunate in such a teacher," declared Doctor Sincere. "Mark my word, you will learn your law well."

And Sincere did. Twelve hours a day, never less, often more, he put in at that law office under the old lawyer's unrelenting eye.

He was thorough, that old barrister. No half-measures went with him. Every case that came to him was tried in his office before it was tried in court. The clients that came to the office, of course, were defendants. Sincere was expected to prepare the details of their defense. The old lawyer, who was to present that defense in court, prepared the prosecution.

In a word, he worked up both sides of the case; and then, with the stenographer sitting as judge, and with all the seriousness of a real court, they staged a mock trial that was far from a mockery. Sincere played the defendant attorney. The old lawyer became the prosecutor of the man who, later, in fact, he was to defend. And in these mock trials Sincere was expected to win; his defense had to be better than the prosecution!

"Know your opponent's case better than *he* knows it!" was the old lawyer's favorite injunction. "Be prepared, in advance, for more than his worst!"

So those two, student and master, battled away like two tomcats strung over a clothes-line. To the youth who could sing, and who itched for freedom, it was slavery, with the whip of that old lawyer's tongue constantly menacing him. But he *did* learn law.

Also he learned the law of action and reaction as it is applied to life. He learned to ask himself before he did a thing: "What will be the consequence if I do this?" and, "How can I fore-check that consequence?" His whole life began to be governed by this law.

He was still singing in public as occasion

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offered. The little he earned as a law clerk wasn't sufficient upon which to exist. One day the manager of a theatre sent for him.

"I've been told about your voice," he said. "Let me hear it."

Willingly enough, Sincere sang for him.

"You're wasting time and talent down in that law office," declared the manager when he had finished. "You belong on the stage. All you need to make a success is experience. I'll pay you fifty dollars a week, and double it later, if you'll let me start you on a stage career."

SINCERE'S first impulse, of course, was to jump at the chance. It was such an obvious opportunity. Another career was being made for him. But this impulse represented but one side of the case. What about the other?

"I must think it over," he decided. "I'll let you know in two weeks."

Then deliberately he began to arrange in his mind all of the consequences that might result if he accepted the offer. On one side he set the favorable consequences, and they were many. On the other he set the unfavorable.

"If I become a singer," he said, "I'll be dependent upon my voice. The voice is a fragile thing. Should it fail me, I'd have to begin all over again. Moreover, if I become a singer I shall have to drift from place to place. Do I want to be a rover?"

So young Sincere stuck to his underpaid job in the law office, getting his practical experience by day and reading his law at night. He had a wonderful teacher in his father's old friend. With all his severity he liked the young student. And when Sincere won his place as a member of the Illinois Bar without ever having stuck his nose inside the doors of a law school, the old fellow was afire with enthusiasm and pride.

"I've been waiting for this day," he exclaimed. "From now on you shall be my partner. You, not I, will try the cases in court. When I go this office, this practice, will be yours."

Once again a ready-made career was being offered to Sincere. Only those who have fought, unknown and seemingly unwanted, to gain a foothold in a crowded profession know how big that opportunity loomed to the newly fledged lawyer. Not one beginner in ten thousand would have hesitated.

But Sincere did hesitate. The habit of analysis was ingrained deep in him now. "Wait," he said. "I must be sure." And opposite the palpable advantages of the offer he began to set down the disadvantages. One of these he at once saw was insurmountable: he and the old lawyer were of different temperaments, different ideals, of conflicting philosophies. Never in the world, as partners, would they be able to agree.

"I can't take the partnership," he decided. "I must go it alone."

"Have you lost your mind?" his father demanded. "I can't help you. Here's a man who can. Jump at the chance!"

The old lawyer was stunned. He couldn't comprehend such an attitude. He scolded, ranted, then pleaded. Here he was offering success on a golden platter, to have the platter thrust away.

"I want my own office," Sincere repeated. He didn't have the heart to

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expose his real reason, to point back to those three years of drudgery that told him a partnership would never do.

From a real estate firm he rented an office, four feet by eight feet, in an unused end of the firm's suite. By the time he had paid for a desk, a patch of carpet, some chairs, and a dozen or two imposing-looking law books, he had left exactly two dollars and fifty cents in cash. He hadn't a client or a fee in prospect. Ethics forbade him to solicit practice. All he could do was to sit down and wait.

Of course, he had to eat. He had to pay rent, and a lawyer was expected to have a stenographer. His singing enabled him to meet these demands. He sang in churches, at public functions of fraternal orders, at banquets. He was becoming known as a singer and was in demand. One big church paid him twenty-five dollars a service. I have already told you what happened when Sincere thought over his future as a singer.

Then Sincere did what was to his friends another preposterous thing. He had specialized in criminal law. His training had been chiefly in criminal actions. At last such a case came to him, that of a man charged with burglary. He put his soul into that case and won it. The alleged burglar went free.

"Thanks, Boss," grinned the acquitted man. "The next time they catch up with me I'll send for you again. I'll tell my friends about you, too."

A word or two more, and Sincere sat in a sickened daze. He had been sure the man was innocent. Now he was more than sure he was guilty. That was his first and last criminal case!

Little by little other work started to come in. The real estate firm whose office suite he shared sent a few minor legal matters his way. Finding the work well handled they gave him more important matters, including some equity proceedings at court. The outlook began to brighten.

A STRIKE threatened suddenly in the cloak and suit industry. Vainly the employers had tried to reach the governor in an effort to get him to call an immediate session of the Arbitration Board, the one hope of checking the strike. They were at their wits' end, when somebody by a freak of chance mentioned the name of Sincere.

"You mean the singer?" another asked. "How can he help us?"

"Not long ago he sang at the Executive Mansion," it was explained. "The governor is friendly to him, and when he isn't singing Sincere is a lawyer!"

Sincere was reached on the telephone. "Will the governor listen to you?" he was asked. "Will he even see you?"

"I think he will," promised Sincere, his heart in his throat. "I'm ready to try."

He set out at once for the state's capital. The governor, lover of music, saw him readily. What was more, he listened. The Arbitration Board was summoned by telegraph. Before the day was out the strike difficulty was in its hands and settled. The delighted manufacturers decided they needed Sincere as a permanent fixture, and made him secretary and attorney of the Chicago Cloak and Suit Manufacturers' Association. Thus, by a single stroke, he made a name.

The law firm of Job and Taylor was then

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big in the Chicago corporation field. Frederick W. Job, the senior member, summoned young Sincere. "We can use you," he said, "in our office. There's a desk here if you'll take it."

Sincere decided on a bold stroke. "If you mean an employee's desk, Mr. Job," he said, "I don't want it. If you mean a partner's desk, I'll consider it."

Job gasped, scowled, stared. "Young man," he snapped, "most lawyers would be willing to work years for that honor. But I like your nerve."

A month later a new sign went up over the big law firm's entrance door. It read, "Job, Taylor, and Sincere."

NOW a new world opened. One manufacturers' organization after another enlisted Sincere's services. He became a go-between for employer and employee in their labor difficulties. He had that invaluable ability to see *both* sides of a controversy. His habit of calm analysis made him a born mediator.

One of his clients was the State Street Stores' Association. Twice or thrice a week he met with the big store managers, until he began to be saturated with ideas on store management, retail merchandising, and problems of the department store business. And in his capacity as liaison officer between management and workers, he got close to the workers as well.

Incidentally, he had married a Cleveland girl whose family long had known the Sinceres. His father-in-law, Colonel Louis Black, was president of the Bailey Company, operators of a new department store in Cleveland which wasn't doing very well. It was selling goods, but it was not making money. The profits leaked mysteriously away. Colonel Black blamed the store's failure to pay, on its location and on various other things.

"No, it isn't the location, and it isn't these other things," Sincere kept telling him upon his visits. "Your fault is that you don't place enough importance on the employee—the clerk, the stock-room boy, the elevator man. You haven't got them pulling for you."

He was recalling some of the things Alonzo Stagg had taught him about teamwork while he was in college. He also kept retailing to Colonel Black some of the ideas he had picked up in his contact with merchants in Chicago.

One day Sincere stopped off in Cleveland in connection with a business trip, and dropped in, as usual, to pay his respects to Colonel Black. "I've a message for you," said Black. "It is going to surprise you mightily. Our board of directors wants you to become superintendent of this store."

"What's the joke?" said Sincere. "I'm a lawyer, not a merchant."

"No," Black repeated; "it's no joke. It's a *bona fide* offer. We can pay you only a third of what you are earning, to start. All we can promise is possibilities. But we want you here."

"But should I accept," Sincere demanded, "what, in the name of common sense, do you expect me to do, a lawyer in a department store?"

Black answered: "We expect you to take those ideas with which you've been filling me and make them workable here."

When Sincere left his father-in-law's office his mind was in a muddle. For a

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young man—he was twenty-nine—he already had gone far in the law. There wasn't a doubt that he would go higher. He liked the law and the work he was doing. On the other hand, there *were* possibilities in the store business! Bailey's was a mine of them, he felt. He believed in the ideas he had been expounding.

Once again Sincere was faced with a situation that required sound analysis. He had established himself as a lawyer. His future was certain. He began to weigh that certainty against the possibilities in the store business. Slowly but firmly the balance of favor began to lean toward the department store. He wound up by taking a six months' leave of absence from Job, Taylor, and Sincere.

Without saying a word to any of his intimates, save his wife, he went to one of Chicago's biggest department stores and took a job. That job paid him fifteen dollars a week. It consisted of driving one of the store delivery wagons. Two weeks he drove the wagon; and from this lowly point in the big Chicago store organization he looked up at it, like a man in a well gazing at the stars.

"If there are no possibilities here for the wagon driver," he reasoned, "there will be none for me as superintendent."

From the delivery wagon he went to the inside and got work as a floor-walker. Now, in addition to looking upward through the maze of executive posts to the top, he studied the people who came into the store to buy, and the employees of the store who waited upon them. He sunned himself in that store atmosphere, breathed it, boxed it up in a mental laboratory and analyzed it like a chemist.

"Is it good?" he asked himself. "Is it my atmosphere? Do I really belong here?"

He cornered the stock-room boy at lunch, and talked stocks. He walked home with clerks and drank in their observations. He got to know the boys on the elevators as Joe and Bill and Sam.

And each night in his study at home he made his check, this against that, that against this. Three months he studied, searched, and analyzed. Gradually he formed a picture of the future that was brilliant in its promise. There *were* possibilities for the store wagon driver, big, live possibilities! Store life *was* good! Retailing was *service!* Not service to a few but service to thousands!

YOU know that he took the superintendency at Bailey's, for I let that out of the bag at the outset. But let me tell you of one of the first striking things he did there. With money from his own pocket he hired a noted advertising authority familiar with department stores.

"I don't want you to write advertising," said Sincere. "I want you to write criticisms, and in particular criticisms of *me*. I'm a novice in this work. I'm going to blunder and look foolish a hundred times a day. Every time I do, I want you to give me a jab in the ribs. You are hired to tell me what is wrong with me!"

One of the things the critic told Sincere was that he couldn't hope to be "the whole show."

"At the rate you're going," he said bluntly, "you'll be dead within five years' time. Give the other fellow a chance to do some work. That's what he's here for. You're not hired to do it all."

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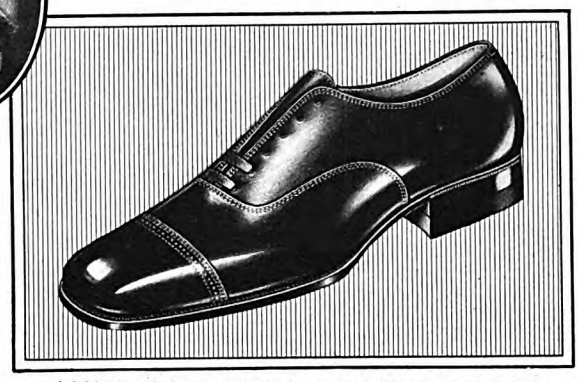

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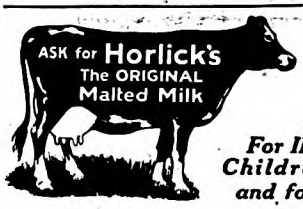

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Again, the critic said, "Don't try to do so many things at once. Pick a few things and do them well. As it is, you're doing nothing well, at least not as well as you can."

Later on, after he felt he had improved, Sincere hired another critic to pick faults. Then he followed this with the inauguration of regular daily meetings of executives, held not so much to catch mistakes that had been made, as to avoid the making of future mistakes. Just as he had analyzed action for consequences in his own life, he had the store executives analyze it for the store.

He tried to create among the employees a state of mind which made them look up into the store as he had looked up from his job as a wagon driver in the Chicago store.

"You *have* a chance here," he told them. "We're going to fix this place so that you can't do a good thing in the store's interest without somebody above you hearing of it!"

HE FOUND an electrician's helper who always got things done. Nobody had to speak to him twice. The helper was promoted. After a little he was promoted again. To-day he is an executive.

An assistant floor-walker was found sleeping in the store on a cot one night. The reason, Sincere discovered, was that he had been working, voluntarily, in the store until two o'clock in the morning. Forthwith, another employee was marked for an executive post.

All through the organization workers began to go up. A new spirit got into the store. The leaks stopped. The business began to show profits. Some idea of what Sincere accomplished may be gained from the statement of a single fact: To-day, with one exception, the entire executive staff of Bailey's is made up of men and women who came up from the ranks of the store force!

When Colonel Black died in 1919 there wasn't a question as to who would be his successor. The one logical man for the presidency was Sincere. Four years ago he was also made president of National Department Stores, Inc., which then owned stores in four cities. Under Sincere that corporation swelled to its present size of fifteen big stores—in Portland, Oregon; Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Wheeling, Richmond, and Trenton. Pittsburgh has three of the stores, Philadelphia has two, and Wheeling two. I've already said that they employ fifteen thousand people!

THE easiest man in the world to get along with—that's Lawrence Aloysius Downs, president of the Illinois Central Railroad. Six feet of husky Irishman, "Larry" Downs is the hero of a career which, without dramatics or meteoric flashes, has led steadily toward the top. An *average* man he calls himself—yet he always manages, with amazing steadiness, to do the right thing at the right time. His personal story and business philosophy are such that any boy or man who reads this article next month, might well say, "The sort of thing *he* did I, too, can do."

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Strange Places of Worship

(*Continued from page 16*)

Devon, declaring that the cackling of the chickens and the other rustic noises disturb her so much that she has to flee to her London home in Holland Park when she wants to do serious literary work. When Compton Mackenzie wishes to start a new book, he seeks the quaint seclusion of one of the isolated Channel Islands.

Sheila Kaye-Smith says that she finds a hotel room a most excellent place for work, as the impersonal character of her surroundings enables her to concentrate without any desire to rearrange the furniture or to change the hangings! Du Bose Heyward, the author of "Porgy" and of "Angel," had built for himself a small cabin on a lonely hillside overlooking a peaceful valley in the mountains of western North Carolina. There he does his work, far from the tumult of civilization, hearing only the mountain winds in the hemlocks, the song of the stream in the glen.

All these places are really places of worship, for they are scenes of high thought, toil, and achievement. All life seems to be a struggle for some kind of self-expression, the utterance of aspiration in some form that aims to be permanent; and in this scheme of existence we apparently praise God best, not when we read the longest chapters in the Bible, or say the greatest number of prayers, but when we do our work most honestly, with the highest degree of quiet and loving fervor.

I REMEMBER an experience I had in the hills of southern Pennsylvania a few years ago. I was hunting for a nest of the ruffed grouse, one of the shyest and most romantic of birds, and my quest took me through swarthy thickets of rock-pines, through sunny glades, deep into the heart of the wilds. After a long ramble I decided to climb to the crest of a high hill, where a great cairn of rocks afforded an admirable site from which to view the surrounding country. I wanted to locate myself. But what was my surprise when, after a long climb, I reached the rocks to find that I was not alone. A grizzled mountaineer was sitting on a huge boulder, gazing out over the miles of beautiful wild country. I could not imagine what he could be doing there. He would not be hunting the nest of anything, and the hunting season for big game was far off. Yet, as most men do when they meet in the woods, we greeted each other as friends, and for a long time we sat together on the cliff.

I told him the object of my quest, but he did not tell me his until I was about to leave. After having directed me to where he said he thought I might find the nest of a grouse, he said, with a certain manly shyness, "I reckon you wouldn't know why I come here?"

I told him I did not know, and paused to hear.

"I believe you'll understand," he said. "I like this place because it's here that I come on God."

He waved his hand in a gesture that

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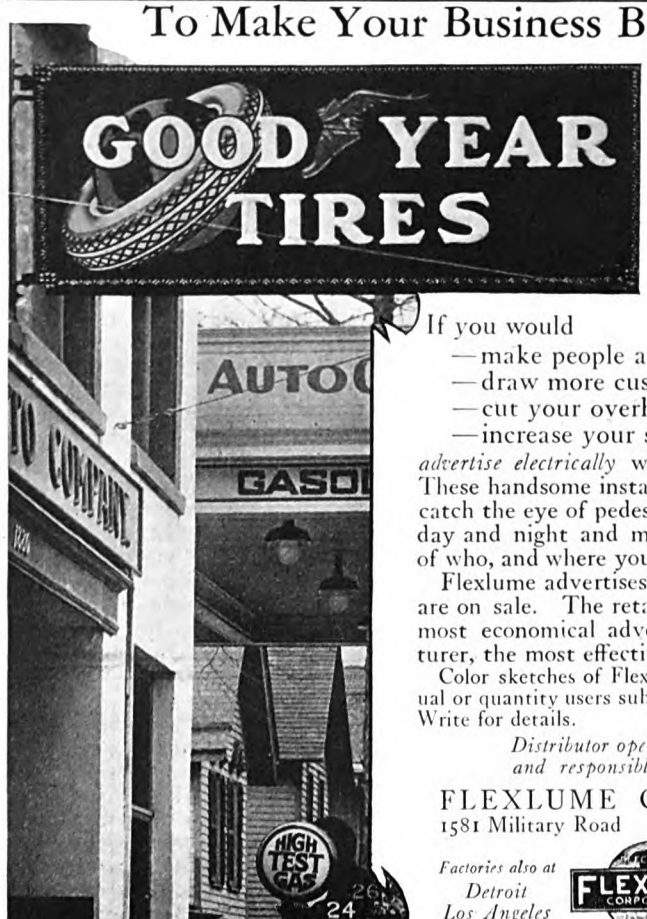

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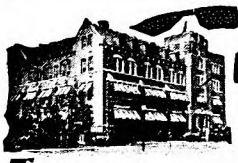

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took in the rolling sea of hills, stretching beyond the vision, and, to the east, the far-shining valley.

"I can't get the feeling at home somehow," he said, "nor yet always at the meeting-house; but it never fails me here."

Down through the woods I went, "Here I come on God" making music in my heart. A strange place of worship—that rugged hilltop! But about the memory of it there is something sacred to me.

SHRINES for worship, the world over, testify to the turning of the human spirit to God; but in reverencing these places we ought to remember that in the heart of each one of us God has a secret fane to which He especially loves to repair. He fashioned the place with wistful and tender care and He visits it often, to discover whether the music there is sweet, the prayer unfeigned, the lights shining upon the altar. A cathedral is truly a grand achievement; but I doubt whether God is much impressed by it. He who reared the firmament alone will hardly marvel at man's magnificence. What is the beauty that we build, to Him whose mansion is the dwelling place of light? I mean that we should not imagine that the splendor of an edifice can atone for our sins. If the shrine of the heart is dark and cold, vain are any temple's myriad lights, gorgeous windows, rolling music, and solemn hymns.

It appears that a man can worship most truly in that place in which he comes into harmony with the scheme of things. I have a friend who, when he is disgruntled with the world and all that therein is, goes out and cuts down a tree; then he sits on a log, rests, and peace comes stealing back to his soul. Another friend, when a hard rain is falling, loves to go to his woodshed, open at two ends, and there do his meditating. The rain is all around, and the hale smell of it, and the good odor of the wet earth, but he is dry. And there is for him in that strange setting a mystic spell cast over life. Rain is a living thing; it speaks to us of elemental forces of the world. This friend tells me that there is no other place in which he can think straighter, and meditate and worship more genuinely than in this humble woodshed, with bark and chips littering the floor, and with the streamers of the rain hanging silver curtains at the doors.

And how great is this provision of God! To give us a chance to worship in strange places! He wants us to be happy, and to approach him naturally. Fearfully and wonderfully He has made us; and not least wonderfully in this: that peace can come to us in the oddest places imaginable.

I once knew a very beautiful woman named Rosalie. She was happily married, and one little daughter made the joy of the household complete. I used to pass their little cottage in the pine lands; a vine-covered place it was, with roses rambling on the tiny porch, with the child's toys in the front yard, with everywhere the evidences that the man was a consistent and an intelligent worker.

Then came a sudden boom in Florida. The man decided to go there to investigate conditions, with a view to moving if the outlook was favorable. Drawing most of his savings from the bank, he left home. He never came back. A few days after he left there was a fearful train wreck in Florida, and there were some unidentified dead. Probably he was one. But, at any rate, Rosalie and the little girl never saw him again; and the little home that he had builded with his own hands started almost at once to go to decay. His loss was as a blight upon it.

I used to see the bereaved woman often, and the little girl and I were great friends. Every time I saw her she used to ask me if I knew how soon her Dad would be home.

Not far from the cottage was the river, a lordly stream flowing between high bluffs, from the tops of which one might see for several miles up and down the great watercourse. As the road that I traveled ran near the tallest of these bluffs, I could see the trees that fringed its edge; and I noticed that Rosalie often went with her little girl, or alone, to a fallen oak overlooking the river.

There was no need for her to expect her husband from that direction, for the road from Florida lay in the other direction. But there she would go to drink into her heart the beauty and stillness of the vast delta-country lying below her; to watch the dappled, dusky radiance of the sunlight falling on the mighty pines; to see the little waves scramble laughingly on the glimmering beach far below her. I know that there she came, after her trial, to some degree of peace once more. She told me so one day when I stopped to leave a few little gifts for her child.

"I am going to be all right," she said, "I go down every day to look at the river. For a long time I couldn't say my prayers. My faith seemed gone. But God has given it back to me again. I thought I could not love God any more; but I can adore him, I can worship Him—down there by the river."

OFTEN, indeed, our sorest need is for a change of environment, even though slight and temporary, which will afford us an opportunity for worship, a chance for the souls to search in freedom for the light. Our human joy is pain-surrounded; but beyond the pain is God, I believe. In our worst extremity He never forsakes us. To save us He made our hearts divinely insecure against the entreaties of love, the appeals of innocence and beauty. He makes us feel that something in us was not born, and cannot die. He makes us aware of His love; and we worship Him spontaneously, in many varying ways, because we know how merciful and wistful-tender He is toward us. If Rosalie could worship again, all the rest of us surely can.

Worship, it seems to me, is a natural part of human inclination; it is not an elaborate function conducted under circumstances of pomp and awe. After all, the question of where one worships is paltry compared to the vital question of how one worships; and if not with the whole heart, in an outpouring of joy and reconcilement, then not at all. I know that there must be millions who feel precisely as I do when I see the primitive, inevitable beauty of the rising sun, or the silvery somnambulism of the moon; the emotion to worship is as natural as the appeal of the heroic to a man, or the appeal of compassion to a woman.

I recall going to church one cloudy May morning, when the world was shrouded in fog. The minister preached a rather severe sermon from an Old Testament

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narrative, a story full of anger and sin and punishment. He had said that he was going to read to us "the Word of God." I confess that the services somewhat depressed me; and when they were over I was glad to reach the open air again. As I left the church, the sun broke through the mists, and set all the jeweled trees glittering; the birds began to sing; the flowers—I could almost hear them open! "The Word of God," I thought; "is it not a much greater and a much more heart-reaching thing than the Bible, great as is that wonderful library of human experience that we call a book? Is not virtuous Beauty everywhere the Word of God? God's writings—are they not the gleaming flowers and the lustral stars? The Universe is a Holy Scripture; there are Psalms of the forest trees, and Isaiahs in the voice of the Sea. And he is a reader of God's Word, who, apprehending the wonder and the loveliness of the world, knows that these things reveal the Maker. And he is the true worshiper whose spirit is joyous because it apprehends God."

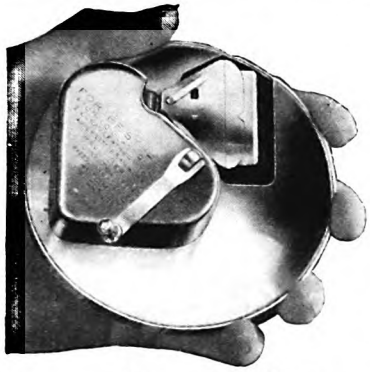
I love that ancient word "worshipful." It means, I believe, "worthy of worship." And wherever we turn in the world we find those evidences of God's power and mercy that make Him worshipful to us. No wonder is it that there are many strange places of worship—there is so much to make us reverent and adoring.

There is an especial time when a flood of adoration fills my heart, a strange shrine, where I can worship as naturally and joyfully as a robin can sing above his new nest on an April twilight. It is in the wild pinelands in mid-March, when the long savannas glitter with the rain water through which the grasses are springing; when the air of early spring has a tinge of wood smoke in it; when from the margin of a sunny lagoon the first frogs begin their flutelike pipings; when the wind in the tall pines has in it the songs of hope and love.

TO ME, being in the pinelands at such a time, with azure clouds of bluebirds warbling like aërial rivulets; with everywhere the poignant, nameless promise that precedes the coming of Beauty; with the heart welling with unreflected joy—glad of life, of Creation, adoring the Creator, loving my fellow man, hoping for his happiness—such is true worship.

And such an inclination comes to me, and to all of us, far from creeds and churches. We are God's chi dren, wherever we be; we are in His hands. The world is His sanctuary; and while the superb modern highway of the church will, no doubt, take us home, there are some who know dewy by-paths to the same City; who follow flower-scented lanes of the spirit, pausing to wonder and adore in secret Him who, on the highway, is proclaimed with pomp and ceremony. To love God, we have only to apprehend Him; and we ought always to be very patient and tolerant toward those who find Him in their own way.

I take it that God designedly provided myriads of avenues of approach to Him; and those of us on one road should expect and rejoice in many serene arrivals by other paths, unseen of us, and totally different from the way we travel. If any one thing is right in this life, it is that every heart should be free to take its own



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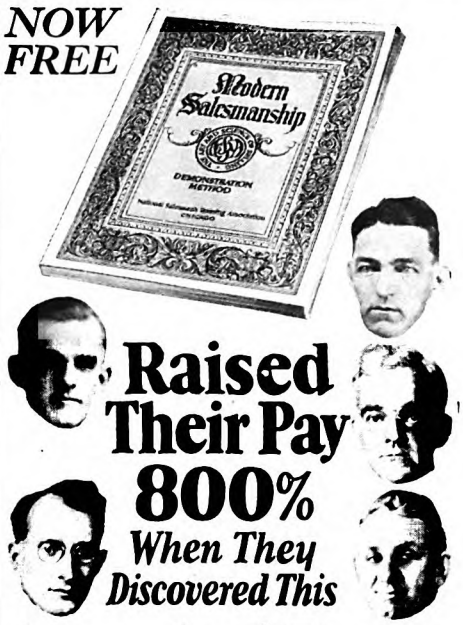

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way to God. Every soul knows at least one way to heaven. Some hearts reach home by the way of the wild flowers; some are led by the frail, unerring hands of little children; some "meditate on Him in the night-watches," and ascend homeward by the silvery stairway of the stars.

I recall going one pitchy night through a wild wood, so dark that, against so swarthy a background, a black bear would have resembled his polar cousin. Some days before there had been a small fire in the woods near this place, and I noticed now and then a smoldering gleam from a charring stump, and once a strange mild flame burning almost as steadily as a candle. But these lights were stationary, and they were quickly passed, to be seen no more.

As I drove, however, what really guided me was a great star that, though often hid behind towering trees, would emerge blazingly—always in the same relative position. Vanishing and then coming gloriously to view again, it guided me and kept up my heart until I came at last to the end of forest—to open fields and houses. There was my star. I could not follow those other lights, but I could follow this. The one afforded fitful luminance; the other, eternal radiance. The thought made me want to worship: the thought that, despite the paltry, spluttering blazes of this life, stationary and unreliable, we do have great stars of truth and beauty to guide us out of the darkest forest of trouble.

Whatever makes us rejoice, makes us want to worship. We seem to want to tell God all about it, just as a child will take a new-found joy to its father and mother. Sorrow, too, should make us want to worship. If we tell God, we are better for the telling. In all the Bible I know nothing finer or more affecting than the attitude of Job when, as we are told, the full extent of his calamities had been made known to him, he "rent his mantle, . . . fell down upon the ground, and *worshiped*." In the agony of his sorrow he blessed God, worshiping Him in the dust, and from the ashes of appalling grief. A strange time and place for worship!

AS a boy, I went to a school conducted by a private family; and often at recess, because water has always exercised a certain fascination over me, I used to go down to the river that flowed by the end of the ample old yard, where I could watch flocks of wild ducks deploying over the delta, the sun rays prancing on the river waves, and the romantic far shores stretching dreamily toward the distant sea.

A tiny river tug used often to be anchored near my favorite rendezvous, and through my frequent visits to the river I came to know quite well the negro engineer. He was a most unusual character; and now that, as a man, I remember him, he looms much larger as a significant human being than he did when I, as a barefoot boy, used to listen to stories of his adventures on the great river.

Several things about this man, Hacklus Manigo, impressed me. The one that never failed to fascinate me was the immaculate condition of the crude little engine of which he was the overlord. All the steel parts shone glossily; all the brass parts beamed and glistened and winked. Yet the engine crouched in the most dingy of holds, and the windows of the engine-room were grimed and battered.

The province of Hacklus terminated with the engine itself; and in his miniature kingdom there was always the beauty of order and the order of beauty. Nor did this strange negro like to leave his humble throne. For hours he would perch on the window sill of the engine-room, a little copy of the New Testament in his hands. He never tired of reading this, the most profound book in the world.

There are many people who think of a negro only as a minstrel; but it is only justice for me to testify that I have learned the meaning of religion and of worship even from this humble source. I asked Hacklus one day where he went to church. His answer was remarkable; and it is one of the things I have treasured all these years. As it was given me, it was as free from self-righteousness as the prayer of the Publican.

"I try to live in God's sight," he said simply. "I think that's going to church."

THERE is a shrine at which I can worship most readily. It is the shrine of memory. I think of those who loved me, and are gone. And I can truly worship the remembrance of them, not alone because they loved me, but because I can feel the goodness of God even through bereavement. The human tie may be severed; but only to make a bond that no fate shall ever break. The mortal rose is gathered, only to lend aid to the amaranth to rise. Death divorces, but he unites. He comes at first to steal away, but at last he shall restore forever what he has taken. I count this thought full of joy and wonder and hope: that they who are joined by death are never parted. It is easy to discover that I believe in personal immortality. I do, with all my heart. No human soul that feels that God is Love could reasonably take any other view. Indeed, it is the only view that makes and keeps life sweet and rational.

Strange places of worship! A woodshed in the rain, with a robin's song mingling musically with the drip from the eaves; Job in the dust with his fresh sorrows; Wash Green on his knees before the dying fire, an immortal soul communing, among hounds, with his God; Rosalie—gentle, beautiful, heartbroken Rosalie—coming again to worship because she found peace by the river; Hacklus, keeping in God's sight, and therefore always worshiping. Strange places, true worshipers!

We worship when we love best "all things both great and small," as Coleridge reminds us. We worship best when we spend our heart's best. And it seems that they were given us for such spending.

COAL and oil in the discard! Food from water, wood, and coal tar; and a whole dinner in capsules! Gold made in factories! Heat that travels in only one direction—from the outside in or the inside out! It sounds like a pipe dream; but next month, in Dr. Henry Smith Williams's amazing article, 'Six Ways to Make a Billion Dollars," these seemingly unbelievable and fan-'tastic prophecies are brought into the realm of scientific possibility.

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My Wife Won't Let Me Be a Gypsy

(*Continued from page 47*)

makes them think you can sell books?"

"Best grounds in the world. Proved it to them in the field." And I proceeded to relate how, about a year ago, while I was a graduate student at Columbia, I had gone into this affair to relieve one of my periodic financial panics. "I guess I was a knock-out, too; though you don't seem to appreciate the fact. Cleaned up a round twenty-five dollars the first day out."

"And what brilliant prospect was it that lured you away from so remunerative an enterprise?" asked Janet.

"Nothing lured me away," I said rather coldly. "It was nothing but a stop-gap. I needed some money, that was all. Having got it, I went back to my studies, as I had to. Anyhow, this is a much bigger proposition. It's an offer of a field managership. It's a real—"

"At the end of another three months' soliciting, observe," Janet put in quietly.

"It's a real opening," I finished doggedly, "a job that many a man would give a lot to have thrown at him."

"No doubt," she persisted, "but not a man of your training. You don't need a job, dear. You have one. What is more, you have a future."

"Yes, if the present doesn't play the deuce with it," I grumbled. "This literary game is all very fine," I went on; "I wish I could make a go of it. But it is not everything. I'll be blamed if I make a martyr of myself for it—of myself and of you. It just sickens me to see you scrimp and worry and deny yourself everything."

"Oh, don't upset yourself about me," Janet said laughingly, "I am quite prepared to stick it out." Then her face became serious. "Did you say you cleared twenty-five dollars the first day? I'd like you to tell me what your sales netted the sixth day, or was there a sixth?"

IT WAS an uncomfortable moment. I did not much like being reminded of that tail-end of that job, when the first enthusiasm had evaporated and the returns climbed down toward zero. "Why, the average for the week," I said evasively, "was about fifteen dollars per day. Anyway, the best answer to your question is that the concern wants me back, with a splendid promise of advancement."

"Subscription-book agents are hard to get, and harder to hold," insisted Janet. "It must be rather disagreeable work. And you evidently did make an impression—for a week. I suspect, though, that they are far from convinced. That is why they ask for that three months' tryout in the field before committing themselves. Can you imagine yourself trudging from door to door for three months? Oh, I am not doubting your ability. You could do it all right, that or almost anything else, if you would put your whole will and soul into it. But will you? I'll tell you in advance what is going to happen. After about three days, you'll be hankering for your desk and your typewriter."

"Well," I still held out, "So long as I

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"I hope he does, because an I. C. S. course is the very thing he needs to get out of the rut. I wouldn't be making anywhere near $75 a week if I hadn't started to study just when I did."

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An I. C. S. course helped Jesse G. Vincent to rise from tool-maker to Vice-president of the Packard Motor Car Company. It helped George Grieble to rise from a stone-mason to the owner of a business paying $12,000 a year. It helped Bert S. Remaley to increase his salary *ten times*. And it will help you too, if you will only make the start.

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must earn my living at something else for the time being, I might as well take a job that at least would keep the wolf from the door. Teaching doesn't even do that!"

Then Janet added her final argument: "Remember," she said, "that in another six weeks your long vacation from school duties begins. Two months and a half of freedom. Then you will prove to yourself that you *can* write!"

WELL, thank the lord, Janet was pretty nearly right. By the end of that summer I had a book well under way, parts of which went to make a series of magazine articles. When the following fall the book itself appeared, we were securely launched. Janet sat back and heaved a sigh of relief. She had got me into port safely. The day was saved.

How little she knew! It was only now that her stormy career as the wife of a Wandering Jew began in earnest.

Success and a little prosperity, far from allaying my restlessness, served rather to spread its wings. The vagabond in me, so long held down by necessity, broke out of his confinement, stretched his cramped limbs, and asserted himself.

I tackled our domestic arrangements first. So long as I was teaching and the monthly pay check barely kept our heads above water, it did not much matter where we lived. But now affairs had greatly changed. My writing had brought me many literary friendships, and the acquaintance of a variety of well-to-do and prominent people. We were invited out a good deal. But our remote residence at the far end of New York prevented us from making the most of our social opportunities.

I pleaded with Janet: "See here, we must put on a little more front. Everybody we know lives down-town."

"I know, dear," she agreed. "But *we* can't afford to live down-town."

"We cannot afford to go on like this," I retorted. "I need the society of stimulating people. If I could have more life and recreation, both the quality and the quantity of my work would be improved, and the higher receipts would more than make up for the increased expenses. Besides, I fail to see why we cannot swing a rent double the present one, anyhow. Things are coming in all along, and there is quite a neat reserve."

"I know," she agreed again. "I also know that there is such a thing as overdoing the stimulation commodity. I've noticed that it's as easy to talk yourself out of a writing mood as it is to talk yourself into one. And I guess our reserve won't blow up the bank. It is not spending money, you know. It is working capital, to keep the pot boiling while this new book is getting written."

Eventually, we compromised by joining one of the art clubs in the heart of town, and entertaining our friends there. As it was too expensive to indulge in often, I was not tempted to stimulate myself more than was good for me. By attending to my job many miles away from the literary Rialto, interruptions were reduced to a minimum. Even at that, it was a year before the second book was ready for the publisher. But for Janet's level-headedness, we would have been strapped in three months. She had saved the day again.

Then came the old craving for jobs. I argued that free-lancing was too insecure, that I needed expansion. This sticking to one narrow line of work was overspecializing me and cramping my powers. A desk in an office brought a fellow out, put him on his mettle, kept him keen, and a lot more of the same kind.

Moreover—though I kept this to myself—I had always dreamed of a newspaper connection. At the university I had gone pretty deeply into plays and the history of the theatre, with an eye on dramatic criticism. With my new friendships, I could easily land something like that now. I was interested in politics, too, and the whirl of Washington fascinated me. I could do specials for any one of three newspapers and a couple of weeklies.

Janet did not counter-argue. She conceded freely all my points. I *did* know the theatre. An occasional trip to the Capital *would* be a refreshing experience. And then, one nice evening, she punctured the bubble with her pencil point. She showed me in black and white that these little luxuries would simply bankrupt me. I was a slow and painstaking writer. I had never had the drilling training of the reporter. It took me a month to write what the average newspaper man turned out in a day or two.

I never haunted the newspaper offices with wistful eye after that evening. There's nothing sadder in this life than giving up a dream. But it is a wise man who knows when to let go.

TRAVEL occupied my fancy consistently throughout this period, and became a very keen urge between the first and the second book. I pointed out to Janet that, since we could not afford the rents of mid-town, we could at least get all the life and variety I was hungering for abroad without increasing our budget. Life in Europe was so much more reasonable than over here. Besides, she herself was a Frenchwoman, and she had never ceased hoping to go back some day. There could not be a better time to do it than at that very time.

It was a cruel temptation to set before her. But Janet held on to herself. She went over my figures with filmy eyes, and then put her finger on a little characteristic oversight of mine. It was my plan to go for six months, until the book was completed. I had accurately estimated all the costs, and the net total did leave quite a margin between a comfortable living in Paris and our cautiously modest one in New York. The only item I had forgotten to include was boat fares! I am afraid Janet suspects me to this day of having done it on purpose. When that was added, it not only wiped out the alleged saving, but it turned the balance the other way by about thirty per cent.

Ever since the publication of my first book, requests for lectures from clubs and chambers of commerce had been coming in. The majority of them I was obliged to decline, greatly to my regret. Those that I could squeeze in between one piece of work and the next I accepted. Janet raised no objections. She felt that it was good for me to have a change of air now and then, rub elbows with new people, and exercise my vagabond propensities moderately.

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I was in Pittsburgh delivering a talk one day when a telegram was relayed to me from my office in New York. It contained an offer of a lectureship under the joint auspices of the State Bureau of Immigration of California and one of the universities out there. The engagement was to be for three months, and the terms were rather generous.

"My first impulse was to accept without consulting headquarters. It wasn't often such opportunities presented themselves while I was away from the restraints of home. On second thought, I decided it was only fair to let Janet know about it. She wired back: "I leave it to your own good judgment. But come home first."

The joker was in that second sentence. I knew exactly what my own good judgment would look like after Janet was through with it. So, with a heavy heart, and without further ado, I telegraphed my regrets to California.

FROM what I have said up to this point, perhaps you will conclude that Janet's sole concern in life has been to keep me toeing the mark, simply so as to assure my material success. This is a good time to correct such an impression.

For in the last incident which I am going to relate, it was she, not I, who flung prudence and financial consideration to the winds, and at the height of our prosperity took up the knapsack, so to speak, and went awandering. She did it, not because she had suddenly become converted to my point of view. It was nothing but a desperate step in the purpose which she had set herself all along—the task of keeping me from scattering my shot. When I think of the risks and sacrifices she so blithely exposed herself to, I cannot but be amazed at her pluck.

It dawned on Janet, very simply, that she must fight fire with fire. She must give me such a knock-out dose of the gypsy virus as would cure me of the hankering for good and all.

It was now about a year since the publication of my first book. Among other people whose attention had been drawn to the book was a wealthy lady noted for her philanthropic activities. She asked me to come and dine at her home one day. The book, I should mention at this point, was the life story of an immigrant; and this was the time when the Americanization movement was at its height. Before the evening was over, the hostess had made me an offer to head a new organization in that field along particularly novel lines.

I took up the proposal eagerly. The work, to begin with, was very near to my heart. It gave me a respite after the exhausting toil of my last book, and the leisure to collect my thoughts for the next. Then, too, it would bring me in contact, socially and professionally, with all sorts of prominent and interesting people. Not least, my income would be doubled at a jump, and secured for as long as I wished.

My recollection is that Janet was not as delighted as I was. Indeed, I have a vague memory of her commenting gloomily, "So you are to become a reformer! And what becomes of the author I married?"

Of course I light-heartedly assured her that the author would flourish more luxuriantly now than ever.

But he didn't. He languished in obliyion for some eighteen months. And Janet's discontent grew in proportion. And then she started out to fight fire with fire.

I speak of her plan as if I had been in her secret. But I did not know of it until we had been in Europe for many months. She had begun to talk Europe almost as soon as I had started my new venture. She said she was homesick, that she wanted to see her old friends, that I had long ago promised her the trip, and much more. And, naturally, I did not require much tempting.

Unhappily, literature went on languishing, even abroad. There was so much to see and do over there, especially after an absence of twenty years. The oddest thing about it was that now Janet did not seem to mind. Our reserves were melting like the snows in April; we were spending money just as if I still were at the head of my organization in New York. But Janet was beaming with a kind of inner light.

WHEN the bare rock began showing through the snows of our savings, I said: "Janet dear, we'll have to begin thinking about getting some money."

To which she answered—and I still maintain that there was a note of triumph in her tone—"Well, what do you think of doing some real work for it?"

I chewed on that for a while, and concluded that the idea was not a bad one, especially as for the nonce I could think of nothing better.

As to what followed, I feel a little hesitant about details. It is getting rather near home. I will say this: That I would not have related the tale of Janet's bridge-burning pluck unless it had had a happy ending. And also this: That since adopting Janet's good advice, the author has been flourishing gayly.

The question still remains whether Janet has really succeeded in curing me of the gypsy. To be quite truthful, I doubt it. She has driven him underground; that is about all. Moreover—I may whisper to you confidentially—I do not believe she wants him done to death. Having succeeded in taming and domesticating her mate—as every woman must do if she is to go on living with him—and having secured a working arrangement on a fifty-fifty basis, and a little better, she is inclined to let well enough alone and take me mostly as I am.

DO WILD animals think? Observers disagree on the subject. You will be interested, next month, in reading what Wynant Davis Hubbard has to say about it. Not only has he hunted big game extensively in Africa, but he has spent endless hours in watching wild animal mothers instill "Thought" into the empty little heads of their babies. He has seen fleeing elephants return to help a wounded comrade; he has satisfied himself that wart-hogs use reason in learning how to wade. His article is full of remarkable examples of animal perspicacity.

JUST a mongrel . . . . yet if Bob or Dad were awarding blue ribbons, Spot would get them all. Friend, companion, playmate—he receives no end of affection, but (and perhaps this is true of your dog) little of necessary physical care.

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There are scores of things in your home that will need brightening up for summer. A few are suggested on the opposite page. Try this wonderful Rogers Brushing Lacquer. See how simple it is.

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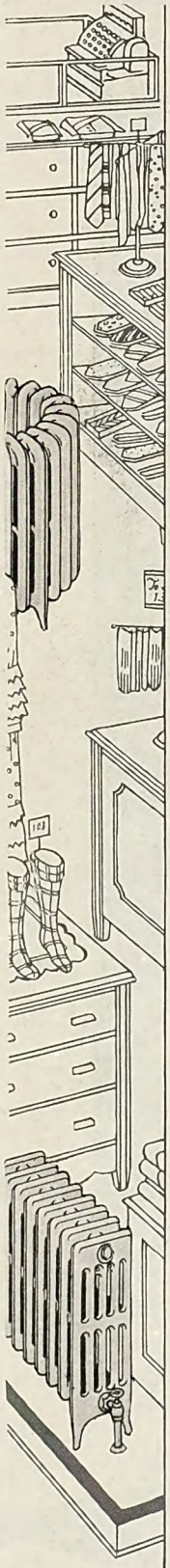

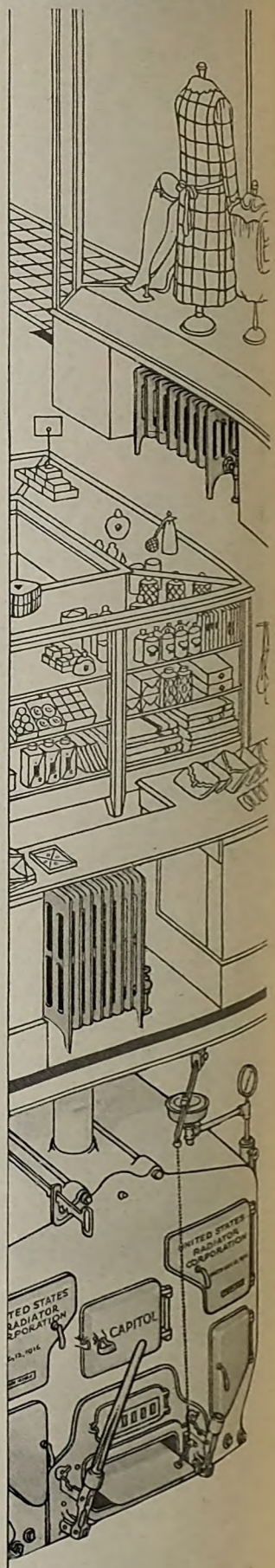

Gone are the iron stove days

Lazy black smoke floating from the chimney used to signal that Zeke had started the fire for the winter. Inside his Four Corners General Store, the town's choice spirits gathered. A spring-bell announced each opening of the door, while snow-laden air beat and sizzled on the glowing iron of the round stove. Comfortably perched near it, they talked of politics, crops, rabbit-hunts.

Today, Four Corners is the site of a well-planned department store, whose chimney almost never shows smoke. And the old iron stove has given way to a Capitol boiler in the basement with United States radiators scientifically arranged.

Thus cities have grown. And in the thirty-seven years since its founding so too has the United States Radiator Corporation developed. Constantly alert for every advance in the art of heating, the company has surely and steadily expanded, until now its boilers and radiators in all variety of types and sizes are found in large city buildings and in small country homes.

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To Every Man His Dream—But to Hugh Newsom Two Dreams

(*Continued from page 71*)

"Look here, Hugh," said the doctor, "why don't you write an oratorio for us to sing?"

"That sounded almost like blasphemy to me," confessed Mr. Newsom in relating the incident to me. "Until that moment, I had thought of oratorios in terms of Bach, Handel, and the great masters. For me to try such a thing—well, it just wasn't to be thought of!

"But although the idea struck me as absurd, it stuck. That afternoon, I picked up my Bible and it fell open at this passage: 'And they came to the place called Gethsemane. . . .' Immediately, there flashed into my mind the theme for an Easter oratorio. I snatched up a pencil and a piece of paper and began writing. I did not stop until the next morning, when my mother dragged me down from my room to breakfast. As soon as I had swallowed breakfast, I was at it again. By night, I had finished all the solos for the entire oratorio, and had three of the choruses ready for rehearsal.

"The choir was wildly enthusiastic about 'The Crucifixion.' When the boys asked me the name of the composer, I told them 'Moswen,' which of course was Newsom spelled backward. They did not suspect the trick I was playing on them, because I rewrote, to suit their voices, practically everything they sang.

"I said nobody suspected. There was a quizzical look in Doctor Hal's eye; but he said nothing then.

"WE WORKED like dogs to memorize the piece, and on the Saturday night before Easter we had a marvelous rehearsal. That night, just as the boys finished the last note of the final chorus, Hal came up to me and said, 'Hugh, that's your oratorio.' I admitted that it was. 'Let's tell the boys,' he begged; 'you owe it to them to tell 'em.' I refused. He insisted. 'I *can't* tell them,' I finally told him, 'because I don't want my parents to know.' And then I explained the situation to him.

"Hal listened quietly. Then, 'You're all wrong,' he said. 'You must tell your father. It's the only way.' And before I knew what he was up to, he was calling the boys back, explaining that we had decided to go over the oratorio once more, to be sure that we had it letter-perfect for the next day.

"There was nothing for me to do but go across the yard to Father's study. I found him at his desk. 'Come on over to the church and hear the Easter music, Father,' I begged. He said that he was busy with his sermon, and could not spare the time. But I insisted, and he yielded.

"We went back to the church. And there, to an audience of one, the choir sang 'The Crucifixion.' I cannot tell you how tense I was. My heart was tight like a drum. As I watched Father's face, I felt that the world was standing still, and that it might never go on again.

"My father is a stern man, and emotion does not often show itself on his features. Now, as I looked at him, I saw him lose himself in the story the music was telling. His face began to work; the tears streamed down his cheeks. He, too, was suffering the more than mortal anguish borne by the Master on His cross. Finally, when the culmination of Christ's passion was reached in the cry, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' Father's eyes met mine, and I knew that he knew!

"Like a man in a trance, he got up, and started stumbling down the aisle toward me. Hal had seen and understood. I think the men sensed something also. Before Father got halfway to the altar rail, we two were alone in the church. The others had gone quietly out the side door.

"I met Father at the foot of the altar. He reached out and caught my hand. Without a word, he pulled me down on my knees beside him. And there, with his arm across my shoulder, he talked again with that Friend who had held midnight vigil with him many years before in a bare hospital room.

"'O God,' he said, 'I presumed to choose the way in which my boy was to serve Thee. He has found the better way. I thank Thee for opening my eyes!'"

And from that day on, it was definitely understood in the Newsom family that Hugh was to devote his life to music.

THAT fall, Hugh went to Wesleyan College. He planned to finance himself by training a choir something like the one he had at Wapello, and taking it on week-end trips to any nearby points where he could pick up engagements. But for some reason, the Wesleyan authorities didn't take kindly to this project. Hugh was not to be outdone, however. He promptly got a job training such a choir at Parsons College, fifty miles away.

Toward the end of the spring term, he realized that if he were to get the most out of his studies the following year, he would have to earn something during the summer vacation. It was this need for money that suggested to him the commercial possibilities of his old Wapello gang. People in Iowa liked to hear those boys sing. Why wouldn't folks elsewhere enjoy them, if they had a chance?

At that time, Chautauquas were at the height of their popularity in the Mid-West. Hugh immediately began writing to all the managers of independent Chautauquas in his own and adjoining states. The fame of the Wapello choir had already gone abroad in the land, and a good male chorus is always an excellent drawing card on a program. Young Newsom speedily found himself booked up with *two* summers' engagements!

The Wapello choir, reduced to thirty picked voices, made a big hit on tour, and Hugh and his boys made a good deal of money. Hugh added to his share of the profits by selling pianos, which he demonstrated in towns between Chautauqua stops. In this way, he paid all his expenses at Wesleyan the following year. And the next summer he worked for a big stake to put him through the New

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Round the world in 15 *minutes!*

Pathé News

Big things are happening in the world of today. You *read* of them in the newspapers. but you *see* them in the Pathe News. Can there be anything more interesting than to see history as it happens?

Pathe News was the first news reel. Its news-gathering staff of cameramen, far flung and unique, has been built up and perfected through the ripened experience of fifteen years. That's why it leads all motion pictures today in interest and in prestige.

Make Pathe News a habit at your favorite theatre

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
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"Sees all—knows all"

England Conservatory of Music, in Boston. At the end of the summer, he had saved up exactly eleven hundred and fifty dollars.

It was the day before he was to leave for Boston that he learned about the notes which his father owed. He had gone into a local bank to say good-by to one of his friends, and found his father paying money to the cashier. Hugh overheard the words *principal* and *interest*. Instantly, there flashed into his mind little bits of things that he had heard his parents talk about from time to time.

The cashier was an old family friend. Hugh waited until his father had left the bank. Then he went straight to the cashier and demanded the truth. The result was that he paid off his father's notes to the amount of eleven hundred dollars. He said nothing to his family about what he had done.

The next day he bought his ticket. He dispensed with Pullman and dining-car services, and landed in Boston with enough money to pay his matriculation fee and still leave four dollars in his pocket.

The boy got various odd jobs; but as winter came on he found it increasingly hard to keep body and soul together. He went to the head of the student employment bureau and asked for a regular part-time job. But there were many advanced students asking for work that term, and naturally the preference went to them.

The first week in November, he pawned his overcoat to pay his room rent and buy some books that he needed. Two weeks later, his vest went. This left him with only a thin sack coat between him and the rigors of the Boston climate. His shoes needed resoling, and he had no overshoes.

Thanksgiving found him in the charity ward of a hospital, hovering between life and death with pneumonia. When he came out of the hospital, in the middle of December, he was still weak and a little feverish. But he went straight to the student employment agency.

"Look here," he said desperately to the man in charge, "you've *got* to give me something to do."

The employment agent looked doubtfully at the thin, emaciated figure before him. "What can you do?" he demanded.

"*Anything*," declared Newsom recklessly.

"Could you conduct a choir of three hundred voices?" asked the agent sarcastically.

"Conducting a choir of that size would be child's play to me," replied the boy. "Lead me to it!"

AT THIS moment, the door of the office literally burst open, and in popped a man all out of breath. He rushed to the agent's desk and pounded on it excitedly.

"Haven't you found a conductor for that Hyde Park choir *yet?*" he thundered. "Didn't I tell you this morning that my conductor went to the hospital before breakfast with appendicitis? And me with a rehearsal to-night!"

Without giving the agent a chance to speak, Hugh Newsom stepped forward. "I'm the man you're looking for," he said. "I've conducted choirs for three years. I've toured Iowa, and Illinois, and Nebraska, and—"

The visitor hadn't even stopped pounding the desk. "Where am I going to get a conductor?" he went right on shouting.

"I don't believe it's possible to get a good conductor on such short notice," said the agent; "but I'll try." He picked up the telephone and began calling numbers. As a sort of after-thought, he jerked a thumb at Hugh and mumbled, "This fellow *says* he can conduct a choir."

"Give me a chance," pleaded Hugh.

But it was only after the man had got the promise of four student conductors for that night that he even looked at Hugh. Thus fortified, he agreed to give the white-faced boy a chance. He even agreed to give him the first fifteen minutes for his tryout.

But that night, the other four conductors went away without even lifting a baton. The first fifteen minutes won the job for Hugh Newsom. The salary was good, so the boy's bread-and-butter problem was solved.

And the way he did put his heart into his job! He made that great choir work as it had never worked before. If a member turned up late for practice two times without an adequate excuse, he was given his walking papers. There were wonderful music programs every Sunday evening. People had to be turned away from the church doors.

THRILLED by his triumph with the Hyde Park choir, Hugh began to plan marvelous things for Easter. How wonderful it would be to hear his "Crucifixion" sung by this great choir which he himself had trained.

The boy resolved upon a bold stroke: He would do what he had done three years ago in Wapello—use scores made without the name of the composer. In this way, he would at least get an honest reaction to the piece. He did this, and the choir was enthusiastic. Nothing would do but that "The Crucifixion" should be sung at the Easter services.

Howard White, the leading basso of the Boston Opera Company, sang the rôle of the Christ. The performance was a glorious one, and it made a profound impression upon Boston. The public demanded the name of the composer. And when it was made known that the eighteen-year-old conductor of the Hyde Park choir had written the oratorio, there were many who refused to believe it. The papers were full of the youthful prodigy and his remarkable exploit.

During the week following Easter Sunday, a well-known music publisher offered the boy what was to him a fabulous price for "The Crucifixion." Hugh's first reaction was to say "Yes," sign the contract, and take the money before the publisher could change his mind. But he didn't want to appear too *young* and eager, so he said, in what he thought was a businesslike manner, "Give me until to-morrow to think about it."

He went down the stairs walking on air. Now he could study and write, and provide for his parents in their old age. Life was too good, too wonderful!

Of course he would take the manuscript over to the publisher's office the first thing in the morning. But before he took it, he would change certain phrasings in the chorus of the mob scene before Pilate, and he mustn't forget to rewrite that

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Before I show my samples

I sell my firm's advertising to the dealer — I've found it gets the orders

V. J. Thill began as missionary salesman for Life Savers, Inc., in the Middle West in September 1920.
He was promoted to position of crew manager and later placed in charge of a sales division as Division Sales Manager.
Then he became Sales Promotion Manager covering the United States east of the Rockies, and within the past twelve months was promoted to Field Sales Manager.

By V. J. Thill

LIFE SAVERS, INC.

A long time ago I discovered this about selling: There is a lot of competition on almost any product—but effective advertising tends to make competition relatively harmless.

For years I have used reprints of my firm's advertising more than I have used my sample case. In fact dealers and jobbers upon whom I called used to call me the "picture show man."

I have always given them the "pictures" first —then the figures.

I show them how my firm's national advertising is selling LIFE SAVERS *for them locally. I show them the advertising and tell them* why *it is getting business for* them. *And they are willing to tie-up with it, willing to buy* LIFE SAVERS *and willing to display* LIFE SAVERS *right out in front.*

In telling retailers about my firm's advertising in The American Magazine I have found The Vest Pocket Sales-Maker a great help. It really clinches my argument about the local value of national advertising, *and, of course, it gets the orders.*

V J Thill

HERE are a few facts *you* can use to show any dealer what your firm's advertising in The American Magazine means to *him*—how it is getting business for him, bringing customers into *his* store.

1. Tell him about The American Magazine's huge circulation of 2,200,000 families—more than 10 million readers every month.

The dealer knows that the more people pass his store, the more trade he will get. Likewise, the more local people your firm's advertisements reach, the more sales they will make for him. And The American reaches *a lot* of them.

2. Point out that The American Magazine stays in local homes a whole month. Each of your firm's advertisements is ALIVE *a full 30 days.*

That makes it practically certain that they will be seen and read. And any dealer will understand that the sales-making value of an advertisement, like a window display, is measured by the number of people it *stops*.

3. Emphasize the fact that many independent check-ups have shown that The American Magazine is read by ALL MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.

You won't have to say much about the importance of this. Every dealer knows that nowadays everybody in the family has something to say about most home purchases—from Life Savers to bathroom equipment.

4. Stress the kind of people who read The American Magazine—people with ambition and a desire to live better from year to year. In other words, the sort of people who are every retailer's best customers.

Just talk on this point from your own personal acquaintance with The American Magazine. You know the kind of articles and stories you find in it—the kind that stimulate people to be more, have more—and that means BUY more.

To help you get these points over to dealers we have published The Vest Pocket Sales-Maker. It gives facts and figures to back up the four points above for all towns of 1,000 and over, and for all counties.

Send for the new edition now—and use it to make your firm's advertising write orders for you. Please give your firm's name. Address The Crowell Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

The American *Magazine*

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

THE GREATEST SINGLE FORCE FOR INCREASING MERCHANDISE CONSUMPTION IN AMERICA

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UPSON PROCESSED BOARD

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for ..... (kind of room)

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ADDRESS .....

Identify genuine Upson Board by its blue-center edge.

group of unsatisfactory bars in the principal solo of the Christ.

And then, all at once, a disturbing thought burst upon the boy: If he saw half a dozen things that he wanted to improve *now*, how much would he want to change in two, three, or five years?

He spent the night sitting on the edge of his bed, with his head in his hands and his thoughts traveling around and around like a squirrel in a cage. He recalled the beautiful years his father had spent in the service of Christ, and he determined that he would not offer his small tribute until it was as near perfection as he was able to bring it. In short, he made up his mind never to think of "The Crucifixion" in terms of money. There was no use in trying to explain this to the publishers. He would simply tell them that he had decided not to sell.

All this occurred sixteen years ago. "The Crucifixion" is still unpublished, although a prominent New York publishing house brought out last winter, instead of the usual one or two compositions chosen to introduce a composer, fifteen of his works. About sixty more are to be published in rapid succession. These include cantatas, oratorios, symphonies, and occasional pieces.

But let us go back to Boston for a moment.

At the end of Newsom's first year at the New England Conservatory, Doctor Chadwick, a leading American composer, and the boy's teacher, said to him: "Hugh, I can teach you anything about composition, except counterpoint, and I don't believe anybody can teach you *that*."

Hugh Newsom made the only reply that occurred to him.

"Who is the best teacher of counterpoint in the world?" he asked.

Doctor Chadwick named a man in Europe.

"Haven't the money to get to him," said Newsom.

But during the following week, Newsom chanced to overhear a group of professors talking enthusiastically about Heacox of Oberlin. They were especially keen about his work in counterpoint.

THE next morning Newsom was on his way to Oberlin. At the end of two months, Heacox advised him to quit. "You're wasting your time," he said. "Better go back to your church music. You don't need counterpoint there."

"If I begin at the beginning, and give all my time to counterpoint for four years, could I hope to get anywhere?" Hugh Newsom asked his teacher.

"There's a chance," Heacox admitted.

Newsom gave up every other branch of music. He even refused to conduct choirs to eke out the Boston savings, on which he was now living. Every waking moment he devoted to the mastery of this thing which had eluded him so long and so stubbornly. And at the end of eighteen months, Heacox declared that the boy was ready to go on alone.

When he finished at Oberlin, the young man knew exactly what he wanted to do next. He had decided that if he was to get very far as a composer, he must meet musicians who already had an audience. The quickest way to do this would be to get into the concert field. All the first-

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class artists were booked in New York. Solution of the problem: Find a job in a metropolitan booking bureau.

But neither musicians nor booking bureaus would waste any time on a man who had no reputation in the music world. Newsom concluded that the only way to bring himself to the attention of the big booking agencies was to discover a genius who had not yet found recognition. Then he could go to New York, and say, "See what I have done!"

But in the meantime, he had to live. The course at Oberlin had left him penniless.

About this time, the general manager of the piano company for which he had worked during vacations wrote and offered him a job at ten thousand a year if he would come into the business for good. He intimated that there were big things in sight for young Newsom.

Newsom frankly answered that he hated selling pianos; but he added that he needed money and that he might consider a short-term job. The manager wired for him to come to Chicago and talk it over.

He went.

AND now comes a curious turn in the affairs of Hugh Newsom. The first night he was in Chicago, the general manager took him to dinner and to a show afterward. When the three-piece orchestra tuned up, he leaned forward in his seat.

"My heavens," he whispered to his companion, "do you hear that harpist?"

Newsom was on fire with enthusiasm. "That man's a genius, an artist," he kept repeating to himself. And then, suddenly, "He's *my* artist!"

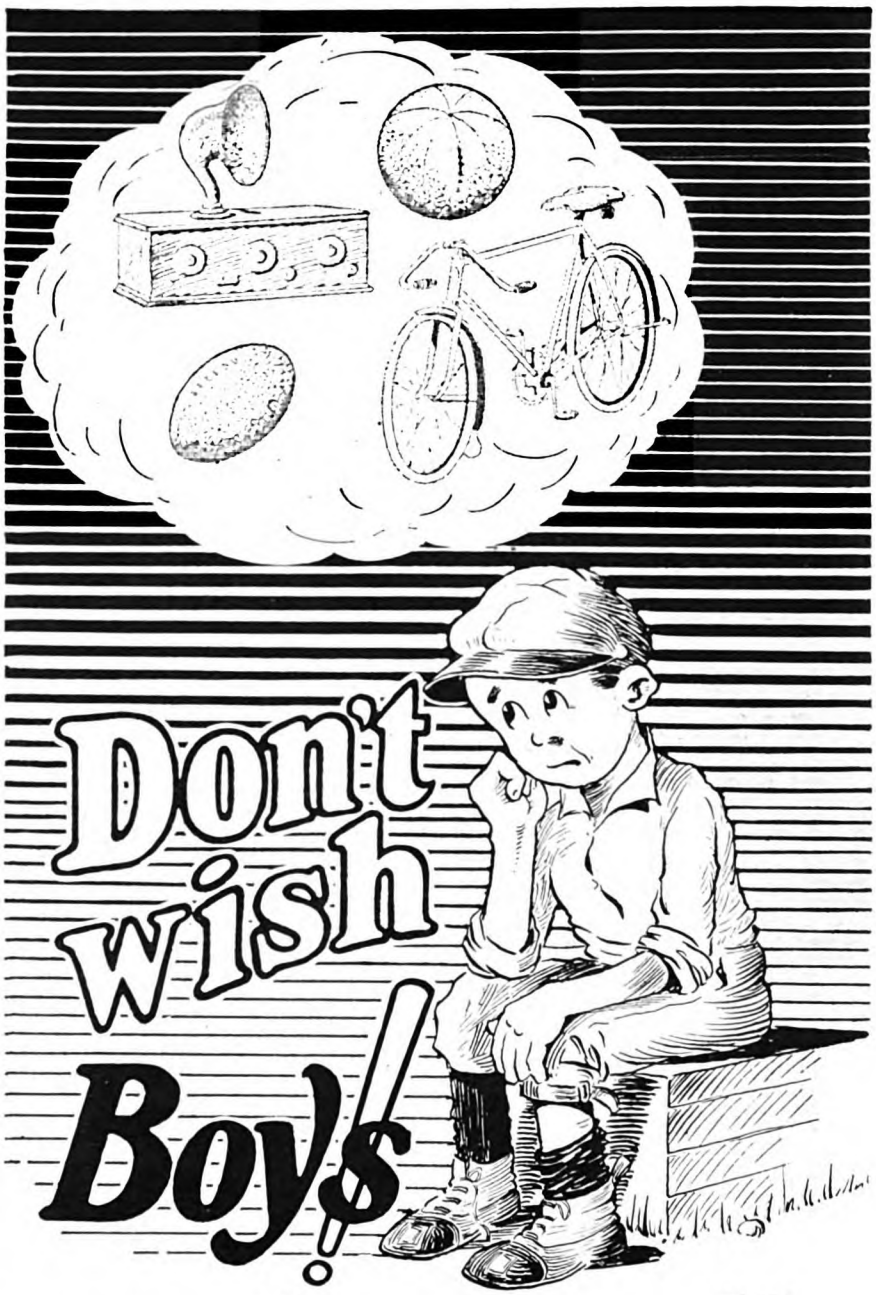
He waited impatiently for the act to begin, so that he could go back stage and talk to the harpist. But when he located the man, he *couldn't* talk to him. The harpist did not know one word of English, and Newsom could not speak Italian. Finally, Newsom discovered a stage hand who acted as interpreter.

Through the interpreter, Newsom learned that the harpist had studied under the greatest masters of the Old World. He was playing in this second-rate theatre orchestra for ten dollars a night, because he did not know how to put himself forward. The name of this obscure musician was Salvi. Thanks to Hugh Newsom, it is famous to-day as the name of one of the world's greatest harpists.

This is what happened: Without a dollar in the bank to back up his word, Newsom offered Salvi a seven-year contract for concert work at ten thousand dollars a year and all expenses. Salvi was very grateful and excited. He had nothing to lose, and he agreed to put himself entirely in Newsom's hands.

Newsom went back and told the general manager of the piano company what he had done. The next day he started out to get engagements for Salvi. And then began a heart-breaking fight that was to last three years without any let-up.

"One man couldn't work fast enough at this game to keep Salvi busy," Newsom explained to me. "I had to have helpers. My sister and one of my brothers came to the rescue. Then a school superintendent, the sales manager of a book concern, a dramatic press agent, and two university



earn for yourself~

Are you always wishing for something? Do you need a new football, or a three tube radio? Would you like to have spending money every week? You can very easily make these wishes come true.

Every week thousands of fellows, just like you, are earning money and winning prizes. These fellows are Crowell Junior Salesmen. They give a few minutes of their spare time to delivering the three best known magazines in America to regular customers. Membership in this great organization is open to you.

You need no experience to start. We will teach you how to get your customers and you will be reaping, in a short time, the things you wish for.

This coupon will bring you the Big Book of prizes, showing over 200 articles you can win. It will start you on the happy road to money and prizes. Don't be a dreamer. Make your wishes come true.

Clip this coupon and mail it now!

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your dog

Wire-Haired Fox Terrier

"Ring," a fox hound, was trapped by a cave-in. The whole community of Woodruff, S. C. turned out to save him.

The New York World says: "It was a real story because men worked to save a dog. It would have been commonplace had a dog saved a man. In the case of a dog, there is never a question of his being worthy of the friendship of man. There is evidently real stuff in the men about Woodruff, S.C."

If you own a dog you know this is true. He is worthy of your care.

Fleas make your dog's life a torment and may cause serious skin troubles. Use Sergeant's Skip Flea Soap or Powder as directed on page 42 of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Care For Your Dog

Yearly, thousands of valuable dogs suffer and die because their masters do not know what to do for them. Yet it is easy to know how to care for your dog and treat his diseases. There are effective remedies for every dog ailment and it is a simple matter to find out when and how to use them. You need only write for this information.

Mange is highly contagious among dogs. Proper treatment is given on page 27 of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Mange Medicine and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills.

Famous Dog Book Free

Don't delay in writing for Polk Miller's Dog Book containing the experience of fifty years. It explains proper methods of feeding and breeding and tells the symptoms of dog diseases with full directions for the best treatment of each, written in clear, non-technical language. A unique Symptom Chart makes it easy to tell what's the matter with your dog. This famous book, familiar to millions of dog owners, is revised yearly and kept strictly up-to-date. It is saving the lives of untold thousands of valuable animals. A free copy will be sent anyone who thinks enough of his dog to write for it.

Many a dog that only had Running Fits has been shot for mad. Do you know the symptoms and treatment? See pp 37-39 in the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Run-Fit Medicine.

Expert Advice Free

We urge you to write us if your dog develops a condition that puzzles you. State fully age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our skilled veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without any charge, full instructions for care and treatment.

Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corporation, 1563 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for your free copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Write us for FREE sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

teachers who believed in Salvi and in me joined forces with us. They were the most tireless, loyal bunch of friends the Lord ever blessed a man with!

"Slowly but surely we succeeded in getting more than a hundred towns signed up. And then, when Salvi was just ready to start out on his tour, an epidemic of influenza swept the Mid-West, and engagement after engagement was canceled. For months on end, I borrowed money to pay Salvi's salary, while my little bunch of helpers went without a cent of pay. Sometimes they even met their expenses out of their own pockets.

"We had started in Iowa and were gradually working eastward. Our objective was New York, of course. But the closer we got the harder it became to get bookings for Salvi. 'Has he played in New York?' managers would ask us, and when we had to answer 'No,' they would promptly say they didn't want him.

"Finally, at the end of two and a half years, I decided that there was nothing to do but lay siege to New York itself. We were already several thousand dollars in debt, but I borrowed another thousand from the same Iowa banker who had trusted my father, and we entered the city of our dreams.

"For six months we battered in vain at the doors of New York booking agents. They wouldn't even listen to Salvi play. They laughed in my face when I offered him as an attraction. 'What,' they said, 'make people listen to a harpist a whole evening? Man, you're crazy. It can't be done this side of heaven!'

"At the end of three months, I begged my little band of workers to go home and let me fight it out alone. They wouldn't even listen to me. Instead, they got jobs that would support them, and during the week-ends they went out into nearby small towns and rustled up engagements for Salvi.

"But I had begun to lose faith in myself and in Salvi. I feared that I had sold those little Mid-Western towns my own enthusiasm, and not the world's greatest harpist. This went on for another three months. And then a night came when I admitted defeat. 'You'll have to go back home, folks,' I told the gang. 'We're licked.'

"THE next night we met in a cheap little Broadway hotel for our farewell dinner. Salvi was all packed up and ready to head back for Chicago, where I had found him. But he had left his harp out, and after dinner he played for us. He was greatly touched by our parting, and he played as I had never heard him play before.

"And as he played, something hot and defiant flared up inside me. 'To think I can't make people listen to a genius like that!' I thought. And then, 'I'll make them listen, if I starve for it!'

"But I said nothing to the others. The next morning they started back home; but I went over to the Metropolitan Booking Bureau, one of the biggest in the city. I sat down on a bench in the waiting-room and I sent in this message to the manager: 'Tell Mr. Coppicus I'm going to sit here until he sees me. And tell him I have a whole year on my hands.'

"This amused Coppicus and he sent for me to come in at once. My enthusiasm ran away with me. I told him that Salvi was the greatest harpist in the world. He was impressed.

"'All right,' he said, 'I'll listen to your genius.' And he named a night for the audience.

"When Coppicus came to hear Salvi play he brought with him half a dozen of the most important music critics in New York. They were unanimous in agreeing that Salvi was a great artist. In short he was a 'find.'

"After the performance, I went in triumph to Coppicus. 'Well,' I said, '*now* are you willing to sign up my man, and give him a début in the biggest auditorium in the city?'

"Coppicus grinned. 'On one condition,' he said.

"'Name it,' I came back at him.

"'I'll sign up Salvi if you'll sign a contract to come along and manage him for me.'

"Coppicus looked puzzled when I lauged hysterically. All at once it had come over me that he was handing me the very prize I had set out to win when I left Oberlin three years ago. I had become so absorbed in putting Salvi across that I had simply lost sight of myself and my own ambitions."

BEFORE the end of the year, Hugh Newsom was manager of bookings for the Metropolitan Bureau. He stayed in the work nearly four years, and when he left it, three years ago, he had increased the booking business three hundred per cent.

In this work, he made many interesting contacts and many warm friends. He also made more money than he had ever dreamed of making. Indeed, he made enough to get himself out of debt and leave enough to run him during several years of steady composing.

For two years after he left the booking bureau, he spent almost every waking moment composing or studying. He wrote many new compositions, and revised nearly ninety old ones. And then, one day, he woke up to find that his health was breaking under such steady application. He began to look about for some form of relaxation. It was then that he conceived the notion of building in miniature the great railway system he had once dreamed of seeing as a locomotive engineer. He found an excellent excuse for his idea in the fact that he was teaching a class of lively boys in a nearby Sunday-school, and he needed some vital means of contacting them outside of class hours.

By this time, he was married and had a small daughter. A few doors from the apartment house in which he lived on upper Riverside Drive, there was another building, in which the ground floor was vacant. Hugh Newsom found that he could rent the whole ground floor for a reasonable sum. The rest of that story you already know.

The beautiful part of it is that his years of terribly hard work have not robbed him of his capacity for play. Perhaps that explains why Hugh Newsom has been such a great blessing to his boys and to his friends—Charlie, the policeman; Tony, the janitor; and "Doc," the Columbia professor, who are, after all, "just boys grown tall."

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

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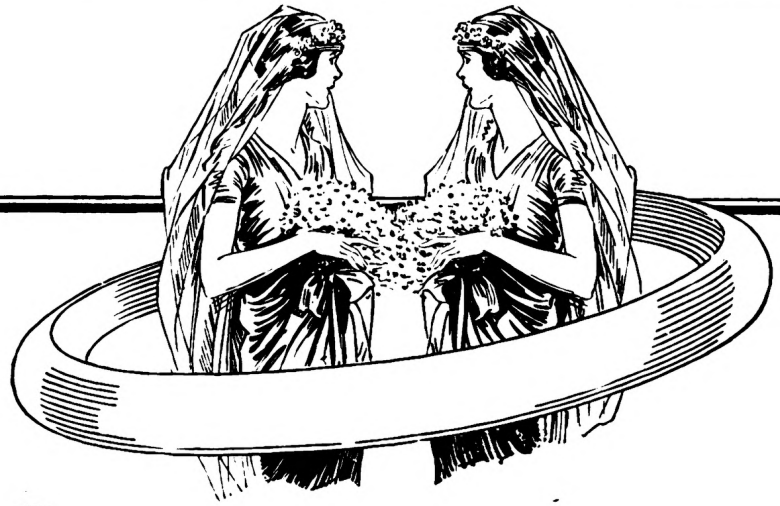

Only One Ring for Two Brides

ONE was a daughter of wealth and position, the other a chorus girl. Both beautiful and as similar in looks as two orchids in a lovely garden. Eleanor, the reigning favorite in the court of "society," married the man she didn't love and while the wedding guests and the groom waited before her door discovered the man she really loved was calling her from the brink of death. Cynthia, chorus lady, took her place and Eleanor went to the man she loved. But how did Cynthia fool the groom and her father? What were the consequences of her mad escapade? You will wonder how these two fascinating ladies will ever be able to straighten out the tangle that love and romance have woven around them. Arthur Somers Roche, in his own intriguing style, tells the story. It is called

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By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

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"Scotch Valley"

(*Continued from page 65*)

behind the lids. To hide his own weakness from these children, who took hunger as a matter of course, he crawled under the car. For an hour he stayed there, wrestling with his memory, a screw driver and a wrench, fighting obdurate and inanimate material with sweat and cunning.

The engine was intact. But someone had stolen the tires and the motor-meter, the cushions, the tail light and the rear bumper. Unless, perhaps, Manuel had sold them.

The car had been a good car in its day. Gladden pictured Fred Smith, alert, light-hearted, bumping over the dusty roads, admiring the flash of sunlight on the shiny black hood. The thought sent him scrambling out from under the machine, to face his audience.

"I'm going to walk to town. You stay here and be good until I come back."

He had not counted on his popularity. "I'm coming, too!" . . . "So'm I!" . . . "So'm I!" . . . "I!" . . . "Me!" They swarmed at his heels. Lily, stumbling, caught at his hand with sticky hot fingers that clung fast. Peter shuffled ahead, looking indifferent and important.

"I wonder if they accept me," Gladden thought. "Or are they afraid to be left alone?"

He wanted to keep his heart shut against them until he was certain that they had need of him, that they wanted him, that they liked him, not for what he might be able to do for them but for himself.

He was embarrassed, now, to find sticky Nancy Smith hanging on to one hand while stickier Lily Smith dragged on the other. They were not ingratiating children. They took him for granted. Manuel was dead. Here was another. They followed him, as chicks, orphaned, will follow a duck or a goose, or any gander with the maternal instinct. He was an engineer, not a nurse; but these children didn't know the difference.

"You'd better stay here. Ten miles is a long way. Bertha, you stay."

She danced ahead. "Lookit me! I'm an airplane! I'm flying! I ain't touching the ground!"

"You are, too," Peter said. He could be gruff, and, like most boys of his age, he was contemptuous of feminine ecstasies. "You're on the ground. Ain't she, Mr. Gladden?"

"Call me Jim," Gladden said.

"Jim! Jim!" shrieked Nancy.

THEY crossed the ford and started along the road. Another dusty, yellow-white day. Another burning-hot day. Bertha frolicked with the dog. She paid no attention to Nancy and Lily.

"I don't like babies," she told Gladden. "Mother had too many. I'm not going to have any! I'm going to be an actress."

He told her she was a heartless little hussy. "Babies are wonderful. You ought to love them. You're a woman. It's your business to love babies."

Bertha paused long enough to give Nancy and Lily the benefit of a doubtful look. "I think they're disgusting," she said. "They don't know anything."

"What do *you* know?"

"Heaps."

"For instance?"

She shook her head. "You wouldn't understand."

"Don't be too sure."

Lily began to cry. Gladden lifted her and carried her, but she went right on; there was a new and genuine note in the noise she made. Gladden was alarmed. "Bertha," he said, "come here. Something's the matter with Lily."

"Bounce her," Bertha advised. "Mother used to. She's got a stomach ache."

Lily was hungry. She tried to suck her own fingers. She tried to bite Gladden's neck. She cried until her head grew heavy, until, at last, surrendering to wretchedness, she went to sleep.

THIS might have been a new and empty world, or a very old, hot world from which all men had disappeared, leaving only the drowsy cattle, the swift black meadow birds, the motionless horses, and the stationary buzzards.

Gladden began to feel like the First Man, the Hunter, the Protector, the Father. He imagined himself hairy and long-armed, with a thrusting jaw, little pig's eyes, and the loping gait of an animal. The picture delighted him.

"I've been too civilized," he thought. This, at any rate, was real. More than war—an artificial, stimulated thirst for destruction—this was experience. He might not like poverty and babies and heat and hunger; but he'd have to deal with them. Deal with life itself.

Suddenly, Bertha came back to his side. With an air of detachment, she said, "I'll call you Jim!"

She had picked a few stalks of some weed that resembled the cornflower. Vivid blue blossoms sprang sparsely from a coarse stem. "In winter," she said politely, "it's different in the valley. Grass up to your neck, and poppies to make crowns of. It rains. Things grow. It's nice." She came close to him. "There are larks," she said.

Now that he looked at her, Gladden discovered a certain beauty, a delicacy, a fineness he had not noticed before. "Poor kid," he thought. "Heavens! It's hot. I'll get to town somehow, and turn them over to the authorities. Then I'll beat it."

Henry was lagging.

"Come on," Gladden said. "Let's sing. Let's march to music."

"We don't know any tunes," Pete objected, "except 'It's a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.'"

Gladden thought of Rachmaninoff playing the Glazunov Étude to a breathless audience. Only a few thousand people in every city who could understand, who cared. Only a million, perhaps, in the world. Outside the cities, children like these, growing up in ignorance of emotions, of pleasures that to him were already turning a little stale from repetition. Children like these had to go through life head down, bucking facts.

To them, to millions of people, everywhere, the exclusive sensations—music, thought, form—were nonexistent. Are we, the aware, a little better or a little worse? Privileged, or cursed?

"Fine!" said Gladden. "That's a good tune."

He began to sing, and the procession, forming behind him, marched all the way to music. Only he switched from, "It's a Hot Time," to the Yale hymn, and then to "Madelon," and when they tramped into town he was giving a very creditable performance of the "Pilgrims' Chorus."

Vaccatown was eight miles away from the Smith ranch—eight or ten. Inland, it existed at all only because of its happy situation at the crossing of two state roads. A bank, a drug store, a tamale parlor and a dry-goods emporium faced a long 'dobe building called the Mission.

There was a dusty square containing a band-stand, a statue of Father Serra, a few brittle palms, and a bed of marigolds gone to seed. And on both sides of the street, parked at right angles to the curb, motors stood wheel to wheel, thick as flies on the rim of a dish.

It seemed good to Gladden to be in a town again, to tread a pavement. There was something fascinating about the cool darkness of the drug store, the odor of sachet and carbolic, and the elaborate trumpery of the soda fountain.

Lily was asleep in Pete's arms; Gladden carried Nancy, unconscious and relaxed as a dummy. They had to be shaken into a slow, dawning ecstasy: "Ice Cream! Soda! Want a cone?"

A boy in a pink and blue shirt, with sleek hair and romantic eyes leaned over the fountain to inquire, "Your kids?"

"All five," Gladden said. "Give them everything they ask for, and tell me where I can find a lawyer."

"A good one?"

"An honest one."

"There's Mr. Hansen, over in the Bank Building. Fat fellow. On the second floor."

"Pete," Gladden said, "you stay here. I'll be right back. You're boss, now."

HE FOUND Mr. Hansen in his office. A fat man indeed. Considerably more than two hundred pounds of all too solid flesh bulked largely in a revolving desk chair before a table on which were stacked great volumes of the Law, an imposing array of knowledge between covers. The lawyer's face was scarlet; his sluggish blood gave him a look of ruddy health. He had the confused and searching expression of the very plethoric. His waistcoat glittered with the insignia of secret orders worn on a thick watch chain.

He struggled up to shake Gladden's hand, and subsided again into the dubious comfort of his soft flesh. "Glad to meet you. Glad to welcome you to Vaccatown. Great little town. Growing fast. Have a cigar?"

Gladden wouldn't. He preferred cigarettes, and produced one from a limp package, warm from the pressure of

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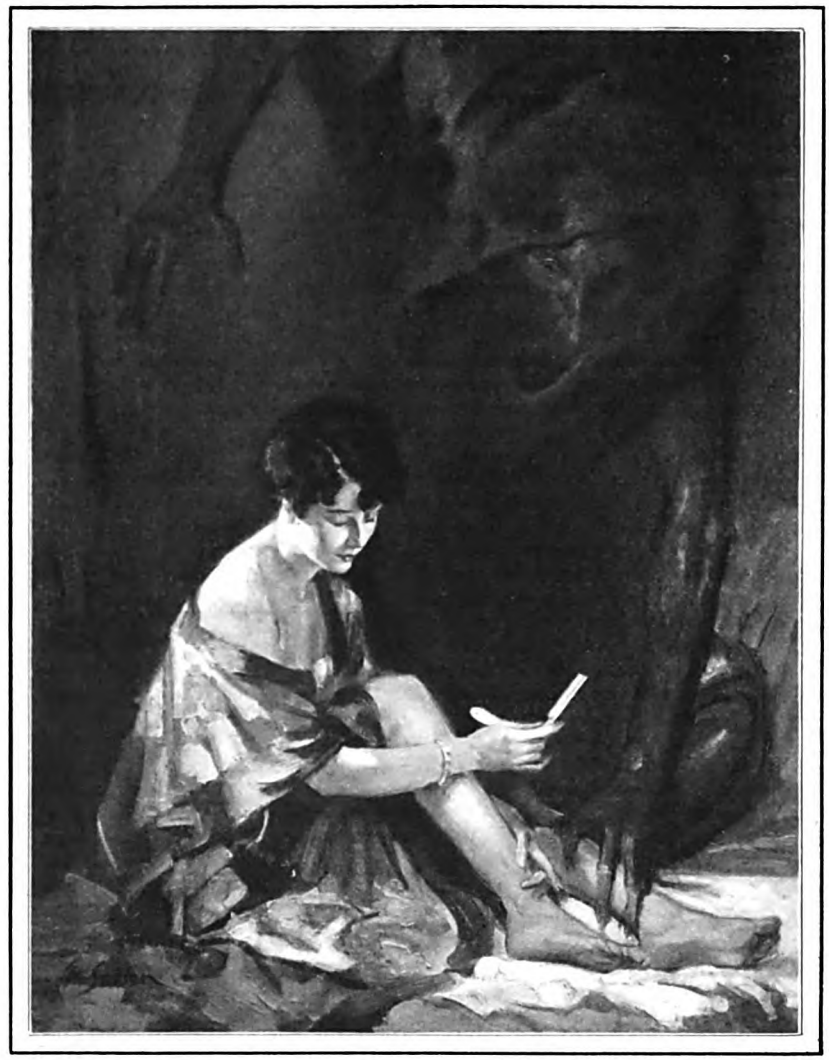

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FAMOUS FEET

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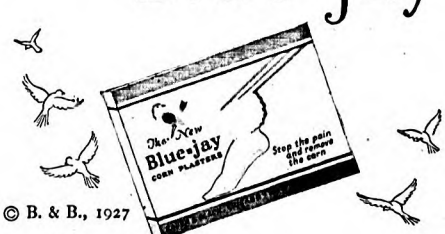

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Nancy's body. He explained as well as he could the curious outcome of his promise.

"Oh, you mean the Smith kids, up the Valley! Of course. I know all about them. There was some sort of rumpus with the Pelgrams before the mother died. It seems that Pelgram cut off the water; dammed the creek. Mrs. Smith died—of worry, I guess, although the Mexican said the well was poisoned. I didn't handle the case myself. Fellow at the other end of town, in the Fish-Heyward Block. Only if I were you, I wouldn't consult him. No, Mr. Gladden, I wouldn't."

The fat man leaned forward as far as he could, and whispered, "The fact is, he's a shyster. He played a double game, and Mrs. Smith lost her case. She was a mighty fine woman, but she didn't know much about legal matters."

"You mean the business came to a trial?"

"Not exactly. A case was prepared. Pelgram knew that Smith hadn't a clear title to his water. The creek comes down through a cut in the mountains. In winter, of course, there is always an overflow. I have seen that river spill its banks and flood the meadows. The creek is fed by springs, and there is a trickle of water all summer, enough for irrigation. Pelgram has magnificent orchards. Smith used to have, before Pelgram moved in. The arrangement was quite different with the original settlers; they called it 'water courtesy' in the deeds. And it held. It held for fifty years. The upper ranch controlled the creek, geographically. The lower ranch relied on 'courtesy'."

"Smith must have known—"

"He knew, all right. But perhaps he had too much faith in human nature. There is enough water for both ranches, except in years of exceptional drought. Only a scoundrel would cut it off."

"You mean, Pelgram is a scoundrel?"

"Well, he cut off the water. Smith was no sooner in France than his trees withered on their stalks."

"Why did he go to France? He didn't have to."

"He was an old army man. He smelled blood, I guess. He wanted to get over, and he got over. It was like that with a lot of them in California. They didn't wait for a draft. They didn't like the idea."

"I didn't like the idea, myself. But in Smith's case—with five children!"

The lawyer reached for the telephone. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll call the coroner. You'd better talk to the sheriff yourself. You got any proof that Fred Smith appointed you guardian of these children?"

"Only this:"

A DOCTOR and a nurse who had overheard Smith's request and Gladden's promise had so attested in a short typewritten statement.

"All very correct. I guess you're fit, all right. A man with your record! What are you going to do?"

Gladden hesitated. He didn't really know. He surprised himself by saying, "I'm going to put the Smith ranch on its feet. And then I'm going back to New York and attend to my own future."

The lawyer laughed. "If you're planning to put the Smith ranch on its feet, Mr. Gladden, your future's right here in Scotch Valley."

Scotch Valley might be a beginning, but not an end, Gladden said in his heart: "I've got plans of my own. All the things I'm going to do: cruise to Java; dig at Carthage; see India; learn German. . . . Conrad, a talk with him . . . how about studying with de Pachmann . . . and a bridge . . . something vital and rooted, signed with my name. . . . Good lord, why was I educated? I've never heard Mary sing 'Le Jongleur' . . . or seen 'Carcassonne'. . . ."

"The coroner'll be right over," the fat man said. He quenched his cigar with a circular grinding motion. "I take it you're going to let me advise you?"

"I'll need a lot of advice," Gladden admitted. They solemnly and appropriately clasped hands.

GLADDEN had never been a father in his life; neither had he been a policeman. Now, he saw, he would have to be both.

The children had turned Grove's drug store into a circus. They were revolving at top speed on the soda-counter stools. "Take those brats out of here! They've wrecked the place!"

The ice-cream bill was two dollars and a half; but Gladden paid it without protest. Bertha confessed to three chocolate sodas.

When Gladden finally got them all out on the sidewalk, where Mr. Hansen and the coroner waited in a big open car, he suffered for the first time an attack of embarrassment. A young girl driving a roadster had parked next to the coroner's car, and when Gladden appeared with the chocolate-smeared Smiths, she laughed out loud.

"Look who's here!" she said. "Hello, Pete! Hello, Bertha!"

Pete grinned, but Bertha said nothing. It may have been too many chocolate sodas, but Gladden thought it might be the first cosmic female urge, the first twinge of jealousy. For this was the prettiest girl Gladden had ever seen. Not easily affected by sheer beauty in a woman, yet this beauty embarrassed him. The girl was utterly feminine, but not in the manner of women like Mrs. Pelgram; she belonged in sunlight.

Gladden spoke to Mr. Hansen: "I'll have to get some supplies. Will you wait?"

"Sure! Hoist the babies in. Up-si-daisy!" He took Lily on his brief knees. "She's all over candy. Here, somebody. Give me a handkerchief!"

Gladden turned to Bertha. "Can't you wipe the baby's face? Haven't you got any pride? Don't you care?"

Bertha stared straight into his angry eyes. She quivered; a sensitive and delicate play of emotion tightened her lips, and a sudden pallor—something of the spirit, something profound and terrible to her—drained her cheeks and left her, a little white scarecrow.

"I hate you!" she said. "I can't wipe her face. I haven't got a handkerchief!"

The girl in the roadster jumped down. She was a long-legged, fleet young thing, slim, straight, clean-lined. She had what Gladden had heard his grandmother call a "strawberry skin." The color stained her cheeks, her lips, as if crushed out of ripe fruit.

She put her arms around Bertha. "Take my handkerchief, kid. See. It's a pretty one. And I've got more than I need."

"I hate you, too!" Bertha said. "I don't want your handkerchief."

"Then I'll wipe the baby's face myself. . . . Hello, Mr. Hansen! Heave her over. She's dirty, isn't she? She needs a bath, not a handkerchief. Here, Lily! Poor kid. Poor little kid!"

"Mr. Gladden, this is Olive Smith. Her folks live the other end of the Valley."

Gladden bowed formally. He thought he detected a gleam of amusement in the lawyer's eyes. And he thought, "There always has to be a girl. Just when you think you're clear of girls."

Hansen was anxious to please his new client. With a benevolent unctuousness, a broad grin tempered by a wink, he said, "Tell you what, Mr. Gladden. The coroner and I will take the kids out to the ranch. He's in quite a hurry—aren't you, Putnam? You do your shopping, and Olive'll bring you back, won't you, Olive?"

"Glad to! No trouble at all!"

She was that sort of a girl. Trouble rolled off her consciousness as drops of rain slip across nasturtium leaves and disappear. She was alive. Granted that you could look at her without emotion, you saw that her mouth was too large, her chin too delicate for perfect loveliness. Presently, acquiring a vague emotion, you forgot.

She walked with a sort of strut, a very individual and provocative and unconscious mannerism. Her throat was round and quite long; or it may have been that she held her head so high. Her brows, in contrast to the ardor of her hair, were black and straight; they gave her eyes a curious lift, a look both fascinating and dangerous.

Gladden wondered how many men had already fallen in love with her. "I think I won't," he thought. "I've got my hands full!" Nevertheless, the idea was stimulating.

With relief, he saw the coroner drive away, four ecstatic towheads and a dog on the rear seat. Bertha did not so much as glance back. She was finding out what it is to be born a woman with too great an awareness, too inclusive a consciousness. She was one of those feminine beings destined for willful suffering, in exact proportion to her extraordinary capacity for happiness.

Gladden could not refrain from a sense of triumph, a human if reprehensible inward chortle: "Serves her right. She hates me."

He turned away with Olive Smith, wishing he had worn a decent shirt. A suit case full of clean clothes—and here he was . . .

HE DID not want to count his money before this girl; but he knew that he had only about three hundred dollars. When that was gone, he would have to find more. But he liked good things, and betrayed by his own hunger, he bought cereals and fruits, coffee, milk, the best meat, and ten dollars' worth of canned soups and vegetables. He added, by way of contrast, jellies and candies, chutney, pickles, and a great Tillamook cheese, the color of golden oranges.

His stomach gnawed at the sight of these things. He was glad when they were packed away out of sight in the back of Olive Smith's car.

"I guess you'd better explain yourself to me," she said, "over an ice-cream soda."

"What do you know already?"

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"Only what the Pelgrams told up and down the Valley this morning. That you attacked Pelgram, got food from Mrs. Pelgram by force, and shot at the Warner bunch from across the ford." She shrugged her shoulders. "A desperate character, trying to father a bunch of dirty little kids! There must be a mistake somewhere. Even if I liked the Pelgrams, I'd say they were prejudiced!"

Again Gladden explained. He was getting very good at this particular explanation.

"My dad died over there too," Olive Smith said. "It might have been him."

"He left you—"

"We struck oil. First, a gusher came in, and then well after well. We're rich. I don't know how rich."

"Why do you stay here?"

Her eyes lifted and widened. "Why? It's our home, isn't it? My mother has always lived here. She was born here. Her mother came out from Connecticut in a covered wagon. She married a Spaniard. Del Valle, his name. There are lots of them in the state. Gran'pa Del Valle. He was like a rock. You couldn't dent him. He drove a little buggy with two big mules. And he was so tall and so fat that no one else could ride with him.

"All alone, when he was eighty years old, he drove to his quarries and set off a charge of dynamite. But he was *too* old and too fat. He couldn't run fast enough. Anyhow, he was shot full of gravel—all over his body—deep wounds and little wounds. His face. His hands. Peppered. Any other man would have bled to death."

She slowly and thoughtfully stirred with a long spoon into the foaming depths of the tall glass of soda.

"BUT my grandfather got up, and climbed into the little buggy, and lifted the reins and told the mules to go home. It was Sunday, and there were no workmen at the quarry. No one saw what had happened. He drove up to the ranchhouse and sat there until someone came and lifted him out and put him to bed.

"They sent for all of us: all the children and all the grandchildren. He had ten children and twenty-six grandchildren. My father saddled a horse and galloped all the way, holding me in front of him. I can remember, and I was only six years old."

"What happened? Did your grandfather die?" Gladden asked.

She nodded. "Of course. The stones were imbedded in his skin: too deep to dig out. They didn't even try. I remember how he looked. Lying in a big black bed with carved posts. All the people stood around, afraid to speak. He looked up at my father—he liked my father—and said, 'Adios!' And he was dead."

"He was brave," Gladden said.

"He left us our land. He told my father that there was oil in the hills. He knew, because in one place, in a sort of marsh, you could see the oil lying on the surface. He was right."

Gladden said: "It's a pity there isn't oil on *my* Fred Smith's place."

"Pelgram thinks there is."

"Is that why he's trying to starve the children out?"

"If you hadn't come," she said, "Pelgram would have had that property today. He couldn't bribe the Mexican. But he could fool the kids. He could buy their land—don't you see—for the price of a meal? And send them to the County Home."

"There aren't men like that!"

"Aren't there?"

She drained the glass. "Aren't there? People out here are money-crazy. They don't stop to think about right or wrong." She met Gladden's eyes squarely. "It's funny. Money doesn't mean a thing—when you've got it! If my father were only back—"

She caught the serious moment up, and turned it into a laugh: "Aren't you glad you didn't inherit us, too?"

She drove the little car forward, out of town, sharp to the right and into the Valley. The return was not like the long travail of the morning. Gladden felt the wind in his hair. He had an audience. He was no longer a father, but a young man beginning to fall in love.

Trailing the roadster at a respectful distance, a tow-car hurried to the scene of the patient wreck in the Smith's barn. And this seemed a fantastic conclusion to a fantastic day: the tow-car was bringing tires, gas, oil, and tubes. To-morrow, he would ride out with his brood.

"I liked the story about your grandfather," Gladden said. "It was real. It made this country real. I begin to understand."

She stopped at the ford, and Gladden unloaded the packages.

"I'll send Mother down to help you," she said. "She raised five of us."

But Gladden shook his head. "It's my job. I'll feel better if I go the whole way. I don't want any help."

Before he could explain, the roadster leaped forward. He saw her hand upraised; the bright, flung gold of her hair, and she was gone. Dust drifted and settled on the gray banks. Gladden felt dizzy and let-down. He tried to think of a good reason why this girl might like him. At the moment, he seemed to himself to be singularly lacking, singularly burdened.

"The father of a family has no right to think of women," he said, and decided not to think about Olive Smith. "I'm insane enough as it is. Steady! Steady!"

THE coroner and Mr. Hansen were waiting for him on the porch. It seemed that Manuel had to be buried. "We can't bury him here. It wouldn't seem right, or proper."

"No," Gladden said, "I suppose not."

"You understand—just a Mexican. There is a public burying ground, a Potter's Field, outside of Vaccatown. If you say, we'll take him there now."

Gladden had not noticed Bertha. She was standing in the doorway. Now she came forward, her eyes on fire with anger.

"No. You sha'n't take him! You sha'n't. Manuel belongs to us."

"But, my dear child," said Hansen, "the man is dead."

She turned to Gladden. "They can't have him! Tell them they can't have him. They sha'n't take him away from us!"

"We've got to bury him, Bertha!"

Suddenly he realized that she had not at all grasped the real significance of death.

"I'll talk to her," he said to Hansen.

He made her walk with him across the dusty yard to the arbor. The other children, even Pete and the dog, had to stay on the porch, beyond earshot, beyond knowledge of this cruel inevitability.

How to explain death to a child? It would be easier to explain life, with its vital promise. Gladden remembered his first full comprehension of death, his grotesque rebellion. "No! No!" he had cried. "It isn't so!" It *could* not be so—for him.

"How old are you?" he asked Bertha.

"I'm sixteen. I'll be seventeen in October."

"You are old enough, then, to know the truth about everything. It can't hurt you."

She put her fingers in her ears. The look in her eyes hurt Gladden physically; he felt against his heart the impact of that childish protest. Very gently, he took her hands away.

"Death is nothing to be afraid of. While you live, it can't touch you. When you die, you know nothing about it. And so it can't hurt you."

"You lie! He knows! He will know if they bury him in that field." She twisted away from him. "Please don't let them! Please. Please!" She began for the first time to cry.

GLADDEN was like most men: he hated tears. They seemed always to be a cowardly bid for sympathy. He could not believe that women ever cried without an audience. But this was different. A child, alone with death, cried out of pity.

He put his arm around the thin shoulders, and, employing a method which is hereditary, inherent, unalterable, patted Bertha's back. "There! There!"

"You said Manuel was with God. You said you knew about God. Even if you can't tell the kids, can you tell me?"

"No," Gladden said. "I can't. I was bluffing when I said I knew. I don't know a thing about Him."

"Then it's another lie!"

"No. At least, I know this much: Manuel is safe. He is where nothing can hurt him. He can't have stomach aches or bad dreams. And he'll never be hungry."

Bertha stopped crying abruptly. She leaned against Gladden, holding her breath. After a moment she said, "I guess nothing's true!"

This was a poser. Already, she stood upon the shadow line between dreams and reality. The bitter, tragic crossing from childhood to maturity. "Nothing's true!"

"You're wrong!" He tried to speak with conviction. "O God!" he said in his heart, "if I were a man of wisdom! But I have really learned nothing. I've only jumped at conclusions, to ease my own bitterness. I've been walking blindfolded into experience, trusting to luck, believing that no one would ever question me. What I tell her, now, will either clear the way for her, or clutter up the path forever."

"You're wrong, Bertha," he began, fumbling.

Then the idea came: crude, unformed, inadequate. "You can keep Manuel by remembering him, loving him. We'll bury him here in the orchard. And so long as you remember him, he will live. Tell the children this. It's true. I promise!"

(*To be continued*)

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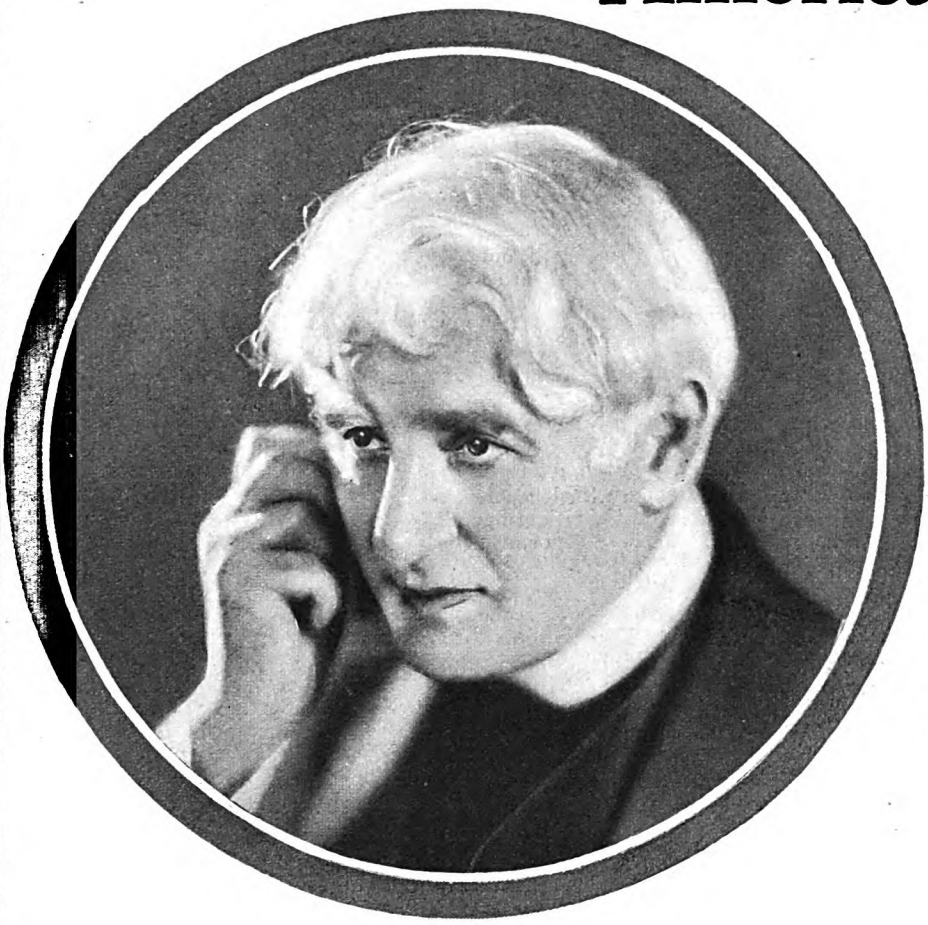
David Belasco, the Dean of the American Theatre



writes:

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

We Started a Baby Farm to Keep the Wolf From the Door

WHEN my father was killed in an accident, he left us with little more than the home in which we lived. "Us" consisted of my mother, my sister, and myself. Our home was a good-sized country place with a very large yard and garden, situated on a hill, with a charming and extensive view. The house was attractive and convenient, but it could not furnish us with food and clothing. When we had partially recovered from the shock of our great loss, we spent many hours in talking over various ways of earning money. Then, one day, I received the following letter:

DEAR RUTH: Would you be a mother to my two babies for six months? You see, Dick has to go to South America on a business trip. He wants me to go with him but we can't possibly take the children. This morning at breakfast Dick said, "I believe Ruth would take them." Now, do say you'll do it! Of course, we shall expect to pay.

I didn't stop to consider. I saw a chance to earn some much-needed cash, and I wired: "Bring them along." In less than a week we had begun what seems likely to be our life work. I have always loved children, and am a born story-teller. My sister had taken the short nurse's course during the war, and she has a real genius for acting in an emergency, while mother's housekeeping is a delight.

The children came, and they were so happy and so well that it wasn't long before an acquaintance asked if we couldn't keep her babies while she went off for a two-weeks rest. So we added her two to our little family. Now we have the house full of children all summer, and we always have some all the year 'round.

So here we are, three busy, happy women, enjoying the knowledge that we have found our work and can earn a good living.

We have turned our yard into a playground, with swings, see-saws, and a sand pile, and the attic into a nursery. In this way, the children never lack for occupation, and only need a little oversight. We call our place "Holiday Home," for it is a place where tired mothers can leave their children and enjoy a real holiday. M. C. R.

This Domestic Oil is Guaranteed to Keep Things Running Smoothly

I RECENTLY visited in a home where my hostess had achieved the art of gracious living, in spite of the little inconveniences so inevitable in a maidless household of four or five members.

This household consisted of father, mother, a school-girl daughter, and a visiting daughter who was a business woman. A mother-in-law spent the winters with them.

A cleaning woman came twice a week from nine o'clock to twelve. The six hours a week kept the house reasonably clean, but not, of course, absolutely spick-and-span.

With insufficient help, there are bound to be a few creaks here and there in the household wheels, and it was for these creaks that my hostess invented her domestic oil.

When her husband remarked that the front porch was getting tracked up, she replied innocently, "Is it? Our house-worker cleans it twice a week. If anyone thinks it needs cleaning in between times—he owns his own suggestion."

After two or three experiences of this kind, the man of the house never saw a tracked porch again. The same wisdom was gradually acquired by other members of the family.

One day the business-daughter said, "Mother, the bathroom basin is dirty."

"Is it?" answered her mother sweetly. "You know, in this house, if anyone sees anything that needs doing, she automatically owns the little job."

The daughter returned to the bathroom, cleaned the basin, and never mentioned the matter again.

The mother-in-law was particularly fond of bran bread, and brought her recipe along with her. My hostess bought the materials, showed her visitor where everything was kept, and how to use the oven. Then she said:

"Now I'm going to let you make your own bran bread whenever you want to."

The mother-in-law was surprised to find herself carrying the burden of her own suggestion. She soon decided that she wouldn't bother about it, and there was no more complaining about the lack of bran bread on the table.

Once the husband inquired rather sarcastically why artificial flowers stood in the center of the table, when the garden was full of real ones.

"Because it is a spot of beauty without any trouble," answered the home-maker. "I should love to see fresh flowers all over the house; but when I have to own the care of them, I compromise, and choose beauty without the care. But if you will cut the flowers and fill the vases, I'll bless you and your suggestion."

Her husband never referred to the matter again. Automatic ownership of his little suggestion cured him. The subject was dropped when he knew he would have to carry out his own idea.

It is the easiest thing in the world to think up ideas for the other fellow to own. But how easy it is to cure people of giving unsolicited advice, by making their brilliant ideas retroactive. "Advisers, doers!" is the slogan of my hostess, who said she felt like taking a patent out on her idea, because it worked so beautifully. Now, unless a member of her family is prepared to do the work he sees undone, he maintains a discreet silence, thereby eliminating all unpleasant friction. H. D. B.

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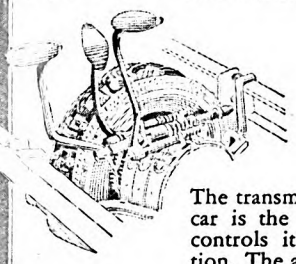

The transmission of the Ford car is the mechanism which controls its speed and motion. The action of the pedals is conveyed through appropriate bands with fabric linings to the slow-speed, brake or reverse drums of the transmission. These linings must be kept thoroughly lubricated, pliable and free from glaze to insure smooth action without grabbing or vibration. This is one important duty of Texaco Motor Oil F.

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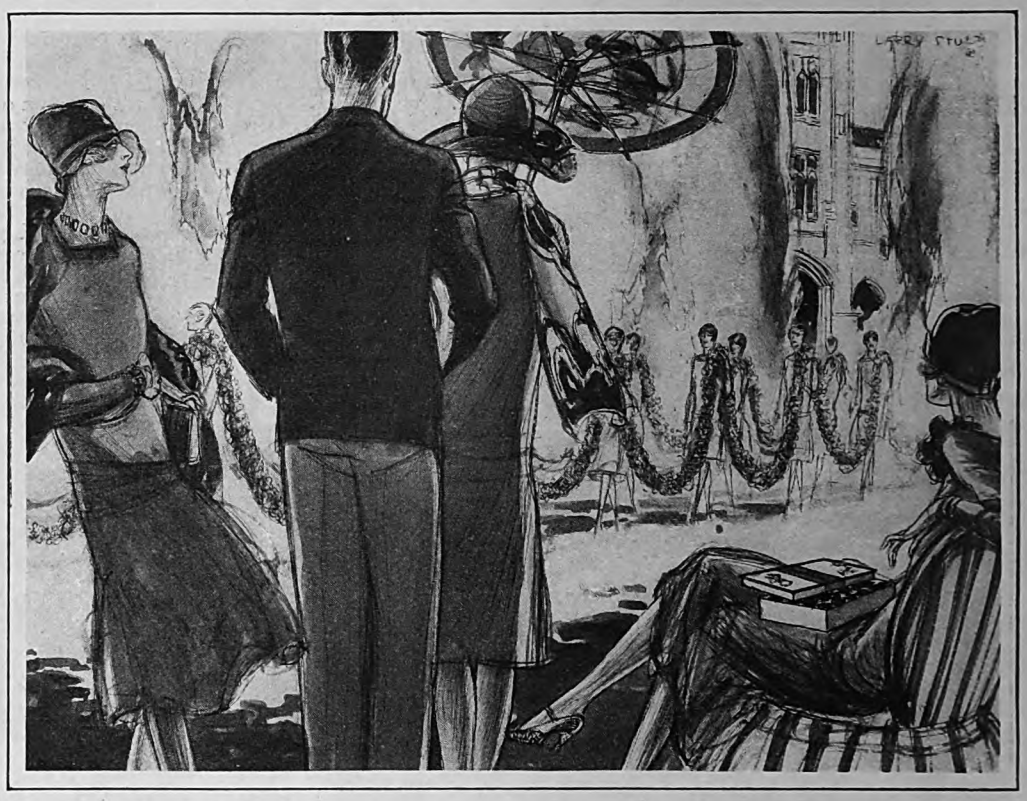

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